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APPLETONS' JOURNAL:

A

MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VIII.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1880.

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APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

JANUARY, 1880.

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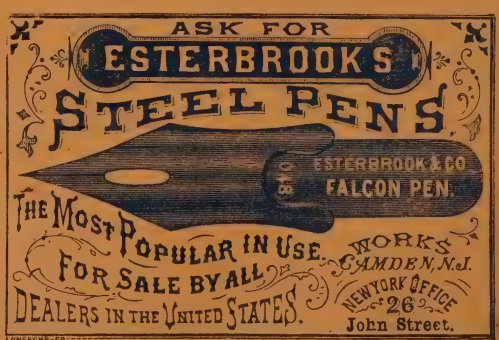


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APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

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NEW SERIES.] JANUARY, 1880. [NO. 43.

*A STROKE OF DIPLOMACY.**

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

PART FIRST.

I.

ONE evening, at his return from dining at his club, the Marquis de Miraval found at home a letter from his niece, Madame de Penneville, who wrote to him from Vichy, thus:

"MY DEAR UNCLE: The waters here have done me a great deal of good. Until to-day I had every reason to be entirely satisfied with my cure; but I am afraid the good result which I expected will be undone by a disagreeable bit of news which I have just received, and which causes me more trouble and annoyance than I can well express to you. The physicians insist that the first thing necessary for those who suffer from chronic liver-trouble is to take no care upon themselves. I do not take it upon myself, but others give me enough. My mind is tormented with the thought of a certain Madame Corneuil, for that is the woman's name. I never heard of her, but I detest her without knowing her. You have seen a great deal of the world, and are somewhat inquisitive. I am convinced, my dear uncle, that you know all about her. Write me at once who Madame Corneuil may be. It is a serious question to me. I will explain to you some time why it is so."

The Marquis de Miraval was an old diplomate, who began his career under Louis Philippe, and had likewise filled honorably, under the empire, several second-rate positions, which satisfied his ambition. When thrust aside by the revolution of September 4th, he bore it philosophically. He had no trouble with his liver, as had his niece. Neither that nor his spleen ever disturbed him in the least. He was in excellent health, his stomach seemed like iron, his gait was still firm, his sight clear, and he had an income of two hundred thousand livres, which is injurious to no one. As he always looked at the bright side of things, he congratulated himself upon having reached the age of sixty-five without losing his hair, which was literally white as snow; but he never thought of dyeing it. As his mind and character were well balanced, he believed that Nature understands the fitness of things, and knows better than we what best becomes us; that, after all, she is a kind mistress, and, at all events, an all-powerful one; that it is useless to oppose her, and absurd to dispute with her, when, after all, every age has its own pleasures, and, having had a fair experience of life, good and bad, it is not disagreeable to pass ten years or so in watching how others live, laughing to one's self at their follies, and thinking, "I am past committing them, but can comprehend them all."

As he bore no grudge to age for whitening his abundant chestnut locks, of which he used to be rather vain, so the Marquis easily forgave the revolutions which so prematurely closed his career. One has a right to rail against his judge for twenty-four hours, so, after relieving his anger by a few well-directed epigrams, Monsieur de Miraval soon consoled himself for those events which condemned to be of no importance affairs of state, but which restored him his independence by way of compensation. Liberty had always seemed to him the most precious of all possessions; he considered that man happy who was responsible only to himself, and could order his life as he chose. For that reason he decided to

* The original title in the French of this story is "Le Roi Apépi."

remain a widower, after having been married two years. He was urged to marry again in vain, and answered in the words of a celebrated painter, "Would it be so delightful, then, in going home to find a stranger there?" He was always well received by women at their own houses, but never thought of them seriously, being somewhat skeptical in his real opinion of them. The Marquis de Miraval was a wise man; some called him an egotist, a distinction not always easily made.

Whether sage or egotist, the Marquis de Miraval had sincere affection for his niece, the Countess of Penneville, and he considered it his duty to reply to her by return of mail. Those who have diseased livers should not be kept waiting. His answer ran in these words:

"My dear Mathilde: I regret infinitely that your cure should be retarded by care and worriment. They are the worst of all diseases, although they kill no one. But what is the matter, and what has Madame Corneuil to do with it? What can there be between this woman, whom you do not know, and the Countess of Penneville? I ask for a prompt explanation. In waiting for that, since you desire it, I will tell you, as best I can, who Madame Corneuil is—whom, however, I have never seen; but I know well those who do know her.

"Can it be possible, dear Mathilde, that you have never heard of Madame de Corneuil before now? I am sorry; it proves you are no literary woman; in fact, you must be a woman who actually never reads not even the 'Gazette des Tribunaux.' Do not fancy from this sentence that Madame Corneuil is either a poisoner or a receiver of stolen goods, or that she has ever even appeared before the Court of Assizes; but some seven or eight years ago she separated from Monsieur de Corneuil, and the affair created considerable talk. Here is the whole story, as well as I can remember it:

"Monsieur de Corneuil was formerly Consul-General from France to Alexandria. He was considered a good agent, whose only fault was that his manner was rather brusque. That is a slight failing. In the country of the 'Courbache,' one must know how to be brusque with both men and things. When an Oriental is not of your opinion, and sets too high a price upon his own, the only way to convince him is to strangle him; but this has nothing to do with my subject. A chance, fortunate for some and unfortunate for others, sent one Monsieur Véretz to land on the quays of Alexandria. He was a small business agent of Paris, who, not succeeding there, and to escape from his creditors, came as fast as his legs could bring him to seek his fortune in the land of the Pharaohs. He was, it seems, very little of a man, of doubtful morality, and of more than equivocal reputation. Monsieur Véretz had a daughter, eighteen years old, who was bewitchingly pretty. How and where Monsieur Corneuil made her acquaintance, the chronicle does not say; it tells us merely that this bear was very susceptible, and was determined to pursue his own fancies. From the first meeting with this beautiful child he fell desperately in love with her. Fortunately for Mademoiselle Hortense Véretz, her mother was an excellent manager—a most fortunate thing for a daughter. After a few weeks of vain endeavor, Monsieur de Corneuil was determined to overcome all obstacles. The Consul-General, who had a large fortune, persisted in marrying, for the sake of her beautiful eyes, a girl who had nothing, and whose father bore a blemished name; still more, he married her without any contract at all, thereby giving her an equal share in his property. The matter caused great scandal. People flung his father-in-law at him, and openly brought insinuations against himself as well, so that he was at last obliged to give in his resignation, and left Egypt to return to Périgueux, his native town, in which step his beautiful young wife encouraged him, for she longed to break away for ever from a father who so compromised her, and also that she might enjoy her new fortune in France. I remember hearing the whole story at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where they talked of it for a week, and then they talked of something else. But the ex-Consul was not over his troubles. Four years later, Madame Corneuil demanded a separation. Her mother had accompanied her to Périgueux: when one is fortunate enough to have a manœuvring mother, it is best never to part with her, and to be governed always by her counsel.

"Why did Madame Corneuil separate from her husband? You must ask the lawyers. They were admirable on either side, and used all the resources of their loquacity. Both pleas, where epigrams alternated with apostrophes, and apostrophes with invectives, were specimens of that elevated taste which delights the malice of the public.

"The details escape me. I have not the 'Gazette des Tribunaux' at hand, but it does not matter—I am sure of my facts. Papin, the lawyer for the plaintiff, one of the first at the bar, protested that Monsieur Corneuil was an ugly fellow, a downright blockhead; that Madame Corneuil was of a most exquisite nature, an angelic character; that this monster at first loved this angel to distraction, but soon tired of her, and abused her in every way—to all of which Virion, the lawyer for the defense, insisted that,

if his client had occasionally been somewhat hasty in his manner toward her, he was no monster, and that in the sweet heart of this angel there was considerable vinegar and a great deal of calculation. He tried to prove to the court that there was every excuse for the behavior of Monsieur Corneuil, but that his wife looked upon his determination to live in Périgueux as a crime, for she could not endure the place; and, since she could not persuade him to change their abode to Paris, which she considered the only spot worthy of her grace and her genius, she had determined to lay a plan to regain her independence, and for that end had applied herself with Machiavellian ingenuity to aggravate him; that she had made his home unbearable by the sharpness of her wit, by every kind of petty persecution, by all those little pin-prickings of which angels alone have the secret, and which drive to distraction even men who are not monsters! Was the unfortunate man to blame for now and then asserting himself? I assure you again that both lawyers did wonderfully well. The great difficulty was to know which was the liar. For myself, I should have dismissed both. However, the court sided with Papin. The separation was granted, and half the fortune adjudged to Madame Corneuil. It seemed, however, that Virion was not entirely wrong, for six months after the verdict Madame Corneuil left for Paris in company with her mother.

"I know beforehand, my dear Mathilde, that you will ask me what became of the beautiful Madame Corneuil in Paris. I have been out three times this morning for the sole end of finding out—you need not thank me, for I like it. Madame de Corneuil has not yet satisfied her secret ambition; she can not yet say, 'I have reached it!' but she is fairly on her way thither. The butterfly has not entirely cast aside the chrysalis; but she is patient, and one day will spread her wings and fly in triumph from her sheath. Madame Corneuil gives receptions and dinner-parties, and holds a *salon*. A beautiful woman, with a manœuvring mother and a good cook, need not fear being left to pine in solitude. Formerly there were to be seen at her house a great many literary men, especially those of the new school—the young men. Great good may it do them! There are among them men of talent with a future before them, but there are also among them those whose novelties are not new, and whose youth is somewhat rank; but that is no business of mine. It does not prevent them from dining at Madame Corneuil's. She is not merely contented with encouraging literature, she also manufactures it, and employs the young men around her to write little scraps for the lesser journals in praise of her. Grateful stomachs make most excellent heralds, and at all events she is rich enough to pay for her own fame.

"Eighteen months after her establishment in Paris she published a romance, which by the merest of all accidents fell into my hands. I confess I did not read it through to the end; every variety of courage can not be looked for in one individual. It began with the description of a mist. At the end of ten pages—Heaven be praised!—the fog lifted, and a woman in a *calèche* was visible. I remember that the *calèche* was bought of Binder; I remember also that the woman, whose heart was an abyss, wore six and one-quarter gloves, that she had three freckles on her right temple—just so many, and no more —'quivering nostrils, arms inimitably rounded, and breathless silences.' I do not know if we are of the same opinion, but descriptions appall me, and I rush away. Besides, my mind is so poorly constructed that I can not see this woman with whose description the author has taken so great pains. Good Homer, who does not belong to the new school, was satisfied to tell me merely that Achilles was fair, and yet I can see him before me. But what is to be done? It is the fashion of our day; they call it studying—what is the word?—studying the human documents, and it seems no one ever thought of that till now, not even my old friend Fielding, whom I reread every year. I am not very fond of even serious pedants, but I have a holy horror of pedantry when applied to the merest trifles. As I am no longer young, I agree with Voltaire, who did not like those subjects seriously discussed which were not worth being lightly touched upon. The romance of Madame Corneuil, I regret to say, fell flat. She strove to recover herself by poetry, and published a volume of sonnets, in which there was no allusion whatever to Monsieur Corneuil. The verses were written with rapid pen, but a pen sharpened by an angel, and full of the most exquisitely sweet and refined sentiment. As a general rule, the sonnets of wives separated from their husbands are always sublime. Unfortunately, there is not a great call for the sublime. It was a cruel disappointment to Madame Corneuil, who suddenly broke with her Muse.

"All great artists, Mozart as well as Talleyrand, Raphael as well as Bismarck, have their different phases. Madame Corneuil thought she had better change hers: she reformed the whole style of her house, her cooking, her furniture, and her dress. She turned to serious things, and suddenly assumed a taste for neutral tints and sober conversations, for metaphysics and *feuille-morte* ribbons. This beautiful blonde discovered that she did not show her right value, except in

being relieved to half-tint against the background of a room full of grave people. She undertook to weed out her company, and gently closed her doors on nearly all those insignificant fellows, at least upon the noisiest ones who hover about the green-rooms and tell coarse stories. She grew disgusted with gossip, and found that respect was more desirable, even at the price of a little *ennui*. She endeavored, henceforth, to draw around her men of position and women of high character. It was difficult, but, with some pains and a great deal of perseverance, an ambitious woman who can stand being bored can accomplish anything. She wrote no more sonnets nor romances, but rushed at full might into works of charity.

"Charity, my dear Mathilde, is at the same time, and according to circumstances, the most beautiful of all the virtues or the most useful occupation. You have your poor, and God alone can tell how much you love them, how you care for them and cherish them; but your left hand knows naught of what your right hand doeth. I do not know if Madame de Corneuil has often seen the poor; but, instead of that, she goes and comes, and agitates and schemes, and preaches. She is on six committees and twelve sub-committees; she is an incomparable beggar, a very expert cashier, an experienced treasurer, and accomplished vice-president. Yes, my dear, they say no one can preside better than she. It is the very best way to push one's self into society. I must add that, although she composes poetry no longer, she has not given up prose. She has written an eloquent treatise on 'The Apostleship of Woman,' which is sold for the benefit of a new hospital, and which has reached its fifth edition. The sonnets were sublime, but the treatise is more than sublime. It is a mixture of the tenderness of Saint François de Sales and the spirituality of Saint Theresa. Never has the sugar-plum been held so high out of the reach of our poor humanity—it is not even in the air which we can breathe, but in pure ether. I am curious to know what Monsieur Corneuil and Périgueux think of it. The young fellow who furnished me with all these details spoke in rather a satirical manner; I asked him why, and he continued: 'That really few knew her well. My opinion,' he said, 'is that she is a cool, calculating woman; that she is determined to have a position, and to satisfy her ambition by fair means or foul. She aspires to become a leader, to have a hand in politics, and her dream is to marry some great name, or else a deputy.' The young fellow said all this with a little bitterness. I learned that for nearly a year he has neither dined nor put his foot in the house of Madame Corneuil. Montesquieu used to say, 'Father Tournemine and I have quarreled, so you must believe neither when we talk of one another.' So I only believe half of what the young man says.

"This is all the information I can give you, my dear Mathilde; tell me what you want of it? Your old uncle embraces you tenderly.

"P. S.—I open my letter to say that as I was going to put my letter in the box on my way to dinner, by the grace of Heaven I met the lawyer Papin at the corner of the Rue Choiseul. It was his eloquence that gained the case for the amiable lady whom you seem to have taken a grudge against, no one knows why. I asked him for still further information. Madame de Corneuil has changed her style again, and I begin to think she changes too often. I am afraid she has not that concentrated mind or that persistence which is necessary for great enterprises. I have my doubts of those impulsive creatures who go by fits and starts. At my very first words, Papin bridled up and straightened himself, after the manner of lawyers, as if he bore the weight of the universe on his shoulders, and broadened them lest it should fall. As if he were apostrophizing a judge, he exclaimed: 'Monsieur le Marquis, that woman is simply a marvel of Christian virtue. She heard eighteen months ago that her husband had a dangerous attack of the lungs. What did she do? Forgetting her own wrongs and her justifiable resentment, she rushed to him in Périgueux, and has become reconciled to him. Monsieur Corneuil was advised to go to Egypt; she left everything to accompany him, to become the nurse of a brute whose harshness had endangered her own life. Was I not right in affirming to the court that Madame de Corneuil was an angel?' 'There is no need of getting excited,' said I to him; 'I admire her fine character as well as you, but might it not be that after having obtained, thanks to you, half of the fortune, this angel proposes to secure the other half as her inheritance?'

"He made a gesture of indignation, straightened himself again—'Ah! Monsieur le Marquis,' answered he, 'you never believed in women; you are a horrible skeptic.' I looked at him, he looked at me; I laughed, and he began to laugh. I think we must have resembled the augurs of Cicero.

"The good of it all, my dear Mathilde, is that you have no further need of explaining yourself to me. Listen to me. This is just what has happened: Your son Horace, an Egyptologist of great promise, who does me the honor of being my great-nephew, has been in Egypt for two years. There he has met a lovely blonde, and for the first time his heart has spoken; he could not keep from writing you about it, hence his

letters are filled with Madame Corneuil, and your maternal anxiety is aroused. Am I not right? For shame! you are ungrateful toward Providence. You have a thousand times reproached your son for being too sober, too serious, too much given to study; scorning society, women, gayety, and business; cherishing no other dream but that of some day composing a large book which will reveal to the astonished universe the ancient secrets of four thousand years. You flattered yourself that you might see him either in the Chamber of Deputies, the Council of State, or in diplomacy: his refusal made you wretched. From his most tender infancy he cried to be taken to the Egyptian Museum at the Louvre, and could have told with his eyes closed what was in the Cabinet K, and the Case Q, in the room of sacred antiquities. It is no fault of mine. I did not make him. This truly extraordinary youth never loved any one but the goddess Isis, wife of Osiris. He was never interested in any events but such as took place under Sesostris the Great. The most heated discussions of our deputies and the most eloquent words they might utter always seemed tame to him in comparison with the story of the Pharaohs. He liked, better than all the amusements you might offer to him, a papyrus mounted on linen or pasteboard, a mummy's mask, a hawk, symbol of the soul, or a pretty *scarabæus* of gold, emblem of immortality. I speak knowingly, for he honored me with his confidence. The last time I saw him I shall long remember: I found him shut up with hieroglyphic writing arranged backward in columns, and ornamented with drawings of faces. He seemed much annoyed at being interrupted in this enchanting *tête-à-tête*. At the head of the manuscript was a man with a yellow face, hair painted blue, and his forehead ornamented with a lotus-bud and a great white cone. I touched one of the columns and said to the dear child, 'Great decipherer, what can all this conundrum be?' He answered, without being offended: 'My dear uncle, this conundrum, which, by your leave, is very plain, is of the greatest importance, and signifies that the keeper of the flocks of Ammon, Amen-Heb, the ever-truthful, and his wife, who loves him, Amen-Apt, the ever-truthful, render homage to Osiris, dwelling in the land of the West, ruler of times and seasons, to Ptah-Sokari, ruler of the tomb, and to the great Tum, who made the heavens and created all the essences coming out of the earth.' I listened to him with so much interest that the next day he meant to confer a great favor upon me by sending me the entire history of Amen-Heb, written down. I read it once every year, on his birthday. Could any one accuse me of neglecting my duty as a great-uncle?

"Do not deny, my dear, that this mania made you desperate. Then why do you complain? Your son is nearly saved. Heaven has sent Madame de Corneuil to him. She will teach him a great many things of which he is ignorant, and lead him to unlearn a great deal else. In her beautiful eyes he will forget Amenophis III. of the eighteenth dynasty, Amen-Apt the ever-truthful, and the man with the great white cone. Do not grudge him his tardy enjoyment, to say nothing about charity toward a poor nurse of an invalid. Everything is going on well, my dear Mathilde. Write me that, on further reflection, you agree with me."

The next day but one, the Marquis de Miraval received the following short reply from his niece:

"MY DEAR UNCLE: Your letter and the information you have been so kind as to gather for me have only doubled my anxiety. Madame Corneuil is an intriguer. Why must Horace be caught in her toils? Since I lost my husband, you have been my only counselor and my first resort. Never did I need your assistance more. It is cruel to tear you away from your dear Paris, but I know your kind feelings in my behalf, your care for the interests of our family, and your almost fatherly love for my poor, silly Horace. I implore you to come to Vichy, that we may consult together. I summon you, and shall expect you."

Madame de Penneville was right in thinking it would be hard for her uncle to leave Paris; since he had left diplomacy, he could not endure any other spot. In the hottest months of summer, when every one goes away, he never dreamed of leaving. He preferred to the most beautiful pine-trees, the tiny-leaved elms, which he saw from the terrace of his club, where he spent the greater part of his days and even of his nights. Nevertheless, this egotist or philosopher always had at heart the interest of his nephew, whom he intended to make his heir; and, besides, he was very curious about it all, and did not conceal it. With a sigh he ordered his valet to pack his trunks, and that very evening left for Vichy.

Informed by telegraph, Madame de Penneville was waiting for him at the station. She rushed to meet him as soon as he came in sight, saying:

"Fancy it—that woman is a widow, and he really means to marry her!"

"Poor mother!" exclaimed the Marquis. "I agree with you, that things are getting serious."

II.

MONSIEUR DE MIRAVAL was not mistaken in his surmises; things had gone on just about as he had imagined. The Count Horace de Penneville had made the acquaintance of a beautiful blonde at Cairo, and, for the first time, his heart was touched. They met at the "new hotel"; from the very first Madame Corneuil took pains to attract the attention and the thought of the young man. Monsieur Corneuil seemed to rally somewhat, and they profited by his improvement to visit together the museum at Boulak, the subterranean ruins of Serapeum, the pyramids of Gizeh and of Sakkarah. Horace took upon himself the office of cicerone in good earnest, and made it both his business and pleasure to explain Egypt to Madame Corneuil, and Madame Corneuil listened to all his explanations with great seriousness and interested attention, occasionally mingled with a mild ecstasy. She seemed rapt and intent, a dull flame glowed in the depths of her eyes; she possessed in perfection the art of listening with her eyes. She found no difficulty in admitting that Moses lived in the reign of Rameses II.; she seemed delighted to learn that the second dynasty lasted three hundred years; that Menes was a native of Thinis; and that the great pyramid was built gradually by Ka-kau, the Kaiechôs of Manetho, by whom was founded the worship of the ox Apis, the living manifestation of the god Ptah. She felt all the enthusiasm of a novice, initiated in the sacred mysteries of Egyptian chronology, declared that it was the most delightful of all sciences and the most charming of pastimes, and vowed that she would learn to read hieroglyphics.

The *dénoûment* took place during a visit to the tomb of Ti, by the reddish glare of torches. They were examining in a sort of ecstasy the pictures graven on the walls of each of the funereal chambers. One of them represented a hunter seated in a bark in the midst of a marsh, in which hippopotami and crocodiles were swimming. As they were bending over the crocodiles, Madame Corneuil, absorbed in her reverie, grew more than usually expansive. The young man was touched with a totally new sensation. She left the tomb first. On joining her without, he became dazzled, and suddenly discovered that she had the bearing of a queen, brown eyes shot with faun, the most wonderful hair in the world, that she was beautiful as a dream, and that he was wildly in love with her.

A few weeks later, Monsieur Corneuil gave up his soul to God, leaving his entire fortune to his wife, who, to speak the truth, had nursed him with heroic patience. The evening before her embarkation with a leaden coffin for Périgueux, Horace begged the favor of a moment's interview at night under the starry skies of Egypt, in a delicious atmosphere, wherein flitted the great vague ghosts of the Pharaohs: he then confessed to her his passion, and strove to make her engage herself to him before the year was over. Then did he learn still further all the delicacy of her refined soul. She reproached him with downcast eyes for the eagerness of his love, and that she could not think of so mingling the rose and cypress and thoughts of love with long crape veils. But she would permit him to write to her, and promised to reply in six months. At parting she smiled upon him demurely but encouragingly. He then ascended the Nile again, reaching Upper Egypt, glad to pass his months of waiting in the solitude of Thebais, where the days are more than twenty-four hours in length; they could not be too long for him to decipher hieroglyphics while thinking of Madame Corneuil. Crocodiles will play a conspicuous part in this story: Horace was at Keri, or Crocodilopolis, when he received an exquisitely written and perfumed note, telling him that the adored being was passing the summer with her mother on the borders of Lake Leman, at an apartment-house a short distance from Lausanne, and that if the Count de Penneville should present himself, he need not knock twice for the door to open. He left like an arrow, and ran with one stretch of the bow to Lausanne. He had written a letter of twelve pages to Madame de Penneville, in which he told to her his good fortune with such effusion of tenderness and of joy as might well have made her despair.

Both uncle and niece spent all their evening in talking, deliberating, and discussing, as generally happens in like cases. The same things were repeated twenty times; it helps nothing, but is a great comfort. Monsieur de Miraval, who seldom took things tragically, set himself to console the Countess; but she was inconsolable.

"How, in good faith," said she, "could you expect me to coolly contemplate the prospect of having for a daughter-in-law a girl sprung from no one knows where; the daughter of a man of ruined reputation, who married an insignificant man, and separated from him that she might have her own way in Paris; a woman whose name has been dragged through the 'Gazette des Tribunaux'; a woman who writes descriptions of mists, who composes sonnets, and who, I know, is none too scrupulous?"

"I do not know about that," answered the Marquis, "but it has been said for a long time that the most dangerous creatures in the world are the women '*à sonnets*,' and the serpents '*à sonnettes*.' I will wager, however, that this wo-

man is a manœuvrer, and that it is a very disagreeable business."

"Horace, wretched Horace!" exclaimed the Countess, "what grief you cause me!—The dear fellow has a most noble and generous heart; unfortunately, he never had a bit of common sense; but how could I expect this?"

"Alas! you had every reason to expect just this," interrupted the Marquis. "One can not mistrust too much such precocious wisdom; it always ends in some calamity. I have told you a hundred times, my dear Mathilde, that your son gave me considerable uneasiness, and that some unfortunate surprise was preparing for us. We are all born with a certain amount of nonsense in us, which we must get rid of; happy are those who exhaust it in youth! Horace kept it all till he was twenty-eight years old, capital and interest, and this is the result of all his economy. Many little follies save from greater ones; when a man only commits one, it is almost always enormous, and generally irreparable."

Madame de Penneville passed to the Marquis a cup of tea, sweetened by her white hand, and said to him in most caressing tones:

"My dear uncle, you alone can save us."

"In what way?" asked he.

"Horace has so much regard, so much respect for you. You have always had so much authority with him."

"Bah! we no longer live under the *régime* of authority."

"But, then, you have always allowed him to look upon himself as your heir; that gives you a certain right, it seems to me."

"Come! Young men who live in space, like your son, can easily give up an inheritance. What is an income of a hundred thousand francs compared with a pretty *scarabæus*, emblem of immortality?"

"My dear, dear uncle, I am persuaded that, if you would consent to go to Lausanne—"

The Marquis jumped from his seat. "Good Heavens!" said he, "Lausanne is very far."

And he heaved a sigh, as his thoughts turned to the terrace at his club.

"Only accept this task, and I will be eternally grateful. You can make the boy listen to reason."

"My dear Mathilde, once in a while I read over my Latin poets. I know one of them says that madness is allied to love, and that to talk reason to a lover is as absurd as to ask him to rave with moderation, '*ut cum ratione insaniat.*'"

"Horace has a heart. You must represent to him that this marriage will drive me to despair."

"He suspects as much, my dear, since he did not dare to come and greet you on his arrival from Egypt, and you may be sure he will not come until you give your consent. A man loves and respects his mother in vain when he is really on fire, and Horace is that surely. Heavens! his letter proves it. So feverish is the prose that it almost burns the paper."

Madame de Penneville drew near the Marquis, tenderly stroking his white hair, and putting her arms about his neck:

"You are so shrewd: you have so much tact. I have been told that very difficult missions were intrusted to you in the past, and that you acquitted yourself gloriously."

"O thou cunning one, it is far easier to negotiate with a government than to treat with a lover in the toils of a manœuvrer."

"You can never make me believe that anything is impossible to you."

"You have resolved to bring me into the game," said he to her. "Well, so be it; the enterprise deserves to be attempted. But, *à propos*, have you replied yet to the formidable letter which you have just read to me?"

"I would do nothing without consulting you."

"So much the better; nothing is compromised; the affair is as yet unmeddled with. I will let you know to-morrow if I decide to go to Lausanne."

The Countess thanked Monsieur de Miraval warmly. She thanked him still more warmly the next day when he announced to her that he would do as she wished, and asked her to take him to the station. She accompanied him, for fear he might repent, and on the way said to him:

"This is a journey for all mothers to glory over; but, would you be kind enough to write me often from there?"

"Oh, certainly," answered he, "but only upon one condition."

"What may that be?"

"That you do not believe one single word that I write to you."

"What do you mean?"

"I also request of you," continued he, "that you answer me as if you really did believe me, and that you send my letters to Horace, begging him to keep them to himself."

"I understand you less and less."

"What can that be which is beyond the comprehension of a woman? Open letters are the depths of diplomacy. After all, it is not necessary that you should understand; the essential thing is that you obey my instructions scrupulously. Good-by, my dear; I am going to where Heaven and your purrings have sent me. If I do not succeed, it will prove that our friends the Republicans were quite right in shelving me."

Having thus spoken, he kissed his niece, and stepped into the railway-carriage. He reached

Lausanne twenty-four hours later. The first thing which he did after engaging a room at the Hôtel Gibbon was to supply himself with a complete fishing-outfit. After that, tired with his journey, he slept six hours. After waking, he dined; after dining, he took a carriage for the apartment-house Vallaud, situated at twenty minutes' distance from Lausanne, upon the brow of one of the most beautiful hills in the world. This charming villa, since changed into an hotel, consisted of a country-house in which the Count de Penneville had an apartment, and a lovely detached chalet which was occupied by Madame Corneuil and her mother. The chalet and the house were separated, or, if it sounds better, united by a large park well shaded, which Horace crossed many times a day, saying to himself, "When shall we live under the same roof?" But one must learn how to wait for happiness.

At that very moment Horace was working, pen in hand, at his great "History of the Hyksos, or the Shepherd Kings, or of the Unclean" —that is to say, of those terrible Canaanitish hordes who, two thousand years before the Christian era, disturbed in their camps by the Elamite invasions of the Kings Chodornakhounta and Chodormabog, swept in their turn over the valley of the Nile, set it on fire, and drenched it in blood, and for more than five centuries occupied both the center and the north of Egypt. Full of learning, and rich in fresh documents collected by him with very great pains, he undertook to show on unquestionable testimony that the Pharaoh under whom Joseph became minister was indeed Apophis or Apepi, King of the Hyksos, and he flattered himself that he could prove it so strongly that henceforth it would be impossible for the most critical minds to contradict it. A few months previously he had sent from Cairo to Paris the first chapters of his history, which were read at the Institute. His thesis shocked one or two Egyptologists, others thought there was some good in it, while one of them wrote him thus: "Your *début* is promising. *Macte amino, generose puer.*"

Wrapped in a sort of burnous of white woolen stuff, his neck bare, and his hair disordered, he was leaning over a round table, before a writing-desk surmounted by a sphinx. His face wore the expression of a contented heart and a perfectly serene conscience. On the table a beautiful purple rose, almost black, opened its petals; he had put it into a glass, into which a statuette of blue *faïence*, representing an Egyptian goddess with a cat's face, plunged her impertinent nose without bending into the water. Horace seemed by turns contemplating this very nose and also the flower which Madame Corneuil had gathered for him less than an hour before; at times also, turning his eye toward the large open window, he saw that the moon, at its fullness, trailed along the shimmering waters of the lake a long row of silver spangles. But, by a fortunate condition of things, he was also wholly absorbed in his work; he was not in the least distracted from it; he belonged to the Hyksos. The moon, the rose, Madame Corneuil, the cat-headed divinity, the sphinx on the *escritoire*, the Unclean, and the King Apepi—were all blended together and become one to his inmost thoughts. The blessed in paradise see all in God, and can thus think of all things without losing for one moment their great idea, which is infinite. The Count Horace was at the same moment at Lausanne in the neighborhood of the woman whose image was never out of his mind, and in Egypt two thousand years before Christ, and his happiness was as complete as his application to his studies.

He had just finished this phrase: "Consider the sculptures of the period of the Shepherd kings; examine carefully and impartially their angular faces, with their prominent cheek-bones; and, if you are fair, you will agree that the race to which the Hyksos belong could not have been purely Semitic, but must have been strongly mixed with the Turanian element."

Satisfied with this ending, he stopped his work for a second, laid down his pen, and, drawing the purple rose nearer to him, pressed it to his lips. Hearing a knock at the door, he quickly returned the rose to its vase, and in a tone of vexation exclaimed, "Come in!" The door opened. Monsieur de Miraval entered. Horace's face grew dark; the unexpected apparition dismayed him; he felt as if he had been suddenly shut out of his paradise. Alas! the happiest life of all is nothing but an intermittent paradise!

The Marquis, immovable on the threshold, bowed soberly to his nephew, saying to him:

"Ah! indeed, do I disturb you? You never knew how to conceal your feelings."

"My dear uncle," answered he, "how can you think such a thing? I was not expecting you, that I must confess. But pray, how did you happen here?"

"I am traveling in Switzerland. Could I pass through Lausanne without coming to see you?"

"Own up, uncle, that you were not passing through," answered Horace; "own that you are more than a passer-by—that you came here on purpose."

"You are right, I did come on purpose, my boy," answered Monsieur de Miraval.

"Then I have the honor of having an ambassador to deal with?"

"Yes, an ambassador, most strict in etiquette, who insists upon being received with all the re-

spect due to him, and according to the rules concerning the rights of men in his position."

Horace had recovered from his trouble; he had recourse to philosophy, and put a good face on a bad business. Offering a chair to the Marquis, he said:

"Be seated, my lord ambassador, in the very best of my easy-chairs. But, to begin with, let us embrace one another, my dear uncle. If I am not mistaken, it is full two years since we have had the pleasure of seeing one another. What can I offer to entertain you? I think I remember that *champagne frappé* used to be your favorite drink. Do not think you are in a barbarous country; one can find anything one wishes; you shall be satisfied at once."

At these words he pulled a bell-rope, and a domestic appeared. He gave him his orders, which were immediately carried out, although slowly. Nevertheless, Monsieur de Miraval looked at his nephew with a satisfaction mingled with secret vexation. It seemed to him that the handsome fellow had grown still handsomer. His short beard was beautifully black; his features, formerly rather weak, had gained strength, firmness, and emphasis; his grayish-blue eyes had grown larger, his complexion was sunburned and browned to a tint which became him greatly; his smile, full of sweetness and mystery, was charming—it was like that undefinable smile which the Egyptian sculptors, whose genius Greece could hardly surpass, carved upon the lips of their statues. The sphinxes in the Louvre would have recognized Horace from his family resemblance, and have claimed him as a relation. It is easy to get the complexion of the country where one is living, and a face grows often to resemble the thing one most loves.

"Fool of fools!" thought the Marquis angrily; "you have the proudest bearing, the finest head in the world, and you do not know how to put them to a better use. Ah! if at your age I had had such eyes and such a smile, what would I not have done with them! No woman could have resisted me; but you—what can you say for yourself when Providence calls you to account for all the gifts he has bestowed upon you? You will have to say, 'I profited by them to marry Madame Corneuil.' Ah! 'you fool!' will be the answer, 'you foolishly ended where others began.'"

Horace was miles away from guessing the secret thoughts of Monsieur de Miraval. After his disagreeable emotion of the first meeting was over, his natural feeling returned, which was that of pleasure at again seeing his uncle, for he loved him well. In truth, it was as an ambassador that he displeased him, but he resolved not to spare him, for, when the will is fixed, objections are less apt to be dreaded, for one knows beforehand how they may all be answered. So he awaited the advance of the enemy with firm step, and, as the enemy was drinking champagne and evidently in no hurry to commence hostilities, he marched up to meet him.

"First, dear uncle," said he to him, "give me quickly whatever news you can of my mother."

"I wish I had something good to tell you about her," answered the Marquis. "But you know we are anxious about her health, and you must be aware that the letter which she received from you—"

"Did my letter trouble her?"

"Could you doubt it?"

"I love my mother dearly," answered Horace quickly, "but I have always considered her to be a most reasonable woman. Evidently I did not go to work rightly; I will write to her tomorrow and try to reconcile her to my happiness."

"If you think as I do, you will not write again; one evil never undoes another. Your mother assuredly wishes you to be happy, but the extravagant proposition which you confided to her—does the word 'extravagant' hurt you? I withdraw it; I meant to say the somewhat singular—well, I withdraw the word 'singular' also. But it is often used in that sense in the Chamber of Deputies, and you must not hold yourself higher than a deputy. In short, this proposition, which is neither extravagant nor singular, disturbs your mother greatly, and you will not be able to overcome her objections to it."

"Has she authorized you to make them known to me?"

"Must I, then, present my credentials?"

"This is all unnecessary, uncle. Say frankly whatever you please—or rather, if you are fortified by good arguments, say nothing at all, for I warn you that you will spend all your eloquence for naught, and I know you never care to waste your words."

"But you may as well resign yourself to listen to me. You can not suppose that I have come a hundred leagues at full gallop for nothing. My speech is ready, and you must submit to it."

"Till morning dawns, if needs be," answered Horace; "the night shall be devoted to you."

"Thanks. And now let us begin at the beginning. That which has just taken place has not only grieved me much, but cruelly humiliated me. I flattered myself that I understood human nature somewhat, and was quite proud of my knowledge. Now, I must confess, to my own confusion, that I am entirely mistaken in you. What, my son! can it be that you—whom I considered the most sensible, serious, sober fellow in the world—can think of thus suddenly casting

dismay into the bosom of your family by a determination—"

"Extravagant and singular," interrupted Horace.

"I said I would withdraw both of those words; but, I ask you, does not this project of marriage seem a headstrong thing?"

"Must I answer you proposition by proposition?" exclaimed he, "or would you rather give me your whole speech at one breath?"

"No, that would tire me too much. Answer as I go along."

"Well, dear uncle, let me tell you that you are not at all mistaken in your ideas of me, and that this headstrong act is the most sensible and prudent thing with which my good genius ever inspired me—an act which both my heart and reason approve."

"Then you forbid my surprise that the heir of a good name and large fortune, that a Count de Penneville, who could choose in his own rank, among fifty young girls really worthy of him, refuses every one whom his mother proposes, and suddenly changes his mind to marry—whom? A—madame—Horace, what is her name? I never can remember her nothing of a name."

"Her name is Madame Corneuil, at your service," answered Horace in a piqued tone. "I am sorry if her name displeases you, but spare yourself the trouble of fixing it in your memory. In two months from now you can call her the Countess Hortense de Penneville."

"The deuce! how fast you go! But that is not yet the case."

"We have exchanged words, uncle. You may as well consider it so, for I defy you to undo it."

Monsieur de Miraval filled and emptied his glass anew, then he began again:

"Do not get excited, or lose your temper. I would not offend you for anything, but I am so astonished, so surprised. Tell me, what is that statuette in blue *faïence*, with a halo round about her head, with such a slender figure and the face of a cat, holding a queer sort of a guitar in her right hand?"

"That is no guitar, uncle, it is a timbrel, a symbol of the harmony of the universe. Do you not recognize the statuette to be that of the goddess Sekhet, the Bubastis of Greek authors, whom they called the great lover of Ptah, a divinity by turn beneficent and revengeful, who, according to all appearances, represents the solar radiation in its twofold office?"

"I beg a thousand pardons, I believe I do remember her, and that rose which she seems to smell of somewhat suspiciously—ah! I think I need not ask whence that rose comes."

"Well, yes! it was given me by the woman whose name you can not possibly remember."

"But, permit me—I do know the name quite well—Madame Corneuil—is it not Corneuil? My gentle friend, does it not seem to you that the goddess Sekhet or Bubastis, who represents the solar radiation, fastens her angry glances blazing with indignation upon that purple rose, and curses the rival whom you insolently prefer to her? Take care—roses fade; both roses and givers of them only live for a day, while the goddesses are immortal and their anger also."

"Reassure yourself, uncle," answered Horace with a smile. "The goddess Sekhet looks with gentle eyes upon that flower. If you should ask her, she would say: 'The fifty heiresses which you have proposed for the Count de Penneville are all or nearly all but foolish creatures, with narrow and frivolous minds, caring only for gewgaws and trifles; therefore I approve him decidedly for having disdained these dolls, and for wishing to marry a woman whom there are few like, whose intelligence is as remarkable as her heart is loving; a woman who adores Egypt and who longs to return thither; a woman who will not only be the sweetest companion to your nephew, but who will also be passionately interested in his labors, who will aid him by her counsel, and be the confidante of all his thoughts.'"

"And who will deserve to become a member of the Institute like him," interrupted Monsieur de Miraval. "How charming it will be to see you enter it arm-in-arm! Horace, I will give up reciting the end of my speech to you. Only permit me to ask you a question or two. Where did this incomprehensible accident take place? Oh! I remember—your mother told me that it was in a grotto at Memphis."

"My mother was not very prudent," answered Horace; "but let that go! It was in the depths of a grotto. We call it a hypogeum."

"Confound the hypogeum! My ideas are getting confused. I remember it was in the tomb of the King Ti."

"Ti was not a king, uncle," answered Horace in a tone of mild indulgence. "Ti was one of the great feudal lords, one of the barons of some ruler of the fourth dynasty, which held sway for two hundred and eighty-four years, or perhaps of the fifth, which was also Memphite."

"Heaven keep me from denying it! So you were in the tomb? Inspired by love, Madame Corneuil deciphered fluently a hieroglyphic inscription, and, touched by the beautiful miracle, you fell at her feet."

"Such miracles do not come to pass, uncle. Madame Corneuil does not yet know how to read hieroglyphics, but she will read them some day."

"And is that why you love her, unhappy youth?"

"I love her," exclaimed Horace ardently,

"because she is wonderfully beautiful, because she is adorable, because she has every grace, and beside her every other woman seems ugly. Yes, I love her—I have given her my heart and my life for ever! So much the worse for those who do not understand me."

"So it may be," answered the uncle; "but your mother has made inquiries, and evil tongues say that—"

"Enough!" replied Horace, raising his voice. "If any one else but you ventured to hint in that manner of a woman for whom my respect equals my love, of a woman worthy the regard of every one, he should either have my life or I his!"

"You know that I could not have the slightest desire to fight with my only heir — what would become of the property? Since you say so, I will be convinced that Madame Corneuil is a person absolutely above reproach. But where the deuce did your mother pick up her information? She says plainly that she is an ambitious manœuvrer, and that her dream is—are you really sure that this woman is not one of the cunning ones? Are you very sure that she is sincerely passionately interested in the exploits of the Pharaohs, and in the god Anubis, guide of souls? Are you sure that sometimes the greatest effects are produced with slight effort, and that down in the grotto of Ti she might not have been acting a little farce, to which an Egyptologist of my acquaintance has fallen an easy dupe? For my own part, I believe that if this same handsome fellow had a crooked nose, and dull, squinting eyes, Madame Corneuil would like him just as well, for the excellent reason that Madame Corneuil has got it into her head that some day she will be called the 'Countess of Penneville.'"

"Really, you excite my pity, uncle, and it is very good in me to answer you. To ascribe such miserable calculation, self-interest, and vanity to the proudest, noblest, and purest of souls! You ought to blush that you can so lower yourself. She has told me the story of her life, day by day, hour by hour. God knows she has nothing to conceal! Poor saint, married very young and against her will, through the tyranny of her father, to a man who was not worthy to touch the hem of her garment with the tip of his finger—and yet she forgave him all. If you only knew how tenderly she took care of him in his last moments!"

"But it seems to me, my young friend, that she was well rewarded for her trouble, since he left her his fortune."

"And to whom should he have left it? Had he not everything to make amends for? No, never did woman suffer more or was more worthy of happiness. One thing only helped her to bear her heavy weight of grief. She was strongly convinced that some day she might meet a man capable of understanding her—whose soul might be on a level with her own. 'Yes,' she said to me the other evening, 'I had faith in him. I was sure of his existence, and the first time I saw you it seemed as if I recognized you, and I said to myself, "May it not be he?"' Yes, uncle, she and I are one and the same, and it will be the greatest honor of my life. She loves me, I tell you, she loves me—you can not change anything; so we might as well end here, if you are willing."

The Marquis passed his hands twice through his white hair, and exclaimed:

"I declare, Horace, you are the frankest of innocents, the most *naïve* of lovers."

"I assure you, uncle, that you are the most obstinate and incurable of unbelievers."

"Horace, I call this sphinx and the nose of the goddess Sehket to witness that poetry is the malady of those who know nothing of life."

"And I, uncle, I call to witness the moon yonder, and this purple rose, which looks at you and laughs, that skepticism is the punishment of those who may have abused their life."

"And I—I swear to you by that which is most sacred, by the great Sesostris himself—"

"O uncle, what a blunder! I know that you should not be blamed for it, for you have hardly studied the history of Egypt, and it is no business of yours, but know that there has never been so exaggerated and even usurped reputation as that of the man whom you call the great Sesostris, and whose name really was Rameses II. Swear, if you choose, by the King Cheops, conqueror of the Bedouins, swear by Menes, who built Memphis; swear by Amenophis III., called Memnon; or, if you like it better, by Snefrou, last king but one of the third dynasty, who subdued the nomadic tribes of Arabia Petræa; but know that your great Sesostris was at bottom a very modiocre man, of very slight merit, who carried his vanity so far as to have the names of the sovereigns who preceded him erased from the monuments and substituted his own, which had weight with superficial minds, Diodorus Siculus particularly, and introduced thereby the most unfortunate mistakes in history. Your Sesostris, good Heavens! he has only lived upon one exploit of his youth. Either through address or through luck, he managed to get through an ambuscade with life and baggage unharmed. That was the great achievement which he had engraved hundreds and hundreds of times on the walls of all the buildings erected during his reign; that was his eternal Valmy, his everlasting Jemappes. I ask you what were his conquests? He managed to capture negroes because he wanted masons, he hunted down men in Soudan, and his

only claim to glory was in having had one hundred and seventy children, of whom sixty-nine were sons."

"Goodness! that is no small thing; but, after all, what conclusion do you reach from that?"

"I conclude," answered Horace, who had lost sight of the principal topic in this digression—"I conclude that Sesostris—no," replied he, "I conclude that I adore Madame Corneuil, and that before three months she shall be my wife."

The Marquis rose hastily, exclaiming, "Horace, my heir and my great-nephew, come to my arms!"

And as Horace, immovable, looked at him astonished—"Must I say it again? Come to my arms," continued he. "I am pleased with you. Your passion really makes me young once more. I admire youth, love, and frankness. I thought you only had a fancy for this woman, a whim, but I see your heart is touched, and one can do no better than to listen to the voice of the heart. Forgive my foolish questions and my impertinent objections. What I said was to acquit my conscience. Your mother gave me my lesson, and I repeated it like a parrot. We must not get angry with these poor mothers; their scruples are always to be respected."

"Ah, there you touch a tender and sore point," interrupted the young man, "but I know how to bring her back—I will write her to-morrow."

"Let me say one word more—do not write; your prose has not the power of pleasing her. She has great confidence in me; my words will have weight. My son, I am all ready to go over to the enemy if this lovely woman who lives near you is really what you say. I will be your advocate with your mother, and we will make her listen to reason. Will you introduce me to Madame Corneuil?"

"Are you really sincere, uncle?" asked Horace, looking at him with mistrust and defiance. "Can I depend upon your loyalty?"

"Upon the faith of an uncle and a gentleman!" interrupted the Marquis in his turn.

"If that be so, we can embrace this time in good earnest," answered Horace, taking the hand held out to him.

The uncle and nephew staid talking together for some time longer like good friends. It was near midnight when Monsieur de Miraval remembered that his carriage was waiting for him in the road to take him back to his hotel. He rose and said to Horace:

"It is settled, then, that you will introduce me to-morrow?"

"Yes, uncle, at two o'clock precisely."

"Is that the hour when you see her?"

"One of my hours. I never work between breakfast and dinner."

"So everything is ruled to order, like music-paper. You are right; there must be method in all things. Even in love everything must be done by weight, number, and measure. I knew a philosopher once who said that measure was the best definition of God. But, by the way, I took a nap this afternoon, and am not in the least sleepy. Lend me a book for company after I go to bed. You, doubtless, own the writings of Madame Corneuil?"

"Could you doubt that?"

"Don't give me her novel; I have already read that."

"It is a real masterpiece," said Horace.

"There is rather too much fog in it to suit my taste. There is a rumor that she has published sonnets."

"They are real gems," exclaimed he.

"And an essay upon the apostleship of woman."

"A wonderful book!" exclaimed he again.

"Lend me the essay and the sonnets. I will read them to-night, that I may be prepared for to-morrow's interview."

Horace began at once to search for the two volumes, which he found with great difficulty. By means of rummaging, he discovered them at last under a great pile of quartos, which were crushing them with their terrible weight. He said to his uncle as he gave them to him:

"Keep them as the apple of your eye. For she gave them to me."

"Give yourself no uneasiness; I appreciate the preciousness of the treasure," answered the Marquis.

In the same breath he observed that the treatise was only half cut, and that the volume of sonnets was not cut at all, which gave rise to certain reflections of his own; but he carefully kept them to himself.

III.

THIS world is full of mysterious events, and Hamlet was right in saying that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in Horatio's philosophy.

It has been observed that during the time of great wars, when different peoples coming from all parts of a great empire find themselves suddenly brought together in an army to serve a campaign, strange contagions and fatal epidemics spring up among them, and a great thinker has dared to attribute the cause of it to the forced propinquity of men totally unlike in disposition, in language, and in intellect, who, not having been made to live together, are brought in contact by an evil caprice of destiny. It has

also been remarked that when the crew of the ship which annually brings the necessary provisions for their subsistence to the poor inhabitants of the Shetland Isles land on their shores, they are seized with a spasmodic cough, and do not cease coughing until the ship has again set sail. It is also said that at the approach of a strange vessel the natives of the Faroe Isles are attacked by a catarrhal fever, which it is very difficult to get rid of. Finally, it is stated that sometimes the arrival of a single missionary at one of the South-Sea islands is enough to bring on a dangerous epidemic, to decimate the wretched savages.

This may perhaps explain why, during the night of August 13, 1878, the beautiful Madame Corneuil was greatly disturbed in her sleep, and why on waking the next morning she felt as if her whole body had been bruised. It was not the plague, it was no cholera, no catarrhal fever, no spasmodic cough, but she felt a certain tightness about the head, a disturbance, and a very peculiar nervous irritation; and she had a presentiment that there was danger near, or that an enemy had just landed. Yet she did not know about the Marquis de Miraval, had never even heard of him; she little knew that he was more dangerous than any missionary who ever landed on the islands of the Pacific.

As her mother, who was always the first to enter her chamber to lavish upon her those attentions which she alone knew how to make agreeable, drew near the bed on tiptoe and wished her good morning, Madame Corneuil, out of humor, gave her a rather cool greeting. Madame Véretz readily perceived that her adored angel was out of sorts. This indulgent mother was somewhat accustomed to her whim. She was made for it, and did not mind. Her daughter was her queen, her divinity, her all; she devoted herself entirely to her happiness and her glory; she actually worshiped her with real adoration. She belonged to that race of mothers who are servants and martyrs; but her servitude pleased her, her martyrdom was sweet to her, and the thin little woman, with her quick eye, her serpentine gait, who, like Cato the Censor, whom she resembled in nothing else, had greenish eyes and red hair, always looked pleasantly upon the hardships she had to bear.

She had her own consolations. She might be snubbed, scolded, and sent off, but it always ended by her being listened to, especially if it was to be of any benefit. It was at her advice that at the propitious moment they quarreled with Monsieur Corneuil, and afterward were reconciled to him. Thanks to her valuable suggestions, they had been able to hold a *salon* in Paris, and to become of some importance there. Madame Corneuil reigned, while really it was Madame Véretz who governed, and it must be said she never had any other end in view but the good fortune of her dear idol. We all have confused ideas of our own which we can hardly unravel, and hidden desires which we dare not confess to ourselves. Madame Véretz had the gift of comprehending her daughter, and reading the inmost recesses of her heart. She undertook to unravel her confused ideas, and to reveal to her her unacknowledged wishes, and took charge of them. That was the secret of her influence, which was considerable. When Madame Corneuil's imagination wandered, her incomparable mother started out as her courier. On reaching the station, the fair traveler found her relays of horses all ready, and she was under great obligations to her mother for arranging many an agreeable surprise for her. She would have taken great care not to embark in any scheme without her courier, to whom she was obliged for never allowing her to rest by the way.

After having sent off her mother, and spent half an hour with her maid, Madame Corneuil took a cup of tea, then seated herself at her secretary. She spent her mornings in writing a book, which was to form a sequel to her treatise upon the "Apostleship," to be called "The Position of Woman in Modern Society." To speak plainly, she was merely making the same ideas serve her a second time. Her aim was to show that in democratic society, committed to the worship of the greatest number, the only corrective to coarseness of manners, thought, and interest, would be the sovereignty of woman. "Kings are dying out," she wrote the night before, in a moment of inspiration—"let them go; but we must not let them bear away with them that true kingliness whose benefits are necessary even to republics. Let women sit on the thrones which they leave empty. With them will reign virtue, genius, sublime aspirations, delicacy of heart, disinterested sentiments, noble devotion, and noble scorn." I may have spoiled her phrases, but I think I have given the gist of them all. I think, also, that in the portrait she drew, the superior woman whom she proposed for the worship of human kind resembled astonishingly Madame Corneuil, and she could not think of herself without her splendid hair of golden blonde twisted around her brow like a diadem.

After a bad night one does not feel like writing. That day Madame Corneuil was not in the mood. The pen felt heavy to the pretty hand, with its polished nails; both ideas and expression failed her. In vain she twisted a loose curl over her forefinger, in vain did she look at her rosy finger-tips—nothing came of it; she began to fancy that a shadow of coming misfor-

tune fell between her and the paper. Heaven knows that in like cases every pains was taken to save her nerves, to cause her no interruption, such were the orders. During those hours when she was known to be within her sanctum, the most profound silence reigned everywhere. Madame Véretz saw to that. Every one spoke in a whisper and stepped softly; and when Jacquot, who did the errands, crossed the paved courtyard, he took great care to take off his *sabots*, lest he might be heard. This precaution on his part was the result of sad experience. Jacquot played the horn in his leisure moments. One morning when he took the liberty of playing, Madame Véretz, coming upon him unawares, gave him a vigorous box on the ear, saying to him: "Keep still, you little idiot! don't you know that she is meditating?" Jacquot rubbed his cheek, and took it as it was said. Everybody did the same. So from eight till noon Jacquot whispered to the cook, and the cook told the coachman, and the coachman told the hens in the yard, who repeated it to the sparrows, who repeated it to the swallows, and to all the winds of heaven, "Brothers, let us keep silence—she is meditating!"

When it struck noon, the door of the holy place opened softly, and, as before, Madame Véretz advanced on the tips of her toes, asking, "My dear beauty, may I be allowed to enter?"

Madame Corneuil scowled with her beautiful eyebrows, and poutingly placed her papers in the most elegant portfolio, and her portfolio in the depths of her rose-wood secretary, taking care to take out the key, for fear of robbers.

"Orders must have been given," said she, "not to leave me a moment in peace."

"I was obliged to go out this morning," answered Madame Véretz; "did Jacquot happen to take advantage of my absence?"

"Jacquot, or some one else, I do not know whom; but they made a great deal of noise, and moved about the furniture. Was it absolutely necessary for you to go out?"

"Absolutely. You complained yesterday that the fish was not fresh, and that Julia did not understand buying; so henceforth I shall do my own marketing."

"And during that time, then, there must be a fearful racket."

"What can you do? Between two evils—"

"No," interrupted Madame Corneuil, "I do not wish you to go yourself and bargain for fish; why do you not teach Julia how to select it? You do not know how to order others, and so it ends in your doing everything yourself."

"I will learn, I will try to improve, my darling," answered Madame Véretz, kissing her forehead tenderly.

She did not add that she liked to go to market, which was the truth. Among people who rise from small beginnings, some resent their past, and strive to forget it, while it pleases others to recall it.

"What have you there?" exclaimed Madame Corneuil, seeing just then that her mother held a bit of writing in her hand.

"This, my dear, is a note in which Monsieur de Penneville begs me to inform you that his great-uncle, the Marquis de Miraval, arrived yesterday from Paris, and has expressed a desire to be introduced, and that he will bring him here at two o'clock exactly. You know he is a victim to the stroke of the clock."

"What prevented him from coming to tell us himself?"

"Apparently he feared disturbing you, and perhaps he did not care to disarrange his own plans. In all well-ordered lives the first rule is to work until noon."

Madame Corneuil grew impatient.

"Who may this great-uncle be? Horace never told me about him."

"I can easily believe that. He never speaks of anything but you—or himself—or Egypt."

"But if I choose that he should talk to me about him!" answered Madame Corneuil haughtily. "Is that another epigram?"

"Do you think I could make epigrams against that dear, handsome fellow?" hastily answered Madame Véretz. "I already love him like a son."

Madame Corneuil seemed to have grown thoughtful.

"I had bad dreams last night," said she. "You laugh at my dreams, because you like to laugh at my expense. Now see: In coming from Paris, Monsieur de Miraval must have passed through Vichy. This Marquis is dangerous."

"Dangerous!" exclaimed Madame Véretz; "what danger have you to fear?"

"You see Madame de Penneville has sent him here."

"Can you believe that Horace—ah! my poor goose, are you not sure of his heart?"

"Is any one ever sure of a man's heart?" answered she, feigning an anxiety which she was far from feeling.

"Perhaps not of any man's," said Madame Véretz, smiling; "but the heart of an Egyptologist is quite another thing, and never changes. As far as sentiment goes, Egyptology is the one unchangeable thing."

"I told you I had bad dreams, and that the Marquis is dangerous to us."

"Here is my reply," was her mother's answer, as she passed her a mirror in such a way as to oblige her to see herself in it.

"It seems to me as if I looked like a fright this morning," said Madame Corneuil, who thought nothing of the sort.

"You are beautiful as the day, my dear countess, and I defy all the marquises in the world—"

"No, I will not receive this great-uncle," began Hortense again, as she pushed aside the mirror; "you may receive him in my place. Do you think I am obliged to endure impertinences?"

"There you are!—you are putting things at their worst; you are getting excited, forgetting yourself, and rushing at conclusions."

"I tell you once more, I am ill."

"My dear idol, one must never be ill except at the suitable moment; and in this case take care, or he will fancy you are afraid of him."

Madame Corneuil, on reflection, evidently was convinced that her mother was right, for she said to her:

"Since you wish me to submit to be so bored, so be it! Order my breakfast to be brought up, and send my maid to me."

"Nothing could be better," answered Madame Véretz. "Ah, my dear! I am not inflicting a bore upon you—it is a victory which I am preparing for you."

At these words she withdrew, not without kissing her for the second time.

At two o'clock precisely, Madame Véretz, seated in an *ajoupa* opposite the veranda of the chalet, awaits the Count de Penneville and Monsieur de Miraval; at two o'clock precisely the Marquis and the Count appeared on the horizon. The presentation was made with proper formality, and soon conversation began. Madame Véretz was a woman of great tact in all difficult circumstances; the unexpected never disconcerted her; she knew how to receive an uncomfortable visitor as well as a disagreeable event. Monsieur de Miraval, however, gave her no occasion to practice that virtue. He was thoroughly courteous and gracious; he brought all the amiability and brilliancy of his past grandeur to bear on this occasion; he took as much pains as he formerly did for the sovereigns of the world who gave him audience. Where was the use of having been a diplomate if not to possess the art of talking a great deal without saying anything? He had words at his command, and, when it was necessary, a fluent eloquence, the art of "pouring honey over oil," as the Russian proverb has it. Everything went on well. Horace, who had greatly dreaded the interview, and who at first appeared constrained and disturbed, was soon over his anxiety, and felt his embarrassment at an end. It was part of his character to be quickly reassured. He was not only a born optimist, but he had gone too deeply into the theology of Egypt not to know that in the human world, as in the divine, the struggle between the two principles ends generally in the triumph of the good, that Typhon finally submits to be disarmed, and Horus, the beneficent deity, takes in hand the government of the universe. The Count de Penneville's face expressed profound faith in the final triumph of Horus, the beneficent deity.

The ice was entirely broken when Madame Corneuil made her appearance. We may easily believe that she had taken great pains for this occasion with her toilet and the arrangement of her hair; her half-mourning was most charming. It must be granted that there are queens who strongly resemble ordinary people, so there are ordinary people who resemble queens, barring the crown and the king. That day Madame Corneuil was not merely a queen, she was a goddess from head to foot. She might have been described as Juno appearing from a cloud. Neither did she fail in her manner of entrance. On seeing her approach, the Marquis could not repress a thrill of emotion, and when he drew nearer to her to greet her with bowed head, he lost his self-command, which seldom happened to him, he stood confused, began several sentences without being able to finish them: it is said that it was the first time in his life that such a mishap had happened to him. His disturbance was so great that Horace, who usually never noticed anything, could not help remarking it.

Monsieur de Miraval made a great effort, and was not long in recovering his confidence and all his ease of manner. After a few trifling remarks, he began to relate pleasantly several anecdotes of his diplomatic career, which he seasoned with graceful wit and a grain of salt.

As he told his little stories, he went on talking with himself. "There is no denying it, she is very beautiful; she is a superior woman, fit for a king. What eyes! what hair! what shoulders! Can she be the daughter of such a mother, and that from that red hair comes all those beautiful, fair locks? There is no denying, her beauty irritates and exasperates me. If I were forty years younger, I would be one of her suitors. Really, she is superb. Can I find any fault with her? Yes, there is a restlessness in her eyes which I do not like. Her lips are rather thin—bah! that is only a foible. Heaven be thanked! there is no ink-spot on her finger-ends, but they are too tapering, too nervous, and look like hands ready to clutch. Her eyelids are too long—they can conceal a great deal. Her voice is well modulated, but metallic; still, if I were forty years younger—"

The Marquis went on telling stories. Madame Véretz was all ears, and smiled in the best possible grace. As for Madame Corneuil, she

did not desist from a somewhat disdainful gravity of bearing. She had come upon the scene with a certain part to play; she had got it into her head that she was to appear before an ill-disposed judge, who had come expressly to take her measure and to weigh her in the balance. So she armed herself with Olympian majesty and that insolence of beauty which tramples impertinence under foot, crushes the haughty, and transforms Actæons into deer. Although the Marquis's politeness was faultless and emphatic, and although he besought her to look favorably upon him, she remained firm and would not be disarmed. Horace listened to all with great satisfaction; he thought his uncle charming, and could hardly keep from embracing him. He also thought that Madame Corneuil never had been more beautiful, that the sunlight was brighter than ever, that it streamed down upon his happiness, that the air was full of perfume, and that everything in the world went on wonderfully. Now and then a slight shadow fell like a cloud before his eyes. In reading over that morning the fragments of Manetho, he stumbled upon a passage which seemed contradictory to his favorite argument, which was dear to him as life itself. At intervals he began to doubt whether it really was during the reign of Apepi that Joseph, son of Jacob, came into Egypt; then he reproached himself for his doubt, which came back to him the next moment. This contradiction grieved him greatly, for he had a great regard for Manetho. But when he looked at Madame Corneuil his soul was at rest again, and he fancied he could read in her beautiful eyes a proof that the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph must have been Sethos I., in which case the Pharaoh who did know him must have been the King Apepi. To be tenderly loved by a beautiful woman makes it easy to believe anything, and all things become possible — Manetho, Joseph, the King Apepi, and all the rest.

What was passing in the heart of the Marquis? To what conquering charm was he the prey? The fact was, he no longer resembled himself. He had made an excellent beginning, and Madame Véretz was delighted with his tales. Little by little his animation grew languid. This man, who was so great a master over his own thoughts, could no longer control them; this man, so great a master in conversation, really was seeking in vain for the proper words. He struggled for some time against this strange fascination which deprived him of his faculties, but it was all in vain. He no longer took part in the conversation, except in a few loose phrases, which were absolutely irrelevant, and soon fell into a deep reverie and the dullest silence.

"My mother was right," said Madame Corneuil. "I have quite overawed him; I have made him afraid of me."

And so, applauding herself for having silenced the batteries of the besieger and put out his fires, a smile of satisfied pride hovered around her lips. A moment after she rose to walk around the garden, and Horace hastened to follow her.

The Marquis remained alone with Madame Véretz. He followed the pair of lovers with his eyes for a little while, as they slowly withdrew and finally disappeared behind the shrubbery. The spell seemed then to be unloosed. Monsieur de Miraval regained his voice, and, turning toward Madame Véretz, he exclaimed dramatically: "No, nothing has ever been created yet more beautiful than youth, more divine than love. My nephew is a fortunate fellow. I congratulate him aloud, but I keep my envy to myself."

Madame Véretz rewarded this ejaculation with a gracious smile which signified: "Good old fellow! we judged you wrongly. How can you serve us best?"

"The more I see them together, Monsieur le Marquis," said she, "the more I am convinced that they were made for one another. Never were two characters better matched: they have the same likes and the same dislikes, the same elevated tone of mind, the same scorn of mediocre ideas and petty calculation, the same disregard of vulgar interests. They both live in paradise. Ah! Monsieur le Marquis, only a providential dispensation could have brought them together."

"Very providential," said the Marquis, but he added, *in petto*, "A manœuvring mother is the surest of all providences." Then he resumed aloud: "After all, what is the aim of it? Happiness. My nephew is right to consider his affection only. He can have his paradise, as you call it, madame, and all the rest into the bargain; for Madame Corneuil—We will not speak of her beauty, which is incomparable, but it is impossible to see her or to hear her speak without recognizing her to be a most superior woman, the most suitable in the world to give a man good counsel, and to lead him onward, to push him forward."

"You certainly judge her correctly," answered Madame Véretz. "My daughter is a strange being; she is full of noble enthusiasm which she carries at times to exaltation, and yet she is thoroughly reasonable, very intelligent as regards the things of this world, and, at the same time, ice to her own interests and on fire for others."

"Only one thing distresses me," said the Marquis to her. "The story-teller advises all happy lovers to roam only to neighboring shores, and ours are going to bury their happiness in Memphis or in Thebes. It would be a crime to take Madame Corneuil away from Paris."

"Reassure yourself," said she; "Paris will have them back again."

"You do not know my nephew: he has a horror of that perverse and frivolous city. He confided to me yesterday that he means to end his days in Egypt, and assured me that Madame Corneuil was as much in love as he was with the solitude and silence of the region of Thebaid. He appears very gentle, but there never was a person of more determined will."

"Heaven help him!" said Madame Véretz, looking at the Marquis as if she would say, "My fine friend, there is no will which can hold against ours, and Paris can no more do without us than we without Paris."

"They have chosen the good part," continued Monsieur de Miraval with a deep sigh. "I have often laughed at my nephew, blaming him because he did not know how to enjoy life; now it is his turn to laugh at me, for I am reduced to envying his happiness. There comes an age when one regrets bitterly not having been able to make a home for one's self. But you must be astonished, madame, at my confidences."

"I am rather flattered by them, than astonished," answered she.

"I am devoured by *ennui*, I must acknowledge. I had determined to pass the remainder of my days in retirement and in quiet, but *ennui* will yet force me out of my den. I shall plunge into active political life again. I have been urged to stand for the arrondissement where my château is situated, and have also been proposed for the senate. I might go still higher if I were married to a woman of sense, intelligent in the things of this world, in spite of her enthusiasms. Women are a great means of success in politics. Would that I had a wife! as the poet says: 'Have I passed the season of love? Ah! if my heart,' etc., etc. I can not remember the rest of it, but never mind. Lucky Horace! thrice happy! What a vast difference there is between living in Egypt with the beloved, and bustling about Paris in the whirl of politics without the beloved!"

Madame Véretz in truth thought the difference vast, but greatly to the advantage of the bustle and the whirl. She could not help thinking, "It would be perfect if my future son-in-law only had the tastes and inclinations of his uncle; there would be nothing more to wish for."

From that moment, the Marquis de Miraval became a most interesting being to her. She tried to reconcile him to his fate, and, as she had a genius for detail and for business, she asked him a great many questions about his electoral arrondissement and his chances of election. The Marquis, somewhat embarrassed, replied as best he could. He could not get out of it except by changing the subject, and so he gave the inquisitive woman a full description of his château, which was doubtless well worth the trouble, only he seldom visited it. The minute information which he gave respecting his estates and their revenues was not of such a nature as to chill the interest which she was beginning to take in him.

During all this time, Madame Corneuil strolled through a path in the garden with Horace, who did not notice that her nerves were greatly excited and that she was somewhat ruffled. There were a great many things which the Count de Penneville never noticed.

"Heavens! what beautiful weather," said he to her; "what a beautiful sky, what a beautiful sun! Still it is not the sun of Egypt! when shall we see it again? 'Oh, thither, thither, let us go,' as says the song of Mignon. You must sing that song to me to-night; no one sings it like you. This park never seemed so green to me as now. There is no denying the beauty of green grass, although I can get along wonderfully well without it. I once knew a traveler who thought Greece horrible because there were so few trees. There are people who are wild on the subject of trees. Do you remember our first excursion to Gizeh—the vast bare plain, the wavy hills, the ochre-colored sand? You said, 'I could eat it!'

"We met a long line of camels; I can see them now. The pyramids pierced the horizon, and they seemed white and sparkling. How they stood out against the sky! They seemed quivering. The air here never quivers. What a good breakfast we had in that chapel! You wore a *tarbouch* on your head, and it became you like a charm. When shall I see you in a *tarbouch* again? The turkey was somewhat lean, I remember, and I made a great blunder—I let fall the jar which held our Nile-water. We laughed at it well, and had to drink our wine unmixed. After which we descended into the grotto, and I interpreted hieroglyphics to you for the first time. I shall never forget your delight at my telling you that a lute meant happiness, because the sign of happiness was the harmony of the soul. In the Chinese writings, happiness is represented by a handful of rice. After that, who could contest the immense superiority of soul in the genius of the Egyptians over the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire?"

At last he discovered that Madame Corneuil made no reply to him; he sought for an explanation, and soon found it.

"How did the Marquis de Miraval impress you?" asked he of her with an anxious voice.

This time she answered.

"He is very *distingué*. He begins stories remarkably well, but finishes them poorly. Must I be sincere?"

"Absolutely sincere."

"He does not please me much."

"Did he say anything to offend you?" exclaimed Horace, who was afraid his uncle might have been disagreeable while his mind was wandering with Manetho and the King Apepi.

"He is a man of talent," answered she, "but I like some soul, and I suspect he has none."

As she spoke these words she fastened her great brown eyes on the face of the young man; he saw a soul in their depths; he might perhaps have seen two.

"You must be frank in your turn," resumed she. "You do not know how to tell a lie, and for that I love you a little. You told me that you were going to write to Madame de Penneville. The Marquis is her answer."

"I must say it is so," said he, "but, if the whole universe should put itself between you and me, it would have its trouble for nothing. You know that I love and that I adore you."

"Your heart, then, is indeed mine, wholly mine?" asked she, with a most bewitching glance.

"For ever, for ever yours," answered he, with voice half choked.

They drew near an arbor, the entrance to which was narrow. Madame Corneuil went in first, and when Horace joined her she stood motionless before him, gazing at him with a melancholy smile. Until that moment she kept him at a distance, without allowing him to make any advances, but now by a sudden impulse she lifted up lips and forehead to him, as if to claim a kiss. He understood, and yet hardly dared hope that he had rightly understood. He hesitated, but at last touched her lips with his. He felt ill. Only once before had he felt the same wild emotion. It was one day near Thebes, when making an excavation, he saw with his eyes—his own eyes—at the bottom of the trench, a great sarcophagus of rose-granite. That day, too, he grew faint.

Madame Corneuil sat down; he fell at her feet, and, with elbows upon the beloved knees, he devoured her glances for a while. There was only the width of a path between the arbor and the lake; they heard the waves whispering to the beach. She stammered a few words of love; she spoke of that joy and mystery which no human tongue can express.

After a long silence Madame Corneuil said:

"Great happiness is always restless and uneasy, everything frightens it—it is scared at everything. I implore you, get rid of this diplomate. I never liked diplomates. All they can see in the world is prejudice, interest, calculation, and vanity."

"Your wishes are sacred to me," said he to her, "and, even if I must for ever break with him, I will do everything to please you, although I have always returned the friendship he has borne for me."

"Yes, send him back to his family, who must object to our having him. May he return soon, to tell his stories to them!"

"But allow me—I am his family; he is unmarried, or rather he has been a widower for thirty years, and has neither son nor daughter. But what do I care for his property?"

At these words Madame Corneuil came out of her rapture, and pricked up her ears like a dog who scents unexpected game.

"His property! You his heir! You never told me so."

"And why should I have told you? What is money to us? This is my treasure," added he, in trying to get a second kiss, which she wisely refused, for one must not be too lavish.

"Yes, how base a trifle the whole subject of money is!" said she. "Is the Marquis very rich?"

"My mother says that he has two hundred thousand livres' income. He may do what he chooses with it. Since he does not please you, I will tell him plainly that I renounce my place as his heir."

"It must all be done with propriety," answered Madame Corneuil with considerable animation. "You are fond of him. It would make me wretched to set you against a relation whom you love."

"I would give up all for you," exclaimed he; "the rest seems so small."

He remained a little longer at her feet; but to his great grief she made him rise, saying:

"Monsieur de Miraval must remark our long absence from him. We must be polite."

Two minutes after she entered the pavilion, whither Horace followed her, and greeted the Marquis with a tinge of affability which she had not shown before; but, although she had changed her expression and manner, the spell was not broken, and its effect was even more perceptible. Monsieur de Miraval, after having recovered all his wits in conversing with Madame Véretz, and giving her all sorts of confidences, was disturbed anew at the appearance of his beautiful enemy. He replied to all her advances in incoherent phrases, and sentences without head or tail, which might have fallen from the moon. Soon, as if angry with himself and his undignified weakness, he rose hastily, and turning toward Madame Véretz with a profound bow, took his leave of her; then, advancing toward Madame Corneuil, he looked her full in the eyes, and said to her with a sort of fierceness in his voice:

"Madame, I came, I saw, and I have been conquered."

Thereupon he withdrew like one wishing to

get away, and forbade his nephew to accompany him. It can be easily imagined that after his departure he was freely discussed. All agreed that his conduct was peculiar; but Madame Véretz protested that she thought him more charming than odd, but Madame Corneuil thought him more odd than charming. Horace, for his part, tried to explain the eccentricity of his conduct by his varying state of health, or by a certain whimsical disposition excusable at his age. He acknowledged that he had never seen him so before, but had always known him to be a *bon vivant*, active, of good memory, witty, and easily adapting himself to all.

"There is some mystery about it that you must take pains to clear up," said Madame Corneuil to him; and as he looked at his watch and was about to withdraw—"By the way, lazy boy," said she to him, "when are you going to read me the famous fourth chapter of your 'History of the Hyksos'? You must remember that you were to read it some evening with a midnight supper in its honor. We must have that supper in Paris. Will it not be delicious?"

At thought of the little private banquet in honor of Apepi, Horace's heart thrilled with delight and his eyes beamed.

"I will send you nothing until it is worthy of you. Give me ten days more."

"Ten days—that is a century!" said she; "but keep your word, or I shall break with you."

As he drew away she added, "The next time you meet Monsieur de Miraval, be distrustful and be shrewd."

"He shrewd!" exclaimed Madame Véretz, when alone with her daughter; "you might as well order him to swim across the lake."

"Is that meant for another epigram?" said Madame Corneuil crossly.

"Since I adore him as he is," answered the mother, "what more can you expect? As for Monsieur de Miraval, you are quite wrong to worry yourself on his account. My opinion is, that he is entirely won over to our side."

"It is not mine," answered Madame Corneuil.

"At all events, my dear, we must treat him with great tact, for I know from the very best authority—"

"You are going to tell me," interrupted Madame Corneuil disdainfully, "that he has an income of two hundred thousand livres, and that Horace is his heir. Such base trifles are like affairs of state to you."

Soon after she said to her mother, "Then ask Horace to invite him to breakfast with us at an early day."

(*Conclusion next month.*)

CINDERELLA.

THE year 1697 A. D. was rendered memorable, not only by the Peace of Ryswick, which saved so great a part of Europe from the horrors of war, but also by the earliest appearance in print of Charles Perrault's "Cendrillon, ou la petite pantoufle de verre." It was in the fourth part of the fifth volume of the "Recueil de pièces curieuses et nouvelles," published at the Hague by Adrian Moëtgens, that the narrative of Cinderella's fortunes, in the form under which it has become familiar to the whole civilized world, first saw the light. In the same eventful year it was a second time introduced to the public, figuring as one of the eight histories contained in the "Histoires ou contes du temps passé," which professed to be written by the "Sieur P. Darmancour"; this "Sieur" being the author's son, Perrault d'Armancour, a boy then ten years old, who may possibly have acted as an intermediate relater between the nurse who told, and the parent who wrote, the tales which were destined to render that parent's name immortal. Their success was one of the unexpected triumphs which fate has now and then accorded to literature. As little, in all probability, did the elder Perrault, grave member of the French Academy and erudite defender of modern writers against the claim of the ancients to supremacy, dream of the fame which Cinderella and her companions were to bring to him, as did Charles XII., who in the same eventful year succeeded to the throne of Sweden, foresee the ruinous nature of the conflict in which he was doomed to engage with his young brother monarch Peter the Great, just then, on ship-building intent, making his way toward the peaceful dockyards of Holland.

Cinderella's story had doubtless been familiar for centuries to the common people of Europe. In the opinion of many critics it had, indeed, figured for ages among the heirlooms of human-

ity. But Perrault's rendering of the tale naturalized it in the polite world, gave it for cultured circles an attraction which it is never likely to lose. The supernatural element plays in it but a subordinate part, for, even without the aid of a fairy godmother, the neglected heroine might have been enabled to go to a ball in disguise, and to win the heart of the hero by the beauty of her features and the smallness of her foot. It is with human more than with mythological interest that the story is replete, and therefore it appeals to human hearts with a force which no lapse of time can diminish. Such supernatural machinery as is introduced, moreover, has a charm for children which older versions of the tale do not possess. The pumpkin carriage, the rat coachman, the lizard lackeys, and all the other properties of the transformation scene, appeal at once to the imagination and the sense of humor of every beholder. In the more archaic forms of the narrative there is no intentional grotesqueness. It is probably because so many of the incidents in the life of "Cucendron" (as she was generally styled at home, "though the younger of her step-sisters, who was not so uncivil as the elder, called her 'Cendrillon'") were so natural, that some mythologists have attached such importance to the final trial by slipper. "The central interest in the popular story of Cinderella," says Professor de Gubernatis in his valuable work on "Zoölogical Mythology," is "the legend of the lost slipper, and of the prince who tries to find the foot predestined to wear it." But, if the tale be sought for in lands less cultured than the France which produced Perrault's "Cendrillon" and the Countess d'Aulnoy's "Finette Cendron," we shall see that "the legend of the lost slipper" is no longer of "central interest," being merely used to supply the means of ultimate recognition so valuable in ancient days not only to the story-teller but to the dramatist. Let us take, by way of example, a Servian version of the story:*

As a number of girls were spinning one day a-field, sitting in a ring around a cleft in the ground, there came to them an old man, who said: "Maidens, beware! for if one of you were to let her spindle fall into this cleft, her mother would be immediately turned into a cow." Thereupon the girls at once drew nearer to the cleft and inquisitively peeped into it. And the spindle of Mara, the fairest of their number, slipped out of her hand and fell into the cleft. When she reached home in the evening, there was her mother turned into a cow, standing in front of the house and mooing. Thenceforth Mara tended and fed that cow with filial affection. But her father married again, taking as his second wife a widow with one plain daughter. And the new mistress of the house grievously ill-treated her step-daughter, forbidding her to wash her face, or brush her hair, or change her dress. And as she became grimy with ashes, *pepel*, Mara received the nickname of Pepelluga, that is, Cinderella, or Ashypet. Her step-mother also set her tasks which she could never have done, had not "the cow, which had once been her mother," helped her to perform them. When the step-mother found this out, she gave her husband no rest till he promised to put the cow to death. The girl wept bitterly when she heard the sad news, but the cow consoled her, telling her what she must do. She must not eat of its flesh, and she must carefully collect and bury its bones under a certain stone, and to this burial-place she must afterward come, should she find herself in need of help. The cow was killed and eaten, but Mara said she had no appetite and ate none of its flesh. And she buried its bones as she had been directed. Some days afterward, her step-mother went to church with her own daughter, leaving Mara at home to cook the dinner, and to pick up a quantity of corn which had been purposely strewed about the house, threatening to kill her if she had not performed both tasks by the time they came back from church. Mara was greatly troubled at the sight of the grain, and fled for help to the cow's grave. There she found an open coffer full of fine raiment, and on the lid sat two white doves, which said, "Mara, choose a dress and go in it to church, and we birds will gather up the grain." So she took the robes which came first, all of the finest silk, and went in them to church, where the beauty of her face and her dress won all hearts, especially that of the Emperor's son. Just before the service was over, she glided out of church, ran home, and placed her robes in the coffer, which immediately shut and disappeared. When her relatives returned, they found the grain collected, the dinner cooked, and Ashypet as grimy as usual. Next Sunday just the same happened; only Mara's robes were this time of silver. On the third Sunday she went to church in raiment of pure gold with slippers to match. And when she left, the Emperor's son left too, and hastened after her. But all he got for his pains was her right slipper, which she dropped in her haste. By means of it he at length found her out. In vain did her step-mother, when he walked in with the golden test in his hand, hide her under a trough, endeavor to force her own daughter's foot into the too small slipper, and, when this attempt failed, deny that there was any other girl in the house. For the cock crowed out, "Kikerike! the maiden is under the trough!" There the prince in truth found her, clothed from head to foot in golden attire,

* Vuk Karajich, No. 32.

ut wanting her right slipper. After which all vent well.

In a modern Greek variant of the story (Hahn, No. 2), there is a similar but a still stranger opening. According to it, an old woman and her three daughters sat spinning one day. And they made an agreement that, if one of them broke her thread or dropped her spindle, she should be killed and eaten by the others. The mother's spindle was the first to fall, and her two elder daughters killed, cooked, and ate her. But their younger sister did all she could to save her mother's life, and, when her attempts proved fruitless, utterly refused to have anything to do with eating her. And, after the unfilial repast was over, she collected her mother's bones, and buried them in the ash-hole. After forty days had passed, she wished to dig them up and bury them elsewhere. But, when she opened the hole in which she had deposited them, there streamed forth from it a blaze of light which almost blinded her. And then she found that no bones were there, but three costly suits of raiment. On one gleamed "the sky with its stars," on another "the spring with its flowers," on the third "the sea with its waves." By means of these resplendent robes she created a great sensation in church on three successive Sundays, and won the heart of the usual prince, who was enabled to recognize her by means of the customary slipper. The German variant of the story given by Grimm (No. 21) represents the grimy Aschenputtel—a form of Cinderella's name very like the Scotch Ashypet—as being assisted to bear up against the unkindness of her step-sisters by a white bird, which haunted the tree she had planted above her mother's grave. From this bird she received all that she asked for, including the dazzling robe and golden shoes in which she, for the third time, won the prince's heart at a ball in the palace. One of these shoes stuck in the pitch with which the prince had ordered the staircase to be smeared in the hope of thereby capturing her when she fled from the ball; and by it he after a time recognized her. The story is of an unusually savage one. For not only does one of the step-sisters cut off her toes, and the other her heel, in order to fit their feet to the golden slipper—acting in accordance with the suggestion of their mother, who says, "When you are a queen you need not go afoot"—but they ultimately have their eyes pecked out by the two doves which have previously called attention to the fact that blood is streaming from their mutilated feet. The surgical adaptation of the false foot to the slipper, and its exposure by a bird, occur in so many variants that they probably formed an important part of the original tale. Thus, in a Lowland Scotch variant of the story quoted by Chambers, when the glass shoe was brought by the prince's messenger to the house wherein lived two sisters, "the auld sister that was sae proud gaed awa' by hersel', and came back in a while hirpling wi' the shoe on." But, when she rode away in triumph as the prince's bride, "a wee bird sung out o' a bush:

"'Nippit fit and clippit fit ahint the king rides;
But pretty fit and little fit ahint the caldron hides.'"

The blinding of the pretenders, however, is a rare incident. But in one of the Russian stories (Afanasief, vi., 30) the step-sisters of Chornushka—so called from her being always dirty and *chorna*, or black—lose their eyes exactly as in the German tale.

The industry of many collectors has supplied scores of variants of this most popular narrative. But those which have been mentioned will be sufficient to throw a considerable light upon one of its most significant features. Its earlier scenes appear to have been inspired by the idea that a loving mother may be able, even after her death, to bless and assist a dutiful child. In the Servian and the Greek variants, this belief is brought prominently forward, though in a somewhat grotesque form. In the German it is indicated, but less clearly. In one of the Sicilian variants (Pitré, No. 41), the step-daughter is assisted by a cow, as in the Servian story. Out of the hole in which its bones are buried come "twelve damsels" who array her "all in gold" and take her to the royal palace. Here the link between the girl and her dead mother has been lost, and the supernatural machinery is worked by fairy hands. In another (No. 43) the heroine receives everything she asks for, exactly as in the German story, from a magic date-tree. But nothing is said about its being planted above her mother's grave, and its mysterious powers are accounted for only by the fact that out of it issue "a great number of *fati*" or fairies. In the romantic story of "La Gatta Cennerentola," told by Basile in his "Pentamerone" (published at Naples about the year 1637), she is similarly assisted by a fairy who issues from a date-tree. This suggests the fairy godmother of Perrault's tale, from which our version appears to have been borrowed. For among us Cinderella's slipper is almost always of glass, a material never mentioned except in the French form of the story and its imitations. On this part of Cinderella's costume it may be as well to dwell for a time, before passing on to the further consideration of her fortunes. As yet we have dealt only with what may be called the "dead-mother" or "step-mother" opening of the tale. We shall have to consider presently a kindred form of the narrative, the opening of which may be named after the "hateful mar-

riage" from which the heroine flies, her adventures after her flight being similar to those of the ill-used step-daughter. That is to say, she is reduced to a state of degradation and squalor, and is forced to occupy a servile position, frequently connected in some way with the hearth and its ashes. From this, however, she emerges on certain festive occasions as a temporarily brilliant being, always returning to her obscure position, until at last she is recognized; after which she remains permanently brilliant, her apparently destined period of eclipse having been brought to a close by her recognition, which is accomplished by the aid of her lost shoe or slipper.

As to the material of the slipper there has been much dispute. In the greater part of what are apparently the older forms of the story, it is made of gold. This may perhaps be merely a figure of speech, but there are instances on record of shoes, or at least sandals, being made of precious metals. Even in our own times, as well as in the days of the Cæsars, a horse is said to have been shod with gold. And an Arab geographer, quoted by Mr. Lane, vouches for the fact that the islands of Wák-Wák are ruled by a queen who "has shoes of gold." Moreover, "no one walks in all these islands with any other kind of shoe; if he wear any other kind, his feet are cut." It is true that his authority is a little weakened by his subsequent statement that these isles have trees which bear "fruits like women." These strange beings have beautiful faces, and are suspended by their hair. "They come forth from integuments like large leathern bags. And when they feel the air and the sun, they cry 'Wák! Wák!' until their hair is cut; and when it is cut they die." Glass is an all but unknown material for shoemaking in the genuine folk-tales of any country except France. The heroine of one of Mr. J. F. Campbell's Gaelic tales* wore "glass shoes," but this exception to the rule may be due to a French influence, transmitted through an English or Lowland Scotch channel. Even in France itself the slipper is not always of glass. Madame d'Aulnoy's Finette Cendron, for instance, wore one "of red velvet embroidered with pearls." The use of the word *verre* by Perrault has been accounted for in two ways. Some critics think that the material in question was a *tissu en verre*, fashionable in Perrault's time. But the more generally received idea is that the substance was originally a kind of fur called *vair*—a word now obsolete in France, except in heraldry, but locally preserved in England as the name of the weasel†—and that some reciter or transcriber to whom the meaning of *vair* was unknown, substituted the more familiar but less probable *verre*, thereby dooming Cinderella to wear a glass slipper long before the discovery was made that glass may be rendered tough. In favor of the correctness of this supposition we have the great authority of M. Littré, whose dictionary affirms positively that in the description of Cinderella's slipper, *verre* is a mistake for *vair*. In this decision some scholars, especially those who detect in every feature of a fairy tale a "solar myth," refuse to acquiesce. Thus M. André Lefèvre, the accomplished editor of a recent edition of Perrault's "Contes," absolutely refuses to give up the *verre* which "convient parfaitement à un mythe lumineux."* But the fact that Cinderella is not shod with glass in the vast majority of the lands she inhabits outweighs any amount of mythological probabilities. Besides, a golden shoe is admirably adapted to a luminous myth. It was a golden sandal which Rhodōpis lost while bathing, and which—according to the evidently Oriental tale preserved for us by Strabo and Ælian—was borne by an eagle to the Egyptian King, who immediately resolved to make that sandal's owner his royal spouse. In the venerable Egyptian tale of "The Two Brothers" another monarch is equally affected by the sight of a lock of the heroine's golden hair, that is borne to him by the river into which it had fallen, and he makes a similar resolve. In a Lesghian story from the Caucasus,† a supernatural female being drops a golden shoe, and the hero is set in search of its fellow, becoming thereby exposed to many dangers. We may fairly be allowed, without any slur being cast upon mythological interpretation, to give up the glassiness of Cinderella's slipper. If the substitution of *verre* for *vair* be admitted, it supplies us with one of the few verbal tests which exist whereby to track a story's wanderings. For in that case we may always trace home to France, or at least detect a French element in, any form of the Cinderella story in which the heroine wears a glass slipper. A somewhat similar mistake to that which vitrified Cinderella's slipper caused a celebrated picture by Rubens to be long known by an inappropriate title. Many a visitor to the National Gallery must have wondered why a portrait of a lady in a hat manifestly made, not of straw, but of beaver or a kind of felt, should be designated the *chapeau de paille*, before it was pointed out by Mr. Wornum, in the catalogue, that *paille* was probably a mistake for *poil*, a word meaning among other things wool and the nap of a hat.

* "West Highland Tales," i., 225.

† "Spectator," January 4, 1879.

* An amusing article on this question appeared in the "Daily Telegraph," December 27, 1878, in reply to the support given by "X" in the "Times" to the cause of *vair*.

† Schiefner's "Awarische Texte," p. 68.

and akin to the Latin *pileus*, a felt cap or hat, and indeed to the word *felt* itself.

As regards the identification of the heroine by means of the lost slipper, that seems to be, as has already been remarked, merely one of the methods of recognition by which the stories of brilliant beings, temporarily obscured, are commonly brought to a close. In ancient comedy a recognition was one of the most hackneyed contrivances for winding up the plot, a convenient dramatic makeshift akin to that which proves the brotherhood of the heroes of "Box and Cox." Thus in the numerous tales which tell how a hero who is really brilliant and majestic, but apparently squalid or insignificant, saves a fair princess from a many-headed dragon, but is robbed of his reward and reputation by an impostor, he usually proves his identity with her rescuer by producing, in the final scene, the tongues of the dead monster. Thus also the troubles of the golden-haired hero who, like Cinderella, emerges at times from his obscurity and performs wonders, come to a close when he is recognized by some token, such as the king's handkerchief in the Norse tale of "The Widow's Son." All this *finale* business appears to be of very inferior importance to the opening of the drama, that which refers to the dead mother's guardianship of her distressed child. The idea that such a protection might be exercised is of great antiquity and of wide circulation. According to it, the dying parent's benediction was not merely a prayer left to be fulfilled by a higher power, but was an actual force, either working of its own accord, or exerted by the parent's spirit after death. In the Russian story of Vasilissa the Fair, a dying mother bequeaths to her little daughter her parental blessing and a doll, and tells her to feed it well, and it will help her whenever she is in trouble. And therefore it was that Vasilissa would never eat all her share of a meal, but always kept the most delicate morsel for her doll; and at night, when all were at rest, she would shut herself up in the narrow chamber in which she slept, and feast her doll, saying the while: "There, dolly, feed: help me in my need!" And the doll would eat until "its eyes began to glow just like a couple of candles," and then do everything that Vasilissa wanted. In another Russian tale, known also to Teutonic lands, a dead mother comes every night to visit her pining babe. The little creature cries all day, but during the dark it is quiet. Anxious to know the reason of this, the relatives conceal a light in a pitcher, and suddenly produce it in the middle of the night.

> They looked and saw the dead mother, in the very same clothes in which she had been buried, on her knees beside the cradle, over which she bent as she suckled the babe at her dead breast. The moment the light shone in the cottage she stood up, gazed sadly on her little one, and then went out of the room without a sound, not saying a word to any one. All those who saw her stood for a time terror-struck. And then they found the babe was dead.

In the Indian story of "Punchkin,"* the seven ill-used little princesses "used to go out every day and sit by their dead mother's tomb," and cry, saying: "O mother, mother, can not you see your poor children, how unhappy we are, and how we are starved by our cruel step-mother?" And while they were thus crying one day, a tree, covered with ripe fruit, "grew up out of the grave," and provided them with food. And when the tree was cut down, a tank near the grave became filled with "a rich, cream-like substance, which quickly hardened into a thick, white cake," of which the hungry princesses partook freely. A similar appeal to a dead mother is made by a daughter in a Russian story (Afanasief, vi., 28). When in great distress, "she went out to the cemetery, to her mother's grave, and began to weep bitterly." And her mother spoke to her from the grave, and told her what to do in order to escape from her troubles.

The last of these tales belongs to the previously mentioned second division of Cinderella stories, that which comprises the majority of the tales in which an ill-used maiden temporarily occupies a degraded position, appears resplendent on certain brief occasions, but always returns to her state of degradation, until at length she is recognized, frequently by the help of her lost slipper. But, instead of her troubles being caused by a step-mother or step-sisters, they are brought upon her, in the stories now referred to, by some member of her own family who wishes to drive her into a hated marriage. From it she seeks refuge in flight, donning a disguise which is almost invariably the hide of some animal. In some countries the "step-mother" form of Cinderella appears to be rare, whereas the "hateful-marriage" form is common. In Pitré's collection of Sicilian tales, for instance, for one Cinderella tale of the step-mother class, there are four which begin with the heroine's escape from an unlawful marriage. In the Gonzenbach collection there is but one good variant of the Cinderella tale, and it belongs to the second class. The specimen of this second group, with which English readers are likely to be best acquainted, is the German "Allerleirauh" (Grimm, No. 65), though it is very probable that to the same division belonged also the story of "Catskin," which Mr. Burchell

* Miss Frere's "Old Deccan Days," No. 1.

presented, with other tales, to the younger members of the family of the Vicar of Wakefield. Perrault's "Peau d'Ane" is a version of the same story, but as it is told in verse it has never achieved anything at all approaching the success gained by its prose companions. Besides, the theme is not adapted for nurseries. It forms the subject of the Lowland Scotch tale of "Rashie-Coat," in which we are told that the heroine fled because "her father wanted her to be married, but she didna like the man." But the Gaelic story of "The King who wished to marry his Daughter" (Campbell, No. 14) states the case more precisely. The heroine almost always demands from her unwelcome suitor three magnificent dresses, and with these she takes to flight, usually disguising herself by means of a hide or other species of rough covering. In these dresses she goes to the usual ball or other festival, and captivates the conventional prince. The close of the story is generally the same as that which terminates the ordinary Cinderella tales which we have already considered. Its special points of interest are the reasons given for her flight from home, and the disguise in which she effects her escape.

Cinderella's troubles are brought to an end by the discovery that a slipper fits her foot; those of Allerleirauh, Catskin, Rashie-Coat, and the rest of her widely-scattered but always kindred companions in adventure, are generally brought about by the discovery that a certain ring or dress fits her finger or form. Cinderella's promotion is due to her dead mother's watchful care. Rashie-Coat's degradation is consequent upon her dying mother's unfortunate imprudence. Thus, in the Sicilian tale of "Betta Pilusa,"* the hateful marriage from which the heroine flies, wrapped up in a gray cloak made of catskin, would never have been suggested to her had not her mother obtained a promise from her husband on her death-bed that he would marry again whenever any maiden was found whom her ring would fit. Some years later her own daughter finds the ring and tries it on. It fits exactly, so she is condemned to the marriage in question. By the advice of her confessor, she asks for three dresses, so wonderful that no mortal man can supply them. But her suitor is assisted by the devil, who enables him to produce the desired robes, the first sky-colored, representing the sun, the moon, and the stars; the second sea-colored, depicting "all the plants and animals of the sea"; and the third "a raiment of the color of the earth, whereon all the beasts and the flowers of the field were to be seen." Hidden in her catskin cloak, also procured from the same source, she leaves home, carrying her wonderful dresses with her in a bundle, and thus escapes from her abhorred suitor. To prevent him from noticing her absence, she leaves two doves in her room together with a basin of water. As he listens at the door he hears a splashing which is really due to the birds, but which he supposes is caused by her ablutions. Great is his rage when he at length breaks open the door, and finds that he has been tricked. We learn from another variant that he was induced to knock his head against the wall until he died, and so the dressmaking devil got his due. In one of the Russian forms of the same tale, the fugitive maiden has recourse to a still more singular means of concealing her absence. The story is valuable because it supplies a reason for the introduction of the fatal ring. That is said to be due to the malice of a malignant witch, who, out of mere spite, induced a dying mother to give the ring to her son, and to charge him to marry that damsel whose finger it would fit. The ring is evidently of a supernatural nature, for, when the heroine tries it on, not only does it cling to her finger "just as if it had been made on purpose for it," but it begins to shine with a new brilliance. When Katerina hears to what a marriage it destines her, she "melts into bitter tears" and sits down in despair on the threshold of the house. Up come some old women bent on a holy pilgrimage, and to them she confides the story of her woes. Acting on their advice, when the fatal marriage-day arrives, she takes four *kukolki*, dolls or puppets of some kind, and places one in each of the corners of her room. When her suitor repeatedly calls upon her to come forth, she replies that she is coming directly, but each time she speaks the dolls begin to cry "Kuku," and as they cry the floor opens gently and she sinks slowly in. At last only her head remains visible. "Kuku" cry the dolls again: she disappears from sight, and the floor closes above her. Irritated at the delay, her suitor breaks open the door. He looks round on every side. No Katerina is there, only in each corner sits a doll, all four singing "Kuku! open earth, disappear sister!" He snatches up an axe, chops off their heads, and flings them into the fire. In a Little-Russian variant of the same story, the despairing maiden flies for solace to her mother's grave. And her dead mother "comes out from her grave," and tells her daughter what to do. The girl accordingly provides herself with the usual splendid robes, and with the likewise necessary pig's hide or fell. Then she takes three puppets and arranges them around her on the ground. The puppets exclaim, one after another, "Open, moist earth, that the maiden fair may enter within thee." And when the third

* Gonzenbach, No. 38. *Pilusa* is the Sicilian form of *pilosa*, hairy.

has spoken, the earth opens, and the maiden and the puppets descend into "the lower world." Some vague remembrance of this descent of the heroine into the lower regions appears to have given rise to the strange opening of one of the Sicilian variants cited by Pitré (No. 42). The heroine goes down into a well in order to find her elder sister's ring. At the bottom she perceives an opening, and passes through it into a garden, where she is seen by "the Prince of Portugal," to whom, after the usual adventures, she is wedded.

As a general rule the heroine makes her escape disguised in a coarse mantle or dress made of the skin of some animal. In another of the Sicilian variants (Pitré, No. 43) it is a horse's hide in which she is wrapped, and the people who meet her when she leaves home are surprised to see what they take to be a horse walking along on its hind-legs. But sometimes this disguise assumes a different aspect, being represented as something made of a less pliant material, a disguise akin to the "wooden cloak, all made of strips of lath," which was "so black and ugly," and which "made such a clatter" when the heroine, who was called after it "Katie Woodencloak," went up stairs. The Norse story in which she figures commences with the step-mother opening, and it does not close with a slipper-test, but still it belongs properly to the second division of the Cinderella group. In some of the other variants this wooden cloak becomes intensified into an utterly rigid covering or receptacle of wood. Thus in the Sicilian tale of "Fidi e Cridi" (Pitré, i., 388), the two daughters of the Emperor of Austria, one of whom, Fidi, has been destined by a fatal ring to a hated marriage, make their escape from home in a coffer of gilded wood. They have previously stored it with provisions and made arrangements for its being thrown into the sea. The waves waft them to Portugal, where Fidi becomes the wife of the king. Her wedded happiness is for a time interrupted by the arrival of the Emperor of Austria, who inflicts upon his fugitive daughter a parental curse so powerful that it turns her into a lizard for a year, a month, and a day. But eventually all goes well. As early as 1550, Straparola printed in his "Tredici Piacevoli Notti" (i., 4) a romantic version of this story, telling how Doralice, the daughter of Tebaldo, Prince of Salerno, in order to elude her unnatural parent, hid herself in a large coffer of beautiful workmanship. This coffer Tebaldo, under the influence of depression produced by his daughter's disappearance, sold to a merchant, from whose hands it passed into those of Genese, King of Britain. Doralice used sometimes to issue from her wooden covering, and one day the king saw her, fell in love with her at once, and made her his queen.

In almost all the tales belonging to the second or "hated marriage" branch of the Cinderella story, the heroine accepts a very humble post in the palace of the prince whom she eventually weds. Just as her counterpart, the golden-locked prince of so many tales, becomes a scullion at court, so she acts in the capacity of scullery-maid or other despised domestic. But from time to time she quits the scullery and appears in all the splendor of her mysterious dresses among the noble guests assembled in the princely banqueting or ballroom. In order to show the close connection between the stories of Goldenlocks and Rashie-Coat, a few specimens of their popular histories may be given. In the already quoted Russian story (Afanasief, vi., 28) of the princess who is advised by her dead mother to deceive her detested suitor by disguising herself in a swine's bristly hide, her subsequent fortunes are narrated as follows: After she had fled from home she made her way on foot into a foreign land, always wearing her swinish covering. As she wandered through a forest one day, a terrible storm arose. To shelter herself from the torrents of rain which were falling, she climbed a huge oak, and took refuge amid its dense foliage. Presently a prince came that way, and his dogs began to bark at the strange animal they saw among the leaves. The prince gazed with surprise at the singular being thus revealed to him, evidently "no wild beast, but a wondrous wonder, a marvelous marvel." "What sort of oddity are you?" said he; "can you speak or not?" "I am Swine's Hide," said she. Then he took her down from the tree, and set her up on a cart. "Take this wondrous wonder, this marvelous marvel, to my father and to my mother," said he. And when the king and queen saw her they were greatly astonished, and gave her a room to herself to live in. Some time afterward there was a ball at the palace. Swine's Hide asked the servants if she might stand at the ballroom-door and look on. "Get along with you, Swine's Hide!" said they. Out she went a-field, donned her brilliant dress with the many stars of heaven upon it, whistled till a chariot came, and drove off in it to the ball. All who were there wondered whence this beauteous visitor had come. "She danced and danced —then disappeared." Putting on again her swinish covering, she went back to her own room. Again a ball took place. Again did Swine's Hide appear in radiant beauty, dressed in a dazzling robe, "on the back of which shone the bright moon, on the front the red sun." Great was the sorrow of the prince when she suddenly left the dance and disappeared. "Whatever are we to do," thought he, "to find out who this beauty is?" He thought and thought. "At last he

went and smeared the first step of the staircase with pitch, that her shoe might stick in it." And so, as she fled from the ball on the third occasion, she left her shoe behind her. Vainly did all the fair maidens in the kingdom attempt to get it on. At last the unsightly Swine's Hide was told to try her chance. And when the Prince saw that it fitted her exactly, "he ripped up the swinish hide, and tore it off the princess. Then he took her by her white hand, led her to his father and mother, and sought and gained their permission to marry her."

In this story, as in the Norse tale of "Katie Woodencloak," the recognition is due to a Cinderella's slipper. But more often the discovery is made in a different way. Thus in a modern Greek version the despised goose-girl, who was nicknamed "Hairy" on account of the nature of the hide in which she was always wrapped, though she lost a shoe in flying the third time from a ball at the palace, was not discovered by means of it. But when the maids were about to take a basin of water to the king before dinner one day, she obtained leave to carry it. Before she entered the king's chamber, "she slit the hide a little at the knee, in order that her golden dress might become visible." And so it came to pass that "when she knelt down, the golden robe gleamed through the slit," and the recognition was soon accomplished. Another method of recognition is employed in the class of variants to which the Sicilian "Betta Pilusa" belongs. When "Hairy Betty" for the third time won the king's heart, at a ball in which she appeared in the dress on which all the beasts and the flowers of the earth were to be seen, he presented her with a costly ring. One morning she came into the kitchen while the cook was making the bread for the royal table, and she obtained leave to make a loaf herself. Into it she slipped the ring. When the bread was drawn out of the oven, only her loaf proved eatable, so it was served up to the king himself, who, on cutting it, discovered the ring. The cook was examined, and "Hairy Betty" was produced in her catskin dress. This she flung aside, and appeared "young and lovely, as she really was, and in her beautiful gleaming robe." The recognition by means of a ring is, as every one knows, one of the commonest contrivances for bringing a story of adventure to a close.

Now with this tale of a radiant princess who adopts a degrading disguise, appears at times in her natural glory, but conceals it again without any apparent reason, till her own caprice, or an accident which she had not foreseen, leads to her final recognition, let us compare one of the numerous stories about a radiant prince who disguises himself in a like manner, reveals himself at intervals in his true form, returns to his place of concealment with an equal want of apparent reason, and is at last fortuitously recognized. The well-known German tale of "The Iron Man"* gives a very interesting version of the story, as also does the Norse tale of "The Widow's Son." As these are accessible to every English reader, it may be as well to quote here one of the less generally available variants of this widely-spread narrative. The Russian tale of "Neznaiko," in Afanasief's collection (vii., No. 10), relates how the young Ivan was persecuted by his step-mother, who tried several methods of killing him, but was always foiled by the wise advice given to him by a mysterious colt to which he was tenderly attached. At length she persuaded her husband to promise that the colt should be killed. Hearing of this, Ivan ran to the stable, mounted the colt in haste, and fled with it from his father's house. After a time they came to a place where cattle were grazing. There the colt left Ivan, promising to return when summoned by the burning of one of the hairs from its tail, which it left with him for that purpose. But before parting with its master it told him to kill one of the oxen, flay it, and don its hide; also to conceal his fair locks under a covering of bladder, and never to make any other reply to whatsoever questions might be asked him than "I don't know." Ivan did as he was told, and presently, to the surprise of all who met him, there was seen walking along "ever such a wonder; a beast not a beast, a man not a man, hide-bound, head bladder-covered," answering all questions with an "I don't know." "Well, then," said they, "as you can only say *Ne Znayu*, let your name be 'Neznaiko,' or 'Don't know.'" Even the king, to whom he was brought as an acceptable monster, could get nothing but his usual answer. So orders were given that he should be stationed in the garden, to act as a scarecrow in order to keep the birds away from the fruit, but he was to get his meals in the royal kitchen. Now it happened about this time that an Arab prince proposed for the hand of the king's daughter, and when his suit was rejected, raised an immense army and invaded the king's realm. Ruin stared that monarch in the face. But Neznaiko doffed his bladder cap, flung off his ox-hide, went out into the open field, and burned one of the magic horse-hairs. Immediately there appeared by his side a wondrous steed. On to its back vaulted Neznaiko, and rode against the infidel foe. To tear from a slain enemy his golden armor, and to don it himself, was the work of a moment. Then he dashed, irresistible, among the Arab ranks.

* "Der Eisenhans," Grimm, No. 136.

"Whichever way he turned, there heads flew before him. It was exactly like mowing hay." With rapture did the king and his fair daughter view his exploits from the walls of the beleaguered city. But when they came down to greet the victor, there was no such hero to be found. In quite unheroic garb Ivan had returned to his task of scaring the crows from the palace-garden. A second time did the Arab prince renew his suit and his invasion, and again did Ivan, as a warrior in golden armor, slaughter his troops and put him to flight. On this occasion he was slightly wounded in the arm, and was also brought before the king. But he would not stay at the palace: he must needs ride away for a time into the open field. Before he rode off, however, the king's daughter took a scarf from her fair neck and with it bound up his wounded arm.

Soon after this a great feast was given at the palace. As the guests strolled through the garden they saw Ivan, and wondered at his strange aspect. "What sort of monster is this?" they asked. "That is Neznaiko," replied the king; "acts for me in place of a scarecrow; keeps the birds away from the apple-trees." But his daughter saw that Neznaiko's arm was bound up, and recognized the scarf she had given to the heroic winner of the fight. "She blushed, but said nothing at the time." Only thenceforth "she took to walking in the garden and gazing at Neznaiko, and she quite forgot even so much as to think about feasts and other amusements." At length she asked her father to let her marry his scarecrow. Naturally surprised, he expostulated. But when she cried, "If you don't make him my husband, I'll never marry any one; I'll live and die an old maid," he reluctantly gave his consent. The marriage had just taken place when the Arab prince for the third time demanded the hand of the princess. "My daughter is married," replied the king. "If you like, come and see for yourself." The Arab came, saw that the fair princess was married to "ever such a monster," and challenged him to mortal combat. Then Ivan flung off his bladder cap and his garb of hide, mounted his good steed, and rode away to the fight, manifesting himself to all eyes under his heroic aspect. The Arab suitor was soon knocked on the head. And when Ivan rode back triumphant, the king perceived that his son-in-law was "no monster, but a hero strong and fair."

In this variant of the story, nothing definite is said as to the golden nature of the hero's hair. But in many others, as in the German and Norse tales already referred to, as well as in numerous variants found in many lands, not only is great stress laid upon the fact that his locks are of gold, but an account and explanation of the gilding process are given. Into this, however, it is at present unnecessary to enter. It is sufficient for our purposes to show how closely the story of the radiant hero—who is persecuted by a step-mother and aided by a supernatural horse, and whose brightness is temporarily concealed under a covering of skin or hide, but who finally emerges from it to remain permanently resplendent—corresponds with the story of the radiant heroine who is ill used by a step-mother and assisted by a supernatural cow, and whose radiance is likewise concealed, but only for a time, under some sort of unseemly exterior, frequently formed out of some beast's hard or furry skin. The tales of "Goldenlocks" and of "Cinderella—Catskin" are evidently twin forms of the same narrative, brother and sister developments of the same historical or mythological germ. In one instance the two forms have been combined into one narrative, ending with a double recognition. The Lithuanian story of "The King's Fair Daughter" (Schleicher, No. 7) tells how a princess was urged to accept a hateful suitor after the death of her mother, who had been a remarkable beauty, having "around her head the stars, on its front the sun, and on its back the moon." An old woman's friendly counsels enabled her to obtain "a silver robe, a diamond ring, and gold shoes," as well as a disguising cloak lined with skins of an unattractive kind. With these she fled from court. After a time she came to a piece of water, and was obliged to go on board a vessel. The *sziporius* or skipper wanted her to marry him, and, when she would not consent, he threw her overboard. But "she jumped ashore," and pursued her journey. Coming one day to a place where stood great stones, she prayed that a dwelling might be opened for her. And her prayer was at once granted. In her dwelling within the rock, which always opened to let her in or out, she left her fine raiment, and went forth to live in a grand house, performing the duties of a *pelendruse* or cinder-wench. In that house she found her brother, who had also fled from home, and was acting as a clerk. But he did not recognize in the grimy servant-maid his princely sister. From time to time she used to go to her stone dwelling, don her fair raiment, and drive to church in a carriage which always appeared for the purpose, her beautiful visage and costume making a great impression on the mind of the astonished clerk. One day she left the church rather later than usual, so she had not time enough to change her dress, and merely "put her every-day clothes over those fine ones." That day she was summoned by the clerk to "dress his hair." And while she dressed his hair, his head resting on her knees, "he took to

scratching her dress, and scratched through it down to the mantle" which it covered. "So when he had lifted his head from her knees, he tore off her head-dress from her head, and immediately perceived that she was his sister. Then they two went forth from that house, but no one knew whither they went."

All commentators will doubtless agree that the stories of Cinderella and Goldenlocks spring from the same root. But they will differ widely when the question arises as to whether that root was or was not of a mythological nature, and also as to what was, in either case, its original form and significance. The majority of the critics who have lately handled the subject have not the slightest doubt about the whole matter. "It is the story of the Sun and the Dawn," says Mr. J. Thackray Bunce, in the latest work on the subject, a pretty little book on "Fairy Tales: their Origin and Meaning"; "Cinderella, gray and dark and dull, is all neglected when she is away from the Sun, obscured by the envious Clouds, her sisters, and by her step-mother, the Night. So she is Aurora, the Dawn, and the fairy Prince is the Morning Sun, ever pursuing her to claim her for his bride." According to Professor de Gubernatis, in his "Zoölogical Mythology" (ii., 281), "Ahalyâ (the evening Aurora) in the ashes is the germ of the story of Cinderella, and of the daughter of the King of Dacia, persecuted by her lover, her father himself." It seems unfortunate that so many "storiologists" have committed themselves to the support of the cause of the Dawn and the Afterglow, the "Morning and Evening Auroras," before the claims to consideration of other natural phenomena or forces were fully considered and disposed of in a manner satisfactory to at least the great majority of judges. Too few of the writers on the meaning of popular tales seem to have remembered Professor Max Müller's warning that "this is a subject which requires the most delicate handling and the most careful analysis." Instead of warily feeling their way over an obscure and unfamiliar field, they race across it toward their conclusions, bent upon taking every obstacle in their stride. The consequence is, that they now and then meet, or to the eyes of unenthusiastic spectators appear to meet, with mishaps of a somewhat ludicrous nature. Thus, when we are told that the justly saddened mother of Beanstalk Jack, by throwing her apron over her head and weeping, figures "the night and the rain," we are apt to be led by our perception of the ridiculous toward an inclination to laugh at the whole system according to which so many stories are resolved into nature myths. But that system, if used discreetly, appears to lead to results not otherwise attainable. In the case of certain, but by no means all, popular tales, it offers an apparently reasonable solution of many problems. Just as it seems really true that at least many of the stories of fair maidens released from the captivity in which they were kept by demoniacal beings "can be traced back to mythological traditions about the Spring being released from the bonds of Winter, the Sun being rescued from the darkness of the Night, the Dawn being brought back from the far West, the Waters being set free from the prison of the Clouds,"* so it appears not unreasonable to suppose that the large group of tales of the Cinderella class may be referred for their origin to similar mythological traditions. In all the numerous narratives about brave princes and beautiful princesses who, apparently without sufficient reason, conceal under a foul disguise their fair nature, emerge at times from their seclusion and obscurity, but capriciously return to their degraded positions, until they are finally revealed in their splendor by accident or destiny—in all these stories about a Rashie-Coat, a Katie Woodencloak, a Goldenlocks, or any other of Cinderella's brothers and sisters, there appears to be a mythological element capable of being not unreasonably attributed to the feelings with which, at an early myth-making period, prescientific man regarded the effect of the forces, the splendor of the phenomena of nature. But there is a vast difference between regarding as a nature-myth in general the germ of the legends from which have sprung the stories of the Cinderella cycle, and identifying with precision the particular atmospheric phenomenon which all its heroes and heroines are supposed to symbolize. And there is an equally wide difference between the reasonableness of seeking for a mythological explanation of a legend when traced back to its oldest known form, and the utter absurdity of attempting to squeeze a mythical meaning out of every incident in a modern nursery-tale, which has perhaps been either considerably enlarged or cruelly "clippit and nippit" by successive generations of rustic repeaters, and has most certainly been greatly modified and dressed by its literary introducers into polite society. No one can fail to perceive how great a gulf divides the system of interpretation which Professor Max Müller has applied to Vedic myths from that adopted in the case of such manifest modernizations as "Little Red Riding Hood" by critics who forget that (to use his words) "before any comparison can be instituted between nursery tales of Germany, England, and India, each tale must be traced back to a legend or myth from whence it arose, and in which it had a natural meaning;

* Max Müller, "Chips," ii., 237.

otherwise we can not hope to arrive at any satisfactory results." ("Chips," ii., 249.)

Let us turn now to other systems of interpretation. One school of critics utterly refuses to accept any mythological solution of fairy-tale riddles, another is at least inclined to reduce the mythological element in popular tales to a minimum, a third admits mythology into the field, but objects to its assuming what is popularly known as the "solar" form, to which a fourth school is devoted with intense zeal. At least four different explanations of the Cinderella-Rashie-Coat story may therefore be offered to the consideration of an earnest inquirer into its significance. It may be a nature-myth symbolizing the renewed brightness of the earth after its nocturnal or wintry eclipse. The rough skin or hide which "Hairy Betty" wears, not to speak of Katie Woodencloak's still tougher covering, greatly resembles the "husk" which hides the brilliance of the beast to whom the Beauty of so many tales is married, and is therefore suggestive of an origin connected with Indian mythology.* The "step-mother" opening of the story is too simple to require an explanation, and the appearance in fine clothes, at church or palace, of a usually ill-dressed damsel may be considered not incredible. As to the "slipper" termination, the opinion has already been expressed that it is merely a convenient recognition makeshift.

The "unlawful-marriage" opening of the Rashie-Coat story offers a difficulty, but it is accounted for to their own satisfaction by critics both of the mythological and of the historical school. Mythologists say that all stories about such marriages mean nothing more than does the dialogue in the Veda between Yama and his twin-sister Yamí, in which "she (the night) implores her brother (the day) to make her his wife, and he declines her offer because, as he says, 'they have thought it sin that a brother should marry his sister.'"† But by many eyes these narratives are regarded as ancient traditions which preserve the memory of customs long obsolete and all but forgotten. It is because such stories refer to savage times that they are so valuable, it is said, and therefore it is well to compare them with such tales and traditions as are now current among existing savages. This opinion is one that is well worthy of discussion, but at present little more can be done than to point out that the popular tales which are best known to us possess but few counterparts in genuine savage folk-lore. Some of their incidents, it is true, find their parallels in tales which are told by wild races unable to boast of a drop of Aryan blood. But the dramatic narratives known to us as the stories of Cinderella, "Puss in Boots," and the like, in which a regular sequence of acts or scenes is maintained unaltered in various climes and centuries, seem unknown to savage countries, unless they have been introduced from more cultured lands. A few of the incidents related in the stories cited in the present article closely resemble parts of savage tales. We may take as an example the Russian account of the sister who, when pursued by her brother, sinks into the earth and so escapes. In a Zulu tale,* a sister whose brother is pursuing her with murderous intent, exclaims, "Open, earth, that I may enter, for I am about to die this day," whereupon "the earth opened and Untombi-yapansi entered." In vain did her brother Usilwane seek for her when he arrived. Her subsequent adventures, also, are akin to those of Cinderella. Originally "her body glistened, for she was like brass," but "she took some black earth and smeared her body with it," and so eclipsed her natural radiance. Eventually, however, she was watched by "the chief," who saw her, "dirty and very black," enter a pool, and emerge from it "with her body glistening like brass," put on garments and ornaments which arose out of the ground, and behave altogether like the brilliant heroine she really was. There seems to be good reason for looking upon Untombi-yapansi as a Zulu Cinderella. But how far a foreign influence has been exercised upon the Zulu tale, it would be difficult to decide.

How far, also, the story of Rashie-Coat's proposed marriage refers to ancient ideas about the lawfulness of unions now disallowed, is a question not easily to be answered. There is no doubt that the memory of obsolete customs may be long preserved in folk-lore. We may take as an instance the Russian story of the Lubok or Birch Bark, in which it would seem unreasonable to look for a mythological kernel. There exist in many countries a number of stories showing how a man's unfilial conduct toward his father was brought to a close by a chance remark made by his infant son. In the forms it assumes there is considerable variety, but the moral is always the same. In a well-known German tale in the Grimm collection, an old man is obliged by his son and his son's wife to eat apart, out of a wooden bowl, on account of the slobbering habits due to his great age. His son's little boy is observed one day to be fashioning a small wooden bowl. When asked for what it is intended, he says: "It's for father to eat out of when he's as old as

* For the mythological meaning of "Beauty and the Beast," see the "Nineteenth Century," December, 1878.

† Max Müller, "Lectures on the Science of Language," sixth edition, ii., 557.

* Bishop Callaway's "Nursery Tales, etc., of the Zulus," i., 300, note.

grandfather." Whereupon the father's conscience smites him, and the grandfather is allowed a plate at the table as before. In an Italian form of the story, borrowed from one of the French *fabliaux*, a man follows the custom of the country and packs off his old father to die in what may be called the workhouse, sending him a couple of shirts by the hands of his young son, the old man's grandson. The boy brings back one of them, and explains that it will do for his father to wear when his turn comes to go to the workhouse. Whereupon the man's heart is touched, and he fetches his aged parent home. The Russian story is more valuable, because it refers to a custom which undoubtedly once existed in many lands—that of killing off old people. Among nomads, who would find it difficult to carry about with them their aged relations, such a custom might naturally arise. At all events, it is on such a custom that the tale is founded. It runs as follows: In former days it was customary, when old folks reached a certain age, for their sons, if they had any, to take them out into the forest, and there to leave them to die. Once upon a time a son thus escorted from home, on what was meant to be his last journey, his aged father. Wishing to make that journey as comfortable as possible for the time-stricken traveler, he stretched a large piece of birch-tree bark in his cart, seated the intended victim upon it, and drove off to the forest. Along with him went his own young son, a boy of tender years. Having reached the appointed spot, he thereon deposited the aged man, having first, with filial attention, stretched on the possibly damp ground the sheet of bark for him to sit upon. Just as he was about to drive away home with his boy, that innocent child asked him if it would not be better to take back the bark. "Why so?" he replied. "Because," said the boy, "it will do for you to sit upon when the time comes for me to leave you in the forest." Touched by his child's simple words, the father hastened to where the grandfather was sitting, put him back into the cart, and drove him quickly home. From that time he carefully tended the old man till he died. And his example produced such an effect that all the other people in that land gave up the practice of exposing their parents to death when they grew old.*

Now it would be quite beside the mark to suggest a mythological explanation of this pathetic tale. It evidently refers to an actual custom once observed by real men, not to some supposed action attributed to imaginary gods. The evidence for the former existence of the custom is copious and undeniable. Even the familiar expression, "a sardonic grin," has been supposed by some philologists to contain a reference to it. For the ancient Sardones were in the habit, when they grew old, of being killed and eaten by their friends and relatives. Before their death they used to invite their kith and kin to come and eat them on a certain day. And they were expected to smile while uttering the words of invitation. But their smiles, on such occasions, were apt to be somewhat constrained, and even at times ghastly. Wherefore, that particular kind of contraction of the risible muscles acquired the name of the "Sardonic grin." On so clear a point it is unnecessary to dwell longer. But it will be as well to point out that there is sometimes risk in attributing legends and traditions to an historical rather than a mythical origin. Many customs are mentioned in popular tales which can scarcely have prevailed among mankind at even the most prehistoric period. There are a number of stories, for instance, about girls who are so fond of their relatives that they eat them up. In the Russian "Witch and Sun's Sister," and in the Avar "Brother and Sister," a maiden of this kind is described as first devouring the whole of her family, and then attempting to eat the hero of the tale, her last surviving brother. Now, a belief in such hungry damsels, perpetually seeking what they may devour, is prevalent at the present day in Ceylon, the existence of such "poison-girls," as they are called, being generally accounted for by demoniacal possession. From such a wild belief tales of the kind just mentioned might naturally spring without their being founded upon any real custom. It is improbable that at any period of the world's history it was customary for sisters to eat their brothers. Nor is it likely that human fathers were ever in the habit of eating their children, as might be supposed, if we thought it necessary to see in the tale of how Kronos devoured his offspring an allusion to a custom, or even an isolated fact. What seems to be really demanded from every interpreter of old tradition, every explorer of the dark field of popular fiction, is a wariness that will not allow itself to be hoodwinked by any prejudice in favor of this or that particular theory. Every piece of evidence ought to be carefully tested and fairly weighed, whether it confirms the examiner's own opinion or not. If this be done, he will probably find that different classes of legends must be explained in divers manners. The more he becomes acquainted with popular tales, the less he will be inclined to seek for any single method of solving all their manifold problems. Not over-often will he be able to satisfy himself that he has arrived at even a fairy-tale's ultimate reason for existence. The greater pleasure will he have when he is enabled to trace the

* Afanasief, "Skazki," vol. vii., No. 51.

growth of a narrative, to watch its increase from its original germ to its final development. By way of a close to the present attempt to pry into the secret meaning of Cinderella's history may be given a sketch of a traceable growth of this kind. It occurs in the case of the legend of Trajan, an excellent account of which has been lately given by M. Gaston Paris.*

Tradition asserts that there once existed at Rome a bas-relief representing Trajan on horseback in all his glory, and in front of him a woman sadly kneeling. Nothing can be more probable, and, if such was really the case, the suppliant female would, no doubt, represent a conquered province, just as Dacia is represented on one of Trajan's medals as a woman on her knees. However this may be, out of the tradition sprang a story illustrative of Trajan's justice. On the point of starting on a campaign, it said, the Emperor was suddenly stopped by a poor widow, who flung herself on her knees before him, and besought him to right her wrongs. He expostulated, but finally yielded, and did her justice before he resumed his march. This was the first half of the story's growth. The second seems to have followed at a later period. According to the completed legend, as Pope Gregory the Great passed through the Forum of Trajan one day, he bethought himself of that Emperor's many merits, and especially of his admirable conduct in righting the widow's wrongs. And a great sorrow came over him at the thought that so excellent a pagan should be lost eternally. Whereupon he prayed earnestly and constantly for Trajan's salvation, until at last a voice from on high informed him that his prayer was granted, but that in future he was to pray only for Christian souls. A later addition to the legend told how Gregory learned from an angel that, by way of punishment for his indiscreet though successful intervention, he would have to suffer from certain maladies for the rest of his life. The question as to whether Gregory was justified in his procedure greatly exercised the minds of many mediæval casuists, one of whom solved the problem, and escaped from the doctrinal difficulties which it presented, by the following ingenious explanation: No one, he said, can be saved unless he be baptized. But baptism is precisely what Gregory obtained for Trajan. At the Pope's prayer the Emperor's soul returned to his body, Gregory baptized it, "and the soul, again quitting its earthly case, went straight up into heaven."

W. R. S. RALSTON (*Nineteenth Century*).

* "La Légende de Trajan," Paris, 1878.

DINNERS IN LITERATURE.

AFTER Achilles in the "Iliad" has granted the request of the unhappy Priam in reference to the dead body of his son, he immediately suggests to the old man the propriety of taking some refreshment. Let us, he says, now remember our dinner. For this was a matter not forgotten by the fair-haired Niobe, even when all her twelve children lay dead in her house, slain by Apollo and Artemis. And Homer, if such a man there be, goes on to tell us how the swift-footed Greek at once rose up, and himself cut the throat of a white wether, and his companions flayed it, and got it ready in the proper fashion, and divided it cunningly, and pierced it with spits, and roasted it with circumspection, and did all those other things so well known to the student of the "Iliad," as thought worthy of many more mentions than one by the author of that divine poem.

Not a few writers of eminence, both ancient and modern, have followed Homer's example in giving abundant details of what was called contemptuously, by Seneca—a man of extremely morose temper—"the science of the cook-shop." Nor is it certain, when we consider how much a dinner shares in the constitution of human happiness, that this philosopher was altogether wise in reviling the discipline of Apicius as the disease of his age, or that *la science de la gueule*—to borrow a phrase of Rabelais and Montaigne—deserves Columella's censure as the worship of the most degraded vice.

The good effects, moral and social, of a good dinner—not the least among the great and lasting triumphs of a civilized life—have been too often established to need any further evidence. What frantic enmities have been rung out, what everlasting friendships rung in, by that tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell! A suitably served repast can remove prejudice, and abate pride; it can reconcile misunderstandings, and discover amiability. Will not a steaming turkey turn away strife, and meditations of evil vanish before a Christmas plum-pudding? Nay, resentment ere this has beat a retreat before a humble Welsh rarebit; and a horrid feud, which not even the

family solicitor could disperse, has melted like a morning mist in sunrise at the approach of a goose at Michaelmas. What might have been the result of a judicious present by her lover to Sophia Western of a dish of those eggs of roasted pullets, of which, according to Black George the Gamekeeper's evidence, she was so fond? Surely a corresponding sweetness of temper had followed the impartial distribution of those sweetmeats which Dr. Johnson advised the brewer's wife to give away of an evening. The advice itself shows the importance which the philosopher attached even to the minutiæ of what is so happily called "good living." What irony of fate has deprived us of that philosophical Cookery-Book which women could not write, but the Doctor could, and in place of it has offered to us—"Irene"!

There is a phrase attributed to Voltaire—to whom, having written much, much is attributed—that the fate of nations often depends upon the digestion of a minister. A slight variation in a *carte de jour*, like a variation in the length of Cleopatra's nose, might have altered the circumstances of a world. The decisive battles of Borodino and Leipsic were lost to Napoleon by a fit of dyspepsia. How certainly, then, does it become a man's bounden duty to meditate on few matters so seriously as on his meals! What is more natural than that eating should reach the dignity of an art, and such an art as, like mathematics, demands the whole man? and what wonder is it to see so much in literature concerning eating, from the earliest to the latest times? A reflection on the influence of food on the character of mankind diminishes our surprise at the boast of the subtile Ulysses, who is represented in the "Odyssey" declaring that no other mortal may compete with him—not, indeed, in the strength of his arm or the acuteness of his intellect, but in making up a fire and cutting up wood for burning, and jointing meat, and discharging generally the duties of a cook and a butler. The sacred historian has not thought it beneath him to describe the effect of a savory dish in procuring the benediction of Isaac; nor, when we remember the intimate association between the heart and the stomach, will the conduct of the French novelist appear absurd, who introduces, in the most pathetic part of the story, a descant of his heroine upon the several courses of her dinner.

The idea that eating is a subject of humiliation, that it is but a makeshift to repair the imperfection of our nature, that it dulls the intelligence—notions buttressed up by a few stock quotations out of the Latin Grammar, such as "*fruges consumere nati*," "*animum quoque prægravat una*"—has gone far to make dinner a subject unworthy of the novelist and the poet, and so, not rarely, produced inconvenient results. Thus, to take an instance in our nursery rhymes, an idle attempt has been made, in the ancient ballad, which bears some mystic reference, in its opening lines, but nowhere else, to a sixpence and a pocketful of rye, absurdly to explain away the four-and-twenty blackbirds as black numerals baked into the glazed white face of an old dial, or as four-and-twenty hours; and to turn the whole song, by strained interpretations, into a nature myth. There is, indeed, no little difficulty in understanding the singing of the baked birds; but we are not, because of this subjective deficiency in our intelligence, justified in supposing that the ancient poet intended by his rhyme aught but a simple representation of a royal dinner of his place and period. The vastness of the dainty dish was doubtless introduced to add to our idea of sublimity in the sovereign, just as King Cyrus found an argument for Baal being a living God in the large quantity of his daily rations. As well may an allegorical meaning be assigned to Falstaff's feast in Shallow's house in Gloucestershire, and a figurative interpretation to the pigeons, the couple of short-legged hens, the joint of mutton, and the other sundry kickshaws which William Cook provided.

Full many a three-volumed novel, unwisely neglected, on account of an apparent predominance of gastronomical detail, by the superficial reader, forms the subject of interest and astonishment to the philosopher. To him, pages in which keenness of appetite is more remarkable than keenness of wit—pages in which the author's puppets make up for saying little by eating much—reveal the inner mental characteristics of the company; and he can almost prophesy the actions of each by observing the particular *entrées* he prefers. If he notices, for instance, that the dishes are improperly prepared, he will at once form a conclusion adverse to the presence of preciseness and exactitude in the host. Nor in doing so is he without the authority of the sage of Bolt Court, who said, "Sir, if a man can not get his dinner well dressed, he should be suspected of inaccuracy in other things." Where the unskilled reader sees only a tendency in the parties eating to enlarge the circumference of their bodies, the student of human nature will perceive subtile hints of the various anfractuosities of their minds. He will not be surprised at a fit of melancholy in him who feeds on hare, nor at a sanguine temperament in him who makes his meal of beef. He will be prepared for severity of demeanor in him who partakes of pie-crust, according to the authority of Dr. King: "Eat pie-crust, if you'd serious be"; and, following the same great authority, will introduce

to the ladies' notice him who during dinner has shown a singular predilection for shell-fish. He will recognize the being with large discourse looking before and after in him who breakfasts as if uncertain of dinner, and dines as if reflecting he had not breakfasted. He will mark the weak stomach as the sure concomitant of the weak brain. He will be prepared for impetuosity of temper in him who subsists on animal out of all proportion to vegetable aliment, or, if in any proportion, in such as Falstaff's intolerable quantity of sack to his one halfpenny-worth of bread. He will perhaps expect to find good eating the parent of good sense. He will receive as an exquisite illustration of natural laws the circumstance that, in one chapter of a fashionable novel, the young lady, the heroine, during her residence in the temperate zone of the family, will eat about equal proportions of meat and vegetables, of carbonaceous and nitrogenous matter. In another chapter he will find her transported to the arctic circle of Miss Monflather's seminary; and there, in accordance still with the laws of Nature, she will be ready to devour the blubber and whale-oil of the pole. Yet again, in a third chapter, he will meet with her in the tropical atmosphere of a zealous young curate, and there behold her dining, like Amina the delicate, on a few grains of rice or an apple. Then, indeed, will her stomach be prouder than that of Arthur Clennam in "Little Dorrit," which awoke the indignation of Mr. F——'s aunt. She will disdain the familiar conjunctions of pork and pease-pudding, of bacon and beans, of mutton and capers. Only after repeated solicitations will she be induced to "try a little" of what some one with a pretty taste for the letter has called "the pernicious pasticcios of the pastry-cook, or the complex combinations of the confectioner."

Not a few philosophers have endeavored to show the intimate relation which subsists between the meat and the morality of nations. Some have gone so far as to consider the elevation of gastronomy to be that of the whole circle of arts and sciences, and regarded man as nothing more nor less than a sublime alembic.

Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," following Cabanis, considers food as one of the four physical agents most powerfully influencing the human race. The organization of society and the differences in peoples are traceable, in his opinion, to a diversity of dinner. Men's manners and morality, their customs and condition, depend mainly, if he may be believed, on what they eat. The boldness of the Norseman and the timidity of the Bengalee are ascribed as justly due to their respective preferences for meat or vegetables, for carbonaceous or nitrogenous diet, imposed on them by the temperature of their climate. Slavery in India is the direct result of rice, in Egypt of dates, of maize in Mexico and Peru.

We all remember the mischievous effects of meat on Oliver Twist. When from the recesses of Mrs. Sowerberry's coal-cellar that boy blasphemed Mr. Bumble, "It is not madness," said that dignitary, after deep meditation, "it's meat!" Had the boy lived on gruel it had never happened. The congenital irritability of the English is perhaps owing to their consumption of animal food in a higher proportion than most other nations of Europe. "Beef," said Lord Sparkish, in Swift's "Polite Conversation," "is man's meat." Europa is borne now, as formerly, by a bull. Beef conduces to courage. It was roast-beef, maybe, that won the day at Blenheim and Ramillies, and potages and kickshaws that lost it at Agincourt and Poictiers. The French themselves say, "*C'est la soupe que fait le soldat.* However that may be, the lightness of their cookery appears to have caused considerable lightness of heel in their dancing-masters. Greece was once famous for song. How has its poetry sunk since the inhabitants of the Morea substituted coffee for wine!

A good dinner is indeed necessary to make a good subject. Correct views in politics and right opinions in religion are no less dependent on our nutriment than animal intrepidity and amiability of disposition. The word Whig is derived, it is well known, from a word used in North England for sour milk; and the advancement of the Catholic faith was certainly contemplated by the monks of the Abbey of Fécamp when they consecrated each bottle of their famous Benedictine liqueur with the mystic letters A. M. D. G., without which none, it may be added, is genuine. Even architecture and natural philosophy were shown by Sinon to be intimately related to cookery; and none will be surprised at his placing the science by which the greatest sum of pleasure is afforded to our friends, in close juxtaposition to that of military strategics, whereby the extreme amount of annoyance is occasioned to our enemies. The professors of medicine and morality are about equally indebted to the cooks. Few, however, have borrowed from them for such an early period of life as Van Helmont, who demanded of them a mystic sop of bread boiled in beer as a substitution in infants' food for that natural milk of which the amiable Dr. Brouzet seems to have had so bad an opinion. Nor have philosophers been unwilling to apply to themselves in practice the principles they advocated in theory. Boswell's illustrious friend, for example, was equally solicitous to supply heat and repair waste in his corporeal system. Half a dozen large peaches, according to Mrs. Piozzi, before

breakfast, counterbalanced a well-boiled leg of pork for dinner; the outside cut of a salt buttock of beef was accompanied by a liberal supply of chocolate, made with much cream or melted butter; nor could a veal-pie swell the veins in his forehead with satisfaction unless it contained plenty of sugar and plums. It is said of him that he sought less for flavor than effect. His proposition that a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner, he certainly defended by his own example, in his admirable admixture shown in the veal-pie, his favorite dainty, of substances with and without nitrogen, mixed it may be with an exactitude of chemical combination which would have been written down, doubtless, in that Cookery-Book of his, composed on philosophical principles, could he have been, in the interests of humanity, induced to undertake it.

The ancient Hebrew writers say little about dinners; and what indeed could be expected from a people who seem to have eaten meat only on festivals? Their silly simplicity confounds the labors of Vatel and Francatelli, of Soyer and Carême. They inverted the science of cookery by regarding bread as the principal dish, and flesh or its juice as a mere accessory. Widely different from these were the dishes that adorned the tables of imperial Rome. Vedius Pollio, the friend of Augustus, was singularly delicate in his diet. His most pleasing *plat* was lampreys, which he fattened with disobedient slaves. Hadrian's favorite dish, says Spartianus, in the biography which he wrote of that emperor, was called Tetrapharmacum, from its consisting of four principal ingredients—to wit: sow's udder, peacock, pheasant, and the gammon of a wild boar in paste. These meats appear to have been mixed in some manner which the author has omitted to mention. For the wild-boar pasty there is indeed to be found more than one receipt in Apicius Cælius. The best, perhaps, is the following: First boil the gammon with plenty of dry figs (in another receipt the exact number twenty-five is given) and three laurel-leaves. (The use of these figs, it is said, made the flesh tender.) Then skin it, slice it superficially into dice, and fill it with honey. Knead flour with oil, and cover it with this paste. When the dough is cooked, take it from the oven, and serve.

"*Faute de grives on mange des merles*" is an old French proverb, and thrushes dressed in different ways are still devoured in France. Any person anxious to know how to cook them will probably find his curiosity satisfied by the cookery-books of Dubois or Carême. In England they are scarcely a common dish, and the index to Mrs. Beeton's recipes may be consulted in vain. Formerly they were highly esteemed. The comestible thrush of the ancients was the smallest of its kind, known to us as the red-wing. It visits our coasts in severe winters, but is never fattened as at Rome.

Horace expresses an opinion that nothing is better than a fat thrush; nothing fairer than an ample sow's udder. Martial agrees with Horace, and has composed a little poem, of which the burden is that, in the poet's judgment, the titbit among birds is a thrush; but among quadrupeds a hare. On another occasion he tells us that he prefers a sucking-pig to any meat. The Spanish epigrammatist also observes that a crown of nard or roses may delight others, but he himself is chiefly delighted with a crown of thrushes. Such a present, to make his mistress know that he has not forgotten her, is suggested by Ovid to his pupil: "*Missaque corona Te memorem dominæ testificere tuæ.*" A subtilty of palate is hinted at in Persius, so exquisite as to be able to discriminate between the flavors of the male and female bird. Another poet tells us that to mix them with oysters disarranges the stomach, and is productive of bile. In a word, for once that the Roman authors speak of the music of these birds in the groves, they speak a dozen times of their merit on the table. They praise their savor rather than their song. They are agreeable in a poplar-tree, but more agreeable in a pasty. Lucullus, says Varro, built an aviary, containing a *salle à manger*, by which ingenious device he was enabled to eat thrushes cooked and contemplate them alive at one and the same opportunity. They, or rather their breasts, form a notable ingredient in the famous *Patina Apiciana*, or *pla* of Apicius, which also contained the inevitable udder, besides fish, fowl, and beccaficoes, and everything of the best. The relative merits, indeed, of beccaficoes, thrushes, mushrooms, and oysters were so difficult to determine, that Tiberius is said to have given a prize of some two thousand pounds to one Asellius Sabinus for an essay, in the form of a dialogue, on that subject.

Beccaficoes were eaten in England in the days of Henry II. Among the pious and dutiful sons of that king, who set their countrymen almost as fair an example of filial obedience as the sons of the first three Georges, Prince John was at least wise enough to know the best, perhaps the only means to win the people's respect and love. He courted popularity, according to Sir William Scott, by a sumptuous repast. When it is remembered that his death was occasioned by a surfeit of peaches and new ale, it will probably be admitted that he put no great constraint upon himself in this matter. Be that as it may, it is recorded in "Ivanhoe" that he held high festival in Ashby Castle, where the tables "groaned," not indeed for the first or last time, under the

quantity of "good cheer." The dishes were rendered as unlike their natural forms as possible, "as is done," says the author, "by the modern professors of the culinary art." He might have included the ancient ones. *Ingeniosa gula est*, and the traditional schoolboy will remember the aphy or anchovy which the cook of Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, produced for him from that vegetable on which the sober Cincinnatus was content to dine. More wonderful changes than these, however — transubstantiations instead of transformations—are known to sacred and profane literature. The story of the celebrated dinner of Numa Pompilius is told by Plutarch, who is troubled with a pagan skepticism about its truth. The king had invited his subjects to a plebeian meal of extreme frugality. Suddenly he lifted up his eyes, and said his familiar Goddess Egeria was present; whereupon the tables were forthwith filled with a variety of delicate food. This sudden change recalls that of St. Patrick, who, being a-hungered on a fast-day, helped himself furtively to a couple of pork-chops. Then the saint's conscience smote him, and he cast the chops from him into a pail of water, with a prayer for forgiveness. His petition was probably heard, for the pieces of pork were immediately converted, by more than mortal means, into a couple of fat pike.

A change of flavor in fish and fowl was one of the curious features in the dinner given by Nasidienus. The pontifical dinner of Lentulus, on his election to the office of flamen (the abstemiousness of the clergy made a pontifical dinner proverbial at Rome, as that of the French priests has originated the *repas de chanoines*), is a famous dinner of antiquity. Posterity is indebted to the *Saturnalia* of Macrobius for a *menu* of the banquet. The names of many of the animals eaten have exercised much exegetical ingenuity to very little purpose. The peloris—"a sort of shell-fish" (Dict.)—still remains a mystery. The spondylus—"a sort of shell-fish" (Dict.)—is yet unknown. Of the balani—"a sort of shell-fish" (Dict.)—both white and black, we are told nothing, save that they probably derive their name from their resemblance to an acorn, by the laborious Forcellini. But, though an exact knowledge of the ingredients of numerous *plats* has been thus removed from us, probably for ever, by the ruthless hand of Time, thus much of certainty remains. In the first course were served sea-urchins, oysters, thrushes on asparagus, and a fatted hen. Haunches of wild venison and beccaficoes formed a part of the second course, which has been sadly mutilated. The third was made grateful by a sow's udder, a wild boar's cheek, a ragout of fish, ducks, hares, boiled teal, capons, frumenty, and Picentian bread.

Juvenal occupies a whole satire with considerations for cooking a single fish; and Martial has consecrated the chief portion of one of his books, called "Xenia," to a poetic catalogue of subjects of diet. Not the least remarkable of these is a dish made of flamingoes' tongues, reminding the reader of the *pâté* of tongues of singing birds, composed by Clodius Æsopus, the actor. The tongue of the flamingo was one of the ingredients of Vitellius's celebrated *entrée*, which he called his Shield of Minerva. Martial and Pliny were both admirers of *foie gras*—the latter pathetically alludes to it as the tenderest, moistest, and sweetest of livers; and the liver of a white goose fed on fat figs is mentioned by Horace as one of the delicacies of the table of Nasidienus. Many dishes, like Wordsworth's ideal woman, not too good for human nature's daily food, appear at that weird feast, but none of them equal in horror the blinded cuttle-fish in the "Rudens" of Plautus. Here is a dish that the famous cream-sauce of the Marquis de Béchamel could hardly render palatable, although that courtier of the Grand Monarque boasted that with it a man might eat his own mother-in-law and yet fail to discover her natural inherent bitterness. "I hate him worse than cold boiled veal," Macaulay said, or is reported to have said, of the modest Mr. Croker; but what is cold veal to a clammy cuttle-fish? Surely, of the two a man would prefer the Lacedæmonian black broth, which one, having tasted, observed he wondered not any more, seeing this was their life's chief nutriment, at the Spartan intrepidity in facing death. Pine-nuts (*pignons*) are also sung by Martial as a peculiar delicacy. These are probably a sort of pistachio. To translate the Latin term, as is commonly done, by "fir-cones" would be to follow the example of the "Journal des Débats," which French "Times" once, if we may believe Archbishop Trench, spoke of *pommes de pin* as the conclusion of a Lord Mayor's feast, being led into the mistake by our use of pineapple for *ananа*, and then commented in good set terms on the grossness of the English appetite.

King's proposed dinner to Gaspar Barthius of a salcacaby, a dish of fenugreek, a wild sheep's head and appurtenance, with a suitable electuary, a ragout of capons' stones and some dormouse sausages, probably suggested to Smollett his dinner in the manner of the ancients in "Peregrine Pickle," of which the concoction of the dishes was the cause of the dismissal of five cooks as incapable, while even of the sixth, compulsorily retained, it made the hair stand on end. The whole of this satire on Akenside is very nearly copied from the receipts of Apicius; from the boiled goose, with its sauce of lovage, coriander, mint, rue, anchovies, and oil, to the *hypotrimma*

of Hesychius, which Smollett describes as a mixture of vinegar, pickle, and honey boiled to proper consistence, with candied asafœtida; but it is composed in the cookery-book of Apicius of many more ingredients, as lovage, pepper, dry mint, pine-nuts, raisins, boiled-down wine, sweet cheese, and oil. So in the famous salacaccabia, which so seriously discomposed the French marquis, many dainties are omitted which had assuredly rendered that miserable man's condition far worse. Its successor, the dormouse pasty, liquored with the sirup of white poppies—a soporiferous dainty no less effective than an owl-pie—is a modification of the dish of dormice in Trimalchio's banquet in Petronius, where they are represented sprinkled with honey and white poppies' roasted seed, and set as an opposite dish to hot sausages on a silver gridiron, beneath which were damsons and pomegranate-grains to represent black and live coals. In Trimalchio's banquet there are several dishes besides these sausages of which English society at the present day could partake without any feeling of disgust. But in Smollett's feast there is not probably a single dish but will excite more or less loathing. He has omitted from his ancient dinner all that might attract the appetite, as sedulously as, in the abusive sacrifices to the Lindian Hercules, the priests, according to Lactantius, omitted every word of good omen, lest the whole ceremony should be vitiated or made null and void.

Another dinner, modeled apparently on that of the ancients, presents itself to the eyes of Sir Epicure Mammon in "The Alchemist." Leaving his footboy by far the best fare, after our unlearned taste, in pheasants, calvered salmons, knots, godwits, and lampreys, he confines himself to dainties such as are, from the egg to the apples, almost as uninviting to us as those in the bill of fare of Smollett. Of these the least generally known are cockles boiled in silver shells, shrimp swimming in butter of dolphin's milk, carp-tongues, camel's heels, barbels' beards, boiled dormice, oiled mushrooms, and sow's paps.

In Martial's dinner invitation to his friends, the sow's udder usually occupies a prominent place. According to Pliny, it was in the primest condition when cut off immediately, or at the longest one day, after the sow had farrowed, before the young had derived any nourishment from it; it was of the worst quality when the animal miscarried. It was considered a delicacy when set on the table, as one author describes it, moist with the salt liquor of a tunny-fish. The dish is frequently mentioned by the poets from Plautus downward. It occurs in the second course of Trimalchio's banquet *vis-à-vis* with a hare fitted with wings to resemble Pegasus, and smokes in the middle of the Doctor's table as described by Smollett. Its stuffing of minced pork, hog's brains, eggs, pepper, cloves, garlic, anise-seed, rue, ginger, oil, wine, and pickle corresponds as usual very nearly with the receipt given in Cælius Apicius.

An inconvenient quantity of a food somewhat perhaps analogous to the sow's udder has been stigmatized by the first of French satirists.

In the list of the subjects which the Gastrolaters sacrifice to their ventripotent God on interlarded fish and other days, Rabelais has given us almost a complete catalogue of the eatables of his time, comprising some extraordinary dishes which are comparatively rare in cookery-books either ancient or modern. Such, for instance, are the fishes which, in the English translation, are called sleeves, gracious lords, jegs, precks, botitoes, pallours, smys, and chevins; also the birds, if birds they be, named duckers, flemmings, squabbs, queests, and snytes. The dinner of these Gastrolaters has none of that discipline of cookery which amuses the reader of Molière. In the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," for instance, Dorante speaks of a dinner which might have been given by a certain Damis, so distinguished is it by elegance and erudition. "To show you his science of good eating," says the Marquis to Dorimène, "he would have dilated on the bread baked by itself, with its sides of gold rendered more toothsome by crust all round crumpling tenderly under the tooth; on the wine, with its velvety juice armed with an acid not too commanding; on a loin of mutton garnished with parsley, or of Normandy veal, long, white, delicate, a very almond paste in the mouth; on a partridge made excellent by its wonderful aroma; and, for his masterpiece, on a soup *à bouillon perlé*, supported by a plump young turkey cantoned with young pigeons, and crowned with white onions married with chiccory." In this description we recognize with delight that proper appreciation of delicate food which is the chief distinctive feature of a civilized life, and so highly necessary to all domestic happiness.

In Ben Jonson's masque of "The Metamorphosed Gypsies," in which such specimens of Rommany slang abound as to render it hard to be understood without the aid of an expert, the captain of the gypsies, after examining the hand of King James, whom he compliments by calling a lucky bird, says that he should, by the lines in his palm—

"Love a horse and a hound, but no part of a swine."

It is probable that the astute actor had heard of his sacred Majesty's *menu* for Satan: Joint, loin of pork; *entrée*, a poll of ling; dessert, a pipe of tobacco. This erudite potentate, in his aversion

to pig's flesh, shared a national peculiarity, according to the author of "Waverley," who, in his description of a Highland feast of MacIvor, mentions piles of beef and mutton, but nothing of pork. The chief feature worthy of record in this banquet, distinguished by a rude simplicity recalling that of the dinner of Penelope's suitors, was the central dish, a yearling lamb, named for some curious philological reason a "hog in har'st," which, roasted whole, stood on all-fours with parsley in its mouth.

The same author has given the world a description of gypsy cookery in "Guy Mannering." The big black caldron of Meg Merrilies, whom the Dominie conjectured to be a witch, contains something far superior, in an æsthetic point of view, to the ingredients of the hell-broth of the weird sisters on the blasted heath. Can the fillet of a fenny snake, or an adder's fork, be compared with a boiled fowl; the root of hemlock, whether digged in the dark or at mid-day, with a hare; or the nose of a Turk and a Tartar's lips with partridges and moor-game? Potatoes and leeks present a pleasing contrast to a tiger's chaudron and the liver of a Jew; and Dominie Sampson was doubtless pro-di-giously satisfied in drinking a warm cupful of brandy, in the place of, what he apparently expected, the cold blood of a baboon. The desperate fashion of witches' dinners, commonly to be met with, was probably set by such dishes as were assigned by classic writers to ladies of the type of Canidia and Erichtho. Pierre de Lancre, the good old magistrate of Bordeaux—who certainly may be credited with some knowledge of the ways of witches, seeing that he burned over five hundred of them alive—gives such a description of the dinner—or Sabbath, as he calls it—of these unhappy night-hags, as might with the mere horror of it eclipse the laboring moon. Such *entrées* as can be mentioned are foaming toads, and the fat of gibbeted murderers gathered from the gallows-tree; beasts which have died a natural death, or what the Scotch call braxy; and the corpses of the lately buried torn out of their graves. But the *pièce de résistance* was a pasty of fetid odor composed of the powdered liver of an unbaptized infant, in a coffin of black millet-crust. Salt, however, was never used—a circumstance from which Dominie Sampson, when fasting from all but sin, took heart, because it was appointed by God to season all sacrifices, and Christians are expressly required to have salt in themselves and peace with one another.

To remove the taste of the witches' banquet, the reader may return to that of Prince John, at Ashby Castle, in "Ivanhoe." Delicacies from foreign parts and islands far away abounded at this feast. There were the rarest wines, foreign and domestic; and simnel-bread, made of the finest wheat-flour, and, being twice cooked, exceedingly light; and wastel-bread, from which comes the French *gâteau*, a delicate kind of cake with which Madame Eglantine, the prioress, fed the small dogs she loved so dearly, and the richest of pastry. But above all there was a Karum pie, a Sibylline name to which unfortunately no note of elucidation or etymology is appended, made of beccaficoes and nightingales, which Athelstane, Thane of Coningsburgh, swallowed, to the laughter of the company, under the impression that they were larks and pigeons. Whether the worthy thane took Martial's advice and added pepper to the waxen beccaficoes or not, he could well afford to be laughed at, for he left nothing for his neighbors of these succulent dainties, on which Byron confesses, in "Beppo," he liked to feed.

The dinners of all times have had competent historians. As Sir Walter Scott has furnished a sample of a feast in the days of King Henry II., so has Swift given a representation, sufficiently accurate, probably, of one in the days of Queen Anne. In that author's complete collection of polite and ingenious conversations, we have a sort of photograph of the breakfasts and dinners "partaken of," to use a term suited to the occasion, by the *bon-ton* of society at the commencement of the eighteenth century. The former meal was simple enough, consisting only of tea, bread-and-butter and biscuit, though one of the party took a share of beefsteak, with two mugs of ale and a tankard of March beer as soon as he got out of bed; but the latter is remarkable for its picturesque profusion. Oysters, sirloin of beef, shoulder of veal, tongue, pigeon, black-pudding, cucumber, soup, chicken, fritters, venison pasty, hare, almond-pudding, ham, jelly, goose, rabbit, preserved oranges, partridge, cheese, and sturgeon, are all mentioned as ingredients of the feast, and appear to have been eaten in the order in which they are set down. The drink consisted of claret, cider, small beer, October ale, Burgundy, and tea. The consequences of this feast upon the guests are not mentioned by the Dean of St. Patrick's. Authors are not invariably so reticent. Gray, for instance, after relating the particulars of a dinner at which Dr. Chapman, the Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, distinguished himself, closes his account in the following sympathetic fashion: "He has gone to his grave with five fine mackerel (large and full of roe) in his belly."

"*Tous ces braves gens*," says Taine, speaking of Fielding's principal characters, "*se battent bien, marchent bien, mangent bien, boivent mieux encore*." Roast-beef descends into their powerful stomachs as by a law of nature into its

proper place. That they were not averse to liquor may be gathered from the example of one out of many, Squire Western, who, in nine cases out of ten of his appearance, makes his entrance or his exit drunk. The reader may, indeed, well expect to meet with some guzzling in a work which the writer likened to a public ordinary, speaking of its contents as a bill of fare. The difficulty of finding traits of nature he compares to that of meeting with a Bayonne ham or Bologna sausage in the shops of the metropolis; and, while warning his reader that his entertainment depends less on the meat cooked than the author's cookery, offers to conduct him, after the approved fashion of cooks, from plain dishes of the country to the quintessence of sauces and spices, the affectations of the town. Squire Western would probably not so often have rendered his articulation indistinct had he not been so politely desirous to drink the health of his friends on all occasions.

The ill effects of this custom once caused a sanguine correspondent of the "World," who was unwilling to waste on the security of health the succor of disease, to suggest that, in future, healths should be eaten, instead of, or at least as well as, drunk. There is, indeed, no reason to expect that our unselfish wishes for the salutary welfare of our friends would be less likely to be accomplished by our eating to them than by our drinking. No potent mystic spell to which we may trust for the fruition of our vows exists in Madeira more than in mutton, in beer more than in beef, in punch more than in pork. Less dangerous by far would it be for our own heads, and equally efficacious in fulfilling our desires for the health of others, if we ate the Queen and the royal family in a saddle of mutton, toasted the Bishop and clergy in turtle, and testified our hopes of the future felicity of the bridesmaids at a wedding-breakfast by a mouthful of chicken *à la Marengo*, or a game-pie.

Some few dinners are mentioned by Dickens; but many more drinks, generally with the particulars appended of their composition. There is, for example, the can of flip, for which Solomon Daisy laid down his sixpence, in "Barnaby Rudge." There are the Oxford nightcaps, quite celebrated for their strength and goodness, without which, according to Mrs. Nickleby, the young men at college never went to bed. And there is that sherry-cobbler, described in all its details, with which Mark Tapley made a new man in every particular worth mentioning of Martin Chuzzlewit. But for punch in all its varieties Dickens had evidently a predilection. He probably thought with a celebrated physician that in cases where wine and malt liquor are found too oppressive, the beverage of punch, in which the spirit, saccharine matter, and acids are thoroughly amalgamated, might prove a salutary substitute. In "Our Mutual Friend" the wind passing over the roof of the R. Wilfer family rushes off charged with a delicious whiff of rum; and in the same novel Mr. Wegg, one evening paying a visit to Mr. Venus's museum, finds its proprietor carousing on cobbler's punch, the composition of which so much depended upon individual gifts, and there being a feeling thrown into it, though the groundwork of the drink was gin in a Dutch bottle. Mr. Wegg is indignant at the idea of the possibility of his refusal to partake of this compound. Lemon is mentioned as one of its ingredients. While David Copperfield lived principally on Dora and coffee, his friend, Mr. Micawber, preferred punch, which, like time and tide, waits for no man. So on the occasion of David's memorable dinner-party, the melancholy of the Crushed One was awhile diverted by his being led to the lemons. A thing out of mind was then that ribald turncock, who had cut off his supply of water, amid the fragrance of lemon-peel and sugar, and burning rum.

After Bob Sawyer's dinner-party a reeking jorum of rum-punch is brewed in the largest mortar in his shop, and the various materials amalgamated with a pestle in a very apothecary-like manner. Mr. Pickwick himself, though a discreet man, is so fond of milk-punch that he drinks out of Bob Sawyer's case-bottle, taking it through the coach-window three times before allowing Ben Allen a drop of it. And after the famous sporting party, in which Mr. Winkle for ever distinguished himself, many more than three glasses of cold punch out of a stone bottle brought Mr. Pickwick into the wheelbarrow, and from the wheelbarrow into the pound. It is somewhat curious that the "Household Edition" of Dickens's works has for its first two illustrations of the Pickwick Club, the scene last mentioned, in which the hero is awaking from intoxication in the wheelbarrow, and that in which, still under the influence of perhaps too much punch, he is discovered by the ladies of Mr. Wardle's family.

Among the less famous writers of the last twenty years, Mortimer Collins is certainly the most conscientious in giving, on every possible occasion, a list of the articles which the characters in his novels consume. In "Miranda, a Midsummer" (it is the author's own limitation) "Madness," that saturnine man of letters, affecting the *gourmand enjoué*, introduces a very mysterious person, who is called the Troglodyte of the Island of Hawks, providing victuals for his guests, which are indeed worthy of precise and singular description. Stewed kid with oranges; certain wonderful purple fish which can only be caught, if the Troglodyte was not mistaken, or

intentionally imposing on his company, in lakes formed out of the craters of extinct volcanoes; goats'-milk cheese, bananas in cream, and a brewage, still more wonderful than the purple fish, without a name, made of grapes, oranges, lemons, citrons, bananas, and cinnamon—these dainties are far indeed from every-day fare. But the Troglodyte not always confused his visitors with such an unaccustomed *carte*. A few pages beyond the last banquet, the dweller in the cave treats a lawyer to oysters with Chablis, clear turtle with old Madeira, a haunch of Exmoor mutton with Heidseck, and a grouse with Lafite. Other bills of fare, more or less complicated or unusual, are scattered through this novel, out of which Mr. Collins was probably no more able to keep them, than Mr. Dick to exclude from his memorials the ever-unwelcome intervention of King Charles. But the particular work, in which beverages appear like the stars which stud the milky way, is the "Princess Clarice." It is not easy to calculate how often that young lady, though described as a rational being, occupies herself with drinking, lazily or otherwise, as the case may be, something effervescent, what time her father is feasting on Montrachet, that "good river-side wine," and sardines. The quantity of drink they both consume would confound a Dane; the variety astonish a wine-merchant. Mention is made in the first half of the first volume alone of gin cocktails and old rye, of pick-me-ups and Maraschino, a glass of which is given to Clarice by her judicious father, to prepare her mind for the news of a burglary in his house; of Rœderer, and claret-cup with borage and wooderoofe, of ale and port. Nor must it be supposed that the eating does not proceed *pari passu* with the drinking in this novel. Four courses of the dinner at Great Middleton, eaten by the surgeon and Sir Clare, are described at length by the novelist, who would have described the rest in the same manner, were it not for his fear of the mighty bill of fare horrifying the critics, who, according to Mr. Mortimer Collins, are dyspeptic to a man. Yet in spite of all the gaudy glitter and crowd of meats at Great Middleton, as an exquisite piece of Limoges porcelain compared to the contents of a crockery-shop in the New Cut in Lambeth, is Tennyson's picture of the picnic in "Audley Court," with its dusky loaf that smelt of home, its pasty of quail and pigeon, lark and leveret, and its prime flask of ancestral cider, compared to the Salian feast of the surgeon and Sir Clare.

A gigantic dinner, almost worthy of the mouth of Gargantua, is the dinner that Charles Lever has not disdained to introduce into "Charles O'Malley"—a dinner which the hero of that tale often remembered in his mountain bivouacs, with their hard fare of "pickled cork-tree and pyroligneous aqua-fortis." The repast consisted of a turbot as big as the Waterloo shield, a sirloin which seemed cut from the sides of a rhinoceros, a sauce-boat that contained an oyster-bed, a turkey which would have formed the main army of a French dinner, flanked by a picket of ham, a detached squadron of chickens ambushed in greens, and potatoes piled like shot in an ordnance-yard. The standard-bearers of this host were massive decanters of port and sherry, and a large square half-gallon vessel of whisky.

This Brobdingnagian banquet may be compared with two Lilliputian entertainments, of which an account has been preserved by Sir Walter Scott. The first, a very temperate feast, occurs in "Redgauntlet." Among the visitors who on one eventful morning came to Joe Crackenthorp's public-house, on the banks of the Solway, the reader may remember the Quaker, Joshua Geddes. He orders, we are told, a pint of ale, bread, butter, and some Dutch cheese. Not content with such meager fare was that unfortunate victim of Themis, Peter Peebles, who on the same occasion, after asking in vain for a "plack pie," or a "souter's clod," whatever those delicacies may be, obtains by various solicitations a mutton pasty, a quart of barleybroo, something over a dram of brandy, and of sherry a gill.

Scott's second dinner, in which all good things are but creatures of the imagination, offers a sad contrast to such abundance as astonished Sancho at Camacho's wedding feast, and which pleasantly distinguishes the *Epulæ lautiores* of Bradwardine. In the "Bride of Lammermoor," that faithful but somewhat tedious old butler, Caleb Balderstone, the ingenious serving-man who contrives to make the satisfaction of his own silly vanity pass for a dutiful regard to his master's honor—a vanity which he never hesitates to support by any number of lies—offers on a day the Lord of Ravenswood and his hungry guest the following fare: Bannocks, the hinder end of a mutton-ham, three times served already, and the heel of a ewe-milk "kebbuck," all which, being translated, means flat cakes, the pickings of what was once a leg of mutton, and the rind of a cheese. As for wine, "there never was lack of wine at Wolf's Crag," says honest Caleb—"only two days since as much was drunk as would have floated a pinnace"; and as for ale, the awful thunder last week had a little turned it, so at last the revelers are forced to drink water; but such water as Balderstone undertakes to affirm can not be met with anywhere in the wide world except in the Tower well.

These dinners of fiction may be finally compared with a dinner of fact—a neat and inexpensive dinner, given by a Scotch lady of equal economy and taste, who was under the dire necessity of asking a friend to dine at the beginning of this century. The authentic bill of fare is copied from a number of the "Monthly Review." It consisted of seven *plats*, and included fish, joint, game, and sweets, not to mention sauce and vegetables:

At top, 2 herrings	1*d.*
Middle, 1½ oz. melted butter	0½
Bottom, 3 mutton-chops, cut thin	2
One side, 1 lb. small potatoes	0½
On the other side, pickled cabbage	0½
Fish removed, 2 larks, plenty of crumbs	1½
Mutton removed, French roll boiled for pudding	0½
Parsley for garnish	0½
	7

Cornhill Magazine.

MR. GLADSTONE AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

OUR title expresses the exact purport of our paper. We wish to view Mr. Gladstone simply as a man of letters—a character which he may be said formally to have assumed by the republication in seven handy volumes of his contributions to periodical literature.* Whatever may be thought of the intrinsic value of these volumes, no one can doubt that such a collection not only belongs to contemporary literature, but that it forms a remarkable and significant addition to it. It has been always, at least, a part of Mr. Gladstone's ambition to take a place among the literary men of his time, and to guide the thoughts of his countrymen to worthy intellectual as well as practical results.

We feel all the same how difficult it is to preserve the mere literary view of Mr. Gladstone. As a writer even he is always more than the man of letters; he is moved by more than the mere literary instinct. In point of fact, there is only one of the seven volumes—the second of the series—to which he himself has ventured to give the title "Personal and Literary." The other volumes, like the first and fourth, are mainly political, or deal with subjects of constitutional or political interest; the third again treats of "Historical and Speculative" questions; while two are entitled "Ecclesiastical," and deal exclusively with Church questions. The *ecclesiastical* element, more than any other, pervades all the seven volumes; and upon the whole there is nothing less allied to literature, or which less admits of pure literary treatment, than ecclesiastical topics. The Church has often protected and fostered literature—sometimes she has notably done the reverse; but whether she has been friendly or adverse to intellectual progress, the spirit of the Church is always something more and something less than a genuine literary inspiration. The two may have often gone hand in hand, but the genius of the one is radically different from the genius of the other. The one contemplates objects with which the other has nothing to do, and moves in an atmosphere of faith and service which may attract and influence the other, but which can never inspire it. The literary spirit springs from its own fountain-head, in a different side of human nature altogether than that which the Church addresses.

The predominance of the religious and ecclesiastical element, therefore, in Mr. Gladstone's Essays, constitutes a difficulty. It is impossible to ignore this element, for, if we did so, we should ignore the greater part of these volumes. We should not have their author before us save in a very imperfect shape. In fact, we should not have him before us at all. For the subjects which are farthest away from religion in these volumes are yet impregnated by religious conceptions, and run back by many roots to the ecclesiastico-religious soil which lies so thick and deep in Mr. Gladstone's mind. In contemporary literature he is much more than a theological or political writer, otherwise we should not have set ourselves our present task; but it may be doubted, even when he ranges farthest a-field, whether he does not drag behind him the ecclesiastical chain which was bound around all his intellectual impulses, in those years when he believed he was helping the public mind by such discussions as constitute "The State in its Relation with the Church" (1838–'39).

The subjects discussed in these volumes admit of very imperfect classification, as any one may see from comparing, in the table of contents prefixed to the last volume, the titles with the list of subjects below. It could serve no useful purpose to endeavor any estimate of these contents in detail. We wish to estimate the

* "Gleanings of Past Years, 1843–'79." By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: John Murray, 1879.

writer rather than any of his special productions, and we will best accomplish our purpose by looking in succession at what appear to be the broad qualities impressed upon his writings generally. We shall try to seize these qualities in the first instance, at least, in their pure intellectual form.

Perhaps the first, and in some respects the highest intellectual quality which marks these essays, is their varied energy of thought. There is no sign of weariness, of languor, or even repose in them, but everywhere the throb of a fresh, powerful, and unsated intellectual impulse. A genuine life of thought moves in them all. It is impossible for any serious reader not to be touched by their depth and force of sentiment, and the frequent vigor and eloquence, if also the occasional clumsiness and complexity, of their language. Mr. Gladstone writes always as from a full mind, in this respect alone taking at once a higher position than that of many contemporary writers. It is no conventional or professional impulse that animates his pen; he has always something to say, and which he is eager to say; he is so moved by his thought, whatever it is, that he brings all the forces of his mind to bear upon it. He never dallies, seldom pauses over a subject; still less does he, after a prevalent modern fashion, touch it all round with satiric and half-real allusion, as if it were rather a bore to touch it at all, and not of much consequence what conclusion the writer or the reader came to, after all. There is not a trace of *persiflage* in any of the essays. There is, in fact, far too little play of mind—too much of the Scotch quality of *weight*. It is well to be earnest. In this respect it is nothing less than a relief to turn from the silly and inconsecutive sentence-making of much of our present writing to Mr. Gladstone's moving and powerful pages. But they are frequently fatiguing from the very weight and hurry of their energy. And if sentence-making in itself be but a poor business with which no man will occupy himself who has much to say, it is yet, so far, an indispensable element in all literature. And Mr. Gladstone, as we may have occasion to point out before we close, too often neglects it. He lacks the special instinct of style, or the repressive art which restricts the outflow of energy in all the highest writers, as indeed in every creation of genius — withdrawing the glowing conception within the "mold of form." But of this again. In the mean time it is not the negative but the positive aspect of his writings that we are noticing.

The quality of energy characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's essays is impressed on them from the first. It is perhaps their chief literary quality to the last—and the volumes before us cover a period of not less than thirty-five years. It would have been better in some respects if the author had contented himself with a chronological arrangement. But there are few writers who less stand in need of being estimated chronologically. In expounding "The Evangelical Movement" in 1789, he is very much the same expositor as when he dealt at length with "The Present Aspect of the Church" in 1843. If in the former paper his attitude is different, which it could hardly help being, considering the different medium he has found for his views,* he yet speaks in both from the same background of substantial conviction. His views are as fully formed in the one case as in the other. Nothing is more remarkable, in fact, in these essays than the immovable background of opinion which everywhere crops through them. Whatever may have been the vacillations of Mr. Gladstone's political career, there has been but little change in his more inward and higher thoughts. We do not know any other writer of the day who has remained more steadfast through a generation and a half to the same central principles.

Nor is it merely that there is little change or growth in his central thought; there is but little change in his manner as a writer. He writes with the same rhetorical fullness in the end as in the beginning—with the same energy and glow, and excessive, at times inelegant movement. If there is any difference in this respect, it is certainly not in favor of the papers of his more mature years. For with the same force and intensity of thought these papers are upon the whole less duly proportioned, less harmonized. More literary care, apparently, has been taken in the preparation of the remarkable series which fill the fruitful decade following 1843, than in some of his recent productions. We would notice for their literary characteristics the articles on "Blanco White," in 1845, and on "Leopardi," in 1850; and we must add to these, although of later origin, the articles on "Tennyson" and "Macaulay." If any one wishes to see Mr. Gladstone at his best as a man of letters, let him read these articles, especially the two last mentioned. They are intense and powerful, radiant with all his peculiar energy of conception; but they are also stamped by a special impress of literary form. The vivid and impetuous march of thought is held within bounds. The writer is less swept along by the force of his ideas; the rein is laid upon them, and they beat step to a more harmonious pace.

* The paper on "The Evangelical Movement: its Parentage, Progress, and Issue," is reprinted from the "British Quarterly Review," July, 1879; that on "The Present Aspect of the Church" is from the "Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review," October, 1843.

It would be difficult perhaps to select any of Mr. Gladstone's essays more finished in its rhetorical fullness, and more felicitously composed after his manner, than the essay of 1843, on the position and prospects of the Church of England. His peculiar genius is here seen in full swing, and yet controlled throughout by a strong sense of form. The secret no doubt is, that he then wrote not only from a copious and inspired intelligence on a theme which stirred his whole heart, but also with comparative freedom, under no other impulse than a faith jubilant in its strength, and in the fresh light of the new morning which seemed rising on the Church of England. This is how he speaks of the revival of Catholic principles. The passage has the involved and long-drawn note of much of his later writing at its best; but it has also a sweetness and harmony, a graceful swell of tone, which this often lacks:

And strange indeed it would have been—at least in the view of those who regard the Church visible and Catholic as the everlasting spouse of Christ, dowered with the gifts which he purchased by his blood and tears—most strange to them it would have been if in a great religious revival that spouse had not found herself a voice for the assertion of her prerogatives. It is not indeed for her to do battle with her foes like earthly potentates, for the sake of acquisition or possession, of admiration or renown; but her prerogatives are also her duties, and by them alone can she discharge any of the high trusts committed to her by her Lord. And so in an order which seems to us to bear every mark of the hand of Almighty wisdom, after that the embers of faith and love have been extensively rekindled in thousands upon thousands of individual breasts throughout the land, there came next a powerful, a resistless impulse to combine and harmonize the elements thus called into activity, to shelter them beneath a mother's wings, that there they might grow into the maturity of their strength, and issue forth prepared for the work which might be ordained for them to perform. This was to be done by making men sensible that God's dispensation of love was not a dispensation to communicate his gifts by ten thousand separate channels, nor to establish with ten thousand elected souls as many distinct, independent relations. Nor again was it to leave them unaided to devise and set in motion for themselves a machinery for making sympathy available and coöperation practicable among the children of a common Father. But it was to call them all into one spacious fold, under one tender Shepherd; to place them all upon one level; to feed them all with one food; to surround them all with one defense; to impart to them all the deepest, the most inward and vital sentiment of community and brotherhood and identity, as in their fall so in their recovery, as in their perils so in their hopes, as in their sins so in their graces, and in the means and channels for receiving them.

Two brief passages from the same essay especially rivet themselves upon the mind by their vivid energy and compact swiftness—their strength, great as it is, being well contained within a highly finished, if hardly graceful, vehicle of expression. We have the more pleasure in quoting them as they show definitely that however high may be Mr. Gladstone's conception of the position and prerogatives of the Church, he is as far as possible from any vulgar inclination to Romanism. His sentiments on this, as on cognate subjects, are presumably quite unaltered since 1843:

Is our national history, bound up in great part with the grand protest and struggle that originated in their (the reformers') time, and resting upon it for much of its meaning and character, to be disowned and dishonored by our return to crouch at the feet of the Roman bishop, to admit his impositions, and to implore his pardon for our long denial of his sovereign authority? "Never, never, never," said Lord Chatham, would he, if he had been an American, have laid down his arms under oppression. "Never, never, never"—would that we could add emphasis to his words—will this people so forego its duties and its rights as to receive back again into its bosom those deeply ingrained mischiefs and corruptions which Rome and her rulers still seem so fondly—God grant it may not be inseparably!—to cherish. . . . We firmly believe that in the day when the secrets of all hearts are revealed, it will appear that many and many a one has in these last years deeply pondered the subject of the bold claims of Rome on our allegiance as Christians. . . . In the chamber of many a heart has that matter been sifted and revolved; on the one hand, with varying force have marshaled themselves such inducements as have been described. Upon the other side men have reflected that the question is not of appearances, but of realities; not of delights, but of duties; not of private option, but of divine authority. And that solemn and imposing imagery which wins souls to Rome has, in the English mind, as we judge, been outshone by the splendors and overawed by the terrors of the Day of Judgment; of the strong sense of personal responsibility connected with that last account, and of the paramount obligation which it involves, conjuring us by the love of the Redeemer, no less than commanding us by the wrath of the Judge, to try and examine well the substances lying under those shows that surround our path, and to suspend upon his changeless laws alone the issues of life and death.

Next to the energy of Mr. Gladstone's writing in an ascending scale may be mentioned its constant elevation and frequent ideality of sentiment. On the descending scale his energy is apt to pass into sheer intensity and rhetoric. The "Never, never, never" which he borrows from Lord Chatham, and would even emphasize in its

repetition, is the note of a manner which rises naturally to vehemence, and the strong rush of words sometimes pass off into shrillness. He can realize for the time little or nothing but the idea which moves him, and it expands and glows till, like an illuminated cloud, it fills the whole heaven of his thought and casts on his page an intense shadow "dark with excessive bright." But his manner of thought, if rhetorical and vehement, is always elevated. It never sinks to frivolity, seldom to commonplace; it ranges at a high level. "Whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave; whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without or the wily subtilties and reflexes of men's thoughts from within" *—such things are the main haunt of our author's literary spirit, and his pen aspires to describe them with "a solid and treatable smoothness." Even Milton had no higher conception of the business of literature than he has, and his example so far, no less than in the thoroughness and energy of his work, is of special value. For that we are "moving downward" in this respect, if not in others, can hardly be doubted. Lightness of touch, if it be also skillful and delicate, is a distinct merit. It saves trouble. It attracts casual readers who might otherwise not read at all. It soon passes, indeed, into a trick, and becomes the feeble if pointed weapon of every newspaper critic. But when to lightness of touch is added lightness of subject and frequent emptiness of all higher thought, the descent becomes marked indeed; and literature, from being the lofty pursuit imaged by the great Puritan, becomes a mere pastime in no degree higher than many others.

Mr. Gladstone never descends to the flippant facility to which the mere passions and gossip of the hour are an adequate theme. He not only deals in all his essays with worthy subjects, but he always deals with them in a worthy manner, so far at least as his tastes and sympathies are concerned. If by no means always true or just in his judgments, it is yet always what is noble in character, and pure and lofty in sentiment, and dignified in feeling that engages his admiration. His pen fastens naturally on the higher attributes of mind and action in any figure that he draws; and this too, as in the sketches of Lord Macaulay, the Prince Consort, and Dr. Norman Macleod, where it is plain he has only an imperfect sympathy with the type of character as it comes from his pen. On this very account these portraits are the more interesting, and test more directly the genuineness of his high capacity of appreciation.

* Milton's "Account of his Own Studies."

In such a sketch as that of Bishop Patteson it is comparatively easy for him to maintain a high level of applausive criticism. It is his own Anglican ideal of virtue that is everywhere reflected back upon him. Bishop Patteson is the hero at once of Oxford culture, of Catholic orthodoxy, and of self-sacrificing missionary enthusiasm. It seems to Mr. Gladstone and many others of his school a never-failing marvel that such heroism should have been in our time, and that such a man should have gone forth from his native country, where he might have spent his days in scholarly and parochial peace, to the wilds of Melanesia to labor among savages, and ultimately to fall a victim to their mistaken vengeance. The picture of self-sacrifice is beautiful and heroic, but it is hardly more so because Patteson was born a gentleman and reared at Oxford, and left behind him an affectionate and admiring home-circle. Such a career must always involve sacrifice of this kind more or less. Mr. Gladstone's admiration, if slightly excessive here, is entirely natural. The very prejudices of Patteson, as in the matter of Colenso (one never hears somehow of the sacrifices of this outcast bishop, and yet they must often surely have been very real and bitter) and the "Essays and Reviews," are congenial to the writer. They meet at once a response in the same soil of culture from which they have sprung. In such a case there is no strain put upon the critic's sympathies. But in the article on Macaulay and in others the same genuine love of true greatness comes forth no less warmly and genially, notwithstanding many differences of taste and opinion.

It would be difficult to find anywhere a more exhaustive analysis of Macaulay's personal, intellectual, and literary character than in the essay in the second of these volumes. The marvelous range of Macaulay's powers, "his famous memory, his rare power of illustration, his command of language, united to a real and strong individuality," are all exhibited with copious and felicitous analysis. His combination of intellectual splendor with ethical simplicity, and the charm of true and unsophisticated taste, is particularly emphasized. "Behind the mask of splendor," says our essayist, "lay a singular simplicity; behind a literary severity which sometimes approached to vengeance an extreme tenderness; behind a rigid repudiation of the sentimental a sensibility at all times quick, and in the latest times almost threatening to sap, though never sapping, his manhood. He who as a speaker and writer seemed, above all others, to represent the age and the world, had the real center of his being in the simplest domestic tastes and joys." "Was he envious?" he asks, and the passage deserves quotation at once as an appre-

ciation of Macaulay and an illustration of Gladstone:

Was he envious? Never. Was he servile? No. Was he insolent? No. Was he prodigal? No. Was he avaricious? No. Was he selfish? No. Was he idle? The question is ridiculous. Was he false? No; but true as steel and transparent as crystal. Was he vain? We hold that he was not. At every point in the ugly list, he stands the trial; and though in his history he judges mildly some sins of appetite or passion, there is no sign in his life or his remembered character that he was compounding for what he was inclined to.

There is no attempt to depreciate the level of Macaulay's greatness because the critic feels it necessary to point out with an unsparing hand his deficiencies. It is a poor criticism—of which the Whig historian, after his first popularity, had more than enough—which tries to take down the general power of a man because he is far from perfect, or even shows many imperfections. There is nothing of this. The characterization is bold and manly, and generous without stint, but at the same time discriminating and upon the whole correct. Macaulay's mind is described as strong and rich and varied rather than deep:

He belonged to that class of minds whose views of single objects are singularly and almost preternaturally luminous. But Nature sows her bounty wide; and those who possess this precious and fascinating gift as to things in themselves, are very commonly deficient in discerning and measuring their relations to one another. For them all things are either absolutely transparent, or else unapproachable from dense and utter darkness. Hence amid a blaze of glory, there is a want of perspective, of balance, and of breadth.

This may be, although it is profundity and insight rather than breadth in which Macaulay's genius is lacking. But after all exceptions, his genius remains a great fact; after all inaccuracies, his history is among the prodigies of literature. His writings are as "lights that have shone through the whole universe of letters; they have made their title to a place in the solid firmament of fame." There is no aspect of his character as a man or a writer which is dwelt upon invidiously. All is amply and warmly sketched. The only point in which the essayist at once marks his own leanings and points a prejudicial inference is where he often fails. He shows his customary tendency to judge a man's religion by the extent of his dogmatic creed; and a doubt is suggested whether the great Whig historian "had completely wrought the Christian dogma, with all its lessons and all its consolations, into the texture of his mind, and whether he had opened for himself the springs of improvement and of delight which so many have found and will ever find in it!"

The "Anglican position" of our essayist is marked off by still more distinct lines from the subject of the essay which follows that on Macaulay—the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod. This is specially acknowledged, while much in Dr. Macleod's character, it is allowed, excites an entire and cordial sympathy. "Even when differences and position intervene, there is still material from which we ought to draw some valuable lessons." This note of narrowness is unhappily characteristic. It is allied to all that is least worthy and least true in these volumes. It is a blemish in itself; it is specially a blemish in the literary sphere in which we are now estimating Mr. Gladstone. As if such differences were vital on any broad view either of literature or humanity; and character was to be judged by the special Christian communion to which a man belonged. No one can yield to such sectarianism without distinct loss. It is impossible to shut out the light even with so good a substitute as an Anglican eye-glass without suffering in many respects from distortion or imperfection of vision.

We are bound to say, however, that after the opening apologies for taking up such a subject at all, our reviewer does full justice to Dr. Macleod, and some may think more than justice. We can only find room for the following comparison:

He (Dr. Macleod) stands out, we think, as having supplied, after Dr. Chalmers, one of the most distinguished names in the history of Presbyterianism. In some respects much after Chalmers; in others probably before him. He had not, so far as we see, the philosophic faculty of Chalmers, nor his intensity, nor his gorgeous gift of eloquence, nor his commanding passion, nor his absolute simplicity, nor his profound, and, to others, sometimes his embarrassing, humility. Chalmers, whose memory, at a period more than forty years back, is still fresh in the mind of the writer of these pages, was indeed a man greatly lifted out of the region of mere flesh and blood. He may be compared with those figures who, in Church history or legend, are represented as risen into the air under the influence of religious emotion. Macleod, on the other hand, had more shrewdness, more knowledge of the world, and far greater elasticity and variety of mind. Chalmers was rather a man of one idea, at least of one idea at a time; Macleod receptive on all hands and in all ways. Chalmers had a certain clumsiness, as of physical, so of mental gift; Macleod was brisk, ready, mobile. Both were men devoted to God; eminently able, earnest, energetic; with great gifts of oratory and large organizing power. A church that had them not may well envy them to a church that had them.

We have spoken of the ideality, no less than

he elevation of sentiment, which frequently marks Mr. Gladstone's "Gleanings." He is not merely ttracted by what is noble and great in sentiment, nd all the fairer traits of our higher nature, but here is an elevated and poetic glow at times in such criticisms as those on Leopardi and Tennyson which carry their author beyond the mere critical sphere, and show that he is capable of being touched to finer issues. As a student of Homer and Dante, he is familiar with the loftiest and richest poetic ideals; and these ideals have evidently sunk deep into his mind. They have bred in him a kindred enthusiasm, and, what is more, an enthusiasm which is capable of being fired alike by the heroism of Hellenic and the humilities of Christian virtue. He is entirely free from the classical *furore* which has been rampant in many quarters of late, and whose craze is a return to mere pagan ideals. Unlike Leopardi and the pessimist school, which may be said to date from him, he has fed his genius "on the Mount of Sion" not less than "on the Mount of the Parthenon," "by the brook of Cedron" no less than "by the waters of Ilissus." While recognizing the prophetic element in Homer, and enraptured by his exquisite creations—and no one has described them with a more vivid and brightly-tinctured pencil—he yet bows before the higher prophetic genius of Isaiah, and sees in the marvelous ideals of Christian poets, from Dante to Tennyson, a more perfect bloom of the human mind and character. Achilles and Ulysses, Penelope and Helen, Hector and Diomed, are all "immortal products." But—

> the Gospel has given to the life of civilized man a real resurrection, and its second birth was followed by its second youth. Awakened to aspirations at once fresh and ancient, the mind of man took hold of the venerable ideals bequeathed to us by the Greeks as a precious part of its inheritance, and gave them again to the light, appropriated but also renewed. The old materials came forth, but not alone; for the types which human genius had formerly conceived were now submitted to the transfiguring action of a law from on high. Nature herself prompted the effort to bring the old patterns of worldly excellence and greatness—or rather, the copies of these patterns, still legible, though depraved, and still rich with living suggestion—into harmony with that higher Pattern once seen by the eyes, and handled by the hands of men, and faithfully delineated in the Gospels for the profit of all generations.

In this great example Mr. Gladstone recognizes "the true source of that new and noble cycle" of character which has been preserved to us in the two great systems of romance—the one associated with our own Arthur in England and the other with Charlemagne in France—which have come down to us from the imaginative storehouse of mediæval Europe. The connection between these "twin systems," and again their "consanguinity to the primitive Homeric types," are very happily expounded by him. Ingenuity never fails him in tracing analogies and contrasts; but there is here far more than ingenuity. There is a genuine, living, and richly thoughtful insight in the parallel which he draws between the typical forms of the Carlovingian romance on the one hand, and the romance of the Round Table on the other. The latter—

> if far less vivid and brilliant, far ruder as a work of skill and art, has more of the innocence, the emotion, the transparency, the inconsistency, of childhood. Its political action is less specifically Christian than that of the rival scheme; its individual portraits more so. It is more directly and seriously aimed at the perfection of man. It is more free from gloss and varnish; it tells its own tale with more entire simplicity. The ascetic element is more strongly, and at the same time more quaintly, developed. It has a higher conception of the nature of woman; and, like the Homeric poems, it appears to eschew exhibiting her perfections in alliance with warlike force and exploits. So also love, while largely infused into the story, is more subordinate to the exhibition of other qualities. Again, the romance of the Round Table bears witness to a more distinct and keener sense of sin, and, on the whole, a deeper, broader, and more manly view of human character, life, and duty. It is in effect more like what the Carlovingian cycle might have been had Dante molded it.

No higher subject, according to our author, could have been selected for poetical treatment—and in Mr. Tennyson's hands it has assumed, if not the proportions, yet the essential dignity of a great epic. The title of "Idylls" is condemned as inadequate to the "breadth, vigor, and majesty" of the theme, "as well as to the execution of the volume." But nothing can be finer than the criticism which follows of the four "Books," as the critic prefers to call them. It is at once elaborate, delicate, and profound. No criticism has ever placed Mr. Tennyson higher—none could well do so—but high-pitched as is the strain throughout, it rises naturally from the close analysis to which the poems are subjected, and the felicitous presentation of their tender or heroic types of character. The spirit of a true poet, which Mr. Tennyson has shown from the first, and all the characteristics of his genius are seen here in ripened forms—

> the delicate insight into beauty, the refined perception of harmony, the faculty of suggestion, the eye, both in the physical and moral world, for emotion, light, and color, the sympathetic and close observation of nature, the dominance of the constructive

faculty, and that rare gift, the thorough mastery and loving use of his native tongue. . . . The music and the just and pure modulation of his verse carry us back not only to the fine ear of Shelley, but to Milton and to Shakespeare; and his powers of fancy and expression have produced passages which, if they are excelled by that one transcendent and ethereal poet of our nation whom we have last named, yet hardly could have been produced by any other minstrel.

"Finally, the chastity and moral elevation" of the "Idylls," their "essential and profound though not didactic Christianity, are such as perhaps can not be matched throughout the circle of English literature in conjunction with an equal power."

Here, as always, our author's religious sentiments come out strongly, and it is necessary, before completing our notice, to advert more particularly to this marked feature of his writing. We can not otherwise do full justice to its character or the genius that inspires it. Of all writers of our day none is more distinguished for the constant assertion of religious principles of the most definite kind. It is not merely that his pages are everywhere imbued with religious feeling, or that he always puts forth a Christian standard of judgment. He writes not merely as a Christian, but as an Anglo-Catholic; and it is startling to the lay reader to find himself so frequently in contact with the most definite types of theological and ecclesiastical opinion. Mr. Gladstone challenges the declaration of Mr. Trevelyan that his uncle had a strong and decided taste for theological speculation. He can see no evidence in Macaulay's writings that he knew much of theology. This can not certainly be said of his critic. The most abstruse definitions of Christian doctrine, the distinctions of Augustinianism and Pelagianism, of Calvinism and Arminianism, of the sixteenth and seventeenth century theology, of the Anglican and Presbyterian codes, of the Evangelical and the Oxford schools, are all at his fingers' ends. It may be doubted whether the Church has not lost in him a great scholastic, whatever the state may have gained or lost by him. His mind, indeed, is rich beyond any mere power of scholastic dialectics. It has a native freshness and vigor unspoiled by the schools. Yet they have everywhere left their impress upon him, and their dogmatism crops out in the most unexpected manner in the midst of biographic analysis, and even the delightful fluencies of poetic description.

In this respect more than any other Mr. Gladstone's mind seems to have made little or no advance, or, if the word *advance* be deemed inapplicable from his own point of view, seems to have undergone little or no change. During a period of the most profound religious disturbance, when so many have not only lost their early dogmatic creed, but lost all faith whatever in a spiritual order and a life beyond the present, the writer of these essays holds fast not only to religion, but apparently to every jot and tittle of Anglican orthodoxy. His mind remains imbedded in the great forms of dogma on which it was originally based, untouched not merely by the destructive but by the historical spirit of his age. Christianity is with him, as with all his school, the Christianity of the creeds of the fourth or later centuries. It is bound up with the Nicene, or even the Athanasian dogma, and with a system of government, discipline, and worship descending (as he supposes) from the Apostolic age to the present time. Nothing can be more emphatic than his repeated assertion that Christianity is only fully vital when thus conceived as a whole, both dogmatically and ecclesiastically, as "a tradition firmly anchored in the Bible, and interpreted and sustained by the unvarying voices of believers from the first beginning of known records."* Religion is little to him unless "incased in the well-knit skeleton of a dogmatic and ecclesiastical system." "Christianity," he specially says—

> is the religion of the person of Christ; and the creeds only tell us from whence he came, and how he came and went, by what agent we are to be incorporated with him, and what is the manner of his appointed agency and the seal of its accomplishment. . . . The doctrinal part of the Revelation has a full and coequal share with the moral part. The Christian system neither enforces nor permits any severance of the two.

Again:

> Ministerial succession is, we apprehend, the only rational foundation of Church power. For unless Church power came by a definite intelligible charge capable of delivery from man to man, how did it come? . . . And if the mission of the twelve, so solemnly conveyed by our Lord, and so authentically sealed by him with the promise of perpetuity, is to be struck out of the scheme of his gospel, his holy sacraments will not long survive (except as mere shows) that ministry to whose hands they were committed; and the loss of the true doctrine concerning them will naturally in its turn be followed by a general corruption and destruction of true Christian belief concerning the divine grace of which they were appointed to be the especial channels and depositories.

The meaning of these grave assertions is unmistakable; and it is certainly one of the most

* "Nineteenth Century," October, 1879, "Olympian System versus Solar Theory," the last production of Mr. Gladstone's pen in the periodical press.

astonishing facts of our time that a mind so restless and subtile, so energetic and penetrating, and, moreover, so capable of moving with effect in the purely human atmosphere of literature, should have retained a dogmatic standpoint so little able to withstand critical analysis. To hold the dogmas of the fourth century as if they were delivered from heaven "a divine gift," and the ministry of the Church of England as if it were the perpetuity of the apostolic office, is a marvelous exercise of faith in a time like ours; but it is also a curious indication of that lack of genuine historic culture which, with all his other great endowments, is not found in Mr. Gladstone. The modern historical spirit is, indeed, a growth long subsequent to his Oxford career, and has never apparently touched him, a fact which many of his Homeric speculations conspicuously illustrate. With large power of research, and of accumulating in graphic masses historical details, he has no higher insight into historic method, or the real genesis and growth of great ideas and institutions. This is a definite deficiency betrayed in many of these essays, and without regard to which we can not estimate aright his intellectual nor perhaps his political character. More than anything else, it is the source of his one-sided religious speculativeness—perhaps also of his one-sided and sometimes headlong biases in public life. More than anything else, it explains his devotion to what he esteems principles rather than institutions.

There never was a more absurd accusation made against Mr. Gladstone than that of indifference to principle. Through all these productions of a long life he is a writer of singularly steadfast principle. From first to last he knows in what he believes, and is assured that it is true and right. He may abandon a principle once firmly held, as in the case of the Irish Church, elaborately explained by him in his chapter of autobiography in the last volume, but in all his writings, as, no doubt, in all his actions, he works forward from a strong and firm ground of conviction. He is never lacking in dogma, whether it be right or wrong. What he lacks is width and geniality of historic comprehension, love for the manifold and diverse in human life and human institutions—heartiness and tenderness of appreciation (as, for example, in his judgment of Unitarianism)* for that with which he does not agree—the grounds of which he does not find in his own intellectual or moral nature. In many things Scotch, he is in this respect thoroughly English, and of a narrow school. The incapacity of judging fairly what we do not like is unhappily a characteristic of human nature, whether Scotch or English, or any other nationality. But it will hardly be denied that there is a type of Anglican culture peculiarly insensible to a fair-minded appreciation of characteristics differing from its own. And although Mr. Gladstone rises far above any Philistinism of this kind, there is yet a certain harshness in many of his intellectual and religious judgments which savors of austerity. The crust of old prejudice clings sometimes to his freshest utterances. And prejudice of any kind, however venerable, is always a limiting power in the sphere of literature. It may pervade a college court; it may give emphasis and sharpness to a theological argument; but literature claims "an ampler ether, a diviner air." And Mr. Gladstone, as a man of letters, would have been a richer and certainly a more commanding and original genius if he had risen more above its confining influence.

In close connection with this narrowness of thought is his tendency to paradox. He sees affinities which do not exist, and he is blind to resemblances which more open-minded students plainly recognize. He twits Macaulay with confounding the theology of the Seventeenth Article with the general Calvinism of the sixteenth century—the "portentous code" framed at Lambeth before its close. But Macaulay, although far less versed in technical theology, is here nearer the mark than his critic. The Seventeenth Article is Calvinistic beyond all doubt. It is more happily expressed, indeed, than the plain-spoken and ugly propositions of the Lambeth Articles; but its meaning is so far distinctly the same. And Macaulay was too much of an historical student —untinctured by any dogmatic prejudices—not to know that the theology of the Church of England in the sixteenth century, like that of all the Churches of the Reformation, was what is commonly called Calvinistic. The same great lines of thought, transmitted from Augustine, adopted by Luther, received it may be in more rigid form by Calvin, were accepted as of divine authority in the Reformed Church of England no less than in the Protestant Churches on the Continent, and in the Church of Scotland. It is the fashion, we know, to deny this, and to represent "Calvinism" as an exceptional product of Geneva and Scotland. It is needless and very unhistorical to quarrel about a name. Geneva of course was intimately connected with Scotland, and the name of the Genevan divine was intimately stamped upon its theology. But Macaulay very well knew that it is not the name but the thing which is important, and that a system of thought embracing the same great principles as to the divine sovereignty and the operation of divine grace, is the same whether it be called Augustinian or Calvinian, or a portentous Lambeth

* Vol. ii., p. 18.

Code. The "Calvinistic formulæ" of Scotland, like its judaical Sabbatarianism, may be "simply a form of Protestant tradition founded neither on the Word of God nor on the general consent of Christendom";* but if so, the Augustinian formulæ and the theology of the Seventeenth Article are no better. Whether well or ill founded is no matter for the present purpose, save as showing how Mr. Gladstone's school theology has blinded him to those deeper affinities of thought and history which a mind like Macaulay's, with less depth but more openness and breadth, readily perceived.

Again, when our essayist recognizes in the Evangelical movement not merely a precursor but a cause of Tractarianism, he is misled by the same imperfect insight into the meaning of the phenomena before him. It is possibly true that some of the most ardent leaders of the new movement came from evangelical families, and had tasted of the excitements of evangelical teaching. But this is little to the point. It merely shows, as pointed out elsewhere,† "that a religious movement naturally recruits itself from those who are interested in religious matters, and therefore specially susceptible to any fresh spiritual impulse." Such minds most readily catch the contagious force of a new excitement. But this proves nothing of casual relation between the movements. The receding tide of evangelical fervor was caught by the rising tide of Anglo-Catholicism, and activities which might have gone in the one direction were turned in the other. But the two tides ran from wholly different sources, and have never coalesced save in this accidental manner. Both have their source in deep-seated principles which the Church of England has been comprehensive enough from the first to inclose within her bosom. The Calvinism which Mr. Gladstone can not see in the Articles, but which has powerfully moved Anglican Christianity at more than one period of its history, is the natural congener of the one; the Catholicism so dear to him, and no less an inherited and active religious power in England, is the true parent of the other. They have each "their standing-points in the formularies, theology, and historical traditions" of the Church, but they are essentially and radically opposed in theory. The one aims to Protestantize, the other to Catholicize. The one looks upon Rome as the "mother of abomination"; the other regards her as a true, if fallen, parent. The process by which in the one case the ancient mother becomes once more glorified, and the Anglo-Catholic passes from wistful longing into believing and hopeful embrace, is clearly intelligible and has been ofte exhibited in our time. It is not necessary on th account to say that Tractarian Catholicism ha prepared the way for Rome. This is the lan guage of controversial politics and not of histor cal induction. But to say that the evangelic scheme must share the blame of any transitio to Rome because the buddings of a religious li which may have ended there were "in form an color evangelical," is the obvious language paradox. Every system must be judged by i own natural fruits, and not by the acciden which may have attended it. And it remain beyond doubt that the principles of the evangel cal theory are radically at variance with those the Roman system, with which, on the contrar the principles of Anglo-Catholicism have a cer tain affinity. Romanism is not an illogical de velopment of the one. It is the antithesis of th other; and the evangelical scheme, although may have nursed for a time men who afterwar became Romanists, is no more responsible fo such a result—even at second hand—than Mr Gladstone himself, according to Mr. Lecky's com parison, can be held responsible for the excesse of our present foreign policy, because his accen tuated Liberalism may have produced, by way o reaction, the present Tory Government.*

But we must draw this paper to a close with a special glance at Mr. Gladstone's literary style Such quotations as we have made give, upon th whole, a fair idea of it. It is powerful, flexible and elaborately if not gracefully expressive. I has all the vigor and swell of the substance o his thought. But, just as he often seems to b thinking on his legs and casting forth in an im petuous cataract the current of his ideas, so doe his style move with uneasy, and swaying, an often too vehement force—a force always mor or less rhetorical, often pictured and eloquent but sometimes singularly clumsy, and seldon facile or delicate. Yet he surprises the reade at times by a happy figure, touched lightly an beautifully, as when he says of the confidentia outpourings of Bishop Patteson, in his letters t his sister at home, that they were "like flower caught in their freshness, and perfectly preserve in color and in form."

We confess to having formed a higher ide than we had of Mr. Gladstone's powers as a mer writer by an attentive perusal of these "Glean ings." The first impression one gets of his styl is disappointing. It looks fatiguing. It does no invite, nor does it readily lead, the reader along even when he has yielded to the impulse and fel the fascination of a strong mind. But at last i lays hold of the attention. We are caught in its

* Vol. ii., p. 360, "Dr. Norman Macleod."

† "Nineteenth Century," August, 1879, p. 287.

* "Nineteenth Century," August, 1879, p. 289.

weep and made to feel that we are in the hands f a master who knows his subject and will not t us go till he has brought us to some share of is own knowledge. We may feel not unfre-uently that he is far more subtile than true, more genious in theory than penetrating in insight, ore intent on making out a case than in going the root of a difficulty; that he is conventional ther than critical, and traditional where he ght to be historical; still, there is the glow of intense genius everywhere, and the splendor a rhetoric which often rises into passion and ver degenerates into meanness. Clumsy his yle certainly can be at times, in an extraordi-ry degree, as in such a sentence as the follow-g, speaking of the evangelical clergy and the timate to be formed of their activity and moral fluence: "The vessels of zeal and fervor, taken an by man, far outweighed the heroes of the llroom and the hunting-field, or the most half-convicted minds and perfunctory performers of a measure of stipulated duty, who supplied so considerable a number of the clerical host."

But, even if such sentences were more common, they are but blemishes in an intellectual feast; and, if we are to estimate writing not merely by the momentary pleasure it gives, but by the elevation and moral as well as mental stimulus it imparts, we must attach a high value to many of Mr. Gladstone's essays. It would be difficult to say how far they may survive as monuments of his literary genius. They are more likely to do so, we believe, than his Homeric speculations, labors of love and special knowledge as these are. But, whatever may be their fate, they are remarkable and marvelously interesting as products of literary devotion and ambition in a mind of intense activity, amid the pauses of a great public career.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW STEPHEN SENT AN AMBASSADOR.

ONE evening, Stephen met Jack Baker, which was not unusual, at the club. They dined gether. Jack's manner was mysterious. He hispered that he had something to communi-te after dinner. He hurried through the meal th a haste quite unusual with him, and, as on as possible, led Stephen into a little room, ver used till much later in the evening, called e strangers' card-room.

"Sit down, Hamblin."

"What the deuce is the meaning of all this ystery, Jack?"

"This. They've found something."

"What do you mean?"

Stephen turned pale.

"You know they have been advertising and ering rewards? Very well, then. Something s come out of it. A clerk of mine knows a rk in Hamblin's. The clerks there are tre-ndously excited about the business. My man to learn whatever goes on. He reports to-day t an old woman called and sent up her name an envelope, saying she had come in answer an advertisement."

"Pooh!" said Stephen. "What had she got to tell? I say there never was any marriage."

"I say that possibly there was. How about false names? It's always the old women one has got to fear most. One must trust them; they know everything; they make up what they are not told; they never die, and they turn up at the wrong moment, just when they are not wanted, and let it all out. Hamblin, I wish I hadn't stood in with you."

"Hang it, man! you are not afraid of your paltry thousand, are you?"

"Well, if you come to that, a thousand is a thousand, and it takes a mighty long time to make it."

"And you stand to win a thousand."

"I want to know what this old woman had to tell," Jack Baker went on doggedly.

"Man alive! Let the old woman go to the devil."

But Stephen's cheek continued pale. He was not easy about that old woman. Had the men known that she was plain Mrs. Duncombe, once nurse to Alison, their apprehensions would have been calmed.

"Look here, old man," said Jack, "let us smooth matters a bit. Why not make it a friendly suit? Hang it! if I had a month's

start, I would prove a marriage somehow, if it was only a Scotch marriage."

"Too late, Jack," said Stephen. "We have had one row. I got into a rage, and so did she. She's got a temper like mine—got it from her grandmother. These things very often pass over part of a generation. The temper passed over her father. She reminded me of my mother. Gad! what blazing rows we used to have in the old days!"

"Come, Hamblin. I will make a little compromise with you. Make it up, if you can, with the girl. If things go against you, you can then get my thousand out of her, with whatever you want for yourself. Your own affairs may be straighter then, no doubt."

"Oh, my own affairs—yes—yes. They are pulling round," said Stephen, forcing a smile.

"Very well, then. If the thing goes in your favor, you can let all the world see what a magnanimous creature you've been. Don't you see? If the worst happens, you can always reckon on getting a slice of the cake; if the best, then it will be all in your own hands, to do what you please with."

"I think you are right," said Stephen, with an effort. "I am sure you are right, Jack. I ought never to have quarreled with the little spitfire, but she would have it. We always did hate each other, you know. I wonder if she ever suspected what I knew? Perhaps she did. Girls are more crafty than any one who doesn't know the nature of women would believe possible."

He got up and found writing materials.

"I suppose it will be better to write to her than to call upon her. Yes, certainly better. I used to be able to pitch a very decent letter in the old days. Let me try my hand again."

This letter took him some time to write. He wrote it, in fact, at least three times, and even then he was not satisfied with it. At last he brought the third draft to his friend, and submitted it for consideration.

"Listen, Jack," he said. "I think this will do as well as a longer letter. Of course, we shall keep a copy, and send one to the cousins.

"'MY DEAR ALISON: I have for some time been trying to write to you. The memory of hard words, and, perhaps, bitter thoughts, on one or the other side, has hitherto prevented me. I have no desire to excuse myself. In fact, I can find no excuse. My unfortunate temper alone is to blame. To that, and to that alone, I would ascribe the misfortune that I have been made to appear to you in a light of hostility—'"

"Don't like that," said Jack slowly; "say 'made me assume, apparently, an attitude of hostility.'"

"Think so? Yes. Perhaps that will be better." Stephen made the correction in pencil. "'Made me assume an apparent attitude of hostility. Nothing really was further from my thoughts, my wish, or my intention. Will you do me the justice of believing that I, for my own part, am most anxious, most desirous, to do my utmost to prove the truth, that you may rely upon my most sincere coöperation in any serious effort to ascertain the truth; and that, in the discovery of any fact which may convince me, yourself, and our cousins of your title to the estate, I am ready to withdraw my claim at once? I beg you to believe that I should refuse to take any advantage of legal technicalities. At the same time, in justice to my own birth, to my position, to my brother's position, I ask that the truth should be fairly and fearlessly investigated. The future of the Hamblin House must not be open to the questions or the doubts of any who wish to throw a stone, or cast a slur. I am aware, very sorrowfully I own it, that the investigation which I ask—it is all I ask—may possibly prove disastrous to yourself. At all events, you are a Hamblin. You would not wish to be rich at the expense of others, whose rights you were usurping?

"'For the moment, I think I had better not attempt to see you. I send you this letter by the hand of a personal friend, Mr. Bunter Baker.'"

"Hallo!" cried Jack; "I say, you don't mean me to take it?"

"'Who will be able, I trust,'" Stephen read on quickly, "'to persuade you, as I, with my unhappy impetuosity, am unable to do, that I am a friend and not an enemy, that I am most anxious not to be regarded as an enemy. Soone or later, this question, which in everybody's mind—'"

"I say," said Jack, "I suppose it isn't, really?"

"No," replied Stephen; "I don't suppose anybody outside the Hamblin lot troubles his head about it. But, you see, it has been very much in my head, which is the great thing. Where are we?—'everybody's mind must have been raised. Was it not better that it should be raised by myself, in a spirit of inquiry, without animosity, or would you have preferred that it should be raised later on, perhaps when your children's fortunes might be blighted and their pride brought low?'"

"That's devilish good," said Jack.

"Yes; I think I can manage the palter on occasion," said Stephen. "Well—'You will be told, perhaps, that my action in the case was dictated by a selfish desire to obtain, wrongfully

our inheritance. Alison, solemnly, that is not he case. It is quite the contrary. My first hought was in your interest, my first action was or your safety. You have to thank your friends, hy cousins, and no others, for the turn that has een given to the thing. Read this carefully, nd, if you find any point or points of objection, o not be satisfied with the counsel of your pres-nt advisers, but have the courage and the confi-ence to ask explanations of me,

"'Your affectionate uncle,

"'STEPHEN HAMBLIN.'

"And, anyhow, it will show it is an act of indness on my part. They will think I am not fraid. For that matter," he added, with a dash f gasconade, "I am not the least afraid. Let hem do their level worst."

"Level worst!" To bid a man do that is to hrow the glove in earnest, and to throw it with he superiority of the better position. Jack Baker elt it. He was going as ambassador into the nemy's camp, not with the sneaking consciousness of defeat, but in the proud position of one who holds an olive-branch in one hand, and with he other invites the enemy to do his level worst. He forgot, for the moment, the mysterious old woman whose visit had disquieted him, and he nly saw himself clothed in the grandeur of a lenipotentiary, dictating terms to a sulky and lain young woman, easily reduced to reason, nd open, like most of her sex, to the influences f terror, respect, and awe, which are induced by he voice, and the presence, and the majesty of a lan!

In fact, Jack Baker, armed with this letter, id pay that visit the very next day. He went o Clapham Common in his own private hansom, oping devoutly that Miss Hamblin might be tting at the window when he drove to the door. f course his horse was showy, and his tiger mall. Of course, too, he was attired with the reatest magnificence permitted to City men by very liberal fashion. No young fellow had ore gold about him; no one wore better gloves; o one was more daring in the matter of neck-es; no one more shiny of hat, neat of boot, or riginal in waistcoat. To men of this generation ry few things are permitted in dress compared ith what young men used to be allowed in the od old days when ribbons, lace, gorgeous doub-ts, slashed sleeves, pearl-embroidered pourpoint, lk stockings, sword-belt, sash, diamond buckles, d red-heeled shoes set off to advantage a young llow who could boast a reasonably fine figure d shapely leg. Yet the present fashion allows mething for the imagination to work upon; d the imagination of Jack Baker, which was t occupied with thoughts of heroic deed, brave saying, or generous emprise, naturally found employment in the invention of new braveries. He was still, though now past thirty, on that level of civilization where men take the same view of maidens as the peacock takes of the peahens, and imagine that, by spreading gorgeous plumage, and strutting with braggart air, they can awaken the admiration of the weaker sex.

He expected to be received by a small, timid girl, who might possibly show temper, but who would begin, at least, by being enormously afraid of him. This was unfortunate at the outset. He was unprepared, too, for the magnificence of the house, which surpassed anything of which he had ever dreamed. The private houses of rich men and gentlemen were not, as a rule, thrown open to this successful speculator in silk. A club drawing-room was Jack's most exalted idea of a well-furnished apartment.

He was shown into the study, whither in a few moments Alison came to him. And then Jack's cheek paled, and his heart sank, for, instead of the insignificant and spiteful little animal he had dreamed of, the poor creature whom Stephen Hamblin generally spoke of as "that little devil," there stood before him a young lady, whose beauty, dignity, and self-possession overwhelmed him and crushed him.

She bowed and looked again at the card: "Mr. J. Bunter Baker." It is the day of double names. Smith is nothing unless he is differentiated by a prænomen other than the Christian name. Jones belongs to the Porkington Joneses. Jack Baker, as we have seen already, on arriving at success, remembered that he, too, had a second name, given him by his godfather, a most respectable clerk in a wholesale tea-warehouse. Mr. Bunter was now no more, but his name served to give his godson additional importance, and in his own eyes, at least, to elevate him in the social scale.

"'Mr. J. Bunter Baker,'" she repeated.

"I—I am Mr. Bunter Baker," he replied.

Here he was so unlucky as to drop his hat, which, on recovering, he placed on the table.

"May I ask, Mr. Baker," she went on, "what is the meaning of your visit?"

"I come," he replied, "with a letter to you from Mr. Stephen Hamblin."

"My uncle can have nothing to write to me," said Alison, "that I would wish to hear. I can not receive any communications from him. Is that all you have to say to me?"

Jack Baker began to wish he had not consented to act as ambassador. But he plucked up courage.

"My friend, Miss Hamblin," he said, "who is a gentleman of extraordinarily sensitive nature, as perhaps you know, has been rendered ex-

tremely unhappy by the position in which he finds himself unavoidably placed toward you."

"Why," cried Alison, "he has deliberately insulted the memory and character of my father. Unavoidably?"

"There were reasons, Miss Hamblin," Jack went on, trying to speak grandly, "why he was bound to go on against his wish. Had his cousins listened to him at the outset there would have been, probably, no publicity—no litigation."

"I know nothing of any motives," said Alison; "I judge only by his actions. My uncle is my enemy. I want to have no communication of any kind with him. I mistrust him, and I suspect him."

"At least you will read his letter." Jack produced it, and tendered it with a winning smile. But Alison was very far from thinking of his manner of smiling. "Do not let me go away and tell my friend, Mr. Stephen Hamblin, that you refused to receive a letter from him, even after I told you that it was conciliatory."

"Conciliatory!" she echoed, "as if I did not well to be angry. Well, sir, I will read your letter."

She took it, and sat down without inviting her visitor to take a chair, which was rude. Jack, therefore, remained standing. He felt conscious that he was not looking to advantage. To stand without your hat in your hands, without the aid even of an umbrella or walking-stick, before a lady, while she reads a letter, makes one feel like a schoolboy about to say a lesson which he does not know.

"He offers," said Alison, "to withdraw his claim as soon as anything has been discovered which will convince him that he is wrong. That is very noble in him, considering that we shall force him to withdraw as soon as that has been discovered. Why did he write me this letter, sir? You say you are his friend. Have you seen the letter?"

"I have; I think it is a most friendly letter. Nothing could be more so, I am sure; most creditable to the writer."

"Thank you. Why did he write it?"

"Pure good feeling," said Jack. "He is a man of wonderful good feeling; that, when you come to think of it, is his strong point."

"Why did he write it?" asked Alison again, but this time of herself; "what does he expect to get by writing it?"

"What can he get?" said the ambassador craftily. "He knows very well that the estate is as good as his own already. He wants to make friends with you."

"I am much obliged to him," replied Alison; "I can never be friends with him. He is, and will always be, my most bitter enemy. My only hope is, that I may never again see him, never again speak to him."

"Now, that's very hard," said Jack. "And what is the good of standing in your own light? Why, I look on this letter—though he didn't say so, mind, and it's entirely between you and me, and not to go any further"—he really, Alison thought, was a most vulgar young man—"as the foundation of a friendly arrangement."

"I will consent to no friendly arrangement."

"We will suppose, for a moment," continued Jack, gradually feeling his way, "that my friend Mr. Stephen Hamblin is anxious to put an end to this unnatural contest between two very near relations."

"It is very easy for him to put an end to it," said Alison; "he has only to withdraw his pretensions. He has only to cease insulting my father's memory."

"Pardon me. That is not at all his intention or his object. You are a lady, Miss Hamblin, and you do not feel, as men do, the necessity of securing for every man his right. Prove your right, and Stephen Hamblin retires. Until you do, he is the heir at law. But"—he raised his finger, for Alison was going to burst in with an indignant denial—"suppose that he was to meet you half way. Suppose that he was ready to say: 'Let us arrange this dispute. Let your friends agree upon a present settlement for you. Let me succeed without opposition: I shall not marry; you will be my sole heiress.' Now, could anything be more agreeable and comfortable for all parties?"

Alison rose.

"This is quite idle," she said grandly; "I will make no such arrangement."

Jack Baker confessed to himself on the spot that all his previously conceived ideas of feminine beauty would have to be modified. He had never seen any one at all comparable with this magnificently beautiful creature on the stage, which, in common with many young City men, he confidently believed to be the natural home and harbor of the highest types of English beauty; now behind the bar, where those fair ones who can not play burlesques delight to display their loveliness for all to behold who possess the "price of half a pint." Nor could any music-hall in London show such a face, such deep black eyes, such splendid black hair, such lips, such a warm, rose cheek, such a figure. It was a new lesson for him; he felt an unaccustomed glow about the pericardium; a yearning all over; a consciousness of higher things than he had as yet imagined; a sudden weariness of Topsy and Lotti and their drink-dispensing friends: he choked, he blushed; he stammered; he was penetrated with the majesty of a beauty far beyond his

dreams; he was so deeply struck with the shock of this revelation that he actually forgot himself and his own peacockery. Then he suddenly remembered his mission.

"Surely," he pleaded, with a last effort, "surely it would be better to come to an arrangement than to carry on a long and fruitless opposition. It can't do anybody good: nothing will come of it except disappointment. All this time they've been searching and advertising and offering rewards—and what's come? Nothing."

He put this out as a feeler, but Alison's face showed no change, so that he was sure nothing had been found.

"Not the least discovery—has there, now?"

She did not reply.

"Why, if we could have a little agreement come to, all your troubles would stop at once."

"No, sir," said Alison. "On the contrary, all the trouble would begin. You can not understand, I suppose, that my father's honor is dear to me. My Uncle Stephen can not understand. Nothing, nothing!"—she stamped with her foot and looked so resolute that Jack trembled—"nothing would ever persuade me to sacrifice the good name of my father. I will make no such bargain as you suggest; I would rather, believe me, sir, I would far rather go out from this house a beggar."

Her black eyes burned with so fierce a light, and her lips were set so firm after she said this, that the ambassador felt singularly small.

"In that case," he said, "I have nothing more to say. You quite understand that this last proposal is my own suggestion, not Mr. Hamblin's, though I am quite satisfied of his desire to be on good terms with his niece and to benefit her."

"That I do not believe," said Alison. "Good morning, sir."

She looked superb. Jack Baker thought of his balance at the bank and his ventures on the high-seas, and took heart.

"In any case, Miss Hamblin," he said, with an ingratiating smile, "I am not my principal in this affair, and I hope you will not consider me as rowing in the same boat with him. Of course, I can hardly discuss his conduct with you, as he is my friend. But I can not, I am sure, regret it, since it has enabled me to introduce myself to a young lady who—I must say—who—" here he broke down, because she stared at him with cold and wondering eyes. "And I hope, Miss Hamblin, that when we meet in the City—I mean in the streets, and in society, and at dinners, and so on, that you will let me consider myself a friend. And if I might be permitted to call again—"

"Sir!" The tone of her voice froze him. "I have already wished you good morning. Stay, you may tell your principal, as you call him, that I have torn up his letter."

She did so, in fact. No actress on the stage ever did a little piece of business more effectively, because it was done so quietly.

The fragments of the letter lay at his feet.

"Humph!" said Jack doubtfully. "Well, we've taken the precaution to keep a copy. That will be proof of our intentions. *Good* morning, Miss Hamblin"; he bowed in his very best style. "I would meet with another failure, willingly, for the pleasure of seeing you again."

He smiled his sweetest, while she looked at him in speechless indignation. What did the man mean? When she had found some words in which to express her sense of his impertinence, he was gone.

"Now," murmured Jack the experienced, "if it was any of the bar lot, I should understand that standoffishness. I'm up to *their* gag, anyhow. They'd like to get the chance of Mr. J. Bunter Baker, wouldn't they? Just. But with a bit o' muslin like this Hamblin girl, I suppose it's different. Perhaps I took her a little aback at first, though she can't really mean that she don't want to see me again. Gad! that's too ridiculous. A girl's a girl all the world over. And it must be mighty dull down here all by herself. I'll find another opportunity and call again. Give her line for a bit, J. Double B."

He sought the shelter of his cab, and drove back to town, seeking solace for his wounded heart in cigars. And in the evening he met Stephen at the club, and they dined together. Jack was radiant and boisterous.

"By Jupiter Omnipotent and Christopher Columbus!" he cried, in an ecstasy. "You never told me what she is like—that niece of yours, Hamblin. Kept it for a surprise. She's splendid, she is; she's magnificent; she's a goddess, that's what she is. Hang me, if she isn't a goddess! And you to call that gorgeous creature a little devil! Little? why, she's five feet eight if she's an inch. And her face, and her figure! Come, Hamblin, I can make allowance for the feelings of a man who has any one standing between him and such an almighty pile, but 'little devil'—I say—it really *is*— Here, waiter!" (this young man habitually bawled as loudly in a club dining-room as he had been accustomed to do in the City shilling dining-places years before). "Waiter, come here. Bring me a bottle of *Perrier Jouet Sec*—not the *Très sec*. It's the least I can do for her, to drink her health in *Perrier Jouet*."

"I suppose uncles are not expected to fall in love with their nieces," said Stephen carelessly. "I never said that Alison was ugly or small."

"You called her a little devil, that's all I know.

Well, old man, here's her jolly good health and a lover, and I shouldn't mind if it was me, J. Double B, yours truly."

"Well"—Stephen listened with natural impatience to this enthusiasm—"well, how did you get on, and what did she say?"

"No use, my boy, thinking of anything friendly in that quarter. But keep your copy of the letter, which may be useful later on. I did my best for you: I said you were a man of the most sensitive feelings—ho! ho!—and I said that you were most unhappy about the position you had been obliged to assume—ha! ha! Might just as well have tried the hostile line, because she's as savage as she is beautiful. She will want a man, not a thread-paper, for a husband, that girl. J. Double B would about meet the case, I think. By the way, I found out one thing: whoever the old woman was who called at their office, they haven't made any discovery yet."

"If she won't be friendly, she needn't," said Stephen. "Anyhow, I've done the regular thing, and it will be worse for her in the long run. Let her go to—"

"No, Hamblin, don't couple any more the name of such an angelic creature with that of the devil. I wonder what you were like before the thatch came off your pretty brows? She reminded me of you at once. Here's her health again, and, if there was any better wine in the club, I would drink it in that."

"She takes after my mother, the Señora," said Stephen. "All the Hamblins are like each other; but she has got her grandmother's complexion, like me. She can't help being like me, though she would rather not, I dare say. Let her go, Jack."

News came, presently, to the cousinhood that Stephen had written a letter, and had hinted at an arrangement. The family were divided in opinion. For while some thought that Alison showed the proper Hamblin spirit in rejecting all overtures short of absolute submission, others thought that perhaps she had no right to possess any portion of the Hamblin spirit at all, until "things" were proved; so that in fact the refusal to make any compromise was a sort of impertinence in her. Undoubtedly the feeling was growing stronger in the family that Stephen was very likely right. Gilbert Yorke, however, agreed with Alison that a compromise was an impossibility. It was remarkable, considering that she was so resolute never to marry unless her father's name was cleared, how Alison comforted and guided herself by the opinion of this young man.

But his vision of perfect beauty abided with Jack Baker, so that he began to feel how conversation at bars, admiration of actresses, tal about ballet people, might all lose their charm compared with the society of the one perfec woman he had ever seen. Perhaps it was a well for Gilbert Yorke's tranquillity that he coul not tell how this rising young City merchan thought more about Alison than his speculation more about her deep dark eyes than about hi silks.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW MISS NETHERSOLE BECAME AN INSTRUMENT.

NOW, while Gilbert and Alderney Codd wer floundering in the dark, groping here and ther with uncertain steps and finding nothing; whil Mr. Theodore Bragge was "following up" on clew after another, and asking continually fo more checks; while Nicolas was hugging to h bosom the new and delightful secret, with whic he intended one day to make such a *coup* a would make the ears of them who heard of it t tingle, and set the hearts of all boys wherev the English tongue is spoken, aflame; while th partners were doubtful and despondent; while th cousins daily became as uncertain over the ever as the English public once were over the identi of a certain claimant—Miss Nethersole, this tim an Instrument without knowing it, voluntari communicated the very fact which they were a anxious to find.

We have seen how this lady, her enemy b ing dead, and her lawyer stubbornly refusing ask for the indictment of a dead man, betoo herself to her country villa, and sat down to e joy comfortably the settled gloom which m arise in woman's heart equally from love, disa pointment, or the baffling of revenge. The fo geries were put away with her plate in a bo which for greater safety she kept screwed to t floor under her own bed. And for a time s submitted herself to the inevitable, and tried be resigned under the Ruling which had torn h enemy from her grasp.

You can not, to be sure, execute any reven upon a dead man which shall have the true fl vor about it. You may—as many great mo archs, *gourmets* in revenge, have done—hang the limbs cut into neat joints upon gibbets, stick them on pikes, or paint them beautifu with tar, and then sling them up with chains a gibbet to dangle in the wind; and yet, after a nothing satisfies. You may gaze with pleasu on the gallows-tree, but there is always the u easy feeling that the man himself, who has join the majority, may be laughing at you all t

while. Miss Nethersole would perhaps have liked, could she be persuaded that it was a Christian thing, to have decorated Temple Bar with Anthony Hamblin in bits. I mean that her bitterness was so savage, so deeply rooted, that she would have caught at any chance of satisfying the hunger of her soul. She was a woman who, on this subject, was raging. This man had robbed her of her sister, and of her money. Worse than that, he had robbed her of her heart. She was no older than he. When he came to Newbury she was still young, two-and-thirty or so; he was handsome; he was gentle in his manner, courteous, and attentive; she had not had many opportunities of meeting such a gallant gentleman, this daughter of a successful nonconformist tradesman: she mistook his politeness for something more real; and because he was deferent and courteous, she thought he was in love. She was not hard-featured in those days, nor hard-minded; the honey in her nature still predominated over the vinegar; and although her oval face was rather thin, and her chin a little pointed, she was not yet without womanly charms. It was not absurd for her to suppose that she might be loved by man—when is it so late as to be absurd? She was deceived in the most cruel way, she said. The man began by making love to her, and then came and asked for her sister—this chit of eighteen, more than a dozen years younger than himself. That wrong, though she did not say so, was harder to forgive than the other two. Money she might be robbed of; she might even lose her sister, and yet in time get over both those losses. But the contempt of herself, the quiet way in which the man, when he at length comprehended her interpretation of his suit, put it aside courteously, and yet as if it were absurd—these were things which could never be forgotten.

Twenty years ago? Why, the whole scene was as fresh in her mind as if it had been yesterday. Twenty years ago? Why, it seemed not a week since; when the man left her, she locked the door, and gave way to that fit of despairing wrath and sorrow which had been ever afterward the great sin of her life to look back upon, and yet it was not repented.

Seeing, therefore, the manifest impossibility of getting any pleasantness out of revenge upon a dead man, Miss Nethersole at first collapsed altogether: nor was it till many weeks afterward that a thought came to her which went straight to her very heart and remained there, growing daily stronger, and taking every day more definite shape. Why, she thought, should she lose the money she had paid on the forged receipts? There were six of them. Their dates were twenty, nineteen, down to fifteen years old. Each one was worth, at compound interest, more than double the amount it represented. Say only double. There was a sum of two thousand pounds, at least, waiting for her. She had only to ask it. That meant an increase to her income of eighty pounds a year. Surely it would be a flying in the face of Providence, and a despising of gifts, were that sum suffered to be lost or thrown into the capacious coffers of the Hamblins.

And then, by going to the office of the firm, by merely claiming it, she would be able to inform the family of the deceased forger, what manner of man the head of the House had been.

"It is a Christian duty," she said, persuading herself.

Perhaps it was; but it took her several weeks before she could resolve on actually carrying the project into execution. Finally, she arrived at the desired pitch of resolution, and came up to town by herself, bringing her precious *pièces de conviction* with her.

She consulted her solicitor, but more as a matter of form, because she expected little of a low-spirited caitiff who had refused to ask the magistrates for a warrant because the criminal was dead. She was right. He behaved in the meanest manner possible; there was nothing vigorous about the man. After all, as she found afterward, he was only a member of the Establishment. What could be expected from a hanger-on to that dry branch?

"The man is dead," said this creature of compromises. "You can have no revenge out of him. You can not even prove after this lapse of time that the papers are written by him. Even if the first part, the form of receipt, was written by him, you can not prove that the signature is his. To me the signature looks genuine. The money was paid over the counter. Who is to say, after fourteen years, who received it? All the good you will get, Miss Nethersole, by proceeding in this ungrateful and thankless business will be the character of a vindictive woman."

"What does that matter," she replied, "provided I can show him to the world as he was?"

She looked thinner, harder, more determined than ever. The death of the enemy, the solicitor thought, had only intensified her desire for revenge.

"Just so," said the man of law. "But suppose you only succeed in showing him to the world as the world has always accepted him, and in showing yourself as a revengeful person endeavoring by every means, fair or foul, to compass the disgrace of an honorable name?"

She closed her thin lips more tightly together.

"I am vindictive," she said; "I am revenge-

ful, because I wish to vindicate the memory of my sister—"

"By blackening the memory of her husband. Pardon me, Miss Nethersole; but I am unable to enter into those curious subtilties, by which you distinguish the duty of a Christian from that of the avenger of a blood-feud. I can not act for you in this matter. I must, I fear, request you to find another solicitor. I wish you a good morning."

Miss Nethersole closed her black bag with a snap and went away. But she was not vanquished. A woman who has lived and acted herself for thirty years is not to be moved out of her course by the disapproval of a solicitor.

What did she want with a solicitor? She could very well act alone; she knew what she had to do, and she could do it, she thought, better without a lawyer's aid than with one. Acting alone, too, she could act quickly.

She was staying at the Queen's Hotel, St. Martin's le Grand, a central place well removed from the soul-destroying gayeties of the West, and within access of several faithful chapels. She returned to the room, sat down for a while to collect her thoughts, and presently, after a cup of tea, which brought back her courage, together with her vindictiveness, she made hard her upper lip, and set out for Great St. Simon Apostle. It was then five o'clock in the afternoon. The clerks were putting things together; the porters and servants were yawning, expectant of the close of day; the two partners, Augustus and William, were talking together in the room of the former, hats on and umbrellas in hand ready to go, when Miss Nethersole's card was brought in by a clerk in waiting.

"Miss Rachel Nethersole, Olivet Lodge," read Augustus. "Do you know her, Cousin William?"

The man of few words shook his head.

"Nor I.—Ask her, Jennings, what she wants, and whether to-morrow will do?—Another of the replies to our advertisements, I suppose, William, or perhaps a messenger from Mr. Bragge. That man means work, mind you."

Miss Nethersole sent up word that to-morrow would not do, and that if the partners refused to hear what she had to say to them confidentially, she would send up the purport of her message by word of mouth, a course which she advised them not to adopt.

"This is a very curious message," said Augustus. "It looks like threatening us, William. Is she a young woman, Jennings?"

"Oh, dear, sir, no! Not at all. She looks more than fifty. A lady dressed in black, with a black bag."

"Very odd," said Augustus, "extremely odd. Perhaps she is the sister of a young lady who disappeared thirty years ago, a mother—no—that can hardly be." Augustus glanced at the card.—"Show her up, Jennings. Perhaps she is only a person connected with schools, or guilds, or nunneries, or societies of some kind, in search of donations which she shall not get."

"Certainly not," said William the Silent.

She was not, however, connected with any begging enterprise whatever, as she quickly showed. She entered the room, looked round, and glared upon the partners in silence.

"Pray, madam," asked Augustus, "will you be kind enough to tell us how we can serve you?"

"You can not serve me."

"Then will you be kind enough to tell us what gives us the pleasure of seeing you here?"

"It is no pleasure at all, either for you or for me."

"Really! Then will you please tell us, at once, who you are?"

"I am your late cousin Anthony Hamblin's sister-in-law."

Both the partners started and gazed at her with curiosity.

"His sister-in-law? Then you must be—you must be the sister of his wife?" cried Augustus, considering rapidly the meaning of the relationship. "Permit us, my dear Miss Nethersole, to make your acquaintance, to shake hands with you. This is my partner and cousin, Mr. William Hamblin. Anthony's sister-in-law. Good Heavens! The very person, or next to the very person, whom we have been trying to find for so long. Are you really aware, madam, how much depends on the proof of this marriage? Really, this is—this is—this is providential. Pray, pray, Miss Nethersole, take a chair—pray sit down and let us converse! Most providential, I am sure."

She obeyed and sat down. But her eyes were not encouraging. They showed no inclination to respond to the friendly advances of her brother's cousins.

"I do not understand compliments. I come to—"

"We have been hunting everywhere," Augustus went on, "to find out whom Anthony married. *I* assure you, Miss Nethersole, we have spared no trouble. May I ask, did you come in answer to our advertisements, or did Mr. Bragge—"

"Neither," she replied surlily; "and as for marriage, he married my sister Dora."

"He married her sister Dora!" echoed Augustus; "he married Miss Dora Nethersole, Cousin William, of—of—of—what town, madam?"

"Of Newbury, in Wiltshire."

"Of Newbury, in Wiltshire," he repeated. "Of course, of Newbury, in Wiltshire—we are getting on famously. Why, Miss Nethersole, you have been of more use to us in five minutes than all our advertisements, and circulars, and secret-service people, in four months. Anthony Hamblin was married to Dora, Miss Dora Nethersole, of Newbury, in Wiltshire. Were you yourself present at the marriage, madam? But of course you were. No doubt you were a bridesmaid."

"Of course I was not. Mr. Hamblin preferred to elope with my sister. That was his idea of Christian wedlock. He carried her away with him. Naturally, I never saw her again."

"But you know that they were married? You have proof that they were married? You can tell us where they were married?

"Sir!" Her voice was more than severe. "Do I *know* that they were married? Know that they were *married?* You are speaking of my sister—my sister, sir."

"That is the reason why I say that you have, no doubt, proof of the marriage. You know where it took place, for instance."

"That is not what I came to speak about," she replied. "It is clear to me that your cousin Anthony Hamblin was even more wicked than I believed him to be. It seems now that he hid this marriage from you, his partners." She looked as if this additional proof of wickedness gratified her beyond measure.

"Pardon me," said Augustus, "he did tell us later on of his marriage; he informed us that your sister, his wife, was dead. He did not wish to speak of his wife, whose early death, doubtless, was too recent a sorrow, and we respected his silence. There is no wickedness there, so far as I can understand. You, of course, have no reason to conceal the fact of the marriage. Where did it take place?"

"I do not know," said Miss Nethersole simply.

"You do not know?" Both partners stared blankly. "You do not know?"

"I do not!" She pulled the strings of her black bag impatiently. "They eloped."

"Oh!" cried Augustus. "They eloped, did they?—Can you understand this, William?"

The taciturn partner shook his head. Anthony Hamblin elope! As well expect an archbishop to elope.

"They eloped," she went on, "and my sister wrote next day to say that she was married. It was not my business to ask where or when. She had left me, and was no more my sister."

"Where did she write from?"

"From a place called Lulworth, in Dorsetshire."

Augustus Hamblin made a note of the place, and waited for more information.

"As for the reasons why Anthony Hamblin concealed his marriage," Miss Nethersole went on, "I think I can find you at least six. They are here."

She opened her bag, and drew forth a little bundle of papers, carefully tied up.

From the bundle she extracted half a dozen documents, all written on half sheets of notepaper, and on one side. She selected one and handed it across the table to Augustus.

"Have the goodness to read that," she said.

Augustus read:

"Received, this day, January the first, 18—, of Messrs. Child and Company, the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds sterling.

"£150 0*s.* 0*d.*

"DORA HAMBLIN."

The signature, in a sloping Italian hand, ran across a receipt-stamp.

"Very well," said Augustus, returning the paper, "there is nothing remarkable about a stamped and signed receipt."

"Read the next," she said.

It was the same as the first, but dated a year later.

She gave him a third, a fourth, and up to an eighth. Augustus read them all, handed them to his cousin, who also read them, and gave them back to Miss Nethersole.

"You looked at the dates?" she asked, with a wintry smile. The moment of her triumph, such as it was, was about to begin.

"We did."

"I paid that hundred and fifty pounds to my sister for eight long years," she said. "It was my allowance to her. Her husband starved her, while he took the allowance."

"Anthony Hamblin starved his wife?"

"He neglected her, and starved her. He was a murderer, because she died of his neglect."

"Good Heavens!" cried Augustus, "do you know what you are saying?"

"He was more than a murderer, because, while my sister died less than two years after her marriage, these drafts were drawn by him, and the signatures forged, for six years later."

"Let me look at them again," said Augustus, with troubled face.

She handed them across the table, but one by one. They were all in the same handwriting, except the signature. After examining them once more, with greater care, Augustus rose and opened his private safe; from this he extracted a book, full of letters and papers pasted in, and

carefully indexed. He turned over the leaves, found what he wanted, and laid it before his partner, and one of Miss Nethersole's receipts beside it, without saying a word.

William looked, compared, nodded.

Augustus returned the receipt.

"Thank you, Miss Nethersole," he said; "we are satisfied that your statement is correct. The papers are forged."

"Anthony Hamblin was the forger."

"Pardon me; that is quite another affair. How are you going to prove that?"

"How am I going to prove that?" She sat bolt upright and stared him full in the face. "Did I not pay the money?"

"Doubtless it was paid for you—but *who received it?*"

"Who should, except Anthony Hamblin himself?"

"But you forget, or perhaps you do not know, that Anthony Hamblin at that time was in the enjoyment of at least twenty thousand pounds a year."

Rachel Nethersole was staggered.

"Twenty thousand pounds a year? and he refused my sister more than two pounds a week! And when I saw him last, and taxed him with the crime, he did not deny it. I went to Clapham on purpose to see him; it was the day before he was drowned. I showed him these papers. I informed him that my purpose was to prosecute him criminally. He did not, he could not, deny his guilt; he had not the impudence to deny it, though he tried to brazen it out."

"He did not deny it?"

"No; on the contrary, he implored me to pause. He said that consequences, of which I knew nothing, but which I should regret all my life, would follow if I persevered. I left him unrepentant, yet troubled. In this awful attitude of convicted guilt he was called away the next day."

"This is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard," said Augustus. "We do not disbelieve you, Miss Nethersole, but we are convinced that you are mistaken. Anthony Hamblin could not have acknowledged his guilt."

"He did not say, in so many words, 'I did forge those signatures,' it is true," said Miss Nethersole; "but he acknowledged that he had done it by implication. What did he mean by saying that I did not understand the consequences which would follow?"

"I do not know," said Augustus. "Come, Miss Nethersole, you have clearly been defrauded of this money. It matters nothing now whether this dead man did the thing or not. We feel certain that he did not. You will keep your own conclusions."

"Certainly: that the forger was Anthony Hamblin." She nodded, and set her thin lips firm.

"As you please. I think my partner agrees with me that we ought to buy back these receipts."

"At compound interest," said the lady.

"At compound interest. We are ready to buy them of you to prevent a scandal. We can not allow our late partner and cousin to be accused or suspected of such a crime. Besides, there are others to consider. We will buy these papers of you, Miss Nethersole."

"Thank you," she said. "Of course the money will be useful to me. It is a large sum to lose. At the same time, if I give up the papers, I give up the proofs of that man's abominable perfidy and wickedness."

"Not at all," Augustus replied. "These papers are not proofs at all. You would find it as impossible to prove that it was he who drew the money as that it was he who forged the signatures."

She was silent, but not convinced. She rose and put the papers back into her bag.

"I will not sell them, then," she said. "I will keep them. You would not want to buy them unless it was to screen your late partner. You are deceiving me; I shall keep them. And I shall bide my time."

"We are not deceiving you, Miss Nethersole. Remember, however, that our offer is always open. We will buy the papers whenever you please to sell them."

"Then I will go," she said, "as I came. At least, you know the truth."

"One moment," said Augustus. "We may wish to correspond with you. Your address is on this card—Olivet Lodge, Newbury. That will always find you? Thank you. It occurs to me—perhaps a foolish doubt—that, while you were not informed of your sister's place of marriage you were wrongly informed of her death."

"No," said Miss Nethersole. "There, at least, I am on firm ground. Because I have seen her grave. She is buried in Bournemouth cemetery. At her head is a cross with her initials 'D. H.,' and the date of her escape from the tyranny and neglect of a SEDUCER, a LIAR, FORGER, and a THIEF!"

She shook all over with the vehemence of her wrath. Then she gathered up her bag and her umbrella, laid over her arm the black shawl which completed her costume, and which she always carried as if she were a waiter and the shawl a napkin, and went away without a word of adieu, slamming the door after her.

"What a woman!" cried Augustus, with

sigh of relief.—"And now, William, what are we to make of it?"

"No doubt about the handwriting," said William.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW ALISON REMEMBERED A MANUSCRIPT.

RACHEL NETHERSOLE was gone, and the partners, left alone, held long and serious counsel. It seemed best, on the whole, to send for Gilbert Yorke and tell him everything, except one thing, which the cousins kept to themselves, the secret of the handwriting. Mr. Theodore Bragge was busy "following up a clew" of his own. In fact, he was at the moment exchanging ideas on current politics with a friend in a Fleet Street tavern. Alderney Codd, the most diligent of workers, was hunting down strange Hamblins, no relations at all, into queer dens and cribs, where they generally assailed him with demands of *backsheesh*. Gilbert Yorke was the most trustworthy agent, and they sent for him and told him all that they had learned from Miss Nethersole.

"What we have actually learned," said Augustus, "is the name of Anthony's wife, the statement made by her of an actual marriage, the place where she lived, and the place and date of her death. It will be your duty to visit these places, to find out anything that can be learned further, and if possible to ascertain the place of marriage, whether under a false name or not. Should you like Alderney Codd to go with you, or instead of you?"

The young man blushed ingenuously. Should he surrender to Alderney Codd any portion of the glory and pride of recovering Alison's name?

"There is another thing. Miss Nethersole does not seem to know that there was any issue of the marriage. You may call upon her, after your investigations, and tell her of the child, of Alison. You will find her bitter against the memory of Anthony, and she will show you some receipts.—I think that Yorke should know about the receipts?" He turned to his partner, who nodded.—"She gave her sister a sum of a hundred and fifty pounds a year; the sister died two years after marriage; the money was drawn for eight years."

"But not by Mr. Hamblin."

"Certainly not," Augustus replied with decision—"certainly not. The receipts are forgeries, but the forging is not his; of that you may, if you please—but use your own judgment in the matter—assure Miss Nethersole."

"I may tell Alison?"

Augustus Hamblin hesitated.

"Use your own judgment there as well," he said at length; "but she is to tell no one, not even Mrs. Cridland."

This permission granted, Gilbert hastened to Clapham Common with his news. Here, indeed, was a clew. Let Mr. Theodore Bragge follow up his clews; let Alderney Codd run down one Hamblin after another; he had the name of the wife; he knew where she was buried. Alison's mother was found.

He found her in the garden among the flowers. It was a quiet morning in very early June. The lilacs and laburnums were still in full blossom; the earlier and old-fashioned flowers—the wallflowers, London pride, polyanthus, columbine—were in their first pride and glory; the turf was crisp and fresh. The garden was quiet, young Nick having not yet returned from school. Not far off a man was sharpening something on a wheel, and the monotonous sound made one think of the roadside and the country. Overhead larks sang; in the trees there was a blackbird, a thrush, and a chiff-chaff, besides all sorts of other songsters—a whole choir of songsters, as Addison would have called them.

"You here, and so early, Gilbert?" Alison cried, as her lover sprang across the lawn to greet her.

"Yes, Alison; I have news for you—good news, my dear—the best news—the news you have long wanted to hear."

"Gilbert!"—she clutched his arm with her two hands; her cheek was very pale, but her lips were firm—"you know what I want most. Is it—is it *that?*"

"It is, Alison. Courage, dear; we have but one step to take, and all will be cleared up. Meantime, we are certain—mind, we are certain—for we have found your mother."

"My mother," she murmured, with a strange smile; "what does not that mean to most girls? But to me it means more—for it means my father, too."

"We know," said Gilbert, "that he was married; we have his wife's statement to that effect, the day after they eloped. Yes—one reason why your father wished to keep the marriage secret was, I suppose, because it was a runaway marriage; and why it was runaway I can not tell you. I am going to-day to visit your mother's grave."

"My mother's grave," she repeated, her dark eyes filling with tears; "where is it, Gilbert? Surely I may go along with you."

Why should she not? But it was at Bournemouth.

"Mrs. Duncombe will come with me," Alison went on. "I can be ready in half an hour. Let me go with you, Gilbert."

Her preparations took her less than half an hour, and they had time to talk before they started for the train.

"Are you happier, dear Alison?" asked Gilbert.

"Yes," she said; "at least I feel as if I am going to be happier. My faith has been sorely tried, at times, Gilbert. The sky has been dark, indeed. I have had sometimes to school myself not to think of him as dishonored, and yet I have never been able to think of him as dead. It always seems as if one day—some day—the old familiar step will be heard in the hall, and I shall be in his arms again." Her eyes filled again with the tears that were now so ready to spring.

"And you know, Alison, what this discovery means to me?"

"Hush, Gilbert! I know," she said, with her sweet, grave way. "I know, but I must not think of those things now. I have to restore my father's name, to show my cousins, those who would persuade me to make a compromise, that he was no hypocrite, skulking behind a fair reputation. That is what I must think about for the present—that, and the memory of my unknown mother."

"She is known now," said Gilbert. "Your mother is known; you shall stand beside her grave; you shall see her sister."

"Who is her sister?" asked Alison, with sudden interest. A dead mother whom she could not remember was like some pale and sorrowful shade of the past, to be contemplated with pity, but yet without suffering; but a mother's sister—that was tangible; that was something to bring home to her the reality of a mother. Perhaps, as she was now, so her mother might have been, in the old time. "Who is her sister?" she asked.

"Her name is Miss Rachel Nethersole," said he. "What is the matter, Alison?"

For the girl started to her feet with a cry.

"Rachel Nethersole!" she repeated, "Olivet Lodge? She is the lady who called the night before—it happened—while we were all singing. Do you remember, Gilbert? Ah! no. You would not have noticed it. They brought a card to him, which he dropped when he went out to see her. I picked it up, and gave it to him afterward. Her visit troubled him. He said she revived old and painful memories—they must have been those of his married life and early loss. No wonder he was sad next morning, and strange in his manner."

"Only the night before?" asked Gilbert. "And she has never been here since?"

"Never; but I remember—O Gilbert, how foolish I have been!—that when my father went away he left a manuscript on the table, which she had given him. I took it, and laid it in my own desk, and I forgot all about it till this moment. Wait! it may tell us all that we want to know."

She ran up stairs, and opened her desk, which was full of the little things accumulated by the girl in her progress through life: photographs of her friends, mementos of the places she had visited, the elementary jewels of her childhood, the silver crosses and little golden lockets given her by her father. Lying on the top of all these things there was the manuscript. As she took it out, her finger caught in a string, and drew out with the paper a little red coral necklace. It was the one thing which connected her with babyhood, the one ornament which Mrs. Duncombe had found upon her neck when Mr. Hamblin brought her, a child of two years old, to Brighton. The necklace, too, was old, and some of the beads were broken. It could not have been bought for her, a baby. She carried down stairs both manuscript and coral.

"Here is the manuscript," she said. "It is marked 'Private,' but you may read it. And see—here is the one thing which I have received from my mother. You may take it, to show my aunt—Miss Nethersole."

Gilbert took both and placed them in his pocket.

"If these are secrets," he said, "they shall be safely kept by me. There can be nothing of which your father has cause to be ashamed."

He spoke stoutly, but he had misgivings. What was the meaning of this sudden melancholy, caused by a simple visit from his dead wife's sister? And what were the contents of the paper headed "Private and confidential"?

Whatever they were, he put them away for the present. They could wait. Meanwhile he was going to travel with Alison; to sit beside her for three short hours, to see her for the first time since the day of disaster bright and animated, to find great joy for himself, in the fact that it was himself who had been the messenger of glad tidings. Gilbert was only five-and-twenty or so, he was in love, and since the fatal 4th of January, there had been no passages of love possible, only protestations on the maiden's part that, unless she could bring her lover an unsullied name, she would never come to him at all. These protestations did not present love in its most cheerful and most favorable aspect.

Mrs. Duncombe was good enough to drop off into a comfortable and easy sleep in her own corner. She was a lady who "did" with a good deal of sleep; the rumble of the carriage soothed her; and there was a young man with her young lady to take good care of her.

He did; he took such good care of her that

he held her by the hand the whole way; he never lost sight of her face for a moment, and he had so much to say that long before he came to the end of his confidences the train had left Southampton far behind, and was running through the green glades of the New Forest; past the hoary oaks and stretches of coarse grass where the ponies find a rude and rough pasture; past rural stations planted lonely among the coppice; past the wild hills and barren heaths of Ringwood; past the stately minster of Christ Church, and gliding softly into the station of Bournemouth.

"It has been such a short journey!" said Gilbert, sighing.

Alison laughed happily. It was delicious to hear her laugh again; her spirits had come back to her: away from the old house, so full of sad associations, so troubled with fears, it was possible to remember that one was young, that there was still sunshine in the world, and that one had a lover. Moreover, the cloud which had so long hung over her soul had lifted; her self-abasement and shame were gone, because she had found her mother, even though she found her dead.

She waited at the hotel while Gilbert went to make search for the first thing, the grave of Dora Hamblin. Presently, he came back with a grave, set face, very different from that with which he had looked in her eyes all the way from Waterloo Station.

"I have found it, Alison," he said. "Come, a surprise awaits you!"

She walked with him, trembling. What was the surprise?

Of all seaside cities, watering-places, retreats, hospitals, convalescent-houses, or bathing-places, Bournemouth is the most remarkable. There was once a forest of pines. Somebody made a clearing and built a house, just as if he was in Canada. Then another man made another clearing and built another house, and so on. The pines stand still between the houses, along the roads, in the gardens, on the hills, and round the town. The air is heavy with the breath of the pine. The sea is nothing; you are on the seashore, but there is no fierce sea-breeze, no curling line of waves, no dash of foam and spray. The waters creep lazily along the beach, and on the pier the fragrance of the pines crushes out the smell of the salt sea.

When the settlements were cleared, and the houses built, and rows of shops run up, there arose a great unknown genius who said: "We have slopes, streams, and woods; we have a town planted in a forest by the seaside; let us make a garden in our midst." And they did so; a garden of Eden. Hither come, when the rest of the world is still battling with the east wind and frost, hollow-cheeked young men and drooping maidens to look for the tree of life in that garden, and to breathe those airs. They do not find that tree, but the air revives them for a while, and they linger on a little longer, and have time to lie in the sunshine and see the flowers come again before they die. This is the city of Youth and Death. Every house amid these pines is sacred to the memory of some long agony, some bitter wrench of parting, some ruthless trampling down of hope and joy. From every house has been poured the gloomy pageant of death, with mourners who followed the bier of the widow's only son, the father's cherished daughter.

Then that great genius who laid out the garden said: "They come here to die: let us make death beautiful." And they did so. They built a church upon a hill; they left the pines to stand as cypresses; they ran winding walks and planted flowering shrubs; they put up marble crosses on the graves of the youthful dead; they brought flowers of every season, and all sorts of trees which are sweet and graceful to look upon; they refused to have any rude and vulgar monuments; they would have nothing but white-marble crosses. Some stand in rows all together on an open slope, bounded and sheltered by the whispering pines with saffron-colored cones; some stand each in its own little oblong, surrounded by plants and trees, shaded and guarded for ever. They bear the names of those who lie beneath; they are all of young men and girls: one is twenty-four, one is eighteen, one is twenty. Here and there you find an old man who has stumbled into the graveyard by accident. It jars upon the sense of right; it is a disgrace for him to have lived till seventy; he ought not to be here; he should have been carried five miles away, to the acre where the venerable pile of Christ Church guards the heaped-up dust of thirty generations, and the river runs swiftly below; but not here, not among the weeping girls and sad-faced boys. Let them all rise together, at the end, this army of young martyrs, with never an old man among them, to find with joyful eyes a fuller life than that from which they were so soon snatched away.

Thither Gilbert brought Alison. He said nothing, for, in truth, his own heart was filled with the sadness and beauty of the place. He led her up the slope to the most retired part of the churchyard, where the graves, those of twenty years back, were not so close together, and where each had its generous space, with amplitude of breadth, such as is accorded to abbots and bishops in cathedrals. Quite at the farthest boundary, where the pines are the thickest, surrounded, too, by silver beeches, stripling oaks, and rhododendrons, stood the cross they came to

see; and behind it were the flowers of summer, tended and cared for as if the poor young mother had never been forgotten by her child. There were only the initials "D. H.," with the date of her death and her age.

Alison sank at the foot of the grave, and Gilbert left her there.

It was a solemn moment, the most solemn in her life. To kneel beside that grave was in itself an act of thanksgiving and gratitude. For in it lay not only her mother, but the honor of her father. She thought of him more than of the mother whom she had never seen. Her tears fell for him more than for the young life cut off so early. Was there ever a father so kind, so thoughtful, so untiring in generous and self-denying actions? Was there ever one so entirely to be loved by a daughter? And for four months she had been bearing about with her the bitter thought that perhaps this man—this good, religious, and Christian man—was what she never dared to put to herself in words.

(*To be continued.*)

"But that was all over now," she said. "No one henceforth would dare to whisper a word against his sacred memory."

And then she sat and tried to realize that, like other girls, she could now speak and think of her own mother lying dead at her feet.

Presently she returned to the hotel, and they passed a quiet, silent evening, walking on the seashore, or the pier, while the summer sun went down in splendor, and in the opal breadths of twilight sky they saw the silver curve of the new moon.

It was no time for love. Alison talked in whispers of her mother; what she was like; why her father had kept silence about her. Gilbert listened. The place was very quiet; in June most of the people have left Bournemouth; they were alone on the pier; there was a weight upon both their hearts, and yet the heart of one, at least, was full of gratitude and joy. But needs must that he who stays in the City of Death feels the solemn presence of Azrael.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

IN Professor Max Müller's "Lectures on the Science of Religion," * the best part of the book is its title. This suggests that religion may be treated scientifically, after the same method of induction and classification which has been applied so successfully to the study of language, and which is in use in the physical sciences. Indeed, Müller would associate comparative theology with comparative philology not only in method, but also in material. He finds "the outward framework of the incipient religions of antiquity" in a few words—such as names of the Deity, and in certain spiritual and technical terms—which were substantially the same among all earlier peoples. "If we look at this simple manifestation of religion, we see at once why religion, during those early ages of which we are here speaking, may really and truly be called a sacred dialect of human speech; how, at all events, early religion and early language are most intimately connected, religion depending entirely for its outward expression on the more or less adequate resources of language." † But while finding in words the key to religions, Müller furnishes no terms by which to define or describe religion. His nearest approach to this is a formula which would cause physicists peremptorily to reject religion from the category of science. "As there is a faculty of speech, independent of all the historical forms of language, so there is a faculty of faith in man independent of all historical religions; . . . that faculty which, independent of, nay, *in spite of sense and reason* (!), enables man to apprehend the Infinite under different names, and under varying disguises. . . . In German we can distinguish that third faculty by the name of *Vernunft*, as opposed to *Verstand*, reason, and *Sinne*, sense. In English I know no better name for it than the faculty of faith, though it will have to be guarded by careful definition, in order to confine it to those objects only which can not be supplied either by the evidence of the senses or by the evidence of reason. No simply historical fact can ever fall under the cognizance of faith." *

The phrase we have italicized above would bar the claim of religion to a place among the sciences; for though the physical sciences themselves employ faith as a prelude and guide to discovery, science could never admit an hypothetical belief "in spite of sense and reason." And, on the other hand, the Christian faith does

* "Introduction to the Science of Religion." Four Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. By F. Max Müller, M. A. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

† Ibid., p. 153.

* "Introduction to the Science of Religion," pp. 16, 17.

rest throughout upon the "simply historical facts" that Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, was crucified under Pontius Pilate, was buried, and rose from the dead.

By the "science of religion" Müller intends what is better styled "comparative theology." Now, to theology, as the logical statement and systematic arrangement of the facts and doctrines within its province, the title of a science is commonly conceded; and the comparison of different systems of religious belief and worship, by discovering resemblances in conceptions, in terms, and in usages and forms, and by classifying these systematically under general principles, may create a science—say, if there be not a contradiction in the terms—the science of beliefs. Since the faculty of believing, equally with the faculty of knowing, is a native quality of the human mind, not only must this faculty itself fall within the categories of psychology, but the objects of belief must be capable of being reduced to some form of logical statement and classification. But theology and comparative theology are themselves but outward forms or expressions of the religious idea or sentiment. In religion we have to do with a conception, a feeling, a state of mind, which is common to mankind; and the essence of religion lies at the back of all forms of theology and of worship. What, then, is this universal phenomenon of the human spirit?—this which experience and history testify, through all migrations and mixtures of races, through all fluctuations of social and political institutions, through all systems of philosophy and theology, and through all developments of science and art, is the one transmigratory soul, for ever inspiring human thought, for ever influencing human life?

It is said of Comte that, toward the close of life, he openly confessed that "the human mind could not rest satisfied (*ne peut se passer*) without a belief in independent wills which interfere in the events of the world." Of this concession Comte's biographer says: "Never was there an avowal more fatal to the positive philosophy. If this be true, the human mind is necessarily *theologic*, and it would be as great a folly to contend against that necessity as against all other necessities, physical or organic."* This fatal concession of Comte Littré imputes to the weakness induced by excess of work, "a serious nervous disease," which caused the author of the "Philosophie Positive" to relapse into the subjective method and its theological tendencies. But the influences under which the great positivist admitted the universal necessity of a religious faith are of minor importance; what here concerns us is that the thing itself is true; that the human mind is "*necessarily* theologic";* that a something within us impels us to religion; that metaphysical analysis lands us at last in the absolute; that the induction of physical facts and the unification of the laws of the universe, through the correlation of forces, leads us to the conception of a supreme cause or power; and that the study of mankind under all conditions forces us to conclude with Spencer, that "religion, everywhere present as a weft running through the warp of human history, expresses some eternal fact."† That *fact* is the aim of our inquiry.

Religious questions shift their ground, change their form, vary in interest and importance, according to the temper of the times, the schools of thought, the bent of leaders in church or in state, in politics or in philosophy. The theological, the ecclesiastical, the speculative, the practical phases of religion are by turns predominant or antagonistic. Many a dogma and theory has been exploded, many a form set aside, many a practice abandoned, in the endeavor after that union of knowledge and freedom, of reason and will with faith, which is the ideal of a philosophical religion. But while religious questions have been thus relative and fluctuating, *the question of religion* has suffered no abatement in its moment to the individual man and to the well-being of mankind.

Whether with Lecky we regard religion as "modes of emotion," in distinction from theology, which consists of "intellectual propositions";‡ or, with Kant, hold that "religion, subjectively considered, is the recognition of all our duties as divine commands";§ whether, with Comte, we "refer the obligations of duty, as well as all sentiments of devotion, to a concrete object, at once ideal and real—the human race conceived as one great being";‖ or, with Herbert Spencer, we find the root of religion in "the mystery of an inscrutable Power in the universe";¶ whether, with Mill, we rest in a dry formula of "the infinite nature of duty";** or share with Schleiermacher "the immediate feeling of the dependence of

* "Auguste Comte et la Philosophie Positive." Par E. Littré, p. 578. Troisième partie, chapter vi.

* The late Professor Trendelenburg, of Berlin, once said to the writer, "I believe in logic as strongly as did Hegel, but I believe also in *theo*-logic."

† Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," p. 20, chapter i., "Religion and Science."

‡ "Rationalism in Europe," vol. i., p. 356.

§ "Der philosophischen Religionslehre," viertes Stück, erster Theil.

‖ "The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte," p. 121. By John Stuart Mill. With Comte *le grande être* is always *l'humanité*.

¶ "First Principles," chapter ii., "Ultimate Religious Ideas."

** John Stuart Mill, "Essay on Comte"

man upon God";*—under all modes of statement, of expression, and even of negation, behind all objects of adoration, personal and impersonal, humanity, nature, God, there lies the reality of religion—an inalienable, indestructible, irrepressible *something* in the constitution of man, testified to by the finer instincts of the soul, by its sense of duty, its aspirations after virtue, its yearnings toward the invisible, and confirmed by man's experiences of nature and by the course of human history. It is this something in man that we are seeking to analyze and define: What is Religion? This question is broader than any question of natural science or of theology; broader than the question of adjusting theology with natural science; broader than the stream of human history, with all the collective interests of society, government, letters, art; broader than the measure of the earth and of the peoples that inhabit it; more vital and imperative than any question of reform in church or in state, or of progress in knowledge and in society; it is the question of every race and of every time, from the savage with his fetich to the Platonist with his ideas, and the positivist with his laws; a question new to each man and binding upon every man—the question of his own being,† its origin, its relations, its obligations, its possibilities, its destiny: "What can I *know?* What *ought* I to do? What may I *hope*"?‡

As in defining science we should be careful to eliminate from the definition all theoretical prepossession—all that the Germans style *Tendenz*—so, in seeking to define religion, we should divest ourselves of every theological bias, and in the very spirit of science search for the primary facts in this phenomenon of human consciousness. We should especially guard against a devout tendency to forestall the inquiry by assuming that this or that religion is the true religion; and should accept only that as truth which gives the *reality of things.* In every sphere of investigation truth is the sole demand of an honest mind; in physical science, the facts of Nature and the true explication of her phenomena; in the science of mind, the facts of consciousness, the laws of a true psychology, and also what logic may determine to be true in the region of ultimate ideas and of the absolute; in the sphere of ethics, the true ground of virtue, the true science of rights, and the ultimate source of moral obligation; in history, not only truth in the record of events, but the true philosophy of human society; in theology, truth as seen in nature, felt in consciousness, or revealed by God. It is truth that Helmholtz is in quest of in his laboratory and Darwin in his cabinet; it is truth that Lepsius would decipher from the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and Broca from the remains of prehistoric man; it is truth that Sir William Hamilton and his critic Mill have sought with equal honesty in the study of the human intellect and of the unconditioned; it is truth that Huxley seeks in the hints of biology and Spencer in ultimate ideas; from Plato to Schleiermacher, his translator and expounder, truth has been the ideal in the world of thought; from Aristotle to Humboldt, his royal successor in the priesthood of nature, truth has been the objective in the world of fact; above all sects in Christianity, above all schools in theology, truth is confessed as the standard and authority. Truth is the pole of every explorer, around which he hopes to find an open sea, and either safe anchorage or a sure outlet into the infinite. And what if science at last shall discover that the star that must guide to that pole is religion, which there sits enthroned above all night, unchanged by all the revolutions of the world? What, then, is this constant fact of human experience? In the name of truth we ask, *What is Religion?*

It should be easy to define a term which the Romanic and Teutonic peoples have alike appropriated from the Latin for the same thing; or to describe the thing itself, which exists almost universally in the experiences and usages of mankind. Yet the conception of religion varies according as the term is taken etymologically, popularly, or scientifically. Cicero has given the etymology of the word *religio* with a precision that has the air of authority:

> They who diligently and repeatedly review, and as it were rehearse again and again everything that pertains to the worship of the gods, are called religious, from *religendo* [going over again in reading or in thought]; as the elegant from *eligendo* [choosing with care, picking out]; the diligent from *diligendo* [attending carefully to what we value]; the intelligent from *intelligendo* [understanding persons and

* "Reden über die Religion." In the same discourse Schleiermacher says: "Religion is neither a special mode of thought nor a special mode of deportment; it is neither knowledge nor action; it is *feeling*."

† John Stuart Mill says in his autobiography, "I was brought up from the first without any religious belief, in the ordinary acceptation of the term." Yet we find Mill feeling his way toward "an ideal conception of a perfect Being," as the guide of conscience; we find him arguing "the beneficial effect" of a hope in God and in immortality, in that "it makes life and human nature a far greater thing to the feelings"; and at last rendering a sublime homage to the character and teachings of Christ. Then, with a pathetic weakness, which in a Bushman he would have smiled at as superstition, this great philosopher, after the death of his wife, records: "In order to feel her still near me, I bought a cottage as close as possible to the place where she is buried. . . . Her memory is to me a *religion*."

‡ Kant, "Kritik der reinen Vernunft": "Der Kanon der reinen Vernunft," zweiter Abschnitt.

things]. In all these words the derivation of meaning is analogous to the word religious.*

Lactantius,† however, derives *religio* from *religare*, to bind back or fast. This meaning is retained in the French *religieux*, which denotes a person who is bound by vows to a life of sanctity. Critics are pretty evenly divided between these two derivations. Under the first, religion is a voluntary act, either mental or outward, though inspired no doubt by a sense of obligation; under the second, religion is the sense of obligation, which finds expression in pious feelings and in acts of devotion. In Cicero's meaning, religion corresponds nearly to the German *Andacht*, "the careful pondering of divine things," ‡ which Kant so beautifully describes as "the tuning of the soul to a susceptibility to divinely given impressions." § But apart from his etymology of the word *religio*, Cicero uses the term in a gradation with "piety" and "sanctity," which requires for "religion" the sense of moral obligation:

Pietas is a sincere loyal disposition toward those with whom one stands in near relations—relatives, colleagues, superiors, and especially toward the gods as rulers and benefactors. *Sanctitas* is an irreproachable, faultless carriage toward the gods. But *religio* is the recognition of the obligation by which one feels himself bound. ‖

With the Greeks, religion, though perhaps more assiduously practiced than among the Romans, was less rigidly defined. Their θρησκεία was religious worship and usages rather than the essence of religion in spirit and motive; εὐσέβεια was the *pietas* of the Latins, reverence for parents, elders, superiors, authorities, gratitude toward benefactors, though Plato uses this term to describe a reverent devotion toward the gods, and bids us "exhort all men to piety, that we may avoid the evil and obtain the good." ¶ Mommsen goes so far as to say that "the Roman designation of faith, *religio*—that is to say, *that which binds*—was in word and in idea alike foreign to the Hellenes." ** Perhaps that "idealizing sense, which knew how to breathe a higher life even into inert stone," refused to be confined within the bonds of duty.

What religion was among the Greeks in respect of worship, beliefs, rites, and customs, it is easy to learn from their poets and philosophers, their temples and statues. The presence and agency of the gods were universally recognized in nature and in human affairs; through the Amphictyons, religious union became the basis of political confederation; behind the symbols of faith and the objects of worship lay an inner spiritual devotion to higher spiritual powers; above the circle of the gods was a supreme unifying principle, rule, or fate; man, as the head of the physical creation, was divinized, and the divinity was humanity idealized. The religion of the Greeks was anthropomorphic, even to reproducing the baser passions of men in the persons of the gods. But all this helps little toward a conception of religion in respect of ground or motive; and in the absence of an infallible hierarchy, a dogmatic revelation, and even of systematic treatises on theology, it is not possible to reduce to a simple definition the Greek conception of religion in itself. This is remarkable if one considers how early the Greek mind showed its bent toward synthesis and speculation; how the Greek poetry is pervaded with the presence of divinity, and Greek philosophy with the ethical sense; and with what a free and unclouded spirit the Greek religion contemplated the relations of the gods with men. Perhaps the very natural and human way in which the lives and doings of the gods were conceived of, and the childlike simplicity with which the gods were honored and served, rendered a definition of religion as difficult and as superfluous as a description of light and air. "The most godly man was he who cultivated in the most thorough manner his human powers, and the essential fulfillment of religious duty lay in this, that every man should do to the honor of the divinity what was most in harmony with his own nature." *

Then there was the δαίμων, or tutelary deity, a connecting link between gods and men, which might be a celestial attraction toward the good or a fatalistic impulse toward the evil, in either case modifying that freedom of choice which gives to actions their moral quality. And yet, by faith in his attending genius, how gradually did Socrates struggle after the pure and just, the beautiful and good! No reader of the "Phaedo" can fail to feel how deep and vital is the religious spirit that here endeavors to give a dialectic form to the conceptions of God, the soul, right, duty, immortality; and yet the highest morality and the high-

* "Qui autem omnia, quæ ad cultum deorum pertinerent, diligenter retractarant et tanquam relegerent, sunt dicti religiosi ex *religendo*, ut elegantes ex *eligendo*, itemque ex *diligendo* diligentes, ex *intelligendo* intelligentes. His enim in verbis omnibus inest vis legendi eadem quæ in religioso."—"De Natura Deorum," lib. ii., cap. 28.

† Lactant., iv., 28.

‡ See Andrew's Freund's Lexicon, art. *Religio*.

§ Kant, c. 353.

‖ Schömann, "De Natura Deorum," lib. i., cap. 2, 3. See also Cicero's own definitions, lib. i., cap. 41: "Est enim pietas *justitia adversum deos*: sanctitas autem est *scientia colendorum deorum*."

¶ "Symposium," 193.

** Mommsen's "History of Rome," book i., chapter xi. Dickson's translation.

* Zeller, "Die Philosophie der Griechen," erster Theil, vierte Auflage, Einleitung, p. 42.

est philosophy combined in the subject and the framer of this most perfect of the Platonic dialogues, have failed to direct us to the origin and nature of the faith which it fundamentally implies. For the mythology of Greece there is a rich vocabulary; for its religion, none.

Turning from the greatest sage of Greece to the older sage of China, we find in the dialogues or analects of Confucius a system of social and political ethics pervaded with the religious spirit, but which gives no distinct conception of the nature or the source of religion itself. Customs, ceremonies, proprieties, filial piety, the worship of the spirits of ancestors and of sages, as also of the spirits of the land and of places, these all are enjoined, though in a somewhat formal, perfunctory way, and with no express statement of the principle or the authority upon which their obligation rests. Virtue and righteousness in the outer life are prescribed with a sententious wisdom, but the ultimate law of righteousness, whether in nature, in reason, or in God, is nowhere clearly enunciated.

Admirable, indeed, were some of the rules given by Confucius for the conduct of life: "To subdue one's self and return to propriety is perfect virtue"; "Benevolence is to love *all* men"; "We should be true to the principles of our nature, and the benevolent exercise of them to others"; "Let the will be set on the path of duty"; "Let every attainment in what is good be firmly grasped"; "Let relaxation and enjoyment be found in the polite arts"; "Let every man consider virtue as what devolves on himself. He may not yield the performance of it even to his teacher"; "The man who, when gain is set before him, thinks of righteousness, who, with danger before him, is prepared to give up his life, and who does not forget an old agreement, however far back it extends, such a man may be reckoned a *complete* man"; "Virtue is more to man than either water or fire. I have seen men die from treading on water and fire, but I have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue." When, however, he was asked to define virtue, Confucius described it under certain manifestations, without pointing to its inward essence: "To be able to practice five things everywhere under heaven constitutes perfect virtue —to wit, gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness." Again, he seemed to resolve virtue back into obedience to knowledge:

> The ancients who wished to exemplify illustrious virtue throughout the empire, first ordered well their own states. Wishing to order well their states, they first regulated their families. Wishing to regulate their families, they first cultivated their persons. Wishing to cultivate their persons, they first rectified their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they first sought to be sincere in their thoughts. Wishing to be sincere in their thoughts, they first extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things.

It is a special honor of Confucius that he applied his teachings to the benefit of mankind at large, and had no esoteric doctrines: "The man of perfect virtue, wishing to be established himself, seeks also to establish others: wishing to be enlarged himself, he seeks also to enlarge others." And it is certain that this remarkable sage did anticipate the "Golden Rule" of Christianity, at least upon its negative side: "What I do not wish men to do to me, I also wish not to do to men." A favorite disciple asked, "Is there no one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" Confucius answered: "Is not *reciprocity* such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others." When, however, we seek for the ultimate principles upon which Confucius founded such lofty precepts of morality, we find a certain vagueness and reserve quite in contrast with the clearness and force of the precepts themselves. Though after his death Confucius was worshiped by his disciples with divine honors, and though he remains to this day a chief object of religious homage to the Chinese nation, he never claimed divinity, and hardly assumed a divine commission and warrant for his teachings. Once, when his life was threatened, he said: "Was not the cause of truth lodged here in me? If Heaven had wished to let this cause of truth perish, then I should not have got such a relation to that cause. While Heaven does not let the cause of truth perish, what can the people of K'wang do to me?" Yet he spoke of himself with humility as the compiler of the wisdom of the ancients and not an originator of wisdom or the author of a system.

That all which Confucius said and did was prompted by a religious sentiment is the impression one receives from an impartial reading of his works. "Man," said he, "has received his nature from *Heaven*. Conduct in accordance with that nature constitutes what is right and true—is a pursuing of the proper path. . . . The path may not for an instant be left. . . . There is nothing more visible than what is secret, and nothing more manifest than what is minute, and therefore the superior man is watchful over his *aloneness*." This seems to carry the distinction of right and wrong behind actions to the inmost thoughts and feelings, and to find in conscience "the eye of the mind" implanted by Heaven. It is held by some commentators on Confucius that he had no conception of a p

sonal God, but used the term Heaven impersonally, to denote the pantheistic principle in the universe; but Professor Legge,* whose careful translation and commentary we have followed in the foregoing citations, is of opinion that the term Heaven is fitly explained by "the lofty one who is on high." There seems to be internal evidence of this in the saying of Confucius, "He who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray." The idea of offense, of prayer, and of such alienation by offense that prayer can no longer avail, implies the recognition of a personal being, and the term Heaven is but a reverential veil for the name of God. Upon the whole, we may gather from Confucius that religion is an inner sense of rightness or fitness implanted in man by his Creator, and which prompts to reverence toward God and the spirits of sages and of ancestors, to virtue in the conduct of life, and to justice and kindness toward others.

Pursuing our analysis of the religious idea to a still more remote antiquity, we pass from China to India, from the preceptive philosophy of Confucius to the mythological poetry of the Vedas.† In Greece were divinities and a worship, but neither sacred books nor a hierarchy; in China, sacred books of morality, and a hierarchy of sages, but in the more ancient times, little of organized worship or of priestly functions; in India, however, as far back as we can trace her records, institutions, traditions, we find sacred writings, a sacred order,‡ and sacred observances, public and domestic: religion the very warp and woof of her literature and history. To a superficial view, the religion of the Vedas might seem a mass of fables worthy of the childhood of the race—the crude polytheism of primitive tribes. But in reality this was preëminently the religion of thought—the spiritual nature of man tasking itself with speculations upon the origin of things, and using this visible material universe to personify the spiritual and unseen. Behind the multifarious array of gods and goddesses, and the sensuous, sometimes grossly material, conceptions under which these are presented, there is a subtile spiritual essence which is "the ONE," supreme, infinite, eternal, absolute:

> There was then neither non-entity nor entity; here was no atmosphere, nor the sky which is above. . . . Death was not then, nor immortality; there was no distinction of day or night. That One breathed calmly, self-supported; there was nothing different from It [that One] or above It.*

This abstract, self-sustained essence is afterward described as Mind. "Desire first arose in It, which was the primal germ of mind; [and which] sages, searching with their intellect, discovered in their heart to be the bond which connects entity with non-entity."

All the attributes of this mysterious impersonal One are ascribed in different hymns to different divinities, which again are clothed with material forms, and are subject to the incidents and the passions of human life. Thus "Purusha himself is this *whole* [universe], whatever has been, and whatever shall be. He is also the lord of immortality. . . . This universe was formerly *soul* only, in the form of Purusha."† Yet Purusha was born, and was immolated in sacrifice. Again, "This entire [universe] has been created by Brahma." And yet "Brahma the eternal, unchanging, and undecaying, was produced from the ether."‡ These discrepancies are perhaps best harmonized by the supposition that each divinity who is invested with supreme attributes is but another expression for that One who is himself unnameable; or all the several divinities are but members of one soul, attributes or manifestations of the eternal, invisible essence. Whether the Vedic hymns mark an upward tendency of the religious feeling from naturism to theism, and from polytheism to monotheism, or whether their symbolism, like the adornments of a cathedral, used at first to body forth the supersensible, had come to supplant spiritual worship by a species of idolatry, can hardly be determined from the internal evidence of the books or from contemporary monuments or traditions. Rather the subjective and the objective seem here to be combined, to a degree which transcends the union of the subtilties of the schoolmen, with the sensuous worship of images in the middle ages. In the Vedic religion there is scope for every faculty of the human mind—the dialectic, the speculative, the imaginative, the contemplative, the observative—and these all struggle together to give expression to the theme which comprehends all thought, all being, all space, all duration:

> "There is no great and no small
> To the soul that maketh all:
> And where it cometh, all things are;
> And it cometh everywhere." §

* "The Life and Teachings of Confucius." By James Legge, D. D.

† Socrates died B. C. 399; Confucius died B. C. 478. The hymns of the Rig Veda are the most ancient remains of Indian literature. No authority in Sanskrit assigns to these a date more recent than B. C. 1000, while some scholars carry them back to a period between B. C. 2000 and 2400.

‡ It is uncertain how old is the origin of four castes, but the priestly office is of great antiquity.

* "Hymns of the Rig Veda," x., 129. Translated by Muir. "Original Sanskrit Texts," vol. v., p. 356.

† Muir, "Sanskrit Texts," vol. i., pp. 9, 25.

‡ Ibid., vol. i., pp. 17, 115.

§ R. W. Emerson.

Hardly a theory of physics, hardly a speculation of metaphysics, concerning the origin of things — force, motion, heat, evolution, light, spirit — but is anticipated in the Rig Veda. There nature is etherealized and spirit materialized. "The intellectual and the sensible, the ethical and the naturalistic, are there conjoined in the most inartificial and also inseparable way, as kernel and shell in the yet unripe fruit grow indissolubly together." * Nature and soul are one. The powers of nature personified, and by turns invested with all the attributes of Deity, or the universal soul manifesting itself in the phenomena of nature, especially in light—the dawn, the sun, the sky—all-pervading, all-renewing, all-beneficent, these worshiped with hymns, prayers, oblations, represent the religion of India in the oldest and purest of the Vedas.

In reading these hymns of more than thirty centuries ago, one is puzzled by the frequent mixture in the same verse of seeming puerility with real profundity. Where we find such metaphysical acumen and such poetic sublimity as often occur in the Rig Veda, it is fair to presume that connected passages, which a literal translation makes meaningless or childish, had a higher meaning, which is veiled from us by some symbol or mystery of language. Yet this very commingling of metaphysical acumen and poetic fervor with a certain childish credulity, which characterizes the Rig Veda, is found also in the Hindoos of to-day. Indeed, as these qualities are combined rather than contrasted in those early hymns, do they not show how human nature, at all points, was open to the influence of religion — the philosophic thought, the poetic fancy, equally with the childlike faith? And if at length materialism shall establish its atomic theory of the universe, this vaunted outcome of *physical* science could but reaffirm an old *metaphysical* theory of the Indian mind—the development of the universe from motion and heat, "impregnating powers and mighty forces, a self-supporting principle beneath, and energy aloft." † If physical science would make God "the sum of all the forces of the universe," the Vedic religion made of Nature "a metaphysical deity."

Recent researches in Babylon have brought to light evidences of a religion there remarkable for simplicity and purity—teaching the unity of God and doctrines concerning sin, forgiveness, and the resurrection of the body, with singular analogies on some points to the Hebrew Scriptures. ‡ But, as there is still some controversy among Assyrian scholars concerning the proximate date of these memorials and their inscriptions, we simply bring them into notice here, and pass to a single additional example.

Older than the oldest of the Vedas, and with the possible exception just mentioned, the most ancient landmark between the prehistoric chaos and the recorded course of the world's history is the religion of Egypt, as read in her temples and monuments, and especially in the "Book of the Dead." If in the liturgy of Egypt, as in that of India, we find a mingling of the puerile and grotesque with the thoughtful and sublime, there is, on the whole, in the faith of Egypt more of mystery, and in her worship more of majesty. In Egypt, as in India, we find in the religious odes a frequent interblending of subjective and objective, of metaphysical conceptions rising to pure monotheism and nature-worship, taking upon them much sooner than in India the symbolic form of idolatry. At the same time, we are left in suspense as to the order of manifestation—whether polytheistic forms sprang from a monotheistic root,* or from the broad base of nature-worship religion rose like a pyramid tapering upward to a single point. But the Egyptian whether he worshiped the sun as god or as a manifestation of the Deity, whether he worshiped Osiris as the vivifying, fructifying potency in nature, or as a type of the ever-living, ever-progressing soul, did certainly conceive of a supreme divinity, self-originated, invisible, incorruptible, imperishable, the creator and lord of all. The worship was elaborate and imposing, and the priesthood almost absolute over domestic life, and even in affairs of state. "The Egyptians," said Herodotus, "are religious to excess far beyond any other race of men." But this faith can hardly be called a superstition which projected itself beyond the world and time into the regions of spiritual life, and drew thence motives to the noblest conduct of this life—to justice, honesty, temperance, chastity, truth, reverence, piety, kindness, and beneficence.

It seems a complete collapse to pass from this high plane of religious thought and worship in Egypt and in Ethiopia to the fetichism of inner Africa. Yet even in fetichism is found a belief in supernatural power, in fate and mystery, in the spirits of the dead, and in other spirits of good and evil; and in all this the groundwork of a spiritual faith. In attributing to a doll the speech and passions of a human being, the child makes this thing of wax or wood a reflection of the personality which is just developing in its own consciousness; it projects the spiritual life beyond its inner self, to be mated with some other

* Professor O. Pfleiderer, "Die Religion, ihr Wesen und ihr Geschichte," vol. ii., p. 82.

† Rig Veda, x., 129.

‡ Sayce's "Lectures on Babylonian Literature."

* Bunsen held that "all polytheism is based on monotheism."—"Egypt's Place in Universal History," book v., part i., sec. 2, C.

spirit which it feels *must* be. And so, in the infancy of the race, man makes the stone, the block, the material thing that pleases him or does him harm, a spirit to be conversed with, to be propitiated, or to be shunned. The spirit within him, felt though unseen, reaches forth after the spiritual without, which is felt though it can not be seen.

Whether belief in a personal God is so general that it may be regarded as native, or at least normal, to the human mind, it does not fall within our present scope to consider. Neither is this the place for a general review of comparative mythology. Our sole aim in analyzing the religions of different races and different periods has been to get at a conception of religion itself at once so fundamental and so comprehensive that, in defining this, we shall fix the place of the religious idea or sentiment in the system of philosophic thought distinct from forms of worship and dogmas of theology. Thus far it is evident that religion is reverence or homage to an object external to the worshiper, which is looked upon as superior in nature, in character, or in power. That this object should be conceived of as a personal being, or as one only God, is not essential; but religion does require an *object* of faith or worship, a something exterior to the man which he looks upon with a sentiment of admiration, of loyalty, or of awe, which leads him to acts of homage. The virtue which proceeds solely from one's inward impulses, or from self-regulation, with no reference in thought or feeling to any external source or motive of obligation, is morality or goodness, but not piety or religion. But, on the other hand, the lowest form of fetichism, having an object of worship, is called a religion; and, on the other hand, usage allows the term religion to the homage to an ideal, such as nature or humanity in the abstract; since such an ideal as the commanding motive or power over the soul is to all intents personified or deified as the object of worship. This application of the term—perhaps a little overstrained—Mr. Mill has pointed out in the case of Comte, and also of his own father. Speaking of Comte's homage to collective humanity as the "*grand être*," Mill says: "It may not be consonant to usage to call this a religion; but the term, so applied, has a meaning, and one which is not adequately expressed by any other word. Candid persons of all creeds may be willing to admit that, if a person has an ideal object, his attachment and sense of duty toward which are able to control and discipline all his other sentiments and propensities, and prescribe to him a rule of life, that person has a religion." He then argues that, in the majesty of his idea of humanity as the object of reverence and love, and in his golden rule of denying self to live for others—"*vivre pour autrui*"—Comte "had realized the essential conditions of a religion."* And in describing his father's character and opinions, Mr. Mill contends that many whose belief is far short of deism may be "truly religious," since "they have that which constitutes the principal worth of all religions whatever, an ideal conception of a perfect being, to which they habitually refer as the guide of their conscience."† This ideal, though existing purely in thought, is nevertheless projected before the mind as a reality; and the bare conception of such an existence creates an obligation to conform to this as the standard of life. Hence there enter into religion three elements or conditions more or less pronounced—Nature, Man, or God; and the precedence of one or the other of these elements, in the proportion in which they are combined, gives to different religions their distinguishing characteristics. The first of these elements is Nature. Now this term is so used by materialists as to exclude from the categories of science every form of the religious idea; hence a strict definition of nature must precede and prepare our definition of religion.

Going back to the Greek conception of nature, we find τὸ φυσικόν sharply distinguished from τὸ ἠθικόν and τὸ λογικόν.

In his Metaphysics, Aristotle gives a definition of φύσις, or nature, which separates it equally from the sphere of mathematical speculations and from that of spiritual powers:

> Physics are concerned with things that have a principle of motion in themselves; mathematics speculate on permanent but not transcendental and self-existent things; and there is another science separate from these two, which treats of that which is immutable and transcendental, if indeed there exists such a substance, as we shall endeavor to show that there does. This transcendental and permanent substance, if it exists at all, must surely be the sphere of the divine, it must be the first and highest principle. Hence it follows that there are three kinds of speculative science—physics, mathematics, and theology.‡

When he comes to speak of nature more specifically, in his lectures on physics, Aristotle gives this twofold definition: "Nature may be said in one way to be the simplest and most deeply lying substratum of matter in things possessing their own principle of motion and change; in another way, it may be called the form and law of

* "The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte." By John Stuart Mill, pp. 121–124. Also "Westminster Review," April, 1861.

† "Autobiography," book xlvi.

‡ "Metaphysics," x., vii., 7.

such things."* And so Bacon, in the second book of the "Novum Organum,' in the first aphorism, speaks of *forma* as *natura naturans*, and in the thirteenth aphorism as *ipsissima res*.

Passing over from the Greeks to the Latins, we find the equivalent of φύσις in *natura*, from *nascor*, which the German accurately renders by *geboren werden*—not simply born or coming into being, but both origin and genesis. Hence *natura* denotes not only result, but on-going process, that orderly becoming which comprehends both that which is produced and also the producing agent. In the individual, nature denotes the constitution or the quality of a thing as produced; and, when conceived of collectively or in continuity, nature is the order or course of things, as being and "about-to-be."

Curiously enough, Lucretius, in his poetical disquisition on "The Nature of Things," has omitted to give a strict definition of nature. Cicero, however, in discoursing of "The Nature of the Gods," gives these notions of the term:

> Some think that nature is a certain irrational power, exciting in bodies the necessary motions; others, that it is an intelligent power, acting by order and method, designing some end in every cause, and always aiming at that end. . . . And some again, as Epicurus, apply the word nature to everything.†

Cicero himself personifies nature, using this as an equivalent for the gods, and speaking of nature as an artificer and an intelligence.

Nevertheless, in strict usage, nature stands in contrast to both spirit and art. Etymologically, as we have seen, the *natura* is generation, but in the double sense of that which is born and that which is in course of parturition—the thing or event which is and is continually becoming; *Werden* and *Dasein* in perpetual flux and reflux. Hence nature comes to mean the constitution of the world and the universe and the course of things. In German philosophy the term *Natur* is chiefly used to denote the world of matter in contrast to the world of spirit or intelligence. How, then, do we form our conception of nature? In strict contemplation of philosophy, nature is that established constitution and course of things the knowledge of which we gain by observation or experience, and by induction; whereas that which we know by intuition, or establish by logic, or which the imagination conceives, lies within another category. Observing certain phenomena in regular sequence, we learn by experience to depend upon their relations, and to look for their repetition; and thus we ascertain, for example, that it is the *nature* of fire to burn, and the *nature* of water to expand with heat and to fre with cold. Extending the range of such obs vations and inductions, we find an establis course or order of things in general, and this term nature. But that which makes the obs vation, records the experience, classifies the duction, call this what we may—whether a s itual entity or the functional activity of the b —though it may have *a* nature of its own, is included within that nature of whose phenom it thus takes cognizance. From a higher pl of vision the observer might perhaps be com hended within the scope of nature; but to h nature is confined within the periphery of *thi* from which he, at least *quoad hoc*, is distinguis as a person. Hence in worshiping nature, whe er as a whole or in detail, the worshiper sets fore him, either in visible form or as a conc tion, an *object* separate from himself, to wh he renders his homage and devout regard. nature-worship religion takes its hue from phases of physical phenomena as these are flected in the phases of the mind. Sometime is the propitiation of terrible and hurtful ments; again it is the worship of sensuous be ty;* and, with a more advanced culture, it comes the homage of reason to material la and of the imagination to the divinity immar in the universe as a soul; now its prevailing s timent is an awe of phenomena which sug mysterious and destructive forces; and, ag this feeling of reverence is modulated in art worship to a delight in whatever ministers taste, beauty, love, as being either a divinity some divine attribute or gift. In a word, the tremes of superstition and naturalism mee nature as the central object of the religious i Religion is, then, either the worship of obj and forces in the material world as themse divinities, or the symbols of divinities; or it rationalistic atheism, which makes nature, or universe in its totality, the only power al man; or, again, it is a sentimental, poetic pers fication of the grand and beautiful in the phys universe; or, it may be, a subtile panthe which denies to its divinity personality and in pendence, and holds the unconscious world-p ciple bound within the visible universe, as life-principle is imprisoned within bodily fo Thus nature-religion, starting from fetichi runs at last into sheer *neuter*ism, the favo form of modern pantheism—"modern" in a tain freshness of assertion by recent school philosophy, but not modern as a theory of universe, since Pliny held that the world and heaven, or universal ether, which embraces

* "Nat. Aux.," II., i., 8. See Sir Alexander Grant's "Ethics of Aristotle," essay iv.

† Cicero, "De Deorum Natura," ii., xxxii.

* "The Homeric gods spoil no man's full enjoyn of the desires of his senses."—Curtius, "Histor Greece," book i., 64.

things in its vast circumference, may be regarded as itself a deity, immense, eternal, never made, and never to perish; and the Stoics declared that "God is the world, and the world is God; God is all matter and all mind."

Where man is made the chief factor in the world-scheme, the type of religion is *Humanism*, whether as hero-worship or a divinized selfhood. To that spiritual worship of the invisible and unknown God which the Hellenic races shared with other branches of the Aryan family, and to the individualizing of divine attributes and powers as themselves separate and local divinities, the Greeks added myths of heroes whom they first reverenced as nearer to the gods in gifts and powers, and afterward worshiped with divine honors. These heroes personified successive acts and periods in the development of man above nature;* and yet the deified humanity of the Greeks was still, in some sort, under bondage to nature through the doctrine of *fate*, or through that dread of mysterious and destructive forces which overhangs the religions of paganism.

By conquering this dread of nature, modern science has ministered to a yet bolder man-worship. A supreme selfhood, an intensified egoism, characterizes much of the rationalism of our time. Humanity and reason alone are divine, and worship is homage to human nature. "Ineffable," says Emerson, "is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. The simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God." The highest theology of this school is man *divinized*.

Such are the results of an exaggeration either of nature or of man, as terms in the scheme of religion. But there is also a conception of God which relegates him to the sphere of the past or the unknown, as an abstraction or a fate not personally cognizant of human affairs, not providentially acting in them—a deism which postulates nothing concerning the Deity but the infinite and the absolute, and ends with making of God an infinite and absolute nothing. "God is a name for our ignorance." For God is nothing to a man as a conception unless he is conceived of as an objective, substantive reality, possessing personality, will, holiness, and authority; and God is nothing to us as the cause of nature unless he is the author of nature in a sense which distinguishes him from nature, and sets him above nature as the intelligent and controlling cause of all things.

Yet this view may be so exaggerated upon the other side, that God becomes the *Deus ex machinâ*; and the miracle or the intervention is ever at hand to supply any defect of observation or of logic upon the facts of nature. And so, paradoxical as it may seem, religion may be falsified by introducing into it too much of God! It is through this tendency to use the name of God as a dogmatic formula, and to resort to the supernatural as an expedient for solving all mysteries in nature, that some theologians have brought religion into a seeming contradiction of science.

But our analysis has shown that under all forms of conception and representation the religious idea is constantly the same. *Religion is an inner sense of obligation in man to an external object of a nature different from his own, which is regarded as superior in nature, position, or power; which obligation prompts to acts of reverence, devotion, or obedience, with a view to please or to placate its object.* Recalling our definition of science, we see how readily religion falls within these limits—the systematic summation of all the knowledges pertaining to a given subject-matter, and the formulating of these in abstract general conceptions. Physical science purports to concern itself exclusively with things; but, in reality, science is not concerned directly with things, but with our *thoughts* of things. Professor Jevons has shown that "scientific method must begin and end with the laws of thought," and we can not better conclude this reference of religion to the categories of science than by quoting the words with which Jevons concludes the second edition of his "Principles of Science":*

> Among the most unquestionable rules of scientific method is that first law that *whatever phenomenon is, is.* We must ignore no existence whatever; we may variously interpret or explain its meaning and origin, but, if a phenomenon does exist, it demands some kind of explanation. If, then, there is to be competition for scientific recognition, the world without us must yield to the undoubted existence of the spirit within. Our own hopes and wishes and determinations are the most undoubted phenomena within the sphere of consciousness. If men do act, feel, and live as if they were not merely the brief products of a casual conjunction of atoms, but the instruments of a far-searching purpose, are we to record all other phenomena and pass over these? We investigate the instincts of the ant and the bee and the beaver, and discover that they are led by an inscrutable agency to work toward a distant purpose. Let us be faithful to our scientific method, and investigate also those instincts of the human mind by which man is led to work as if the approval of a Higher Being were the aim of life.

J. P. THOMPSON (*British Quarterly Review*).

* Thus Heracles, Cadmus, the Argonauts, Danaus, etc. This point is well treated by Curtius, "History of Greece," i., 2.

* "A Treatise on Logic and Scientific Method." By W. Stanley Jevons. 1877.

LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS.*

OF all the biographies of men eminent in literature, Mr. John Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens" was one of the least satisfactory. The hand which had interpreted Goldsmith with such amplitude of knowledge, such sympathetic appreciation, and such delicacy of insight, seemed to have lost its cunning when it came to portray the life-long friend whose fame was in a sense committed to its care; and it is a curious but undeniable fact that the popular estimate of Dickens was distinctly lowered by a work, every line of which was inspired by an almost infatuated admiration for him. The explanation of this apparent paradox is that Mr. Forster, himself a vain, self-sufficient, and egotistic man, was attracted by these qualities in his associates—regarded them as the special insignia of genius, in fact—and when he came to delineate Dickens, who possessed on his own account no stinted share of self-esteem, concentrated his attention upon these to the exclusion of other equally marked and significant qualities. As portrayed by him, Dickens was vain, fussy, self-conscious, theatrical, always on parade, always churning his feelings in order to bring bubbles to the surface, always asking himself the question, How am I to dazzle the eyes of the cockneys, and draw tears from a too sentimental public? This unfortunate impression was largely due, as the "Saturday Review" pointed out at the time, to Mr. Forster's view-point and method of treatment. "The real man Dickens," said the reviewer, "appears to elude us. We see him, as it were, talking to a literary friend in a publisher's anteroom, not as he was in domestic life, or in his own privacy. We are introduced exclusively to that side of his character which he showed to the judicious adviser in his various enterprises, and it is only by glimpses that we see anything deeper. It is Mr. Forster's fault if we are left in doubt whether there was really something stronger and nobler behind, or whether the brilliant, sensitive, excitable outside was really the whole man."

Fortunately for Dickens and for the public, there were in existence ample materials for repairing the deficiencies and correcting the mistakes of Mr. Forster's work; and these materials could hardly have been used to greater advantage than in the "Letters of Charles Dickens," which his sister-in-law and his eldest daughter have brought together in two stout volumes. The compilers modestly describe their collection as a supplement to Mr. Forster's biography, which they consider to be "only incomplete as regards correspondence"; but it is in reality of much greater value than this would imply, for it not only contains in itself a fairly complete record of the great author's life, but enables us to approach his character from a quite different side. If the alternative were placed before the reader of discarding either Mr. Forster's biography or this correspondence, we should feel no hesitation in advising him to retain the correspondence, as presenting on the whole a fairer, more adequate, more trustworthy, and more pleasing picture of Dickens's character and life.

The letters are arranged in their chronological order, with just so much of narrative and explanation as are absolutely necessary to link them together and render them intelligible, and no more. The compilers are evidently ill at ease with the pen, and have purposely made their commentary as short as possible—"our great desire being to give to the public another book from Charles Dickens's own hands—as it were, a portrait of himself by himself." Their request for the loan of letters was so copiously responded to that they were provided with abundant material for their work, without drawing largely upon their own independent recollections; and the correspondence forms a nearly complete autobiography from the beginning of Dickens's literary life in 1833 to the day before his death in 1870.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about the "Letters" is that a man who wrote so much otherwise—who was always pressed and persecuted for "copy"—should have found the time and the patience to write so many. In a letter to a correspondent whom he had somewhat neglected, Dickens suggests that it should be borne in mind "how difficult letter-writing is to one whose trade it is to write"; but it would never be inferred from his correspondence that this was a difficulty which touched him. No occasion was too trivial to inspire a letter to one of his friends, and, besides responding freely to the innumerable claims thus made upon him, he would write long and carefully considered answers to a class of communications which are commonly regarded as impositions by far less busy men, and promptly consigned to the waste-basket. Knowing that this collection comprises but a selected few of the letters which he actually

* The Letters of Charles Dickens. Edited by his Sister-in-Law and his Eldest Daughter. In Two Volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, pp. 544, 536.

wrote, its mere bulk and quantity is surely a very surprising feature.

And hardly less remarkable, in view of their copiousness, is their high and uniform excellence. Regarded merely as literature, apart from their personal bearing, Dickens's letters are nearly as good and quite as entertaining as anything he ever wrote. In those which he wrote to John Forster, and which are included in Forster's biography, the brilliancy and the liveliness are almost too much like that of an actor before the footlights; but that they were the natural and spontaneous expression of the feelings of the moment —tinctured perhaps by the personality of the man to whom they were written—is unmistakably shown by the more varied correspondence now first published. The simplest business note, the most formal communication, the briefest friendly reminder, will have some touch of humor or fancy, or some felicity of phrase, which would make the reputation of an ordinary writer; and they are quite obviously the natural and irrepressible overflowings of a mind which, though perpetually being emptied, was always full. Dickens flung his jewels around with the heedless profusion of an Oriental prince; but the treasury from which he drew so lavishly never exhibited a symptom of depletion.

The correspondence begins with the year 1833, but the first letter of any special interest is one written in 1835 to Miss Hogarth (afterward his wife), announcing that the publishers "have made me an offer of fourteen pounds a month, to write and edit a new publication they contemplate, entirely by myself, to be published monthly, and each to contain four woodcuts." The work, he adds, will be no joke, "but the emolument is too tempting to resist." This was the origin of "Pickwick," the first number of which was published in March of the following year.

Curiously enough, though the editors explain with minute care every detail of the correspondence, no information is given as to Dickens's life prior to the first letter—not even his age or the date of his birth. For this reason we shall begin our own gleanings with a letter written at a much later period, which, besides being eminently characteristic of the author, will serve admirably as an introduction to the rest:

[*To Mr. W. Wilkie Collins.*]

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, *June* 6, 1856.

MY DEAR COLLINS: I have never seen anything about myself in print which has much correctness in it—any biographical account of myself I mean. I do not supply such particulars when I am asked for them by editors and compilers, simply because I am asked for them every day. If you want to prime Forgues, you may tell him, without fear of anything wrong, that I was born at Portsmouth on the 7th of February, 1812; that my father was in the Navy Pay Office; that I was taken by him to Chatham when I was very young, and lived and was educated there till I was twelve or thirteen, I suppose; that I was then put to a school near London, where (as at other places) I distinguished myself like a brick; that I was put in the office of a solicitor, a friend of my father's, and didn't much like it; and after a couple of years (as well as I can remember) applied myself with a celestial or diabolical energy to the study of such things as would qualify me to be a first-rate parliamentary reporter—at that time, a calling pursued by many clever men who were young at the Bar; that I made my *début* in the gallery (at about eighteen, I suppose), engaged on a voluminous publication, no longer in existence, called "The Mirror of Parliament"; that, when "The Morning Chronicle" was purchased by Sir John Easthope and acquired a large circulation, I was engaged there, and that I remained there until I had begun to publish "Pickwick," when I found myself in a condition to relinquish that part of my labors; that I left the reputation behind me of being the best and most rapid reporter ever known, and that I could do anything in that way under any sort of circumstances, and often did. (I dare say I am at this present writing the best short-hand writer in the world.)

That I began, without any interest or introduction of any kind, to write fugitive pieces for the old "Monthly Magazine," when I was in the gallery for "The Mirror of Parliament"; that my faculty for descriptive writing was seized upon the moment I joined "The Morning Chronicle," and that I was liberally paid there and handsomely acknowledged, and wrote the greater part of the short descriptive "Sketches by Boz" in that paper; that I had been a writer when I was a mere baby, and always an actor from the same age; that I married the daughter of a writer to the signet in Edinburgh, who was the great friend and assistant of Scott, and who first made Lockhart known to him.

And that here I am.

Finally, if you want any dates of publication of books, tell Wills, and he'll get them for you.

This is the first time I ever set down even these particulars, and, glancing them over, I feel like a wild beast in a caravan describing himself in the keeper's absence.

Ever faithfully.

The greater number of the earlier letters refer to the stories on which he was then successively engaged—"Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop," and "Barnaby Rudge"—and the most interesting of them were written to Mr. George Cattermole, who illustrated the books, and to whom he furnished the most minute instructions. Here is one in which he suggests two designs for "Old Curiosity Shop"—Little Nell:

December 22, 1840.

DEAR GEORGE: The child lying dead in the little sleeping-room, which is behind the open screen. It is winter time, so there are no flowers; but upon her breast and pillow, and about her bed, there may be strips of holly and berries, and such free green things. Window overgrown with ivy. The little boy who had that talk with her about angels may be by the bedside, if you like it so; but I think it will be quieter and more peaceful if she is quite alone. I want it to express the most beautiful repose and tranquillity, and to have something of a happy look, if death can.

The child has been buried inside the church, and the old man, who can not be made to understand that she is dead, repairs to the grave and sits there all day long, waiting for her arrival, to begin another journey. His staff and knapsack, her little bonnet and basket, etc., lie beside him. "She'll come to-morrow," he says when it gets dark, and goes sorrowfully home. I think an hour-glass running out would help the notion; perhaps her little things upon his knee, or in his hand.

I am breaking my heart over this story, and can not bear to finish it.

Love to Missis.

Ever and always heartily.

One of the most pleasing features of the entire correspondence is the cordial and unaffected kindness for children which it reveals. An example of this comes very early in the collection, and was an answer to a little boy (Master Hastings Hughes), who had written to him as "Nicholas Nickleby" approached completion, stating his wishes as to the rewards and punishments to be bestowed on the various characters in the book:

DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON,
December 12, 1838.

RESPECTED SIR: I have given Squeers one cut on the neck and two on the head, at which he appeared much surprised and began to cry, which, being a cowardly thing, is just what I should have expected from him—wouldn't you?

I have carefully done what you told me in your letter about the lamb and the two "sheeps" for the little boys. They have also had some good ale and porter, and some wine. I am sorry you didn't say *what* wine you would like them to have. I gave them some sherry, which they liked very much, except one boy, who was a little sick and choked a good deal. He was rather greedy, and that's the truth, and I believe it went the wrong way, which I say served him right, and I hope you will say so too.

Nicholas had his roast lamb, as you said he was to, but he could not eat it all, and says if you do not mind his doing so, he should like to have the rest hashed to-morrow with some greens, which he is very fond of, and so am I. He said he did not like to have his porter hot, for he thought it spoilt the flavor, so I let him have it cold. You should have seen him drink it. I thought he never would have left off. I also gave him three pounds of money, all in sixpences, to make it seem more, and he said directly that he should give more than half to his mamma and sister, and divide the rest with poor Smike. And I say he is a good fellow for saying so; and, if anybody says he isn't, I am ready to fight him whenever they like—there!

Fanny Squeers shall be attended to, depend upon it. Your drawing of her is very like, except that I don't think the hair is quite curly enough. The nose is particularly like hers, and so are the legs. She is a nasty, disagreeable thing, and I know it will make her very cross when she sees it; and what I say is that I hope it may. You will say the same I know —at least, I think you will.

I meant to have written you a long letter, but I can not write very fast when I like the person I am writing to, because that makes me think about them and I like you, and so I tell you. Besides, it is just eight o'clock at night, and I always go to bed at eight o'clock, except when it is my birthday, and then I sit up to supper. So I will not say anything more besides this—and that is my love to you and Neptune; and, if you will drink my health every Christmas-day, I will drink yours—come.

I am, respected sir,
Your affectionate Friend.

P. S.—I don't write my name very plain, but you know what it is, you know, so never mind.

In 1842 Dickens made his first visit to the United States, and, though in his "American Notes" he gave very frank expression to his opinions about us, the following extracts from a letter to Mr. Macready are not without piquancy:

BALTIMORE, *March* 22, 1842.

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MY DEAR MACREADY: I desire to be so honest and just to those who have so enthusiastically and earnestly welcomed me, that I burned the last letter I wrote to you—even to you to whom I would speak as to myself—rather than let it come with anything that might seem like an ill-considered word of disappointment. I preferred that you should think me neglectful (if you could imagine anything so ill) rather than I should do wrong in this respect. Still it is of no use. I *am* disappointed. This is not the republic I came to see; this is not the republic of my imagination. I infinitely prefer a liberal monarchy —even with its sickening accompaniments of courts circles—to such a government as this. The more I think of its youth and strength, the poorer and more trifling in a thousand aspects it appears in my eyes. In everything of which it has made a boast—except ing its education of the people and its care for poor children—it sinks immeasurably below the level I had placed it upon; and England, even England bad and faulty as the old land is, and miserable as millions of her people are, rises in the comparison.

You live here, Macready, as I have sometimes heard you imagining! *You!* Loving you with

my heart and soul, and knowing what your disposition really is, I would not condemn you to a year's residence on this side of the Atlantic for any money. Freedom of opinion! Where is it? I see a press more mean, and paltry, and silly, and disgraceful than any country I ever knew. If that is its standard, here it is. But I speak of Bancroft, and am advised to be silent on that subject, for he is "a black sheep—a Democrat." I speak of Bryant, and am entreated to be more careful, for the same reason. I speak of international copyright, and am implored not to ruin myself outright. I speak of Miss Martineau, and all parties—Slave Upholders and Abolitionists, Whigs, Tyler Whigs, and Democrats—shower down upon me a perfect cataract of abuse. "But what has she done? Surely she praised America enough!" "Yes, but she told us of some of our faults, and Americans can't bear to be told of their faults. Don't split on that rock, Mr. Dickens, don't write about America; we are so very suspicious."

Freedom of opinion! Macready, if I had been born here, and had written my books in this country, producing them with no stamp of approval from any other land, it is my solemn belief that I should have lived and died poor, unnoticed, and a "black sheep" to boot. I never was more convinced of anything than I am of that.

The people are affectionate, generous, open-hearted, hospitable, enthusiastic, good-humored, polite to women, frank and candid to all strangers, anxious to oblige, far less prejudiced than they have been described to be, frequently polished and refined, very seldom rude or disagreeable. I have made a great many friends here, even in public conveyances, whom I have been truly sorry to part from. In the towns I have formed perfect attachments. I have seen none of that greediness and indecorousness on which travelers have laid so much emphasis. I have returned frankness with frankness; met questions not intended to be rude with answers meant to be satisfactory; and have not spoken to one man, woman, or child of any degree, who has not grown positively affectionate before we parted. In the respects of not being left alone, and of being horribly disgusted by tobacco-chewing and tobacco-spittle, I have suffered considerably. The sight of slavery in Virginia, the hatred of British feeling upon the subject, and the miserable hints of the impotent indignation of the South, have pained me very much; on the last head, of course, I have felt nothing but a mingled pity and amusement; on the other, sheer distress. But however much I like the ingredients of this great dish, I can not but come back to the point at which I started, and say that the dish itself goes against the grain with me, and that I don't like it.

You know that I am truly a Liberal. I believe I have as little pride as most men, and I am conscious of not the smallest annoyance from being "hail fellow well met" with everybody. I have not had greater pleasure in the company of any set of men among the thousands I have received (I hold a regular levee every day, you know, which is duly heralded and proclaimed in the newspapers) than in that of the carmen of Hartford, who presented themselves in a body in their blue frocks, among a crowd of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and bade me welcome through their spokesman. They had all read my books, and all perfectly understood them. It is not these things I have in my mind when I say that the man who comes to this country a Radical and goes home again with his opinions unchanged, must be a Radical on reason, sympathy, and reflection, and one who has so well considered the subject that he has no chance of wavering.

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Shortly after his return from America, Dickens was invited to take the chair on the opening of the Mechanics' Institution at Liverpool, and to make a speech on the subject of education. The following report of the proceedings on the occasion was addressed to his wife:

OUT OF THE COMMON—PLEASE.

DICKENS *against* THE WORLD.

CHARLES DICKENS, of No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, the successful plaintiff in the above cause, maketh oath and saith: That on the day and date hereof, to wit, at seven o'clock in the evening, he, this deponent, took the chair at a large assembly of the Mechanics' Institution at Liverpool, and that having been received with tremendous and enthusiastic plaudits, he, this deponent, did immediately dash into a vigorous, brilliant, humorous, pathetic, eloquent, fervid, and impassioned speech. That the said speech was enlivened by thirteen hundred persons, with frequent, vehement, uproarious, and deafening cheers, and, to the best of this deponent's knowledge and belief, he, this deponent, did speak up like a man, and did, to the best of his knowledge and belief, considerably distinguish himself. That after the proceedings of the opening were over, and a vote of thanks was proposed to this deponent, he, this deponent, did again distinguish himself, and that the cheering at that time, accompanied with clapping of hands and stamping of feet, was in this deponent's case thundering and awful. And this deponent further saith, that his white-and-black, or magpie, waistcoat did create a strong sensation, and that during the hours of promenading this deponent heard from persons surrounding him such exclamations as, "What is it? *Is* it a waistcoat? No, it's a shirt," and the like—all of which this deponent believes to have been complimentary and gratifying; but this deponent further saith that he is now going to supper, and wishes he may have an appetite to eat it. CHARLES DICKENS.

Sworn before me, at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, on the 26th of February, 1844.

S. RADLEY.

The foregoing reference to the sensation created by the "magpie waistcoast" may appro-

priately introduce a characteristic note to Macready, in which Dickens's somewhat fantastic taste in dress is amusingly illustrated:

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
Friday Evening, October 17, 1845.

MY DEAR MACREADY: You once—only once—gave the world assurance of a waistcoat. You wore it, sir, I think, in "Money." It was a remarkable and precious waistcoat, wherein certain broad stripes of blue or purple disported themselves as by a combination of extraordinary circumstances, too happy to occur again. I have seen it on your manly chest in private life. I saw it, sir, I think, the other day, in the cold light of morning, with feelings easier to be imagined than described. Mr. Macready, sir, are you a father? If so, lend me that waistcoat for five minutes. I am bidden to a wedding (where fathers are made), and my artist can not, I find (how should he?), imagine such a waistcoast. Let me show it to him as a sample of my tastes and wishes, and—ha, ha, ha, ha!—eclipse the bridegroom!

I will send a trusty messenger at half-past nine precisely in the morning. He is sworn to secrecy. He durst not for his life betray us, or swells in ambuscade would have the waistcoat at the cost of his heart's blood. Thine,

THE UNWAISTCOATED ONE.

To the letter already quoted as illustrating Dickens's kindness to children we will add one more, which, though long, is worth reproducing, as further exemplifying this amiable characteristic, and also as showing the frank and easy comradeship which he maintained in all his relations with his own children. It was written to the Hon. Mrs. Watson, to whom some of the most interesting and valuable letters in the collection are addressed:

BROADSTAIRS, KENT, *July* 11, 1851.

MY DEAR MRS. WATSON: I am so desperately indignant with you for writing me that short apology for a note, and pretending to suppose that under any circumstances I could fail to read with interest anything *you* wrote to me, that I have more than half a mind to inflict a regular letter upon you. If I were not the gentlest of men, I should do it!

Poor dear Haldimand, I have thought of him so often. That kind of decay is so inexpressibly affecting and piteous to me that I have no words to express my compassion and sorrow. When I was at Abbotsford, I saw in a vile glass case the last clothes Scott wore; among them an old white hat, which seemed to be tumbled and bent and broken by the uneasy, purposeless wandering, hither and thither, of his heavy head. It so embodied Lockhart's pathetic description of him when he tried to write, and laid down his pen and cried, that it associated itself in my mind with broken powers and mental weakness from that hour. I fancy Haldimand in such another, going listlessly about that beautiful place, and remembering the happy hours we have passed with him, and his goodness and truth. I think what a dream we live in until it seems for the moment the saddest dream that ever was dreamed. Pray tell us if you hear more of him. We really loved him.

To go to the opposite side of life, let me tell you that a week or so ago I took Charley [Dickens's eldest son] and three of his schoolfellows down the river gypsying. I secured the services of Charley's godfather (an old friend of mine, and a noble fellow with boys), and went down to Slough, accompanied by two immense hampers from Fortnum and Mason, on (I believe) the wettest morning ever seen out of the tropics.

It cleared before we got to Slough; but the boys, who had got up at four (we being due at eleven), had horrible misgivings that we might not come, in consequence of which we saw them looking into the carriages before us, all face. They seemed to have no bodies whatever, but to be all face; their countenances lengthened to that surprising extent. When they saw us, the faces shut up as if they were upon strong springs, and their waistcoats developed themselves in the usual places. When the first hamper came out of the luggage-van, I was conscious of their dancing behind the guard; when the second came out with bottles in it, they all stood wildly on one leg. We then got a couple of flys to drive to the boat-house. I put them in the first, but they couldn't sit still a moment, and were perpetually flying up and down like the toy-figures in the sham snuff-boxes. In this order we went on to "Tom Brown's the tailor's," where they all dressed in aquatic costume, and then to the boat-house, where they all cried in shrill chorus for "Mahogany"—a gentleman so called by reason of his sunburned complexion, a waterman by profession. (He was likewise called during the day "Hog" and "Hogany," and seemed to be unconscious of any proper name whatsoever. We embarked, the sun shining now, in a galley with a striped awning, which I had ordered for the purpose, and, all rowing hard, went down the river. We dined in a field; what I suffered for fear those boys should get drunk, the struggles I underwent in a contest of feeling between hospitality and prudence must ever remain untold. I feel, even now, old with the anxiety of that tremendous hour. The were very good, however. The speech of one became thick, and his eyes too like lobsters' to be comfortable, but only temporarily. He recovered, and suppose outlived the salad he took. I have heard nothing to the contrary, and I imagine I should have been implicated on the inquest if there had been one. We had tea and rashers of bacon at a public-house and came home, the last five or six miles in a prodigious thunderstorm. This was the great success of the day, which they certainly enjoyed more than anything else. The dinner had been great, and Mahogany had informed them, after a bottle of light champagne, that he never would come up the river "with ginger company" any more. But the getting completely wet through was the culminating part of the entertainment. You never in your life saw such objects as they were; and their perfect unconscious

ness that it was at all advisable to go home and change, or that there was anything to prevent their standing at the station two mortal hours to see me off, was wonderful. As to getting them to their dames with any sort of sense that they were damp, I abandoned the idea. I thought it a success when they went down the street as civilly as if they were just up and newly dressed, though they really looked as if you could have rubbed them to rags with a touch, like saturated curl-paper. . . .

I find I am "used up" by the Exhibition. I don't say "there is nothing in it"—there's too much. I have only been twice; so many things bewildered me. I have a natural horror of sights, and the fusion of so many sights in one has not decreased it. I am not sure that I have seen anything but the fountain and perhaps the Amazon. It is a dreadful thing to be obliged to be false, but when any one says, "Have you seen ——?" I say "Yes," because, if I don't, I know he'll explain it, and I can't bear that. —— took all the school one day. The school was composed of a hundred "infants," who got among the horses' legs in coming to the main entrance from the Kensington Gate, and came walking from between the wheels of coaches undisturbed in mind; got among the horses' legs in crossing to the main entrance from the Kensington Gate, and came reeling out from between the wheels of coaches undisturbed in mind. They were clinging to horses, I am told, all over the park. . . .

When they were collected and added up by the frantic monitors, they were all right. They were then regaled with cake, etc., and went tottering and staring all over the place; the greater part wetting their forefingers and drawing a wavy pattern on every accessible object. One infant strayed. He was not missed. Ninety-and-nine were taken home, supposed to be the whole collection, but this particular infant went to Hammersmith. He was found by the police at night, going round and round the turnpike, which he still supposed to be a part of the Exhibition. He had the same opinion of the police, also of Hammersmith workhouse, where he passed the night. When his mother came for him in the morning, he asked when it would be over? It was a great Exhibition, he said, but he thought it long.

As I begin to have a foreboding that you will think the same of this act of vengeance of mine, this present letter, I shall make an end of it, with my heartiest and most loving remembrances to Watson. I should have liked him of all things to have been in the Eton expedition, tell him, and to have heard a song (by the by, I have forgotten that) sung in the thunderstorm, solos by Charley, chorus by the friends, describing the career of a booby who was plucked at college, every verse ending—

> "I don't care a fig what the people may think,
> But what WILL the Governor say!"

which was shouted with a deferential jollity toward myself, as a governor who had that day done a creditable action, and proved himself worthy of all confidence.

With love to the boys and girls,

Ever, dear Mrs. Watson,

Most sincerely yours.

About the time the preceding letter was written, the author was preparing to move into Tavistock House, that one of his London residences with which his name is most intimately associated. One of the fancies with which he amused himself while fitting up the library there is referred to in the following epistle:

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS" OFFICE,
Wednesday Evening, October 22, 1851.

DEAR MR. EELES: I send you the list I have made for the book-backs. I should like the "History of a Short Chancery Suit" to come at the bottom of one recess, and the "Catalogue of Statues of the Duke of Wellington" at the bottom of the other. If you should want more titles, and will let me know how many, I will send them to you.

Faithfully yours.

LIST OF IMITATION BOOK-BACKS.

Tavistock House, 1851.

Five Minutes in China. 3 vols.
Forty Winks at the Pyramids. 2 vols.
Abernethy on the Constitution. 2 vols.
Mr. Green's Overland Mail. 2 vols.
Captain Cook's Life of Savage. 2 vols.
A Carpenter's Bench of Bishops. 2 vols.
Toot's Universal Letter-Writer. 2 vols.
Orson's Art of Etiquette.
Downeaster's Complete Calculator.
History of the Middling Ages. 6 vols.
Jonah's Account of the Whale.
Captain Parry's Virtues of Cold Tar.
Kant's Ancient Humbugs. 10 vols.
Bowwowdom. A Poem.
The Quarrelly Review. 4 vols.
The Gunpowder Magazine. 4 vols.
Steele. By the Author of "Ion."
The Art of Cutting the Teeth.
Matthew's Nursery Songs. 2 vols.
Paxton's Bloomers. 5 vols.
On the Use of Mercury by the Ancient Poets.
Drowsy's Recollections of Nothing. 3 vols.
Heavyside's Conversations with Nobody. 3 vols.
Commonplace Book of the Oldest Inhabitant. 2 vols.
Growler's Gruffiology, with Appendix. 4 vols.
The Books of Moses and Sons. 2 vols.
Burke (of Edinburgh) on the Sublime and Beautiful. 2 vols.
Teazer's Commentaries.
King Henry the Eighth's Evidences of Christianity. 5 vols.
Miss Biffin on Deportment.
Morrison's Pills Progress. 2 vols.
Lady Godiva on the Horse.
Munchausen's Modern Miracles. 4 vols.
Richardson's Show of Dramatic Literature. 12 vols.
Hansard's Guide to Refreshing Sleep. As many volumes as possible.

In the midst of his own brilliant success, Dickens never failed in sympathy and generous

help for the weaker brethren in his craft, and never tried in any way to separate himself from them. Here is an example of the gentle considerateness with which, as editor, he dealt with his younger contributors:

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
Friday Night, late, February 21, 1851.

MY DEAR MISS BOYLE: I have devoted a couple of hours this evening to going very carefully over your paper (which I had read before) and to endeavoring to bring it closer, and to lighten it, and to give it that sort of compactness which a habit of composition, and of disciplining one's thoughts like a regiment, and of studying the art of putting each soldier into his right place, may have gradually taught me to think necessary. I hope, when you see it in print, you will not be alarmed by my use of the pruning-knife. I have tried to exercise it with the utmost delicacy and discretion, and to suggest to you, especially toward the end, how this sort of writing (regard being had to the size of the journal in which it appears) requires to be compressed, and is made pleasanter by compression. This all reads very solemnly, but only because I want you to read it (I mean the article) with as loving an eye as I have truly tried to touch it with a loving and gentle hand. I propose to call it "My Mahogany Friend." The other name is too long, and I think not attractive. Until I go to the office to-morrow and see what is actually in hand, I am not certain of the number in which it will appear, but Georgy shall write on Monday and tell you. We are always a fortnight in advance of the public, or the mechanical work could not be done. I think there are many things in it that are *very pretty*. The Katie part is particularly well done. If I don't say more, it is because I have a heavy sense, in all cases, of the responsibility of encouraging any one to enter on that thorny track, where the prizes are so few and the blanks so many; where—

But I won't write you a sermon. With the fire going out, and the first shadows of a new story hovering in a ghostly way about me (as they usually begin to do, when I have finished an old one), I am in danger of doing the heavy business, and becoming a heavy guardian, or something of that sort, instead of the light and airy Joe.

So good night, and believe that you may always trust me, and never find a grim expression (toward you) in any that I wear.

Ever yours.

With the Miss Boyle to whom the above letter was written, and who played with him in those amateur theatricals which furnished the chief recreation of his middle life, he kept up for many years a sort of mock-lover-like correspondence, of which the following is a characteristic specimen:

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, *Monday, January* 16, 1854.

MY DEAR MARY: It is all very well to pretend to love me as you do. Ah! If you loved as *I* love, Mary! But, when my breast is tortured by the perusal of such a letter as yours, Falkland, Falkland, madam, becomes my part in "The Rivals," and I play it with desperate earnestness.

As thus:

Falkland (*to Acres*). Then you see her, sir, sometimes?

Acres. See her! Odds beams and sparkles, yes. See her acting! Night after night.

Falkland (*aside and furious*). Death and the devil! Acting, and I not there! Pray, sir (*with constrained calmness*), what does she act?

Acres. Odds monthly nurses and babbies! Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig, "which, wotever it is, my dear (*mimicking*), I likes it brought reg'lar and draw'd mild!" *That's* very like her.

Falkland. Confusion! Laceration! Perhaps, sir, perhaps she sometimes acts—ha, ha! perhaps she sometimes acts, I say—eh! sir?—a—ha, ha, ha! a fairy! (*With great bitterness.*)

Acres. Odds gauzy pinions and spangles, yes! You should hear her sing as a fairy. You should see her dance as a fairy. Tol de rol lol—la—lol—liddle diddle! (*Sings and dances.*) *That's* very like her.

Falkland. Misery! while I, devoted to her image, can scarcely write a line now and then, or pensively read aloud to the people of Birmingham. (*To him.*) And they applaud her, no doubt they applaud her, sir. And she—I see her! Courtesies and smiles! And they—curse on them! they laugh and—ha, ha, ha!—and clap their hands—and say it's very good. Do they not say it's very good, sir? Tell me. Do they not?

Acres. Odds thunderings and pealings, of course they do! and the third fiddler, little Tweaks, of the county town, goes into fits. Ho, ho, ho, I can't bear (*mimicking*); take me out! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, what one she is! She'll be the death of me. Ha, ha, ha, ha! *That's* very like her!

Falkland. Damnation! Heartless Mary! (*Rushes out.*)

Scene opens and discloses coals of fire, heaped up into form of letters, representing the following inscription:

When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh then
REMEMBER JOE!

[*Curtain falls.*]

Here is a specimen of what we may call his humorous-friendly letters:

[*To Mr. W. Wilkie Collins.*]

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Friday Night, September 16, 1859.

MY DEAR WILKIE: Just a word to say that I have received yours, and that I look forward to the reunion on Thursday, when I hope to have the satisfaction of recounting to you the plot of a play that has been laid before me for commending advice.

Ditto to what you say respecting the Great Eastern. I went right up to London Bridge by the boat that day, on purpose that I might pass her. I thought her the ugliest and most unshiplike thing these eyes ever beheld. I wouldn't go to sea in her, shiver my

ould timbers and rouse me up with a monkey's tail (man-of-war metaphor), not to chuck a biscuit into Davy Jones's weather-eye, and see double with my own old toplights.

Turk [a favorite dog] has been so good as to produce from his mouth, for the wholesome consternation of the family, eighteen feet of worm. When he had brought it up, he seemed to think it might be turned to account in the housekeeping, and was proud. Pony has kicked a shaft off the cart, and is to be sold. Why don't you buy her? she'd never kick with you.

Barber's opinion is that them fruit-trees, one and all, is touchwood, and not fit for burning at any gentleman's fire; also, that the stocking of this here garden is worth less than nothing, because you wouldn't have to grub up nothing, and something takes a man to do it at three-and-sixpence a day. Was "left desponding" by your reporter.

I have had immense difficulty to find a man for the stable-yard here. Barber having at last engaged one this morning, I inquired if he had a decent hat for driving in, to which Barber returned this answer: "Why, sir, not to deceive you, that man flatly say that he never have wore that article since man he was!"

I am, consequently, fortified into my room, and am afraid to go out to look at him. Love from all.

Ever affectionately.

And here is another, written to his friend Clarkson Stanfield, famous as a painter of marine views. "Dick Sparkler" is Dickens himself, and "Mark Porpuss" is Mark Lemon:

H. M. S. Tavistock, *January* 2, 1853.

Yoho, old salt! Neptun' ahoy! You don't forget, messmet, as you was to meet Dick Sparkler and Mark Porpuss on the fok'sle of the good ship Owssel Words, Wednesday next, half-past four? Not you; for when did Stanfell ever pass his word to go anywheers and not come! Well. Belay, my heart of oak, belay! Come alongside the Tavistock same day and hour, 'stead of Owssel Words. Hail your shipmets, and they'll drop over the side and join you, like two new shillings a-droppin' into the purser's pocket. Damn all lubberly boys and swabs, and give *me* the lad with the tarry trousers, which shines to me like di'mings bright!

In 1858 Dickens began those regular public readings from his own works, which occupied a large part of his time during the remaining years of his life; and from that date his letters to members of his household constitute a nearly complete and consecutive autobiography. These letters are filled with most interesting accounts of his experiences while traveling, and are among the best and most characteristic in the collection; but we can find room for only one of them, written from Ireland during his first reading tour:

[*To Miss Hogarth.*]

Morrison's Hotel, Dublin,
Sunday Night, August 29, 1858.

I am so delighted to find your letter here to-night (eleven o'clock), and so afraid that, in the wear and tear of this strange life, I have written to Gad's Hill in the wrong order, and have not written to you, as I should, that I resolve to write this before going to bed. You will find it a wretchedly stupid letter; but you may imagine, my dearest girl, that I am tired.

The success at Belfast has been equal to the success here. Enormous! We turned away half the town. I think them a better audience, on the whole, than Dublin; and the personal affection there was something overwhelming. I wish you and the dear girls could have seen the people look at me in the street; or heard them ask me, as I hurried to the hotel after reading last night, to "do me the honor to shake hands, Misther Dickens, and God bless you, sir; not ounly for the light you've been to me this night, but for the light you've been in mee house, sir (and God love your face), this many a year." Every night, by the by, since I have been in Ireland, the ladies have beguiled John out of the bouquet from my coat. And yesterday morning, as I had showered the leaves from my geranium in reading "Little Dombey," they mounted the platform, after I was gone, and picked them all up as keepsakes!

I have never seen *men* go in to cry so undisguisedly as they did at that reading yesterday afternoon. They made no attempt whatever to hide it, and certainly cried more than the women. As to the "Boots" at night, and "Mrs. Gamp" too, it was just one roar with me and them; for they made me laugh so that sometimes I *could not* compose my face to go on. . . .

Tell the girls that Arthur and I have each ordered at Belfast a trim, sparkling, slap-up *Irish jaunting-car!!!* I flatter myself we shall astonish the Kentish people. It is the oddest carriage in the world, and you are always falling off. But it is gay and bright in the highest degree. Wonderfully Neapolitan.

What with a sixteen-mile ride before we left Belfast, and a sea-beach walk, and a two o'clock dinner, and a seven hours' railway ride since, I am—as we say here—"a thrifle weary." But I really am in wonderful force, considering the work. For which I am, as I ought to be, very thankful.

Arthur [his business agent] was exceedingly unwell last night—could not cheer up at all. He was so very unwell that he left the hall (!) and became invisible after my five minutes' rest. I found him at the hotel in a jacket and slippers, and with a hot bath just ready. He was in the last stage of prostration. The local agent was with me, and proposed that he (the wretched Arthur) should go to his office and balance the accounts then and there. He went, in the jacket and slippers, and came back in twenty minutes, *perfectly well*, in consequence of the ad-

mirable balance. He is now sitting opposite to me ON THE BAG OF SILVER, forty pounds (it must be dreadfully hard), writing to Boulogne.

Best love to Mamie and Katie, and dear Plorn, and all the boys left when this comes to Gad's Hill; also to my dear good Anne, and her little woman.

Ever affectionately.

The fame of these readings speedily reached the United States, and Dickens was repeatedly importuned and entreated to pay us a professional visit. He held out in his refusal to extend his travels so far until, in 1867, the representations as to the enormous monetary harvest he might expect to reap here overcame his resolution, and on November 19th of that year he landed once more upon our shores. A considerable portion of the second volume is filled with vivid descriptions of his readings in the various Eastern cities; but the scenes themselves can hardly have faded as yet from the popular mind, and it will be more interesting, perhaps, to learn how far the impressions received during the earlier visit were modified during the later one. Between the two visits, the impetuous author had evidently acquired discretion, even if he had not changed his opinions, and there are only two paragraphs in the later correspondence that can be set over against the long letter of 1842. In a letter written from the Parker House, Boston, under date of January 4, 1868, he says:

There are two apparently irreconcilable contrasts here. Down below in this hotel every night are the bar-loungers, dram-drinkers, drunkards, swaggerers, loafers, that one might find in a Boucicault play. Within half an hour is Cambridge, where a delightful domestic life—simple, self-respectful, cordial, and affectionate—is seen in an admirable aspect. All New England is primitive and puritanical. All about and around it is a puddle of mixed human mud, with no such quality in it. Perhaps I may in time sift out some tolerably intelligible whole, but I certainly have not done so yet. It is a good sign, maybe, that it all seems immensely more difficult to understand than it was when I was here before.

In another letter, addressed to Mr. Macready under date of March 21, 1868, he says:

You would find the general aspect of America and Americans decidedly much improved. You would find immeasurably greater consideration and respect for your privacy than of old. You would find a steady change for the better everywhere, except (oddly enough) in the railroads generally, which seem to have stood still, while everything else has moved. But there is an exception westward. There the express trains have now a very delightful carriage called a "drawing-room car," literally a series of little private drawing-rooms, with sofas and a table in each, opening out of a little corridor. In each, too, is a large plate-glass window, with which you can do as you like. As you pay extra for this luxury, it may be regarded as the first move toward two classes of passengers.

On the whole, it is evident that Dickens retained his insular prejudices to the last, and that—in spite of the enthusiasm which he aroused and the kindnesses which he experienced—he never really liked either America or the Americans. From the hour of his landing he was counting the days until his return voyage should begin; and this fact lends an additional pathos to the knowledge that his sufferings while here from "true American catarrh," as he facetiously calls it, so weakened his constitution as to precipitate the attack that ended his life only two years later.

A few other letters must be quoted as illustrating phases of Dickens's character that have not yet been touched upon. Here is a most characteristic one, in which he defends and justifies the first of those numerous attacks which he made in his novels upon religious cant:

[*To Mr. David Dickson.*]

1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, YORK GATE, REGENT'S PARK, *May* 10, 1843.

SIR: Permit me to say, in reply to your letter that you do not understand the intention (I dare say the fault is mine) of that passage in the "Pickwick Papers" which has given you offense. The design of "the Shepherd," and of this and every other allusion to him, is, to show how sacred things are degraded, vulgarized, and rendered absurd when persons who are utterly incompetent to teach the commonest things take upon themselves to expound such mysteries, and how, in making mere cant phrases of divine words, these persons miss the spirit in which they had their origin. I have seen a great deal of this sort of thing in many parts of England, and I never knew it lead to charity or good deeds.

Whether the great Creator of the world and the creature of his hands, molded in his own image, is quite so opposite in character as you believe, is a question which it would profit us little to discuss. I like the frankness and candor of your letter, and thank you for it. That every man who seeks heaven must be born again, in good thoughts of his Maker I sincerely believe. That it is expedient for every hound to say so in a certain snuffling form of words to which he attaches no good meaning, I do not believe. I take it, there is no difference between us.

Faithfully yours.

The following extract from a letter to Mr. Macready (written in 1853) testifies to that sturdy faith in the *people* which was one of the dominating sentiments of Dickens's life. It refers to

ddress which he had just previously delivered at Birmingham :

I know you would have been full of sympathy nd approval if you had been present at Birmingam, and that you would have concurred in the tone tried to take about the eternal duties of the arts to ıe people. I took the liberty of putting the court nd that kind of thing out of the question, and recgnizing nothing *but* the arts and the people. The ıore we see of life and its brevity, and the world nd its varieties, the more we know that no exercise f our abilities in any art, but the addressing of it to ıe great ocean of humanity in which we are drops, nd not to by-ponds (very stagnant) here and there, ver can or ever will lay the foundations of an enurable retrospect.

This is from a letter to Mr. Charles Knight efending "Hard Times" against some strictures hich the latter had made upon it :

My satire is against those who see figures and verages, and nothing else—the representatives of ıe wickedest and most enormous vice of this time -the men who, through long years to come, will do ıore to damage the real useful truths of political conomy than I could do (if I tried) in my whole fe ; the addled heads who would take the average f cold in the Crimea during twelve months as a eason for clothing a soldier in nankeens on a night hen he would be frozen to death in fur, and who ould comfort the laborer in traveling twelve miles day to and from his work, by telling him that the verage distance of one inhabited place from anothr in the whole area of England is not more than ur miles. Bah ! What have you to do with these ?

The last letter of all—written less than an our before the fatal stroke ended for ever the ıbors of that teeming brain and prolific pen—is ı a peculiar degree appropriate as the close of such a collection. It was written in reply to a letter from Mr. Makeham remonstrating against a "figure of speech" used in the tenth chapter of "Edwin Drood" :

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT, *Wednesday Night, June*, 1870.

DEAR SIR : It would be quite inconceivable to me—but for your letter—that any reasonable reader could possibly attach a scriptural reference to a passage in a book of mine, reproducing a much-abused social figure of speech, impressed with all sorts of service, on all sorts of inappropriate occasions, without the faintest connection of it with its original source. I am truly shocked to find that any reader can make the mistake.

I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour ; because I feel it ; and because I rewrote that history for my children—every one of whom knew it from having it repeated to them—long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak.

But I have never made proclamation of this from the house-tops.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

JOHN M. MAKEHAM, ESQ.

The selections which we have made from the "Letters" will probably appear somewhat desultory and altogether inadequate ; but then the letters themselves are desultory in subject, and we have not aimed to do more than indicate their quality and variety. Taken as a whole, they portray with wonderful vividness and fidelity nearly all possible phases of the author's thoughts and feelings ; and it may be confidently said, in conclusion, that there are very few men whose hearts and lives could be laid so bare as in this correspondence and yet leave upon the reader so consistently pleasing an impression.

FRAGMENTS.

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON POETRY.

[T is both interesting and instructive to hear what masters of a craft may choose to say pon the subject of their art. The interest is ather increased than diminished by the limitation f the imperfection of their view, inseparable from ersonal inclination, idiosyncrasy of genius, or abrbing previous course of study. When Heinch exclaims, "There's no lust like to poetry" ; hen Goethe asserts, "Die kunst ist nur Gestalıng" ; when Shelley writes, "Poetry is the recrd of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds," we feel in each of these utterances—too partial to express a universal truth, too profound to be regarded as a merely casual remark—the dominating bias and instinctive leanings of a lifetime. If, then, we remember that Mr. Matthew Arnold is equally eminent as a critic and a poet, we shall not be too much surprised to read the following account of poetry given in the preface to his selections from Wordsworth : * "It is important, therefore, to hold fast

* "Poems of Wordsworth." Chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold. "Golden Treasury Series," Macmillan, 1879.

to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life—to the question, How to live."

At first sight this definition will strike most people as a paradox. It would be scarcely less startling to hear, as indeed we might perhaps hear from a new school of writers upon art, that "criticism is at bottom the poetry of things," inasmuch as it is the critic's function to select the quintessential element of all he touches, and to present that only in choice form to the public he professes to instruct. Yet, when we return to Mr. Arnold, and compare the passage above quoted with the fuller expression of the same view upon a preceding page, the apparent paradox is reduced to the proportions of a sound and valuable generalization: "Long ago, in speaking of Homer, I said that the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness. I said that a great poet receives his distinctive character of superiority from his application, under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth, from his application, I say, whatever it may be, of the ideas,

'On man, on nature, and on human life,'

which he has acquired for himself." An important element in this description of poetic greatness is the further determination of the ideas in question as moral: "It is said that to call these ideas *moral* ideas is to introduce a strong and injurious limitation. I answer that it is to do nothing of the kind, because moral ideas are really so main a part of human life. The question, *how to live,* is itself a moral idea; and it is the question which most interests every man, and with which, in some way or other, he is perpetually occupied."

With the substance of these passages there are few who, after mature reflection on the nature of poetry, will not agree. That the weight of Mr. Arnold's authority should be unhesitatingly given against what he calls the poetry of revolt and the poetry of indifference to morals, is a matter for rejoicing to all who think the dissemination of sound views on literature important. It is good to be reminded at the present moment that Omar Kayam failed of true greatness because he was a reactionary, and that Théophile Gautier took up his abode in what can never be more than a wayside halting-place. From time to time critics arise who attempt to persuade us that it does not so much matter what a poet says as how he says it, and that the highest poetical achievements are those which combine a certain vagueness of meaning with sensuous melody and color of verbal composition. Yet, if one thing is proved with certainty by the whole history of lit erature to our time, it is that the self-preservativ instinct of humanity rejects such art as does nc contribute to its intellectual nutrition and mora sustenance. It can not afford to continue lon in contact with ideas that run counter to th principles of its own progress. It can not be stow more than passing notice upon trifles, how ever exquisitely finished. Poetry will not, indeec live without style or its equivalent. But styl alone will never confer enduring and cosmopol tan fame upon a poet. He must have place himself in accord with the permanent emotion the conservative forces of the race; he must hav uttered what contributes to the building up vital structure in the social organism, in order gain more than a temporary or a partial hearin Though style is an indispensable condition success in poetry, it is by matter, and not b form, that a poet has to take his final rank.

Of the two less perfect kinds of poetry, th poetry of revolt and the poetry of indifferenc the latter has by far the slighter chance of su vival. Powerful negation implies that which rebels against. The energy of the rebellio spirit is itself a kind of moral greatness. V are braced and hardened by contact with impa sioned revolutionaries, with Lucretius, Voltai Leopardi. Something necessary to the onwa progress of humanity—the vigor of antagonisi the operative force of the antithesis—is comm nicated by them. They are in a high sense eth cal by the exhibition of hardihood, self-relian hatred of hypocrisy. Even Omar's secessi from the mosque to the tavern symbolizes a r cessary and recurring moment of experience. is, moreover, dignified by the pathos of the poe view of life. Meleager's sensuality is condon by the delicacy of his sentiment. Tone coul for much in this poetry of revolt against mora It is only the Stratons, the Beccadellis, the Ba delaires, who, in spite of their consummate for are consigned to poetical perdition by vulgari perversity, obliquity of vision. But the carvi of cherry-stones in verse, the turning of triol and rondeaux, the seeking after sound or co without heed for sense, is all foredoomed to fa failure. The absolute neglect which has fall on the melodious Italian sonnet-writers of t sixteenth century is due to their cult of art art's sake, and their indifference to the realit of life. If we ask why Machiavelli's "Mand gora" is inferior to Shakespeare's "Merry Wi of Windsor," in spite of its profound knowlec of human nature, its brilliant wit, its irresisti humor, its biting satire, and its incompara closer workmanship, we can only answer th Shakespeare's conception of life was healt natural, exhilarating, while Machiavelli's, with

splaying the earnestness of revolt, was artificial, orbid, and depressing. The sympathies which very great work of art stimulates tend in the ise of Shakespeare's play to foster, in the case Machiavelli's to stunt, the all-essential elements social happiness and vigor. In point of form, ie "Mandragora" has better right to be a clas- c comedy than the "Merry Wives of Windsor." ut the application of ideas to life in it is so un- ound and so perverse that common sense rejects : we tire of living in so false a world.

Without multiplying instances, it can be af- rmed, with no dread of opposition, that all art, be truly great art, to be permanent and fresh id satisfying through a hundred generations, to eld the bread and wine of daily sustenance to en and women in successive ages, must be oralized—must be in harmony with those prin- ples of conduct, that tone of feeling, which it is ie self-preservative instinct of civilized humanity strengthen. This does not mean that the art- t should be consciously didactic or obtrusively hical. The objects of ethics and of art are dis- nct. The one analyzes and instructs; the other mbodies and delights. But, since all the arts ve form to thought and feeling, it follows that ie greatest art is that which includes in its syn- esis the fullest complex of thoughts and feel- gs. The more complete the poet's grasp of uman nature as a whole, the more complete his resentation of life in organized complexity, the reater he will be. Now the whole struggle of ie human race from barbarism to civilization is ie continuous effort to maintain and to extend s moral dignity. It is by the conservation and imentation of moral qualities that we advance. he organization of our faculties into a perfect hole is moral harmony. Therefore artists who spire to greatness can neither be adverse nor different to ethics. In each case they proclaim eir own inadequacy to the subject-matter of eir art, humanity. In each case they present a aimed and partial portrait of their hero, man. each case they must submit, however exqui- te their style, however acute their insight, to e excluded from the supreme company of the mmortals. We need do no more than name e chiefs of European poetry—Homer, Pindar, Eschylus, Sophocles, Virgil, Horace, Dante, hakespeare, Molière—in order to recognize the ct that they owe their superiority to the com- eteness of their representation, to their firm asp upon the harmony of human faculties in rge morality. It is this which makes *classical* d *humane* literature convertible terms. It is is which has led all classes and ages of men ck and back to these great poets as to their miliar friends and teachers, "the everlasting lace of mankind."

While substantially agreeing with Mr. Arnold, it may be possible to take exception to the form of his definition. He lays too great stress, perhaps, on the phrases, *application* of ideas, and *criticism*. The first might be qualified as misleading, because it seems to attribute an ulterior purpose to the poet; the second as tending to confound two separate faculties, the creative and the judicial. Plato's conception of poetry as an inspiration, a divine instinct, may be nearer to the truth. The application of ideas should not be too conscious, else the poet sinks into the preacher. The criticism of life should not be too much his object, else the poet might as well have written essays. What is wanted is that, however spontaneous his utterance may be, however he may aim at only beauty in his work, or "sing but as the linnet sings," his message should be adequate to healthy and mature humanity. His intelligence of what is noble and enduring, his expression of a full, harmonious personality, is enough to moralize his work. It is even better that he should not turn aside to comment. That is the function of the homilist. We must learn how to live from him less by his precepts than by his examples and by being in his company. It would no doubt be misunderstanding Mr. Arnold to suppose that he estimates poetry by the gnomic sentences conveyed in it, or that he intends to say that the greatest poets have deliberately used their art as the vehicle of moral teaching. Yet there is a double danger in the wording of his definitions. On the one hand, if we accept them too literally, we run the risk of encouraging that false view of poetry which led the Byzantines to prefer Euripides to Sophocles, because he contained a greater number of quotable maxims; which brought the humanists of the sixteenth century to the incomprehensible conclusion that Seneca had improved upon the Greek drama by infusing greater gravity into his speeches; which caused Tasso to invent an *ex post facto* allegory for the "Gerusalemme," and Spenser to describe Ariosto's mad Orlando, the triumphant climax of that poet's irony, as "a good governor and a virtuous man." On the other hand, there is the peril of forgetting that the prime aim of all art is at bottom only presentation. That, and that alone, distinguishes the arts, including poetry, from every other operation of the intellect, and justifies Hegel's general definition of Art as "Die sinnliche Erscheinung der Idee." Poetry is not so much a criticism of life as a revelation of life, a presentment of life according to the poet's capacity for observing and displaying it in forms that reproduce it for his readers. The poet is less a judge than a seer and reporter. If he judges, it is as light, falling upon an object, showing its inequalities, discov-

ering its loveliness, may be said to judge. The greatest poet is not the poet who has said the best things about life, but he whose work most fully and faithfully reflects life in its breadth and largeness, eliminating what is accidental, trivial, temporary, local, or rendering insignificant details the mirror of the universal by his treatment. He teaches less by what he inculcates than by what he shows; and the truth of Plato's above-mentioned theory is that he may himself be unaware of the far-reaching lessons he communicates. From Shakespeare we could better afford to lose the profound remarks on life in "Timon" or "Troilus and Cressida" than the delineation of Othello's passion. The speeches of Nestor in the "Iliad" are less valuable than the portrait of Achilles; and what Achilles says about fame, heroism, death, and friendship, could be sooner spared than the presentment of his action.

The main thing to keep in mind is this, that the world will very willingly let die in poetry what does not contribute to its intellectual strength and moral vigor. In the long run, therefore, poetry full of matter and moralized wins the day. But it must, before all else, be poetry. The application of the soundest moral ideas, the finest criticism of life, will not save it from oblivion, if it fails in the essential qualities that constitute a work of art. Imagination, or the power to see clearly and to project forcibly; fancy, or the power to flash new light on things familiar, and by their combination to delight the mind with novelty; creative genius, or the power of giving form and substance, life and beauty to the figments of the brain; style, or the power to sustain a flawless and unwavering distinction of utterance; dramatic energy, or the power to make men and women move before us with self-evident reality in fiction; passion, sympathy, enthusiasm, or the power of feeling and communicating feeling, of understanding and arousing emotion; lyrical inspiration, or the power of spontaneous singing—these are among the many elements that go to make up poetry. These, no doubt, are alluded to by Mr. Arnold in the clause referring to "poetic beauty and poetic truth." But it is needful to insist upon them, after having dwelt so long upon the matter and the moral tone of poetry. No sane critic can deny that the possession of one or more of these qualities in any very eminent degree will save a poet from the neglect to which moral revolt or indifference might otherwise condemn him. Ariosto's vulgarity of feeling, Shelley's crude and discordant opinions, Leopardi's overwhelming pessimism, Heine's morbid sentimentality, Byron's superficiality and cynicism, sink to nothing beneath the saving virtues of imagination, lyrical inspiration, poetic style, humor, intensity, and sweep of passion. The very greatest poets of the world have combined all these qualities, together with that grand humanity which confers upon them immortal freshness. Of Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, Æschylus, Dante, Virgil, Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, it is only possible to say that one or other element of poetic achievement has been displayed more eminently than the rest, that one or other has been held more obviously in abeyance, when we come to distinguish each great master from his peers. But lesser men may rest their claims to immortality upon slighter merits; and among these merits it will be found impossible to exclude what we call form, style, and the several poetic qualities above enumerated.

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The final test of greatness in a poet is his adequacy to human nature at its best; his feeling for the balance of sense, emotion, will, intellect in moral harmony; his faculty for regarding the whole of life, and representing it in all its largeness. If this be true, dramatic and epical poetry must be the most enduring, the most instructive monuments of creative genius in verse. These forms bring into quickest play and present in fullest activity the many-sided motives of our life on earth. Yet the lyrist has a sphere scarcely second in importance to that of the epic and dramatic poets. The thought and feeling he expresses may, if his nature be adequate, embrace the whole gamut of humanity; and if his expression be sufficient, he may give the form of universality to his experience, creating magic mirrors wherein all men shall see their own hearts reflected and glorified without violation of reality or truth.

J. A. SYMONDS (*Fortnightly Review*).

IRVING'S SHYLOCK.

THAT no artist has so much actual enjoyment of success as the actor, and that no fame is so evanescent as his, has been generally accepted as a truth. But only the first part of the saying is altogether true; the last part will, at least, bear modification. Were it entirely and unfailingly true, neither actors nor spectators would be beset by traditions, no fulfilled renown would interpose its laurels between the student-artist and the dramatist's creation, or stir the air about his audience with the distant echo of its trumpets. On the contrary, the traditions of the great actors of the past are always with us—and, although we can not point to handiwork of theirs in stone or on canvas, they are the most interesting of memories, because the *aiguillon* of curiosity and question pricks all discussion of them. Did Garrick give this passage so? Did the Siddons make

that point? And what was Edmund Kean's reading? They come to the play with us, when it is a great play, and the actors are great actors, or approaching greatness, and is not that the survival of fame? Of all plays, "The Merchant of Venice" is that one which the spectator would, we fancy, go to see with the "historical" association most strongly in his mind, and also that one in which the actors of the great parts would be most pressed and overshadowed by the tradition of their predecessors. That was, however, no "historical" Shylock which Mr. Irving set before the closely-packed audience assembled on last Saturday evening to see Shakespeare's finest comedy put upon the stage of the Lyceum as it has certainly never previously been put upon any stage, and acted as it has not often been acted. Probably, to every mind, except that of Shakespeare himself—in which all potential interpretations of his Shylock, as all potential interpretations of his Hamlet, must have had a place—the complex image which Mr. Irving presented to a crowd more or less impressed with notions of their own concerning the Jew whom Shakespeare drew, was entirely novel and unexpected; for here is a man whom none can despise, who can raise emotions both of pity and of fear, and make us Christians thrill with a retrospective sense of shame. Here is a usurer indeed, but no more like the customary modern rendering of that extortionate lender of whom Bassanio borrowed "moneys" than the merchants *dei Medici* were like pawnbrokers down Whitechapel way; a usurer indeed, and full of "thrift," which is rather the protest of his disdain and disgust for the sensuality and frivolity of the ribald crew, out of whom he makes his "Christian ducats," than of his own sordidness; a usurer indeed, but, above all, a Jew! One of the race accursed in the evil days in which he lives, but chosen of Jehovah in the olden time wherein lie his pride, and belief, and hope—the best of that hope being revenge on the enemies of himself and all his tribe, now wearing the badge of sufferance, revenge, rendered by the stern tenets of a faith which teaches that "the Lord, his God, is a jealous God, taking vengeance," not only lawful, but holy. A Jew, in intellectual faculties, in spiritual discipline, far in advance of the time and the country in which he lives, shaken with strong passion sometimes, but for the most part fixed in a deep and weary disdain. He is an old man, but not very aged, so that the epithet "old" used to him is not to be mistaken for anything but the insolence it means; a widower—his one pathetic mention of his "Leah" was as beautiful a touch as ever has been laid upon the many-stringed lyre of human feeling—the father of a daughter who amply justifies his plain mistrust of her, an odious, immodest, dishonest creature, than whom Shakespeare drew no more unpleasant character, and to whom one always grudges the loveliest love-lines that ever were spoken, especially when it is borne in mind that the speaker, Lorenzo, was at best a receiver of stolen goods. Mr. Irving's Shylock is a being quite apart from his surroundings. When he hesitates and questions with himself why he should go forth to sup with those who would scorn him if they could, but can only ridicule him, while the very stealthy intensity of scorn of them is in him, we ask, too, why should he? He would hardly be more out of place in the "wilderness of monkeys," of which he makes his sad and quaint comparison, when Tubal tells him of that last coarse proof of the heartlessness of his daughter "wedded with a Christian"—the bartering of his Leah's ring. What mean, pitiful beings they all are, poetical as is their language, and fine as are the situations of the play, in comparison with the forlorn, resolute, undone, baited, betrayed, implacable old man, who, having personified his hatred of the race of Christians in Antonio, whose odiousness to him, in the treble character of a Christian, a sentimentalist, and a reckless speculator, is less of a mere caprice than he explains it to be! He reasons calmly with the dullards in the court concerning this costly whim of his, yet with a disdainful doubt of the justice that will be done him; standing almost motionless, his hands hanging by his sides—they are an old man's hands, feeble, except when passion turns them into griping claws, and then that passion subsides into the quivering of age, which is like palsy—his gray, worn face, lined and hollow, mostly averted from the speakers who move him not, except when a gleam of murderous hate, sudden and deadly, like the flash from a pistol, goes over it, and burns for a moment in the tired, melancholy eyes! Such a gleam there came when Shylock answered Bassanio's palliative commonplace with—

"Hates any man the thing he would not kill?"

At the wretched gibes of Gratiano, and the amiable maundering of the Duke, the slow, cold smile, just parting the lips and touching their curves as light touches polished metal, passes over the lower part of the face, but does not touch the eyes or lift the brow. This is one of Mr. Irving's most remarkable facial effects, for he can pass it through all the phases of a smile, up to surpassing sweetness. Is it a fault of the actors or of ours that this Shylock is a being so absolutely apart that it is impossible to picture him as a part of the life of Venice, that we can not think of him "on the Rialto" before Bassanio wanted "moneys," and Antonio had "plunged,"

like any London city-man in the pre-"depression" times, that he absolutely begins to exist with the "Three thousand ducats—well!" These are the first words uttered by the picturesque personage to whom the splendid and elaborate scene, whose every detail we have previously been eagerly studying, becomes merely the background. He is wonderfully weird, but his weirdness is quite unlike that of any other of the impersonations in which Mr. Irving has accustomed us to that characteristic; it is impressive, never fantastic—sometimes solemn and terrible. There was a moment when, as he stood in the last scene with folded arms and bent head, the very image of exhaustion, a victim, entirely convinced of the justice of his cause, he looked like a Spanish painter's "Ecce Homo." The likeness passed in an instant, for the next utterance is:

> "My deeds upon my head. I crave the law,
> The penalty and forfeit of my bond."

In the opinion of the present writer, his Shylock is Mr. Irving's finest performance, and his final exit is its best point. The quiet shrug, the glance of ineffable, unfathomable contempt at the exultant booby Gratiano, who, having got hold of a good joke, worries it like a puppy with a bone, the expression of defeat in every limb and feature, the deep, gasping sigh as he passes slowly out, and the crowd rush from the court to hoot and howl at him outside, make up an effect which must be seen to be comprehended. Perhaps some students of Shakespeare, reading the Jew's story to themselves, and coming to the conclusion that there was more sentiment than legality in that queer, confused, quibbling court, where judge and advocate were convertible terms, may have doubted whether the utterer of the most eloquent and famous satirical appeal in all dramatic literature, whose scornful detestation of his Christian foes rose mountains high over what they held to be his ruling passion, drowning avarice fathom-deep in hatred, would have gratified those enemies by useless railing, and an exhibition of impotent rage. But there is no "tradition" for this rendering, in which Mr. Irving puts in action for his Shylock one sense of Hamlet's words—"The rest is silence!" The impression made by this consummate stroke of art and touch of nature upon the vast audience was most remarkable; the thrill that passed over the house was a sensation to have witnessed and shared.

Although Mr. Irving sinks the usurer in the Jew in a quite novel manner, he does not do so too entirely, departing from Shakespeare's intention arbitrarily; he only reverses the general estimate of the intensity of Shylock's two master passions. Both are present always, and his last effort to clutch the gold when the revenge has escaped his grasp, his cunning, business-like "Give me my principal, and let me go," is an admirable point. Throughout the entire performance the actor's best qualities are at their best, and his characteristic faults are hardly apparent. The picturesqueness of his appearance is largely assisted by the grave, flowing robe and shawl-girdle which he wears; his self-restraint fails not before his Christian foes; Shylock's passionate agony is in soliloquy, or when only Tubal, a Jew, like him, who understands him and their common holy faith, and what dogs these Christians are, as well as "Father Abraham" himself understands it, is with him. In the scene with Tubal, the sentence, "The curse never fell upon our nation till now—I never felt it till now!" is as finely delivered as Mr. Irving's "I know, I know—I was a dauphin myself once," in his "Louis XI." There was a fine effect—and it, too, thrilled the house—in the third scene of the first act. In the striking of the terrible bargain between Antonio and the Jew, Shylock touches the Christian lightly on the breast; Antonio recoils, and Shylock, without breaking his discourse, bows low, in apologetic deprecation of his own daring and the merchant's indignation, while his face is alight for an instant with a gleam of hatred and derision truly devilish.

All those liberties which Mr. Irving has taken with the text of the play are not only allowable, but welcome. It is to be wished that his good taste had suggested just one more alteration—only one, for we suppose the heavy fooling of Launcelot Gobbo must remain, like those detestable rhymes in "Hamlet," on pain of accusation of treason against Shakespeare, who was, no doubt, proud of his bad puns. That one is the omission of Gratiano's horrid jest when Shylock is whetting his knife on the edge of his shoe—"Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew, thou mak'st thy knife keen." Could not this flagrant vulgarity be discarded?

Of Miss Ellen Terry's Portia, it is almost superfluous to speak, for it has been long and well known to be of an excellence without rival or compeer. Probably no more beautiful sight than the "casket scenes" has ever been beheld on any stage, with this consummate actress, in her golden-hued, gold-fringed, satin robes, with her beautiful face, her sweet, flexible voice, her graceful, exquisitely appropriate movements and gestures, her sweet, womanly perplexity, girlish fun, swiftly growing passion, and gracious wifely surrender, amid surroundings which are almost ideally perfect.

The Spectator.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PROPOSED FEDERATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE "Westminster Review" has discussed in recent numbers the urgency and the feasibility of a federation of the British Empire. It is proposed to create an Imperial Parliament, in which representatives from the colonies are to sit, and to separate local from imperial measures by forming a local House of Parliament for the consideration of the former, leaving the Imperial House to deal exclusively with matters that pertain to the empire at large. Local colonial Legislatures would remain much as at present. An Irish local Parliament is suggested, but the writer's plan seems to suppose that the English local House would include Scotland in its jurisdiction. Apart from many direct advantages that would arise from the proposed plan, is the consideration that the present Parliament is burdened with business beyond its power to transact. Every year, it is affirmed, numerous measures are shelved without, from lack of time, having been considered at all. But this evil is partly due to the fact that on certain popular questions "the time of the House is utterly wasted in listening to the repetition *ad nauseam* of the same ideas and opinions, by members who feel it to be their duty to make speeches, in order to have them read by their constituents"—which shows that Buncombe is a power at Westminster as well as at Washington. This is an evil which is likely rather to increase than otherwise, and hence a remedy must be found for it, which the "Westminster Review" thinks is secured in its proposed plan:

The gain to Parliamentary legislation by this course would be immediate and direct. The local House would be of manageable and compact proportions; its members would be able to devote their time and energies to the proper treatment and consideration of various local questions; the dissatisfaction caused at present throughout the country by the constant burking of local measures would be allayed; and we might even hope that the Irish difficulty would be set at rest, perhaps by the formation of an Irish local Parliament, but in any case, by reason of the House being able to devote proper time and attention to the consideration of Irish grievances. In a similar manner, the Imperial House would be much reduced in bulk and proportionately increased in activity and vitality. Its time would be occupied in the consideration of imperial questions; its energy would not then be frittered away upon petty local matters; nor would the business of the House be obstructed by members anxious to force the consideration of some local grievance.

Such a rearrangement of the Parliamentary system would expedite public business to a degree that could not be attained by any other system; and, considering the constant and steady growth of Parliamentary business, it would seem that recourse must be had to some such system in order to carry on the ordinary business of the country. Nor would this rearrangement require that any violence should be done to the English Parliamentary system; it would not introduce any new principle such as would be the case if a large part of the empire were to be represented by an advisory board, as has been suggested; it would simply be to adopt the confederation system that has been found to work so smoothly in Germany and the United States. A scheme of this nature to facilitate the dispatch of Parliamentary business was put forward some years ago by Earl Russell, and the fact that so experienced a Parliamentarian as he favored the idea is somewhat of a guarantee that it is not impracticable.

It will be recalled by many of our readers that numerous English critics have condemned our American federal system as cumbersome; they have even laughed at the notion that in order to carry on the business of the country there must exist nearly forty different legislative bodies and as many executives. These critics did not consider the tremendous stress Congress would be under if all local questions that arise in our extended country were brought to its chambers; and now all at once we find our system gravely held up as a guide and example. The "Westminster" even supposes the creation of a sort of under-executives—its plan, for either England or Ireland, being as follows:

The country would be under a Viceroy or Governor, appointed by the Queen in Council. The advisers of the Viceroy would be drawn from the members of the local House, and the relations of the Viceroy to his Ministers would be precisely analogous to those of the Queen to her Ministers. All measures passed by the local House would require the assent of the Viceroy before they could become law. But any measure of doubtful constitutionality could be "reserved" by the Viceroy, in which case the bill would be remitted for the consideration of the Queen in Council, and either passed or vetoed. Also any measure passed by the local House, and assented to by the Viceroy, could be annulled if vetoed by the Queen in Council within two years from the time of assent. These provisions have been adopted in Canada as between the Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governors, and as between the Queen and the Governor-General, so as to preserve a proper control over provincial or local legislation. Copies of all bills assented to by the Viceroy would be immediately forwarded to the Secretary of State for her Majesty's consideration.

It will doubtless be a long time before we shall see as radical a change as this in the English Parliamentary system; but it is easy for us at this distance to see the advantages that would arise from such a scheme, and difficult to understand what rational objection there can be to it. Such a system would assuredly bind the colonies closer to the mother-country, without overthrowing her supremacy; for, according to a schedule laid down in the "Westminster" article, in a House of three hundred members, one hundred and eighty-five members would be allotted to

England, twenty-five to Scotland, forty to Ireland, and fifty to the colonies. The immense advantages that would arise from the greater dispatch of business ought of itself to compensate for whatever minor evils a federation of the empire would lead to—if such evils are possible.

THE SPIRITUAL IN ART.

A WRITER in the last "Cornhill," in an article entitled "The Apologia of Art," attempts to account for the existence of art in all its forms. He says:

If we look back through the records of past ages, back even to the very dawn of civilization, we find one fact of human life continually presenting itself: this is, the need of man for expression—his overmastering desire not only to enjoy, but to show that he enjoys—not only for conquest, but also for triumph. There seems to be some inherent tendency which compels mankind to record their sorrows and their joys, to leave upon the earth some trace of their presence. The earliest traces we can find of art show us that its birth was due to this impulse; the rhythmic song of the savage was raised in moments of rejoicing or mourning; the adorning of his face with paint, and his head with feathers, was but another way of expressing his joy in battle and his confidence in victory. However the idea first dawned in the world, to whatever accident it was due, it can hardly be doubted that even among savage tribes the power of measured sound is recognized to be expressive of some feelings in their nature which can not otherwise find vent. This I believe to be the fundamental fact concerning the origin of art—namely, that it gave expression to a new element in man's nature.

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If we grant, then, that it was owing to its power of giving adequate representation to the whole nature of man that art became the exponent of his emotions, we may well be asked, Why it was that only in harmonies of color and sound would this whole nature be shown? Why is it that language can not give the same degree of meaning? To this I can only suggest a possible answer. For our definite thoughts and emotions, we can find words which shall paint them with far greater clearness than art can ever do; the emotion of poets, for instance, can be analyzed and detailed in prose to a far greater extent than would be possible in either a picture or a poem, though in the latter we might give an instance of the passion that should light up our prose analysis with a fuller meaning. But when the spiritual element has to be grasped in words, we find ourselves comparatively powerless; our instrument is not subtile enough for the tune we wish to play upon it—words are too hard, cold, and definite to express the feeling we would put into them. Here it is that Art steps in to our rescue, talking to us, as it were, in two languages at once, supplementing the deficiencies of language by the harmonies of color and line. The subject and its correct drawing may well be compared to language expressing the emotion and the thought; the combinations of line and color, by which the artist expresses his idea, stand in the relation of the spiritual element to the rest of the picture. And as it is true that the vital power of any scene or beauty is one which we alone can not put into words, so the vital power of any work of great art is that spiritual element which has unconsciously to itself breathed its influence over the master's mind and his hands' work.

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I claim for art that by it alone can the whole of man's nature be expressed; and that in all great works of art the three elements of the intellectual, the emotional, and the spiritual are to be found. I maintain further that the vital quality in all fine art is the presence of this spiritual element, this deeper insight which endows with new meaning whatever it touches. And regarding this element as the highest in man's nature, I consider that to be the highest art in which the proportion of the spiritual insight to the intellectual meaning and the sensuous perception is the greatest.

The air is full of criticism similar to the above, although it is not always so cogently and eloquently expressed; and hence we are disposed to inquire whether the whole assumption of a spiritual element in art is not a vague sentiment, a piece of transcendental ecstasy. That art exercises great power over our emotional susceptibilities is not to be denied, but it is no new thing to imagine that our sensuous emotions have their birth in the spirit, and that they are nothing less than a form of divine exaltation. Now it is doubtless quite impossible to explain how it is that beauty and harmony exercise their great sway over us; how and why "measured sound" and the "harmonies of color and line" should thrill us and fill us with delightful and indescribable sensations; but to assume that a spiritual element in these forms of expression is the source of their power seems to us to jump the whole matter. It is quite possible, indeed, that, if the spirit of man were wholly freed from the influences and seductions of the senses, color and sound would cease to agitate it, or physical beauty have any meaning for it. We do not find the races with whom or the epochs in which spiritual life has been the most exalted falling under the dominion of art; nor do we see persons of the finest spiritual strain show either the need or much of the influence of art. "After four hundred years of contest with the Church," says the writer from whom we have been quoting, "the force of nature was too strong for the force of the priesthood, and, though still consecrated to the service of religion, Art became free to represent her subjects in her own way, and began that great forward movement that culminated in the Renaissance. From the time of Giotto to the time of Raphael, Art, as it were, took the vows of the Church, and so in narrowed but perhaps deepened channels passed into being the sole exponent of the overmastering religious emotions of the age." We apprehend that art conquered the Church only as the spiritual earnestness of its worshipers declined, and that the "overmastering religious emotions," of which art became the exponent, was far more a passion for the sensuous form of religion than for its spiritual bliss—for the pomp, the music, the color, the splendor of a grand pictorial worship, rather than for inner light and grace. If the Renaissance was a grand revival of art, the Reformation was a general spiritual awakening, in the heat of which art and all the emotions that art excites were consumed. We do not sympathize with that form of religious fervor that fortifies the sensi-

bilities against beauty; but there is no denying the fact that intense spiritual life renders everything else in the world valueless; it rises to a plane to which art with all its manifold seductions can not rise. And this is also true of pure intellectual life. Sound and color have very little fascination for the mind engrossed in the study of great problems or deeply concerned in any pursuit of an engrossing character. Neither great reformers nor great thinkers have exhibited much susceptibility to art, at least in its forms of painting and sculpture.

Let us admit, however, that art has great control over the human heart. Has it more than beauty in nature has? Are the emotions that it awakens in any way different? When we look upon the ravishing beauty of a "maiden in her flower," can it be pretended that the sensations thus awakened—difficult as they are to analyze or to comprehend—are in any wise more than a delight of the senses—an inexplicable emotion which color and contour, freshness and grace, have the power to excite? Does loveliness in marble awaken emotions other than those that loveliness in flesh stimulates, unless it be the single one of admiration for the skill of the copyist? It is a great temptation, no doubt, to remand the strange agitations of the senses to the spirit; they are certainly subtile and profound enough to escape dissection; but we exalt ourselves by illusions if we fall into the habit of thinking that the delights of the senses, so often enjoyed at the cost of spiritual purity, are really identical with the felicities of the soul.

Our writer in the course of his article has the following to say in regard to academic art:

> Academic art may be briefly defined as the endeavor to paint actions in a way which could never have taken place, with the idea of thereby creating a pleasing effect upon the eye of the beholder. The creed of those who adhere to this school is this: A picture is not to be judged by any other rules than those of pictures—that is to say, you must not blame a picture for being unnatural, or uninteresting, or meaningless, or even absurd, or all or any of these; but you must simply notice whether the effect produced by the lines upon the eye is a pleasing one, whether the figures are arranged in obedience to the laws of composition, whether the light and shade are evenly distributed and skillfully opposed, whether the figures have dignity of gesture and form, and so on. Plainly stated, this sounds as if it were a burlesque, but it is strictly and literally the creed of academists, though they would probably hesitate to write it as clearly as I have done.
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> If this be the end and aim of art, I confess myself a "Philistine" at once; better never have another picture in the world, and then go on adding absurdity to absurdity and thinking it to be art. How long will it be, I wonder, ere all the dreary formulas of the schools cease to be heard among us; when a picture will be judged, not by its accordance with empirical rules, but in accordance with established truth; when our students are taught to put thought as well as drawing, feeling as well as color, into their work?

But this academic method has been very largely the end and aim of art; and it is because of this that laymen unacquainted with the principles at work have found it so difficult to understand the ground of approval among critics. They have found the dreariest and most uninteresting paintings exalted to the skies, and any question of the verdict they might utter denounced as ignorance. They *have* been ignorant in one sense—ignorant of the studio point of view, which may be attained with utter insensibility to genuine beauty and natural laws. If the authority of academic art were deposed, how many of the innumerable canvases that encumber the galleries of Europe would longer be imposed on the credulity of the world? And is it not strange that a critic should tell us with so much eloquence of the spiritual beauty of art, when, according to his own confession, art, with a very few exceptions, has been merely exemplifications of pedantry and technical skill? And then the current defiances of academic law that we see are almost invariably in the direction of pure sensuous art, its mission being, according to one of its disciples, to represent a land "where perfect women, with their feet on perfect flowers, move across our fancy as in twilight."

In another place our writer delivers himself as follows:

> To penetrate the mark of commonplace circumstance and familiar indifference that spreads between the rich and the poor; to show them governed by the same passions, subject to the same needs, and crushed by the same sorrows, as their more fortunate brethren; to find in the death of a vagrant as great an element of pathos as in that of a Cæsar; in a word, to show that the same heart beats beneath frieze, fustian, and broadcloth coats—this, at any rate, is a legitimate sphere for art, and one in which its very highest qualities may find fitting exercise.

Here it is our pleasure to cordially agree with him. But, then, nine tenths of the painters would stigmatize this as the literary notion of art, the wonderful purpose of which is not to be pathetic, or human, or even interesting, but to fill us with spiritual ideas by stimulating the color nerves!

ADORNING THE CITY.

It is reported that a movement is on foot in Boston to form a society for promoting the adornment and improvement of that city. If this rumor prove to be true, Boston is to be congratulated; but we must claim for ourselves priority in suggesting the organization of societies for the purpose described. It is now fully eight years ago since we first broached in "Appletons' Journal" the idea of a metropolitan art association for the purpose of erecting, or promoting the erection, of statues, monuments, fountains, towers, or other objects of a purely art character, and we have several times since urged the idea upon the public. If Boston anticipate New York in the formation of such an association, it will not be because no such notion has ever been promulgated here; and Boston will surely anticipate the

metropolis unless we take steps to make it otherwise. The difficulty in every movement of the kind is to find an energetic, influential, and disinterested leader. There are enough people who would sympathize with such a purpose, and liberally subscribe money to further it, provided they believed it to rest in the right hands. A suitable leader is obviously therefore the first desideratum, and this leader should be a man of influence, culture, and known responsibility. We venture to suggest that the President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art would be an appropriate selection for the purpose; the President of the National Academy of Design would also be an appropriate choice; and, possibly, these two gentlemen would be glad to coöperate in the plan.

New York needs an association of the kind, not only as an active but as a restrictive agent. It would not fulfill its mission solely by the occasional erection of a monument or a fountain, if it did not educate public taste and promote public sentiment in the direction of architectural adornment, and this it would be sure to do. Every good piece of work put up would be a silent comment on every bad or vulgar surrounding. Perhaps a Metropolitan Art Association would prove a great promoter of clean streets; for the dullest citizen would eventually discover that beauty and foulness can not be appropriately conjoined; and the discrimination thus awakened would see that an ugly, misshapen telegraph-pole standing against a handsome façade, or crossing the lines of an artistic fountain, is an abomination; and with the telegraph-pole would disappear many other things that now affront and amaze the eyes of beholders. It is, indeed, just possible that good art in our streets would do more for general art-education than galleries or museums, for pictures and sculptures inevitably are seen by only a small part of the public, while everybody, from the millionaire to the beggar, frequents the streets, and each falls more or less, even if unconsciously, under the influence of the objects and the scenes that he daily comes in contact with.

But while an association such as we have indicated would be a public boon, a society animated by other than a high and severe art-ideal would simply disgrace us. A lot of fussy, self-sufficient, innately vulgar men, more bent upon parading themselves than in rendering worthy public service, eager for newspaper puffs and the applause of the idle, would soon hopelessly disfigure our parks and thoroughfares. A noble fountain or monument is a thing of delight, but bits of cheap, flimsy, inartistic ornamentation—of which there are instances enough already—we most distinctly do not want. Mean and cheap art is a great deal worse than no art at all. If, therefore, any set of people combine with the intention of adorning the city, it ought to be looked to that the organization is made up rightly, and composed of persons of approved culture and taste. Uninstructed people, if ever so well-meaning, should not be intrusted with a task such as we have considered. Wealth is a good thing; enterprise is a good thing; public spirit is a good thing; but these three good things have succeeded in disfiguring every corner of the land with architectural monstrosities, and in leaving their unhappy mark on every town in which they have had unrestricted sway. We trust there is in New York zeal enough of the right character to carry out a large, worthy, and appropriate scheme of metropolitan adornment.

A CORRESPONDENT ON THE NUDE.

APROPOS of our recent article on the nude in art, a correspondent writes as follows:

Editor Appletons' Journal.

DEAR SIR: In perusing the article which appeared in "Appletons' Journal" for October, entitled "The Nude in Art once more," I can not refrain from calling your attention to one thing which may possibly have escaped your attention.

Very near the end of the article occurs this sentence: "To say that youthful imagination ought not to be sensuously stirred by art of this kind is to require of it more than is possible in nature." Very true, but might not other things harmless in themselves inflame the imagination equally as much? If the nude in art excites the imagination to so great a degree, how much more will the imagination of the young physician be excited by the nude in nature! Must we on that account abolish the practice of medicine, and the alleviation of diseases peculiar to those parts of our body which custom demands should be covered? Would it be expecting too much to beg from you an answer to this letter?

M. D.

In our first article on the subject, printed in the number for February last, we pointed out how, as it seemed to us, the art student and the medical student, in their academic relations to the nude, so to speak, fall under a different influence from that which affects persons who look upon it merely from a curious or emotional point of view. With the student, a special and scholastic purpose may be supposed to dominate every other feeling. But, even if this were not so, the fact that a duty and a necessity are involved separates the act from others; and then it does not follow that, because one set of experiences is dangerous, we must therefore surrender ourselves to all other experiences. It is impossible in this world to avoid things which are seductive to the senses; but assuredly we may try and reduce the number—we may take care not to voluntarily and unnecessarily place ourselves under unwholesome influences. Because the soldier must stand fire in battle, that is no reason why he must submit to every musket that may be idly opened upon him.

Books of the Day.

OF all the work which he did in various departments of literature, that by which the late Bayard Taylor would doubtless prefer to be known and judged, is that which his friend Mr. Boker has brought together in "The Poetical Works of Bayard Taylor."* "Poetry," says Mr. Boker, in the preface which he has contributed to the volume, "was the literary element in which Taylor lived and moved and had his being; to which all other efforts and all other ambitions were subjected, as vassals to a sovereign; and to success in which he gave more thoughtful labor, and held its fruits in higher esteem, than all the world and all the other glories thereof. He traveled pen in hand; he delivered course after course of lectures in the brief nightly pauses of his long winter journeys; he wrote novels, he wrote editorials, criticisms, letters, and miscellaneous articles for the magazines and the newspapers; he toiled as few men have toiled at any profession or for any end, and he wore himself out and perished prematurely of hard and sometimes bitter work." His solace, we are assured, during all this wearing and soul-hardening toil, was his pursuit of an art for which his reverence was boundless. "To him," continues Mr. Boker, "poetry was a second religion, or an intellectual continuation of that natural, moral sentiment which lifts man above himself and his fortunes in his aspiration after immortality and supernal life. He held that no achievement of man was comparable to the creation of a living poem. He saw, with other thinking men, that the work of the poet is more like the work of God than any other earthly thing, since it is the only product of art that is assured of perpetuity, by the safety with which it can be transmitted from generation to generation. He believed himself to be a poet—of what stature and quality it is now for the world to decide—and in that faith he wrought at his vocation with an assiduity, and a careful husbanding of his time and opportunities for mental and for written poetical composition, that was wonderful as an exhibition of human industry, and in its many and varied results, when we take into consideration his wandering life and his diversified and exacting employments."

That the author should place a high estimate upon work produced under such difficulties, and as the result of such exalted aspirations, was natural and perhaps inevitable; and Mr. Taylor made no attempt to conceal the fact that he set a greater value upon his poetry than the public seemed disposed to concede to it. As we pointed out on a previous occasion, the burden of many of his later poems was the somewhat querulous complaint of unappreciated genius; but, amid all his disappointment at the injustice of present opinion, he always avowed, and doubtless felt, a serene confidence in the verdict of that posterity which should bring to the inquisition calmer feelings and larger views. Our own opinion coincides with his, to this extent, at least, that his poetry will be relatively more highly esteemed hereafter than it was during the author's life. One of the most deeply rooted and widely prevalent of human instincts appears to be that which holds intellectual versatility and intellectual depth to be incompatible qualities; and there can be no doubt that the variety and copiousness of Mr. Taylor's literary work did more than anything else to divert attention from his achievements in that field whose fruits he himself esteemed most highly. The reputation which he earned as traveler, novelist, critic, essayist, and lecturer, tended to confuse the impression which his poetry alone might have made; and the generally accepted idea of him was that he attempted too many things to win the highest success in any. Longfellow's "Hyperion" and "Outre-Mer" are left entirely out of account in the common estimate of his literary standing; and it can hardly be doubted that, if his productiveness as a novelist had kept pace with his work as a poet, he would have failed to attain that undisputed primacy which he now holds in American literature. It is said of Macaulay that the only criticism that ever really touched him was the implication that such opulence of knowledge and brilliancy of style were inevitably linked with superficiality of thought; and, whether it was correct in his case or not, a wellnigh universal truth is embodied in the proposition that excellence in any pursuit so exacting as poetry can be reached only by according to it an unreserved and undivided allegiance.

For this reason, we think, as Mr. Taylor's work in other fields is gradually forgotten, his work as a poet will be more highly esteemed; but whether any portion of that work is "assured of perpetuity" seems to us a matter of very grave doubt. The fatal defect of Mr. Taylor's poetry seems to us to be clearly implied even in Mr. Boker's touching description of the circumstances and sentiments which controlled its production. To him poetry was a manufacture or a fabric rather than an inspiration; and his art was too conscious—with too much of what the Germans call intention—to reach those celestial harmonies which are the irrepressible utterance of spontaneous singing. His literary method appears to have borne too close a resemblance to that of Southey—another Protean worker—who would write the history of Brazil before breakfast, an ode after breakfast, then the history of the Peninsular War till dinner, and an article for the "Quarterly Review" in the evening; and the fate of the one poet is only too likely to be the fate of the other.

* The Poetical Works of Bayard Taylor. With a Preface by George H. Boker. Household edition. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 341.

There is one aspect, however, of this conscious and methodical wooing of the Muses which has received less cordial recognition than it seems to us to deserve. In what we may call technical proficiency —in workmanlike mastery of his art—Bayard Taylor is in our opinion superior to any other American poet. His skill and facility in versification are truly extraordinary ; and, though he tried a much wider range of forms and combinations than almost any of his rivals, there will be found, even in the most difficult ones, remarkably few of those strained meanings, limping lines, and imperfectly expressed ideas, which so often disfigure the work even of the great masters of the art. We have reread a considerable portion of the collected poems with attention directed especially to this point ; and the result is that we are more profoundly impressed than ever with Mr. Taylor's wonderful dexterity in the art of verse-making.

It is due chiefly to this exceptional skill in versification that Mr. Taylor's translations from other poets are in general so satisfactory. We imagine that his translation of Goethe's "Faust" is the work by which Mr. Taylor will be longest kept in remembrance ; and in it the skill of which we have spoken is exhibited in its highest and richest development. The translation is not only verbally literal in its exactness, but it reproduces the meter, the rhythm, the very movement and music of the original verse in all its varied and intricate forms. The sufficiency of the English language to all possible demands that can be made upon it has seldom or never been more signally demonstrated ; and the translations of the selected passages with which he embellished his lectures on German literature are only less remarkable. For this reason, too, his imitations of other poets were good in a quite unusual degree. The parodies which he introduced into his "Diversions of the Echo Club" are the best of the kind with which we are acquainted—reproducing not merely the external forms (which is a comparatively simple matter), but the dominant moods and tendencies of feeling in the authors chosen for experimenting upon.

These translations and parodies are omitted from Mr. Boker's collection, and so are the drama of "The Prophet" and the dramatic poems of the "Masque of the Gods" and "Prince Deukalion." With these exceptions, the volume contains the entire poetical works of Bayard Taylor, including all the poems published in a collected or separate form during the author's life, and also "a not inconsiderable number of heretofore unpublished poems, which were found among his manuscripts, in a more or less finished state." In arranging the contents of the volume, no particular scheme seems to have been followed, the poems being neither grouped according to subjects and treatment nor placed in their chronological sequence. This seems to us a disadvantage.

THE accumulation of the instruments of knowledge in our public and private libraries and in minor collections of books has been so rapid during the last hundred years, and is now so great, that it may be justly said that the necessity of increasing the store is no longer so pressing as the necessity of learning how to use the instruments that have already been provided. Much of that aimless, unsystematic, and frivolous reading, which our public libraries have fostered rather than restrained, is no doubt due to the utter inability of the great majority of readers to select for themselves those books which are best worth attention ; and it should be regarded as not the least important of the regular duties of a librarian to furnish such readers with advice, guidance, and assistance. Under this guidance, wisely and discreetly applied by properly accredited persons, it is not unreasonable to believe that a large part of the time and energy now wasted in dawdling over books of mere amusement might be diverted to studies which would widen the mental horizon of the individual reader, and which could hardly fail to elevate the general standard of culture in the community.

Fortunately, some of the most influential of our librarians are beginning to take this view of their functions. Mr. Justin Winsor, the able and accomplished Superintendent for many years of the Boston Public Library and now of the Harvard University Library, has lent to it the weight of his name, and what is more, of his example ; and there are indications of a speedy conversion on the part of others. "I believe it to be," says Mr. Winsor, "a part of the duty of a public librarian to induce reading and gently to guide it, as far as he can, because I know that as a rule there is much need of such inducement and guidance. I am no great advocate of 'courses of reading.' It often matters little what the line of one's reading is, provided it is pursued, as sciences are most satisfactorily pursued, in a comparative way. The reciprocal influences, the broadening effect, the quickened interest arising from a comparison of sources and authorities, I hold to be marked benefits from such a habit of reading. It is at once wholesome and instructive, gratifying in the pursuit, and satisfactory in the results."

As a specimen of the way in which such assistance may best be rendered, Mr. Winsor has compiled a little book, which is a monument of patient industry and extensive knowledge. In 1875, when the first fervor of the centennial period impelled many readers at the Boston Public Library to follow the history of our Revolutionary struggle, Mr. Winsor, then Superintendent of the Library, prepared some notes which should aid them in their researches. These notes admirably subserved their immediate purpose ; but they were rightly regarded as too valuable to be confined to one library or to answer the requirements of a merely transient interest, and he has accordingly expanded them into "The Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution." * The book may be described with tolerable accuracy as a sort of index to the entire literature of the Revolutionary period,

* The Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution—1761–1783. By Justin Winsor. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 328.

pointing out all the original sources, and including most of the second-hand authorities. Taken as a whole, it covers with completeness the leading events from 1761 to 1783; but it is also subdivided into topics which, arranged in their chronological order, enable the reader to confine his researches to any particular period or event in which he may happen to feel an especial interest. A citation of a few of the topics at the beginning of the book will convey an idea of its arrangement: "In Massachusetts, 1761–1765—Writs of Assistance"; "In the South, 1761–1765"; "Stamp Act, 1765–1766"; "In General, 1767–1775"; "Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770"; "The Tea Party, December, 1773"; "Boston Port Bill, 1774"; "Continental Congress, 1774," etc., etc. In order to indicate the method of treatment in detail, we will describe the section under "Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775." Its contents are classified as follows: "Earliest Accounts," "British Accounts," "Later Special Accounts," "Accounts in General Histories," "In Biographies," "New Hampshire Troops," "Connecticut Troops," "Who commanded?" "Death of Warrèn," "Plans and Maps," "Views, etc.," "The Monument," "In Fiction."

The references are not merely by title to a particular book or pamphlet, but to the chapter and page; and a word or two of descriptive analysis usually indicates what may be found there. The usefulness of the book to students of the Revolutionary history can hardly be over-estimated; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Winsor will be encouraged to prepare those other handbooks on themes of history, biography, travel, philosophy, science, literature, and art, which he promises should the present volume succeed.

Since Dryden attempted to substitute for the genuine poems of Chaucer a translation of them into what he considered better English, various efforts have been made to "modernize" and otherwise render them acceptable to the general reading public; but, fortunately, in this as in many similar cases, the sane instincts of literary taste have refused to tolerate such tampering with the work of a great master, and those who really love poetry and care to read Chaucer at all, prefer to drink directly from that "well of English pure and undefiled." To the average reader, however, who can not be expected to possess a special knowledge of early English, Chaucer's poems present unquestionable difficulties. The obsolete words, the antiquated spelling and grammatical forms, and the unusual meters, discourage and repel; and, for lack of a little scholarly knowledge which would impart to these seeming barbarisms a flavor and a fragrance of their own, he is cut off from one of the richest and freshest sources of poetical enjoyment in our language. A popular edition of Chaucer's poems must, therefore, not only present a pure and complete text, but must also be furnished with such aids in the way of notes and interpretative comments as will render the reading of the original text comparatively easy.

It is a pleasure to be able to say that these requirements are fully met in the new Riverside Edition,* which may be pronounced unqualifiedly the best edition of Chaucer in existence. The editorial work of Mr. Gilman is admirably adapted to the needs of the general reader, while furnishing at the same time a complete and carefully collated version for students. The body of the text is that of the Ellesmere manuscript, which has long been regarded by scholars as the best, but which has only recently been rendered accessible to the public; and for comparison and correction the great Six-Text edition of the "Canterbury Tales" has been utilized for the first time. The chronological order of the poems adopted by the Chaucer Society is followed, and also Mr. Furnivall's arrangement of the "Canterbury Tales." The poems of doubtful authenticity, which have always hitherto been printed with the others with no indication of their possibly spurious character, are placed at the end in a group by themselves. An extended introduction comprises a sketch of "The Times and the Poet," a brief essay on "Astrological Terms and Divisions of Time," another on "Biblical References," and a valuable section on "Reading Chaucer," containing simple and comprehensive rules for pronunciation, based upon the researches of Professor Child and the elaborate work of Mr. A. J. Ellis on "Early English Pronunciation." An especially commendable feature of the work is the plan adopted by Mr. Gilman of placing the notes and explanations of difficult words at the bottom of each page, thus saving the reader the perpetually recurring annoyance of turning to a glossary, where he must often distinguish the different parts of speech and choose between conflicting definitions. If the explanations seem at times inadequate, the reader must bear in mind the editor's pertinent suggestion that a good edition of Webster or Worcester is as useful in reading Chaucer as in reading Shakespeare, and is often necessary to the intelligent reading of much more modern writers.

Lovers of that "sacred and happy spirit" who led the morning choir of English song will be genuinely grateful to both editor and publishers for this beautiful edition of his work. In mechanical execution, nothing more tasteful could be desired, while as regards scholarly excellence it is sufficient to say of it that it will take rank at once with Professor Child's unrivaled edition of Spenser, by the side of which it is to stand in this noble edition of the "British Poets."

Of the group of "Holiday Books" which we find upon our table this season, the most unique, perhaps, and certainly one of the most pleasing, is "In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers,"† by the

* The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. To which are appended Poems attributed to Chaucer. Edited by Arthur Gilman, M. A. Riverside Edition. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Three Volumes. 8vo, pp. cxxvi.–598, 691, 708.

† In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers. By Elaine

authors of "Apple Blossoms." The conception which it carries out is a remarkably happy one—that of linking the native wild flowers of New England, in the order of their procession through the year, with descriptions of them in verse and pictorial representation. The verse is ingenious and graceful, but derives its chief interest from the fact that it is the work of two children, rather than from any intrinsic merit. Many readers will doubtless compare it with "Apple Blossoms," in the hope of finding indications of poetic growth on the part of the youthful authors; but in this, we imagine, they will be disappointed. The facility of versification is as striking as ever; but the verses, especially those of the elder of the two sisters, appear to us to have lost much of that simplicity and naturalness which constituted the chief charm of the earlier volume. Self-consciousness, that bane of spontaneity, has supervened, and it is painful to find a child talking about "aching brows," and "conscious pangs," and "dumb yearnings," and the other cant of the ecstatic school. For such a poem as that on "Bloodroot," a rigid diet of Crabbe and Goldsmith should be prescribed. Mr. Gibson furnishes twenty-four illustrations, which are tasteful in design and artistic in treatment.

More substantial viands are provided for the public appetite in "The Homes of America,"* edited by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, and elaborately illustrated with upward of a hundred engravings, presenting in one connected view a sort of picturesque history of American domestic architecture. The first section, covering the "Colonial Period," includes views of the Philipse manor-house at Yonkers, of the Roger Morris house, of "Beverley," of the Van Rensselaer manor-house, and the Schuyler mansion at Albany, of Sir William Pepperell's house at Kittery Point, Maine, of "Hobgoblin Hall" at Medford, Massachusetts, of the old Bryant homestead at Cummington, of Washington's headquarters at Morristown, New Jersey, of the home of John Howard Payne, of nine mansions in Virginia, including Mount Vernon, and of many others in various parts of the country. The second section, entitled "Later Period," contains views of the residences of General Worth, the Hon. John Jay, and Alexander Hamilton; several views of "Old Morrisania"; the Adams homestead; "Cedarmere," the residence of William Cullen Bryant; the homes of Longfellow and Lowell at Cambridge; and the residences of Ralph Waldo Emerson and A. Bronson Alcott. The "Modern Period" is more copiously illustrated, comprising no less than fifty-two views, among which are nearly all the more noteworthy mansions and villas along the Hudson River and at Newport; "Armsmear," the famous Colt mansion; "Cedarcroft," the home of the late Bayard Taylor; "Ogontz," the former residence of Jay Cooke, near Philadelphia; "Lochiel," the home of the Hon. Simon Cameron, at Harrisburg; the Ohio home of President Hayes; the Probasco mansion at Cincinnati; a Planter's home on the Mississippi; a house and garden in Charleston, South Carolina; and a home in Florida. The frontispiece is a large and very beautiful view of the main front of the White House at Washington. Mrs. Lamb's descriptive text is judicious in its comments and very interesting in its historical reminiscences; and the book, as a whole, is one whose value will far outlast the festive season which calls it forth.

Another superb volume, which in a certain sense complements the last, is "Landscape in American Poetry,"* with illustrations after original drawings by J. Appleton Brown, and descriptive text by Lucy Larcom. The great majority of the pictures represent actual scenes described in the verses of Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Bayard Taylor, and others of our poets; thus securing, in addition to their artistic beauty, the interest of personal and literary associations. Merely as pictures, however, their value is very great—anything more exquisite than some of the designs being difficult to imagine, while the engraving is fine and delicate. Miss Larcom's text shows both familiarity and sympathy with her subject, and is made the vehicle for some of the choicest morsels of descriptive poetry to be found in American (or in any) literature. In the volume, as a whole, Art and Poetry are very gracefully wedded, and seem destined to live a long and happy life together.

Still another book in which utility and beauty are very happily combined is "Art in America,"† by S. G. W. Benjamin. In it the author has aimed to give an historical outline of the rise and growth of American painting and sculpture, and, by a critical comparison of the work of the leading artists, to indicate the characteristic qualities of each. He has, as is usual with him, brought together many facts which the student of art will find it convenient to know; but his text is chiefly important as furnishing the vehicle for a series of woodcuts whose execution is a marvel of delicacy and beauty. It would really seem that the art of engraving on wood could be carried to no higher point than is attained in some of them. These pictures were much and justly admired as they appeared originally in the pages of "Harper's Magazine," but, as here printed on thick, laid and tinted paper, one gets a new sense of their excellence.

Strictly speaking, Colonel Waring's "Tyrol and the Skirt of the Alps"‡ does not belong in the list

and Dora Read Goodale, authors of "Apple Blossoms." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 4to, pp. 92.

* The Homes of America. With One Hundred and Three Illustrations. Edited by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 4to, pp. 256.

* Landscape in American Poetry. By Lucy Larcom. With Illustrations on Wood from Drawings by J. Appleton Brown. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Large 8vo, pp. 128.

† Art in America. A Critical and Historical Sketch. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 4to, pp. 214.

‡ Tyrol and the Skirt of the Alps. By George E. Waring, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers. 4to, pp. 171.

of holiday books, but its unusually rich and tasteful binding, and its truly exquisite illustrations, would doubtless render it a graceful and acceptable memento of the gift-making season. The pictures, indeed, are so copious and so admirable as to relegate the text to a somewhat subordinate position, the author's simple and direct but rather home-spun style being a scarcely appropriate vehicle for such pomp of ornamentation. Colonel Waring is always judicious and sensible, with a special aptitude for those details which interest the "practical man"; and he has written an animated and no doubt perfectly accurate account of his travels in the Tyrol, in Venice, and in the lake region of Italy and Switzerland. But he has the practical man's contempt for fine writing, and his usual way of dealing with a particularly impressive or picturesque scene is to say that it would be hopeless for him to attempt to describe what an artist in words would describe, or has described, so much better, but that he enjoyed it as much as one who might be more voluble about it. The pictures, however, compensate for all such deficiencies in the text; and the book as a whole has this advantage over most holiday books—that it will maintain its interest all the year round.

FEW books in our military biography are more readable than "The Life and Letters of Admiral Farragut,"* and the men whose life and deeds were equally deserving of record are probably fewer still. The career of Admiral Farragut extended over nearly the entire period of the existence of the American navy. As a boy he served in the War of 1812; as a youth he participated in those Mediterranean cruises which first made the United States known to Europe as a great naval power; and in the full maturity of his years and powers he directed the most important of those brilliant naval operations which contributed so largely to the overthrow of the Southern Confederacy.

The early life of Farragut was full of adventure and romance. By his father's side he was descended from a good Spanish family, whose record can be traced back to the fifteenth century; and his mother was a North Carolinian. At the age of eight he was adopted by Commodore David Porter, who had received kindnesses at the hands of Farragut's family while in New Orleans; and when little more than nine years old was appointed midshipman in the navy. In this capacity he accompanied Commodore Porter in his famous cruise in the Pacific Ocean, and served as captain's aide in the terrible fight of the Essex with the British ships Phœbe and Cherub. His professional precocity was such that at the age of thirteen he was intrusted by the Commodore with the temporary command of a vessel; and at the unusually early age of eighteen he received his appointment of lieutenant. Promotion in the navy is necessarily slow during peace, and it was not until 1842, when he was already forty-one years old, that Farragut obtained a commission as commander; and but for the civil war this was the highest grade to which he could have hoped to attain. Long before this, however, he had shown that he possessed exactly those qualities which are requisite in a great emergency; and when in January, 1862, the naval expedition against New Orleans was organized, he was selected as the officer best fitted to conduct it to a successful issue.

Much the larger part of the earlier portion of the biography is composed of selections from a journal which Farragut began to keep when only fourteen or fifteen years of age; and all this part of the narrative is extremely fresh and interesting. Few things of the kind in naval literature are more graphic and realistic than the description of the cruise of the Essex in the Pacific, and of her heroic defense against the combined attack of the Phœbe and the Cherub; and the later entries give us a very close view of life on board a man-of-war. The chapters, constituting the bulk of the work, which describe in detail Farragut's achievements during the civil war, are hardly so interesting to the general reader as the earlier narrative; but they are carefully and accurately written, and they cover the most memorable period in the history of our navy

THE second volume of the series "Classical Writers" is a monograph on Euripides by Professor J. P. Mahaffy, A. M. As was explained in our notice of the first volume ("Milton"), this series is designed primarily for use in schools and to meet the wants of special students, and elegance of expression and originality of view are less aimed at than the systematic and thorough presentation of facts which have stood the test of criticism. Judged by this standard, Professor Mahaffy's monograph is a praiseworthy and practically useful work. It is less interesting to the general reader, perhaps, than Mr. Stopford Brooke's similar volume on Milton; but the student will find in it all that he needs to know of the man Euripides, of the times in which he lived and the circumstances under which he wrote, of his distinguishing characteristics as a dramatist and poet, and of the history and fortunes of his works. Especially valuable, not merely to the student of Euripides, but to all students of the golden age of Greek poetry, is a chronological table of Euripides's life and times, giving a political and a literary and artistic chronicle in parallel columns.

. . . . Under the title of "Gems of Thought,"*

* The Life of David Glasgow Farragut, First Admiral of the United States Navy. Embodying his Journal and Letters. By his Son, Loyall Farragut. With Portraits, Maps, and Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 586.

* Gems of Thought: Being a Collection of more than a Thousand Choice Selections, or Aphorisms, from nearly Four Hundred and Fifty Different Authors, and on One Hundred and Forty Different Subjects. Compiled by Charles Northend, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Charles Northend has brought together a collection of more than a thousand selections from nearly four hundred and fifty authors, classified under a hundred and forty different heads, from "Abstinence" (which had better have been called Temperance) to "Zeal." The selections are all brief, and for the most part moral and didactic, and, while some of them are gems of the purest water, others are a very inferior quality of paste. The author's reading appears to have been curiously limited in range, nearly all the more modern passages being taken from sermons or theological works, while under "Heroes," Carlyle, the great apostle of hero-worship, who has written more fine things about heroes and heroism than all other writers combined, is not even mentioned. No doubt, however, the book will be found useful where a more copious collection would only repel.

. . . . The incomparable Chronicles of Froissart have been the great storehouse from which nearly all later writers have drawn their stories of chivalry and adventure, and are themselves not less fascinating to-day than when they charmed the court circles of Edward III. of England and King John of France five hundred years ago. Unfortunately, however, like so many other good and interesting books, they have long been crowded aside by the fleeting generations of ephemeral literature, and have been the occasional reward of a literary knight-errantry scarcely less daring than that which Sir John himself records. In "The Boy's Froissart," * Mr. Sidney Lanier has undertaken the pleasant task of rendering this famous work acceptable to the class of readers by whom its peculiar fascination will be best enjoyed. By eliminating the drier descriptive passages and the somewhat tedious dialogues of the original work, and by rearranging what remains, he has produced a version which is much briefer than the original, and more intelligible, while retaining all its spirit, and fire, and romance. His own introduction to the volume is very good, though he would have done well to bear in mind Dickens's earnest protest against "writing down" to any class of readers; and the illustrations are remarkably vigorous and animated.

. . . . Encouraged by the success of his general anthology, Mr. Henry T. Coates has compiled a "Children's Book of Poetry," † which he is perhaps correct in claiming to be the most comprehensive collection of the kind that has yet been made. It contains upward of five hundred poems, ranging from lullabys and nursery rhymes to selections from the old English ballads, and fills a large and handsomely printed volume. All the old favorites are there, together with many new pieces which deserve to become favorites; but in his desire to secure comprehensiveness, the editor appears to have dispensed with any theory of selection or standard of merit. Everything in verse that referred to children or dealt with child-life has been gathered in, and a considerable portion of the volume is children's poetry only in the sense that none but children could be induced to regard it as poetry.

. . . . Few things in the way of fiction that have appeared in "Harper's Half-Hour Series" are so good as Mr. Barnet Phillips's novelette "Burning their Ships." * It is a piquant and animated story of American life, with some good character-drawing on a miniature scale, and written in a crisp and vivacious style, which affords a pleasure quite independent of the interest felt in the narrative itself. . . . Under the title of "Sealed Orders and Other Stories," † Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has gathered nearly a score of the short stories and sketches which she has contributed to the various magazines since the appearance of her last collection. They show much ingenuity of invention, and a surprisingly uniform level of merit; but there is none, we think, quite so original and forceful as some of her earlier stories. "A Gentle Belle," ‡ by Christian Reid, is a love-story of a pleasing if somewhat conventional kind, in which it is duly exemplified that the course of true love never does run smooth, but that the virtues and vices are duly rewarded in the end. . . . Additional volumes in the "New Plutarch" series, which started off so grotesquely with Mr. Leland's "Life of Lincoln," are "Judas Maccabæus," § by Claude Reignier Conder, R. E., and "Gaspard de Coligny," ‖ by Walter Besant, M. A. The story of Judas Maccabæus forms one of the most important episodes in Jewish history, "if only," as the author says, "because it explains how the nation first developed that peculiar phase of character which marked it at the time when Christianity was given to the world." The life of Admiral Coligny, the martyr of St. Bartholomew's day, affords the opportunity for describing that great catastrophe which proved to be the death-blow of the French Reformation, and which constitutes the most lurid page in the annals of the Church.

* The Boy's Froissart: Being Sir John Froissart's Chronicles of Adventure, Battle, and Custom, in England, France, Spain, etc. Edited for Boys with an Introduction by Sidney Lanier. Illustrated by Alfred Kappes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo, pp. 422.

† The Children's Book of Poetry: carefully selected from the Best and most Popular Writers for Children. By Henry T. Coates. Illustrated with nearly 200 Engravings. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 8vo, pp. 525.

* Harper's Half-Hour Series. Burning their Ships. By Barnet Phillips. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo, pp. 120.

† Sealed Orders and Other Stories. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 345.

‡ A Gentle Belle: A Novel. By Christian Reid. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 142.

§ Judas Maccabæus, and the Jewish War of Independence. By Claude Reignier Conder, R. E. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 218.

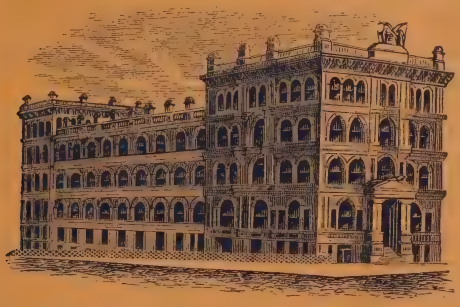
‖ Gaspard de Coligny (Marquis de Chatillon). By Walter Besant, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 232.

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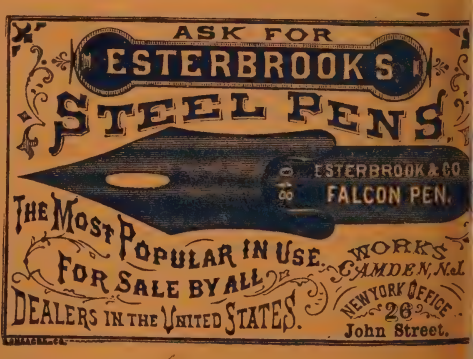


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A STROKE OF DIPLOMACY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

PART SECOND.

IV.

THE next afternoon the Count de Penneville went to the Hôtel Gibbon, hoping to see his uncle there, but he did not find him. He left his card with a few words to express his regret at having taken his drive for naught, and to tell him that Madame Véretz and daughter would be happy to see the Marquis de Miraval at breakfast on the following day. The Marquis sent him his reply in the evening: he said that he was not well, and begged his nephew to excuse him to the ladies, whose kind attention touched him deeply. Uneasy about his uncle's health, Horace went in the morning, contrary to all his habitual custom, to inquire for him. This time also the nest was empty, and the Count had both the regret at having lost his steps for nothing, and the pleasure of concluding that the invalid must be well again.

Urged by Madame Corneuil, he wrote to convey to him another invitation to breakfast. The Marquis replied by special dispatch that he had just decided to return to Paris, and was much grieved that he had not even time enough to bid them good-by.

This sudden and unexpected departure excited the *pension* Vallaud greatly. They talked of it for a full hour by the clock, and they talked of it on the days following. Monsieur de Penneville was the first to get over his surprise. "Come what may," thought he, "I am firm as a rock," and he would soon have begun to think of something else. The mother and daughter were less philosophical. Madame Véretz was painfully surprised, and keenly disturbed at having been so mistaken, for she prided herself upon never having been mistaken. Madame Corneuil said to her triumphantly:

"I congratulate you upon your penetration. You said that Monsieur de Miraval was entirely gained over to our side. It turns out that all his kindness did not even reach the first principles of civility. He came as a spy, and he has gone back at once to report to Madame de Penneville. We shall soon hear from him, and the news will not be very pleasant. I am quite sure that you did not know how to behave with him, and said something which compromises us."

"Is that the way I am in the habit of doing, my dear?" answered Madame Véretz. "I confess that such conduct surprises me. It is contrary to all my notions of the customs of nations. Before going to war, a gentleman should declare it. This monster has concealed his game well."

"You have always been blindly confident."

"And yet evil tongues persist that I am a successful manœuvring mother. Do not overwhelm me, my darling; what distresses me is that an inheritance of two hundred thousand livres' income does not grow on every bush."

"You think of nothing but the inheritance. That may well be questioned; but there is some dark plot going on, of which we shall soon see the results. This old fellow is going to play some trick of his own upon us."

"Let us wait awhile," said Madame Véretz; "it needs heavy cannon to take fortresses. Say what you like, we may sleep at our ease in our beds."

Three days after, Madame Véretz, unknown to her daughter, went out very early to do her own marketing, and, on her return, entered stealthily into the apartment of the Count de Penneville,

"He is a conspirator with occasional twinges," said Madame Corneuil.

"He confessed to me yesterday that he had a secret," said Horace.

"I can guess it," resumed Madame Véretz.

"And to free my heart," answered Horace, "I am going to write to my mother this very evening."

As often happens, the wind suddenly fell during the night. In consequence, the Marquis was not to be seen the next day. Madame Véretz strove to find out about him. Perhaps she had spies in her employ, and sent them around the country. A few hours later she had the satisfaction of telling her daughter and Monsieur de Penneville that, every morning, except when it was rainy or windy, the Marquis de Miraval took the boat which crossed the lake from Ouchy to Evian, and passed the entire day in Savoy, returning at the very last moment to dine at the hotel. Now what was his business in Savoy? They were lost in conjectures. The thing most probable upon which they settled down was that Madame de Penneville had left Vichy for Evian, and that her agent and emissary joined her every day to confer with her, and that the bomb would explode before long. Madame Véretz seriously expressed a wish, although under the form of a joke, that the Marquis should be tracked, and that Monsieur de Penneville should go to Evian the next day to find out what was going on. Her daughter and Horace disliked the idea, and declined the proposition, one from honor, the other from prudence. Madame Corneuil, who had been timid ever since that night when she had been so disturbed by bad dreams, said to herself, "Out of sight out of mind." Not that she minded so much that for an entire day the lake would separate her and her beloved, but she was afraid lest, in the chances of this expedition, he might fall into the hands of the Philistines, who would get him away from her.

Their anxiety was soon over. Horace had written to his mother, and received from her the following reply:

"MY DEAR CHILD: Monsieur de Miraval agreed to let you know my inmost thought on the subject of the marriage which you are contemplating. Why do you speak of plotting? Your uncle wrote me, and, to prove to you how sincerely I am acting in this matter which troubles me so much, I take it upon myself to send you his letter, begging you to say nothing to him about it, for he would not easily forgive my indiscretion. You will see by this letter how little he is prejudiced against the woman whom you love, and consequently the objections which he makes to your scheme deserve to be taken into serious consideration by you. Your mother, who desires your happiness."

The letter of the Marquis ran thus:

"MY DEAR MATHILDE: I have delayed taking pen in hand, and trust you will forgive me. The case is altogether different from what I expected, and demands further reflection. I have very little hope of separating Horace from her whom I call his 'asp of the Nile.' I promised you that I would bring all my diplomatic talent to bear on this occasion. I was wrong to be so sure of my weapons; what can diplomacy effect where such a woman is concerned? You know that I came here armed with prejudices to the teeth; you know, also, that I am somewhat a judge of both men and women, and that I do not lack quickness of perception. I have seen and I have been conquered; I could not help saying so to Madame Corneuil herself. I will not mention to you her marvelous beauty, the grace of her wit, her literary talent, which is of the very first order, or the nobility of her sentiments. One word will suffice. You know how great was my horror of this marriage; I entered upon a campaign of which I have a very disagreeable remembrance. For the first time—you will believe you are dreaming, my dear, and yet it is only too true—yes, if it were not for Horace, if Madame Corneuil's heart were free, if my sixty-five years did not terrify her, yes, I would without hesitation dare to venture all, and I believe I could thus make sure of my happiness for the few years I have yet to live. You will laugh at me, and rightly. Fortunately, Horace exists; and, besides, be assured, I should stand no chance of being accepted. There, let us leave my little Utopia and speak of Horace. If things are so, you will say, let him marry her! No, my dear Mathilde, I do not think it would be a happy marriage. There is a decided want of sympathy in the disposition, taste, and character of these two beings; it is impossible for me to admit that they are made for one another. I have spoken my mind freely to Horace, but there is no reasoning with a lover. You might as well play the flute to a fish. I have tried both lovers and fish unsuccessfully, and they are the hardest creatures on earth to persuade. Nevertheless, I will make one more attempt, and renew the attack at the favorable moment, and you shall hear from me before long. But I must say, without reproaching you, however, that I regret bitterly ever coming to Lausanne; you little suspect the poor service you rendered me in sending me hither, or the stormy days and troubled nights which are spent here by your old uncle, who embraces you."

Five minutes after reading this letter—that is to say, at ten o'clock in the morning—Horace, transgressing all the rules of the country, ran to the chalet, where Madame Véretz received him. He was beside himself, and the first thing which he did was to burst out laughing.

"Hush!" said she quickly, grasping him by the arm. "Do you forget that it is against the rule to laugh here in the morning?"

Horace threw a passionate kiss in the direction of the sanctuary and said to Madame Véretz:

"Dear madame, come then as soon as you can to the garden, for absolutely I must laugh." As soon as they were in the arbor—"Oh," resumed he, "something altogether too funny has happened!"

"What has happened? What is it all about?"

"My poor, poor uncle!" and he burst out laughing again.

"Explain yourself, for pity's sake!" said Madame Véretz.

"Fancy! He is desperately in love with Hortense himself."

Madame Véretz started.

"You are telling me a most remarkable story."

"Only listen to me, please." Thereupon he read both letters aloud, interrupting his reading at intervals to indulge freely in his gayety.

The first thing Madame Véretz did was to laugh also, the second to listen with religious attention, the third to take the letters, which Horace had just read, out of his hands, and to authenticate the most interesting passages. It is well to believe only one's own eyes.

"Oh, my poor uncle!" exclaimed he. "This was your famous secret! He must have rewritten that letter ten times before sending it off; he was afraid my mother would laugh at him. Just notice the pains he has taken to make it all a joke, and yet how, in spite of himself, he betrays the seriousness of his passion. Yes, 'his days are stormy and his nights disturbed.' I can well conceive it. I beg you to see how everything is explained—his incoherent conduct, his blushes, his perplexity, his singular attacks of rudeness, and all his impolite behavior toward you, when he is so polite and such a slave to conventionality! He has determined not to put foot in your house again, as the butterfly resolves not to fly again into the flame of the candle. Every morning he thinks, 'I must leave Lausanne, I will go away,' but has not the courage to go. And, since he can not keep still, he airs his love-troubles on the lake. We wondered what he could be doing in Savoy. He goes to Meillerie to look at the rock of Saint-Preux, and rehearse his sorrows in its great shadow. Then he says to himself again, 'I must go,' and yet he does not go, but every day begins to make his wide and monotonous circuit round the chalet, where his heart stays fixed."

"Yes," said Madame Véretz; "that is it. We must believe that the planets love the sun, and yet fear it. That is the reason why they move round it in circles."

"But, to speak the truth," answered he, resuming his serious manner, "that is not just the way astronomers explain the thing."

"Heaven help them!" said Madame Véretz.

At these words she slipped into her pocket the Marquis's letter, which Horace never thought of asking for again.

"Really," answered he, "I love and respect my uncle, and it goes against my conscience to laugh at him. But I can not pity him. He undertook a very ugly mission; and pray observe that even now he flatters himself that he may gain the case, and he still cherishes, I know not how, a faint hope. Heavens! how I long to tell this story to Hortense!"

"If you think anything of my judgment, my dear Count, you will not tell her a word of it, not a single word," answered Madame Véretz seriously. "Let us laugh over it between ourselves like two schoolfellows, but you know Hortense does not like to laugh. She is so sensitive, that that which amuses us might wound or grieve her."

"Heaven keep me from that! Still, I am sorry that you forbid it, it is such a good story!" Thereupon he left her, but, on returning to his own room, said to himself, "No matter, sooner or later, when the right moment comes, I shall speak about it to Hortense."

V.

It was near ten o'clock in the evening. The mother and daughter were alone in their *salon.* Madame Véretz was seated at her embroidery-frame, Madame Corneuil was leaning back dreamily on a lounge; as she was not meditating, it was allowable to talk.

"Then to-morrow is the great day," said her mother to her, lifting her head from her work.

"What do you mean?"

"Monsieur de Penneville is to bring forth his great work. He has told me that his manuscript is seventy-three leaves long, neither more nor less; you know how important those leaves are. We shall not get off with less than two whole hours of it by the clock. That fellow's voice is so distinct and penetrating that we can hear without listening. It fills our ears whether we wish it or not. You are fortunate, my dear: Monsieur de Miraval told the truth when he said that you have the faculty of sleeping without showing it."

"That is rather a questionable joke," answered Madame Corneuil haughtily.

"It is no crime in my eyes; we must protect ourselves against Apepi as well as we can. Every one has his own way of getting out of the rain. Heavens! the dear fellow may have his peculiarities, but that does not prevent him from having a kind heart, and all that; neither does it prevent him from being adored."

"Ah, yes, I adore him," answered Madame Corneuil sharply, "or rather, Monsieur de Penneville is inexpressibly dear to me, and I beg you never to doubt that."

Madame Véretz began to embroider again, and after a short silence said: "Good heavens! what a pity!"

"What is the matter now?"

"What a pity it is that the uncle is not the nephew, or the nephew the uncle!"

"What uncle are you talking about?"

"The Marquis de Miraval."

"That conspirator! That dreadful old man!"

"You never gave him a fair look—he is not dreadful at all. His expression is charming, his voice is fresh, his hand dimpled and well kept, just the hand of a diplomate or prelate. Do you dislike him so much?"

"Unspeakably."

"You are unjust, very unjust; he has a great many different kinds of merit. In the first place, he is a marquis; the other is only a count, and the streets are full of counts. Then, too, his income is not sixty thousand livres; he has more than three times as much."

"Two hundred thousand," said Madame Corneuil. "Why do you stop there?"

"Still another advantage; if he chooses to marry again, he is not obliged to endeavor to reconcile his mother to the marriage. We may try in vain. Madame de Penneville will never like us. You see that she will break with her son, and that will be a bad thing for you. The world, in such cases, always sides with the mother; and then, Monsieur de Miraval is no antiquary, but a man of the world, and, what is more, a very ambitious one. He has determined to enter political life again; before many months he will be either deputy or senator, as he chooses."

"Who told you so?"

"He himself, and he added that his only grief was that he was unmarried, for he needed a '*salon*,' and there could be no *salon* without a wife. The other only cares for grottoes, and only sighs for his dear Memphis, whither he will take you at once."

"You know well," answered she quickly, "that Horace will do exactly as I wish."

"Do not trust to that. Monsieur de Miraval says he is gentle but determined. Good heavens! what can we find to do in Egypt, we who look upon our lives as a vocation, as an apostleship? The bottom of an hypogeum is a fine place to follow a vocation in!"

"What has gone wrong with you to-night?" said Madame Corneuil, shaking her beautiful head like a bored Muse, and pouting her Juno lips like a Juno who has not yet met her Jupiter.

Madame Véretz drew her needle in and out, and hummed a tune to herself. Madame Corneuil renewed the conversation.

"I do not know what has gotten hold of you. You seem to have set to work to disgust me with my happiness. Who was it who wished for this marriage, or at least advised it?"

"Love takes the place of all else, my daughter. So regret nothing, since you love him."

"Heavens! you know very well that I have never met the man of my dreams. But I love Horace; I mean by that that I have liked him and still like him. But you have not told me why to-night—"

"Good!" thought Madame Véretz, "we have got over adoration," and she resumed aloud: "My beautiful one, Monsieur de Penneville is a splendid *parti*, I do not contradict that, and I recommended him because I had nothing better to offer."

"While to-night—?"

"Ah, to-night I know of another one."

Madame Véretz rose from her chair, and, after rummaging in her pocket, drew near her daughter, and said to her:

"Read these two letters; I do not give them to you, I only lend them, for Monsieur de Penneville noticed that I kept them, and I must send them back to him to-morrow morning."

Madame Corneuil cast her eyes disdainfully over the first of the two letters; but, when she began the second, she changed her position, roused herself from her languor, her pale cheek was suffused with color, and something could be read in her eyes which her long eyelashes did not strive to conceal.

And yet, when she had finished reading, she rose, took an envelope from a drawer, inclosed both letters in it, begged her mother to direct it, rang for Jacquot, and said to him:

"Take this packet to the Count de Penneville immediately!" after which she sank back on the lounge again.

"Did those scraps of paper burn your fingers?" said Madame Véretz with a smile.

"You should have spared me the trouble of reading such rubbish," answered she.

"Rubbish, my dear? What would the Marquis say if he heard that? The poor man is dreadfully excited! It is his own fault: why did

ıe come near a beautiful pair of eyes which are ıccustomed to work such miracles?"

"Not another word," rejoined the daughter. 'You know I can not endure that sort of jesting."

Madame Véretz returned to her embroidery. Madame Corneuil rose, and walked up and down he room restlessly and excitedly. Then she ;eated herself at the piano, and sighed forth in ın agitated, passionate voice that song of Mignon's which Horace liked so well. She stopped n the middle of the last verse, and, turning toward her mother, said:

"No, I do not understand you. Is it possible hat you can seriously propose to me that I should give up a man who is full of good qualities, a man worthy of my esteem, and personally ıttractive also?"

"The other morning, when he laughed so, he ooked like a splendid sheep who had learned Coptic," interrupted Madame Véretz.

"A man who has my word," resumed she. 'You dread scandal; I think, then, there would oe something to criticise."

"It is only necessary to take proper precaıions. We need not leave him—he can leave ıs."

"And for whom would I sacrifice him? for a nan of seventy?"

"Ah, pardon—the Marquis is only sixty-five, ınd he does not look that. He has had a splenlid past, and still will have a pleasant future. I predict a great success for him in the tribune, one of those successes which is rewarded with a ministry. France is so poor in men! and then, my dear idol, you had better believe that only old men know how to love! They are so pleased that they are tolerated; I will add also that Monsieur de Miraval has fine taste—he appreciates our writing. He stamps it 'of the highest order'."

Thereupon Madame Véretz left her work ıgain, rushed at her daughter, and, pressing her ın her arms, said:

"Are you vexed? Then we will say no more ıbout it. Monsieur de Penneville and his uncle ıre totally unlike. You like one—"

"You never get the right word—I do not dislike him."

"And you do dislike the other?"

"Heavens! I did dislike him."

"Well, now they are both on the same footing, on the same level. The lists are open."

"You are quite right; you will end in offending me in good earnest," answered Madame Corneuil, lighting a candle to retire to her room.

As she was going out she drew near the window, and for a moment gazed upon the starry vault as if to seek an inspiration therefrom. Then, turning to her mother, she said, resolutely and solemnly:

"Be sure that I shall consult my heart alone. If you misapprehend my sentiments, I shall reserve the right to disclaim them."

Madame Véretz kissed her once more, saying:

"You are just like the King of Prussia; you talk about your heart and your conscience, and let things take their own course, merely reserving the right to disclaim your responsibility. Well, then, I will be your Bismarck."

And, so saying, she accompanied her adorable angel to the door of her sacred retreat.

The next day a fine rain fell in the early morning, notwithstanding which the Marquis did not visit his nephew, which disappointed Madame Véretz exceedingly; perhaps she had intended to stop him by the way and take possession of him. In the afternoon the weather cleared up, and she proposed to her daughter to take a drive. Horace did not go with them; he depended upon going over his manuscript again, that there need be no impediment in his reading this evening; he felt that it could never be good enough.

As the ladies were returning from their drive along the beautiful esplanade of Montbennon, which commands a wonderful view of the lake and of the Alps, Madame Véretz, whose eyes ferreted out everything, perceived the Marquis seated in a melancholy attitude upon a solitary bench. She descended quickly from the carriage, begging her daughter to return alone. A few minutes after, with seeming carelessness, she passed before the Marquis at a distance of about ten steps, and uttered a little scream of joyful surprise. Monsieur de Miraval saw a chignon of most beautiful red come between him and the Alps; he would have preferred it to have been blonde, but made the best of it.

"Thanks be to this good chance!" exclaimed Madame Véretz. "You are my prisoner, Monsieur le Marquis, and must surrender at discretion."

He offered her his arm, saying to her:

"I am much pleased with my jailer, dear madame."

"I will excuse you from being gallant," answered she. "I only wish you to speak to me openly, if that can ever be asked of a diplomate. Will you be sincere?"

"I will be as sincere as Amen-Heb, surnamed the truth-telling keeper of the flocks of Ammon."

"You must at once acknowledge that I have the right to question you. Has not your conduct toward us been most peculiar? Since the day Monsieur de Penneville introduced you, you have taken every pains to avoid us."

"Believe me, madame—"

"Really, what harm could we have done to you? You certainly must have discovered that I was a fool."

"Dear madame, from the first moment when I had the honor of meeting you, I have considered you a woman of great talent."

"If that be so, can it be my daughter who has had the misfortune to displease you?"

"Your daughter!" exclaimed the Marquis. "Could I be so cursed by God and man! Why, your daughter is adorable."

"The very words of the letter," thought Madame Véretz; "he is right in sticking to it." Then she resumed: "Monsieur le Marquis, what means all this mystery, then?"

"Ah! madame," said he to her, looking slyly at her, "you are a very clever woman, and you live with those who can decipher hieroglyphics. I am afraid you may have divined me."

"You exaggerate my clairvoyance. I have divined nothing whatever. Is it true, as Monsieur de Penneville pretends, that you have a secret?"

"Can my nephew accidentally have discovered that secret? You alarm me; he is the last man in the world to whom I would make my confession."

"I can easily believe that," thought she; "we have the hare by the ears now."

Gently pressing the Marquis's arm, she said to him: "Indeed, I do not understand you at all, and I like nothing better than making out people. Will you not reveal this dreadful secret to me?"

"Never, madame, never. I have not yet lost all respect for my white hairs; I stand in awe of them: should you want me to cover them with everlasting ridicule?"

"You are the only one who sees that they are white," said she, with a most encouraging glance.

"And then," resumed he, "you would betray me to Horace. For the first time, an uncle trembles before his nephew."

"I shall have to give it up," thought Madame Véretz, a little angry; "his white hairs and his nephew are a restraint upon him. He will not speak until the other has left the place."

After a pause she resumed: "Monsieur le Marquis, if you had been less stingy of your visits, you would have both honored and delighted us, for I longed to see you, and talk with you about something which troubles me. I have my secret as well, and I longed to confide it to you. Yes, for several days I have been very much disturbed. Monsieur de Penneville, who has the unfortunate habit of telling everything—"

"Very unfortunate indeed, madame; I have often reproved him for it."

"Without curing him of it, however," pursued she, "since he repeated to us a conversation which he had had with you, without keeping back any of the objections which occurred to you on the subject of his marriage."

"I recognize him there, the wretch!" said the Marquis.

"It has given me a great deal to think of, and I am forced to respect your excellent reason. I am greatly to blame, for I have been cruelly mistaken. There is not between those young people that harmony of character and of taste which is the first condition of happiness."

"How pleased I am to hear you speak thus!" exclaimed he. "The great point is harmony of tastes; neither is that enough. According to the ideas of Providence and also of my own, marriage should be a mutual admiration society. Now, I have become acquainted with—yes, dear madame, I am acquainted with a woman of most uncommon merit. She has published admirable sonnets, which Petrarch might envy if he were still alive, and a treatise on the duties and virtues of woman, which Fénelon would have consented to sign if Bossuet would not have disputed the honor with him. Are you listening? She lent those precious volumes to a man who pretends to be in love with her; the unfortunate fellow could not read them through. I have seen both volumes: one is only cut through the first half, the other is still untouched, absolutely uncut. The best part of the whole thing is, that the poor fellow fancies he has read them, and is ready to swear that he admires them. But don't repeat my story to Madame Corneuil."

"As for Madame Corneuil," answered she with a smile, "she will undoubtedly publish at some future day a book on the duties of mothers, and I am sure she will number indiscretion among their virtues. Alas! mothers are often considered indiscreet, and the story you have just related is well suited to enlighten my daughter upon her own feelings and those which Horace pretends to have toward her. Besides, I ought to confess to you that she herself—"

"Speak, madame, speak; you ought, you say, to confess to me that she herself—"

"Oh! my daughter has so profound a soul that she keeps her feelings to herself. But for a long time I have observed that she is thoughtful, serious, almost sad, and I ask myself if she, too, may not have reflected."

The Marquis let go the arm of Madame Véretz that he might wipe his forehead with his handkerchief. There is such a thing in the world as perspiration caused by delight.

"Ah! you are glad, old fellow!" said Madame Véretz within herself. "You have forgotten your white hairs. Let us see if you are going to speak."

The Marquis did not speak. It might have been said that his joy was so great as to make him forget where he was and with whom. Nevertheless, he finally remembered; and, seizing the hand of Madame Véretz, he lifted it almost lovingly to his lips, so that she was afraid he had misunderstood.

"Dear madame," said he, "all men who meddle with literature have a passion which is stronger and more enduring than love, and that is self-love, and to kill out the lover it is sometimes only necessary to scratch the author with the prick of a pin."

"We were made to talk together," said she to him; "we understand each other with half a word. But, I beg you, Monsieur le Marquis, if the scratch of a pin does have such a wonderful effect, will you tell me your secret?"

"No, madame, but I will write it to you."

"That is a thing agreed upon," answered she, giving him her hand, which he pressed convulsively in his gratitude.

After which, she turned toward the *pension* Vallaud, saying to herself, "That is the ideal son-in-law of my dreams."

VI.

HORACE had been reading full twenty minutes. They were listening or pretending to listen to him. The pretty *salon* of the chalet was situated on the ground-floor, and, as the evening was warm, the window had been left open. Had here been passers-by, the sound of their footsteps might have disturbed him; but, thanks to Heaven, there were no passers-by. Jacquot and his trumpet had retired to his attic, and were peacefully sleeping in each other's arms. The birds in the park had agreed to keep silence, that they might hear better, without losing a word; it is true that the season had come when they had ceased to sing. From the bosom of their thereal abodes, the stars, those dwellers in eternal silence, cast a friendly glance upon him. He read with dignity, with zeal, and with conviction, but also modestly. Now and then he stopped to say: "Do you think I am going too fast? When I was a child they used to reprove me for sputtering. Is it hard for you to follow me? Do you wish me to begin over again? You are going to ask for the proofs; wait, I will give them further on. If you have any observations to make, do not hesitate; I shall be much obliged to you for them." But they took very good care not to make any observation, and no one implored him to begin again.

We said before that he had the precious faculty of uniting sensations, by which he could enjoy several things at the same time, and all these different pleasures combined to make but one. The exquisite scent of jasmine in bloom came into the parlor through the half-open window. He breathed in the perfume with delight, and, although he was absorbed in his reading, he now and then looked out at the stars, and thought of those beautiful brown eyes shot with fawn-color, which were lovelier to look upon than all the stars of heaven. He could not see those beautiful eyes, for Madame Corneuil was seated upon a luxurious divan in the background, where the glare of the lamp could not reach her. Reclining and silent, she was all ears, for darkness is favorable to attention. I can not swear that her thoughts did not occasionally wander. She might have been thinking of the two uncut volumes. Madame Véretz was seated at her frame, opposite the reader, and, as she embroidered, made little approving nods to him. Her smile and the sparkle of her green eyes also expressed sufficiently the lively interest which she took in the Hyksos, unless that smile meant simply to say, "Heaven be praised, my dear sir—habit makes anything tolerable!"

He continued to read, turning over the leaves regretfully, for he felt so happy that he wished that both his happiness and his reading might never come to an end. Before he began, a delicate hand, which he would like to have held for ever in his own, had placed before him a large glass of sweetened water. He moistened his lips with it, hemmed to clear his voice, and then resumed in these words:

"We have demonstrated that the history of Joseph, son of Jacob, as contained in the thirty-fourth chapter of Genesis and those following, bears the evident stamp of authenticity. The proper names, of so great importance in such cases, also bear further evidence. As every one knows, the officer of Pharaoh, chief of his guards or of his eunuchs, who bought Joseph from the Ishmaelites, and with whose wife he had that unfortunate adventure, from which he could only escape by leaving his cloak behind him, was called Potiphar, and Potiphar is nothing if not Pet-Phra, which signifies consecrated to Ra, or to the sun-god. Joseph received from Pharaoh the title of Zphanatpaneach, which must be translated into Zpent-Pouch; now, Zpent-Pouch means the creator of life, which proves sufficiently the gratitude which the Egyptians bore to Joseph for having provided for their sustenance during the famine. The daughter of a priest of On, or Annu, was given him in marriage."

Here he turned to Madame Véretz: "Is there any necessity of my explaining to you that On, or Annu, means the city of the sun, or Heliopolis?"

"Would you insult me so cruelly?" answered she.

"Then they bestowed upon him the daughter of a priest of On, or Annu, who was called Asnath, a name which can be explained as As-Neith, thus signifying that she was consecrated to the mother of the sun. After this, only one thing remains to be proved to make us sure that the Pharaoh under whose reign Joseph came into Egypt was indeed the Shepherd king Apepi."

"Here we are at last!" exclaimed Madame Véretz joyfully. "I always loved that Apepi without knowing him."

"Oh, I do not pretend to rank him too highly," answered he, "and I should not dare to affirm even that he was a person to be loved; but he was a man of merit, and you will see that he was in some measure worthy of the consideration which you wish to bestow upon him. Neither can I say that he was handsome, although there was character in his face. Do you ask how I know this? In the Museum of the Louvre, madame, in Cabinet A of the Historical Museum, there is a figure of green basalt, somewhat defaced, in which some pretend to recognize the best Saïte manner. Unfortunately, the tablets bearing the inscriptions have disappeared. Madame, I have the strongest reasons for believing that this precious statuette is not Saïte at all, but the portrait of one of the Shepherd kings, and that this Shepherd king is Apepi. So you perceive—" He lifted the glass to his lips again and took a second swallow methodically, as he did everything; then pursued his reading:

"For this purpose we are obliged to go further back. It was toward the end of the year 1830 before the Christian era that the sovereigns of the dynasty of Thebes began to rise against the Hyksos. After a long and painful struggle, in which they underwent every change of fortune, they drove the Shepherds into Lower Egypt. More than a century after, the king Raskenen was seated upon the throne of Thebes; he is mentioned in a papyrus at the British Museum, the importance of which no one can fail to estimate. It happened, so it is written in this papyrus, that the land of Egypt fell into the hands of wicked rulers, and at that time there was not a king who was possessed of strength, health, or life. But, behold! the king Raskenen appeared, full of life, health, and strength, and he reigned over the region of the south. The wicked had possession of the fortress of the sun, and the entire country was subject to their impositions and taxes. The king of the wicked ones was called Apepi, and he chose for his lord, so says the papyrus, the god Sutech, that is to say, the god Set, who is no other than the Greek god Typhon, genius of evil."

"It is true," interrupted Madame Véretz, "that Sutech, Set, and Typhon, upon close examination, do resemble each other strongly."

"O madame—please!" said he to her; "we are just coming to the principal point."

And he resumed: "He erected in his honor a temple of solid masonry, and served none other of the gods of Egypt. So the papyrus teaches; and this important document proves: 1. That the Shepherd kings had taken up their abode in the Delta; 2. That they had all Lower Egypt under their domination; 3. That Apepi—"

Just then it occurred to him that it was long since he had heard the adored voice, that voice which sang Mignon's song to him so well; so, turning toward the divan, he said:

"He was also called Apophis, but Apepi is his real name. Which of the two do you prefer, Hortense?"

Hortense made no response; perhaps her emotion at the narration had taken away her power of speech.

"Apophis or Apepi!" screamed Madame Véretz to her—"choose boldly. Monsieur de Penneville leaves it to your decision."

Alas! she made no reply.

Horace started; he felt a chill run through all his frame, like a premonition of destiny. He rose, seized a light, walked hastily toward the divan. It was only too true; he could doubt it no longer—Madame Corneuil was asleep!

A little more, and he would have let fall from his hands the lamp which had thrown so much light upon his disaster. He placed it upon a stand.

"Heavens! how she sleeps!" exclaimed Madame Véretz. "Are you not something of a magnetizer?" She moved toward her daughter as if to awaken her. He drew her back, saying with a bitter sneer:

"Oh, respect her repose, I implore you!"

It would be wrong to believe that the self-love of both author and reader did not suffer greatly. Light broke in upon him: he suddenly came to understand that for several months he had either deceived himself or allowed himself to be deceived. Perfectly motionless, with cool, fixed, and piercing eye, he gazed upon the face of the beautiful sleeper, whose pose was charming, for she knew well how to sleep. Nothing could have been lovelier than the disarray of her beautiful hair, one curl of which fell on her cheek. Her lips were parted in a half smile; probably she was dreaming sweetly; she had sought refuge in a land where there was no Apepi.

Horace continued to gaze at her, and I know not what scales fell one by one from his eyes. Charming as she was, he saw her graces disappear every moment, and was on the point of

thinking her plain. In truth, he recognized her no longer. The miracle, which took place at Sakkarah on coming out of the tomb of Ti, had been undone; the connection between the sleeper and Egypt was at an end. On leaving Cairo she had borne away in her golden hair, in her smile, and in her eyes, some of the sunshine which ripens the dates, and delights the heart of the lotus, and cheers the yellow sand of the desert with mirages, and from which the history of the Pharaohs can not hide its secrets. The aureole with which it had crowned her brow was extinguished in a moment, and he also perceived that her eyelashes were too long, her lips too thin, and her arms, which were softly rounded, ended in clutching hands, with claws beneath them; that there were little lines round her brow and mouth, and these coming wrinkles which he had never before observed betrayed to him the base workings of sordid passions — that restlessness of vanity which makes women old before their time. Whence came this sudden clairvoyance? He was angry, and, say what they may, intense anger is luminous.

"You must forgive her," said Madame Véretz; "I have been watching her narrowly from the corner of my eye; she struggled bravely: unfortunately, her nerves are not as strong as mine. You had already put her to severe tests; she bore them honorably, but how can one hold out longer against that most dreadful of all bores, the Pharaonic bore? Be careful, my dear Count, she has so much esteem and friendship for you; sometimes it only takes a very little whim to weary a woman's heart."

She pointed alternately to the closed eyes of her daughter and the seventy-three leaves.

"My dear Count, you must choose between this or that."

As he listened, he took note of her with his haggard gaze, and her red hair filled him with horror.

"Really, madame," said he to her, "it seems as if I were just beginning to know you."

At these words he turned toward the table, gathered up his papers, put them into his portfolio, put the portfolio under his arm, made a low bow, and escaped.

"You may wake up, my dear," said Madame Véretz laughing; "we are for ever delivered from the king Apepi, who lived forty centuries before Christ."

A head appeared above the window-sill, and a voice exclaimed from without:

"Add sixteen to that, madame. It is best always to be exact."

The Count de Penneville went back to his room with death in his soul. That which he so bitterly regretted was less a woman than a dream. For long months a vision had been the delicious companion of his days; she had never left him; she was interested in everything that he did; she ate and drank with him, she worked with him, and dreamed with him. She spoke to him, and he answered, and they understood one another before the words were spoken. Her voice melted his heart. She had golden hair, which had one day touched his cheek; she had lips, too, which his own had touched twice. As he went on thinking, his anger made him forget his grief; the poor fellow would have given a great deal to have his two kisses back again.

And yet he still had a faint hope. "No, it can not be; such things do not happen," thought he. "She could not have let me leave her thus for ever. She will call me back; she is busy in writing to me now. Jacquot will come before midnight, bringing me a note which will explain all." No Jacquot came, and soon a neighboring clock struck midnight. Its melancholy stroke resembled a funeral-toll. The clock mourned for some one who had just died, and Horace realized that his dear companion, his vision, was no longer in the world. Henceforth he would be alone, utterly alone, and his solitude filled him with dread. His head fell upon his breast, and great tears rolled down his cheeks.

When he lifted his head, he saw he was not alone; that on his table before him stood a little statuette a foot high, looking at him. Her name was Sekhet, the helper, and she stretched toward him her pretty little catlike face full of pitying kindness. He ran to her, and took her in his hands. "Ah!" said he, "you are here; how could I have forgotten you? I am not alone if you remain to me. Some one said on this very spot that roses would fade, but the gods remained." As he spoke thus, he caressed her slender figure and her rounded thighs, and ended by kissing her devotedly on the forehead. It seemed to him as if the good little Sekhet really pitied his sorrows, and was moved and touched by them; that she had a kind little heart, like one of the gray nuns, or simply like a good, honest human being. It seemed to him also that there were tears in her eyes, goddess as she was, and that she returned his kiss, although she was nothing but a bit of blue porcelain. It seemed as if she said to him, "You have come back to me, and I will never lend you to any one again." And yet, good Heavens! she had lent so little of him.

He felt comforted, as if he had purified both heart and lips. He stood before the glass, and gazed upon himself. He saw that Count Horace's eyes were somewhat red, but, notwithstanding that, he saw that Count Horace was still a man. He went in search of two large empty

trunks which he had put aside in an outer closet; he dragged one after the other into his chamber; two minutes later he began to pack them.

On the next afternoon the Marquis de Miraval, who strangely enough had omitted that day to cross the lake, although the weather was really beautiful, received two letters, one of which was brought by the postman, the other by Jacquot, in a new suit of clothes.

The first, written in fine and steady handwriting, was expressed in the following manner:

"MY DEAR UNCLE: The situation is vacant and at your service. If you have any commands for Vichy, please forward them to Geneva, where I shall pass to-night, and leave to-morrow by the express-train, which goes at three o'clock, or, to speak more correctly, at twenty-five minutes past three. Allow me to convey to you my best wish for your happiness, and the assurance of my unchanging affection."

The second, hurriedly scribbled, contained these words:

"MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS: Unfortunately you spoke the truth. He either did not love at all or else very lightly, since he can not forgive the woman whom he pretended to love for having dozed during the reading of his paper upon the king Apepi. I will leave you to imagine what my daughter thinks of it all; she has taken the full measure of the man, and a woman no longer loves the man whom she thus measures. I have heard that he left immediately, so you need fear my imprudence no longer. Nothing henceforth can hinder you from revealing to me your secret, or rather, do better still, come and tell it to us to-night and dine with us."

Jacquot carried back the following answer to Madame Véretz:

"DEAR MADAME: So I must reveal to you my dreadful secret! I have an unfortunate passion, which I conceal carefully, out of respect for my white hairs. Those of my friends who know it have mercilessly made fun of me. With blushes I confess it to you, I dote on fishing! When Madame de Penneville sent me to Lausanne to manage a family affair, I consoled myself for my inconvenience by remembering that Lausanne was near a lake, where I might fish. My first thought on arriving was to buy fishing-lines and all the other necessary apparatus. I did not dare to fish in your neighborhood for fear I might be surprised, and that my nephew would laugh at me. I made inquiries, and was told that there was a pretty little place near Evian, in Savoy, full of fish. There is an inn on the shore, so I engaged a room there, where I kept all my equipments, and every morning I crossed the lake to satisfy my passion. Since I promised you that I would be as truth-telling as Amen-Heb (chief scribe), I will show you how far I was carried away by this mania. I left Lausanne for Ouchy with the sole intention of getting near fish; I forgot so entirely the business which brought me here that I only went to see my nephew twice—one day when it blew, and another when it rained, because there was no fishing on those days. I also declined two most attractive invitations to breakfast, because if I had accepted them I should have given up the pleasure of fishing for two whole days. The lamentable part of it is, that, in spite of my pains, my application, and perseverance, I caught nothing but a few miserable gudgeons. I kept saying to myself: 'This is too much; I will leave it all.' But I did not leave it. When I returned to Lausanne, my faith in fish would return, but I believe in them no longer. Thus our illusions vanish like our youth; our path is strewed with them. Nevertheless, yesterday, by some incomprehensible miracle, I did succeed in catching a good-sized eel, who kindly condescended to take my bait—so on that I leave. The honor of my white hairs is secure.

"I beg you, dear madame, to present to your adorable daughter, and also accept for yourself, the most devoted and respectful compliments of the Marquis de Miraval."

We will not attempt to describe the expression which came over the face of Madame Véretz as she took in the full meaning of this reply, the cruel embarrassment which she experienced in communicating it to her daughter, or the terrible scene which that adored angel made for her. Madame Corneuil is less to be pitied than her mother, since, in her misfortune, she at least has one resource, that of relieving her mind by the most vehement reproaches, the most virulent recriminations, and exclamations like "Are you not to blame for all this?" It is related that in this century lived a queen who was very intelligent, very enlightened, full of good sentiments, who exercised a great and rightful influence in affairs of state. It happened, unfortunately, that she was once mistaken, and the fate of a lifetime is sometimes settled in a minute. From that moment she was no longer consulted. The people she recommended were no longer accepted; her august husband said, "I suspect them all—they are the friends of my wife." So, once having been mistaken, Madame Véretz lost all her influence, all her credit. Her daughter will remind her to all eternity that she once allowed her to

let go her prey, to chase a phantom with white hair.

When the Count Horace de Penneville entered the station at Geneva, impatient to go by the train which leaves, not at three o'clock, but at twenty-five minutes past three, in the afternoon, he was greatly astonished to find, seated in a corner of the very carriage which he happened to enter, the Marquis de Miraval, his great-uncle, who remarked to him, as he helped him to stow away carefully all his numberless little parcels under the seat and upon the rack, "My son, I have thought the matter well over, and have come to the conclusion that there is no faith to be put in women who like Apepi one day and dislike him the next."

THE COMEDY WRITERS OF THE RESTORATION.

THE comedy of the Restoration may be divided into two schools: the first, of which Dryden, Mrs. Behn, and Shadwell are the chief representatives, followed the Spanish and old English comedy more closely than the French; the second, of which Etherege, Sedley, and Wycherley are the masters, molded its forms almost entirely upon French models. It is this latter division which the present article proposes to consider.

There is such a remarkable similarity between the lives, as well as the works, of Etherege and Sedley that the story of the one, with a few differences, tells that of the other. Both were descended from good county families: Etherege, a commoner, was born in 1636; Sedley, the son of a baronet, came into the world three years later, in 1639. The first was entered as a student at Cambridge — the second was sent to Oxford. Both left their respective universities without taking a degree. Etherege, finding Puritan England too dull for his fancy, went abroad and took up his residence in France; while Sir Charles, equally disgusted with the Government, retired to his Oxfordshire estate. At the Restoration he came to London with other royalists to pay his duty to the Throne; and George Etherege, who had long since returned from his travels and was studying the law, quitted his gloomy chambers in the Inns of Court, and, casting aside for ever such dry, uncongenial pursuits, mingled with the throng of butterfly wits, fops, debauchees, and penniless cavaliers, whose flaunting finery or tarnished tinsel now, in lieu of sober grays and browns, swaggered along the streets, and whose roistering songs and fiddles had drowned the nasal hymns of the "godly." His first comedy, "The Comical Revenge; or, Love in a Tub," at once won him the favor and companionship of Dorset, Rochester, Buckingham, and introduced him to Sedley, who was already one of that brilliant, dissolute band.

Sir Charles, being a wealthy baronet, seems to have had a little the start of his future brother dramatist. He was already a favorite of the King's; he wrote erotic verses, not spoiled for the royal palate by a prudish regard for decency, soft, flowing, and no-meaning, exactly on a level with the royal imagination; a gay, easy, pleasant style of conversation, well-sprinkled with jests and stories of the same type as the verses, had quite won for him the royal heart, and placed him among the highest in the royal favor. In 1663, however, an extraordinary frolic brought him into unpleasant notoriety. During a debauch at a house of ill-fame in Bow Street, with Lord Buckhurst and Sir Thomas Ogle, he stripped off his clothes, went out upon the balcony, and, after conducting himself in a manner too disgusting to describe, preached a blasphemous sermon to the mob who gathered round; a riot ensued, the windows were smashed in, and the preacher had to beat a hasty retreat. Such abominations as these could not be allowed to pass unpunished even in that age: my gentlemen were cited to appear at Westminster, and Sedley, after being severely reprimanded by the Lord Chief Justice, was ordered to pay a fine of five hundred pounds. After this, a biographer informs us, "Sir Charles took a more serious turn, applied himself to business, and became a member of Parliament, in which he was a frequent speaker." A reference, however, to the pages of Pepys does not confirm the assertion as to his sudden reformation. Under date October 12, 1668, the diarist writes: "Pierce do tell me, among other news, the late frolick and debauchery of Sir Charles Sedley and Buckhurst running up and down all the night, almost naked, through the streets; and at last fighting, and being beat by the watch and clapped up all night; and how the King takes their parts; and my Lord Chief Justice Keeling hath laid the constable by the heels to answer it next sessions: which is a horrid shame." In the same paragraph we are also told that "the King was drunk at Saxam with

Sedley, Buckhurst, etc., the nights that my Lord Arlington came thither, and would not give him audience, or could not; which is true, for it was the night that I was there and saw the King go up to his chamber, and was told that the King had been drinking." We have frequent glimpses of Sir Charles vouchsafed us by Mr. Pepys: how he conducts himself at the play—now disparaging the acting and mimicking the actors' pronunciation aloud; now flirting and bandying wit with a lady in a vizard, and drawing the attention of the audience from the stage; now employing ruffians to beat Kynaston so severely, for having abused him in some part, that he can not perform, and the theatre is closed in consequence.

Pepys was present at the performance of his first play; here is his account of its reception (May 18, 1668): "It being almost twelve o'clock, or little more, to the King's playhouse, where the doors were not then open; but presently they did open; and we in, and find many people already come in by private ways into the pit, it being the first day of Sir Charles Sedley's new play so long expected, 'The Mulberry Garden'; of whom, being so reputed a wit, all the world do expect great matters. I having sat here awhile and eat nothing to-day, did slip out, getting a boy to keep my place; and to the Rose Tavern, and there got half a breast off the spit, and dined all alone. And so to the play again, where the King and Queen by and by come, and all the court; and the house infinitely full. But the play, when it come, though there was here and there a pretty saying, and that not very many neither, yet the whole of the play had nothing very extraordinary in it all, neither of language nor design; insomuch that the King I did not see laugh nor pleased from the beginning to the end, nor the company; insomuch that I have not been less pleased at a new play in my life, I think."

And, although Mr. Pepys's judgment of plays is usually a very fallible one, it was pretty correct this time. "The Mulberry Garden," which took its title from a place of public resort, upon the site of which Buckingham Palace now stands, is a very dull comedy indeed. It is half sentimental —very nearly approaching to tragic—and half humorous, the two phases succeeding each other in alternate scenes. Horatio, Eugenio, Philander, Diana, and Althea, the sentimentalists, talk throughout in rhyme. Here, as a specimen, is a speech of one of the lovers:

"The very minute I beheld your face,
You might in mine the growing passion trace;
Now trembling fear did her pale color spread,
Then springing hope brought back the native red:
Joy may be seen, and grief itself unfold,
And so, my love, though it be never told;
In every look my passion was confest,
And every action my high flame exprest:
As foolish witnesses their cause o'erthrow,
My acts to hide it did it clearly show."

The comic plot introduces all the usual characters of the comedies of that time—the two or three town rakes, the amorous widow, a couple of frisky, longing young damsels, and a couple of foolish old men; the scenes, however, are dreary and insipid, and do not give us much idea of the author's wit, of which we have been told so much. The comic dialogue is written in prose. The two plots are quite independent, and either could be wholly omitted without at all affecting the understanding of the other. The comedy, however, is curious as a picture of the manners of a transition period. The action is supposed to take place just previous to the Restoration, and if the picture be a true one, which there seems little reason to doubt, that event did not bring about such a violent reaction in morals and manners as is generally supposed, the reaction having already well set in. The Mulberry Garden of 1659, as a place of intrigue and assignation, was not at all behind St. James's Park, as Wycherley describes it in "Love in a Wood"; and Harry Modish, Ned Estridge, and Jack Wildish were as fine rakes, and undisguisedly so, as ever flaunted their debauchery under the merry monarch.

There is a striking resemblance between "The Mulberry Garden" and "Love in a Tub," Pepys calls the latter "a silly play," but it is superior to Sedley's. Here again we have five sentimentalists talking in rhyme—a brother and two pairs of lovers; one gentleman is desperately enamored of a lady who does not love him, but he is loved by her sister; he challenges his successful rival and is disarmed in the duel, but, resolved not to live to see his Graciana in the arms of another, he runs upon his sword; the wound, however, not proving mortal, he is about to repeat the experiment, when he is held back by his friends. His exclamation thereat is a fine bit of bathos:

"My sword, I doubt, has failed, in my relief:
It has made a vent for blood, but not for grief.
Let me once more the unkind weapon try:
Will ye prolong my pain? O! cruelty!"

Here again, as in "The Mulberry Garden," there is no connection between this tragic story and the farcical comic plot, in which, however, there is much more life, incident, and humor, than in Sedley's comedy. Dufoy, the French valet, is extremely comical; Sir Frederick Frolick is a model roisterer of the time, for which either his creator or Sir Charles might have sat; he is always attended by a band of fiddlers and half a

dozen link-boys, with whom he serenades his mistress, beats the watch, and riots through the streets. He is in love with a rich widow or rather her fortune; her maid describes how, at two o'clock in the morning, he comes thundering at her mistress's door, "As if it were upon life and death." Admission being refused, she goes on to say:

"You and your ranting companions hoop'd and hollow'd
Like madmen, and roar'd out in the streets a—
.
Pray tell the consequences, how you march'd heavily
At the rear of an army of link-boys; upon the sudden,
How you gave defiance, and then wag'd a bloody
War with the constable; and having vanquish'd that
Dreadful enemy, how you committ'd a general massacre
Upon the glass windows."

A curious picture this of love-making. The reader will perhaps remark the curious manner in which the lines are broken up. I have not found an example of such a metre in any other dramatist; although the blank verse of Cowley's "Cutter of Colman Street" is as harsh, but it is usually confined to the prescribed number of feet. This is certainly prose run mad.

As the serious scenes of this comedy are written in imitation of the sentimental vein of Molière, so the pantomime fun of the comic scenes is borrowed from such farces as "Les Fourberies de Scapin," "M. de Pourceaugnac," etc. The title is taken from a trick played upon Sir Frederick's French valet by the widow's orders. Being made intoxicated, a tub is fixed round his neck by means of a hole in the bottom, and in this guise he is compelled to walk about until his tormentors see fit to release him.

Three months before Sedley produced his first comedy, Etherege brought out his second. Pepys was there on the first night; he records how he went to the Duke of York's playhouse; "where a new play of Etheridge's, called 'She Would if she Could'; and, though I was there by two o'clock, there was one thousand people put back, so that I could not have room in the pit, and I, at last, because my wife was there, made shift to get into the eighteen-penny box, and there saw: but Lord! how full was the house and how silly was the play, there being nothing in the world good in it, and few people pleased with it. The King was there; but I sat mightily behind, and could see but little and hear not at all." The last sentence will probably explain his unfavorable opinion, as an auditor who could see little and hear nothing could scarcely be a good judge. But "She Wou'd if She Cou'd" is a much better work than "Love in a Tub"; it contains no sentiment, and is written in not inelegant prose. Sir Oliver Cockwood and Sir Joslin Jolly are two amusing specimens of country knights, who when in London would fain pass themselves off as the arrantest rakes, but are tame enough when brought to the point. Lady Cockwood, who gives meetings to her gallant, and then growing nervous of her reputation is afraid to avail herself of the opportunity, who when he is gone scolds her maid if she has remained in the room, and scolds her equally if she has left them alone, is very well drawn, and is a refreshing deviation from the unmitigated shamelessness of the country and citizen wife of most of the plays of this period. The comedy is full of intrigue and situation, the dialogue at all times lively, and frequently witty.

Eight years now elapsed before Etherege produced his last and best work, "The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter," which, as a picture of the manners of the high society of the day, by the wit and elegance of the dialogue, and the absence of the farcical element, might have served as a model for Congreve, whose style it certainly resembles. Several of the characters are supposed to have been drawn from life: Dorimant is said to have been intended for Rochester, Medley for Etherege himself, and a notorious coxcomb named Beau Hewit is credited with being the original of Sir Fopling, although a contemporary asserts that he bore a very great resemblance to his creator. Sir Fopling was the original of a century of coxcombs, and all his successors upon the stage have been more or less closely related to him. He is a fine satire upon the French mania of the day. He is a most exquisite gentleman, he wears gloves up to his elbows, and his periwig is more exactly curled than a lady's head newly dressed for a ball; every article of his attire is an original from the first hands in Paris; the greatest compliment he can be paid is to be taken for a Frenchman; he employs only French servants. "There's one English blockhead among 'em, you may know him by his mien," he says. "Trott, Trott, Trott! There's nothing so barbarous as the names of our English servants." He has French dancers in his train, and his own dancing has had the good fortune to please in Paris, where the Grand Monarque himself does not disdain to figure in a ballet. All English dancing is horrible. As Dorimant remarks, "He went to Paris a plain, bashful English blockhead, and is returned a fine, undertaking French fop."

As a picture of manners, this comedy is well worth perusing. An orange-woman, with whom

he talks and bandies jests in a most familiar style, is brought into Dorimant's dressing-room as soon as he is up, to supply him with fruit. Among other things, she tells him that a lady of title and her daughter are come to lodge at her house; after she has gone, there enters a drunken shoemaker, the style of whose conversation with his aristocratic patron argues a much greater familiarity between the classes than would be tolerated in this democratic age. "'Sbud," he says, "I think you men of quality will grow as unreasonable as the women; you would engross the sins of the nation. Poor folks can no sooner be wicked but they're railed at by their betters."

Dorimant. "Sirrah, I'll have you stand in the pillory for this libel."

Shoemaker. "Some of you deserve it, I am sure; there are so many of 'em that our journeymen nowadays, instead of harmless ballads, sing nothing but your damned lampoons!"

This character also is said to have been drawn from a living original, who became so famous from his introduction upon the stage, and customers so flocked to him in consequence, that he made a fortune.

The modes of coquetry are admirably hit off in a scene between Young Bellair and Harriet Woodville, in which, for the behoof of the old people, who desire a union between them to which they are by no means inclined, they pretend to say "all the passionate things imaginable" to each other.

Young B. "At one motion play your fan, roll your eyes, and then settle a kind look upon me. Now spread your fan, look down upon it, and tell the sticks with a finger.

Har. "Very modish.

Young B. "Clap your hand up to your bosom, hold down your gown, shrug a little, draw up your breasts, and let 'em fall again gently with a sigh or two. . . . Clap your fan then in both your hands, snatch it to your mouth, smile, and with a lively motion fling your body a little forward, so—now spread it, fall back on the sudden, cover your face with it, and break out into a loud laughter. Take up, look grave, and fall a fanning of yourself. Admirably well acted."

With "The Man of Mode" Etherege brought his dramatic labors to a close. The marked improvement observable in each succeeding comedy promised better things than he ever achieved, and, had he industriously cultivated the undoubted talents he possessed, he might have ranked as a comedy writer little inferior even to Congreve. Through the influence of Mary of Modena, in whose favor he stood very high, he was sent Ambassador to Hamburg, and afterward to Ratisbon, where he remained until the deposition of King James. Upon his return to England, his fortune was so impaired by the dissolute and extravagant life he had led, that, having met with a rich widow, he was induced to turn his thoughts to that state most abhorrent of all to the gay cavaliers of the time—marriage. Once fair, slender, and handsome, debauchery had done its work upon his face and person, and the widow was not to be tempted without a title; so to secure the prize he purchased a knighthood and became Sir George. He had no issue by this marriage; and a daughter he had by Mrs. Barry, the actress, with whom he had lived some time, after Rochester's death, died young. The date and manner of his death are both uncertain. Some say he followed King James into exile, and died in France; others that, conducting the departure of some guests after a night's carouse, he fell down stairs and broke his neck.

Now to return to his brother dramatist, Sir Charles. He was the author in all of six plays. His second, a tragedy, entitled "Antony and Cleopatra," made its appearance in 1677, nine years after "The Mulberry Garden." Ten years more elapsed, and then he produced his second comedy, "Bellamira; or, the Mistress." The plot and most of the characters of this work are taken from Terence's "Eunuchus." Under the names of Bellamira and Keepwell, however, he is supposed to have satirized the Duchess of Cleveland and her royal lover. In construction, situation, and sprightliness of dialogue, it is far superior to his first comedy; but, almost destitute of originality, it falls very much below Etherege's last two works. After his death, in 1702, three more plays from his pen were published, "Beauty the Conqueror; or, the Death of Mark Antony," "The Grumbler," a comedy, and a third tragedy, "The Tyrant King of Crete"; but all are dull and uninteresting.

Sedley had a daughter, who, although by no means a beauty, captivated the heart of the Duke of York, who was famous for ugly mistresses, and who created her Countess of Dorchester. Although such a libertine himself, Sir Charles was exceedingly mortified at his daughter's dishonor. When James became king, he was one of the most determined opponents of the court policy in the House of Commons, and at the Revolution there was no more eager partisan for the Prince of Orange, or more bitter enemy of the King's, than he. Yet his hatred could still find vent in a *bon mot*: "I hate ingratitude," he said, "and, as the King has made my daughter a countess, I will endeavor to make his daughter a queen." The years passed on, and still Sir Charles could write erotic verses, tragedies, and comedies, and be the pleasantest and wittiest of boon companions, until he reached his sixty-second year. He died in 1701.

But the most famous name among the Restoration comedy writers is that of William Wycherley. A gentleman by birth, he was born at Clive, near Shrewsbury, in 1640. A polite education not being easily attainable under the reign of Puritanism, he was sent to France. There he was so fortunate as to be introduced to the Montausiers, and to be initiated into the famous Précieuse circle of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. There he formed his taste, but it is a pity that he did not more fully assimilate the elegance and refinement, which distinguished that society, to temper his English coarseness. It was doubtless some pretty *précieuse devote*—for it is impossible to credit our young gallant with any serious religious convictions—who induced him to go to mass and call himself a Catholic. Upon his return to England at the Restoration, he entered Queen's College, Oxford, gave up popery, and, as a matter of course, following the well-bred custom of the country, went to church again. Like Etherege and Sedley, he left the university without taking a degree, and like the former he entered himself as a student at one of the Inns of Court (the Middle Temple), and with about as much intention of devoting himself to the law as had his *confrère*. We next hear of him as a volunteer on board one of his Majesty's ships during a battle with the Dutch. But tar and bilge-water, and the rough life of a man-of-war's man of that day, were not to the taste of the pupil of Julie de Montausier, and a brief experience of their pleasures sufficed him. Nevertheless, these short excursions into the regions of law and war were not so much time wasted, since they proved useful for his conceptions of Manly and the Widow Blackacre. But, to use the cant phraseology of that age, the Muses had more attraction for him than gunpowder or musty tomes, and we next find him in the character of a poet.

The dramatic was the supreme literature of the time, no other form was at all comparable to it in court favor, and all wit and genius were naturally attracted to the stage, in the service of which, whether as writer or actor, the brightest laurels were to be won. So, after giving to the world a few copies of verses, he wrote a comedy called "Love in a Wood," which was produced, it is generally believed, in 1672. This date has, however, been disputed on the authority of Pope, who used to relate that he had been told by Wycherley himself that it was written in 1659, when the author was only nineteen. A first draught of the play might have been written thus early, but it was certainly not the form in which it has been handed down to us, since in the commencement of Acts I. and III. there are references to the fire of London, and, further, the play is dedicated to the Duchess of Cleveland. That it was not acted until after 1669 is almost certain, since, had it been produced previously, it would scarcely have escaped the notice of such a persistent first-night man as Pepys, who makes no mention of it in his "Diary." The "wood" is St. James's Park, in which much of the action takes place; the plot, which turns upon the well-worn themes of lovers' jealousies, mistaken identity, and rogues outwitting one another, is ingeniously worked out, and with more complications and imagination than are displayed in the works of Etherege and Sedley, resembling in those respects rather the comedies of Mrs. Behn.

Although all are well drawn, the characters are conventional types of the day—the gay gallant, the silly knight, the libidinous old city usurer; Dapperwit, who never utters a sentence without a simile, in which, by the by, he greatly resembles Puny in Cowley's "Cutter of Colman Street," is the most original; Ranger was afterward, name and all, and with his best situation, appropriated by Hoadley in "The Suspicious Husband"; and Valentine bears too close a likeness to Sheridan's Falkland not to render us suspicious of a common parentage. Christina and Lydia are more decorous than most of the comedy ladies of this period, but this concession to modesty is more than neutralized by that most disgusting female creation in all English drama—Mrs. Flippant.

The last verse in Mrs. Flippant's song, in Act I., which is in praise of the children of ladies of easy virtue, is said to have brought about Wycherley's introduction to the Duchess of Cleveland. One day as his coach was passing hers in Pall Mall, she looked out of the window and greeted him with the full title of illegitimacy. He immediately turned round and followed, and soon came up with her. "Madam," he said, saluting her with a profound obeisance, "you have been pleased to bestow on me a title which belongs only to the fortunate. Will your ladyship be at the play to-night?" "Well, and what if I am there?" she replied, saucily. "Why, then, I will be there to wait on your ladyship, though I disappoint a fine woman who has made me an assignation." "So," replied the Duchess, "you are sure to disappoint a woman who has favored you for one who has not." "Yes," he answered, with a bold look, "if the one who has not favored me is the finer woman of the two! But he who can be constant to your ladyship till he can find a finer is sure to die your captive." From this *badinage* an intimacy sprang up between them, and very soon the gallant poet's name was inscribed on the list of her ladyship's lovers; not unfrequently, the royal mistress, dis-

guised as a country girl in straw hat and pattens, and with a box or basket in her hand to keep up the character, paid visits to his lodgings in Bow Street. "Love in a Wood" upon its publication was dedicated to her, after the usual style of the poets of that day to the favorite sultanas. Under such powerful protection Wycherley soon made his way at court, and was taken under the patronage of Buckingham, who gave him a commission in his regiment and made him one of his equerries; his wit and conversational talents also attracted the King himself, who took such a fancy to him that when the poet lay ill he visited him at his house, and made him a present of five hundred pounds to enable him to try the air of Montpellier.

All this seems terribly degrading to a man of genius, but it was not considered so in that age, when no man was so great that he would blush to receive any favor or bounty at the hands of any vile Jezebel by whom the King was ruled. Charles, however, seems to have had a real esteem for Wycherley, who bore the character, and deservedly it would appear, of being an honest and sincere man; and such virtues as honesty and sincerity were so rare in that corrupt court that they could not be but prized, if only as exotics.

In 1673 he produced his second comedy, "The Gentleman Dancing-Master." In the character of M. de Paris, as in that of Sir Fopling Flutter, we have a satire upon the French mania of the day. Mr. Paris, the son of a rich city merchant, is newly returned from France, and with the most supreme contempt for everything English: even his native tongue he speaks with a French pronunciation, and interspersed with French phrases and oaths; he esteems a French scullion more than an English gentleman, and all the perfections of man are in his eyes naught if his tailor lives within Ludgate, if his *valet-de-chambre* be not a Frenchman, and if he should be seen by daylight going into an English eating-house. No man can be well bred if "he can't dance a step, nor sing a French song, nor swear a French oath, nor use the polite French word in his conversation; and, in fine, can't play at *hombre*, but speak base good Englis, with the commune home-bred pronunciation; and, in fine, to say no more, never carries a snuff-box about with him." Etherege's and Wycherley's portraits make a pair: Sir Fopling is drawn more delicately, with less exaggeration, and is decidedly the more natural and finished of the two; but that is because he is a gentleman, while "M. de Paris" is but a vulgar, upstart, young citizen, and would therefore go to more absurd extremes than would his aristocratic brother. In contrast to this Frenchified Englishman, we have an old citizen named Formal, who from long residence in the Peninsula has become infected with an equally strong mania for Spanish costume, manners, and language; but in the contests between the two our author has scarcely evolved as much humor as the situations suggest. Apart, however, from his foreign affectations, Formal, or Don Diego as he calls himself, is an amusing and well-drawn character; his superlative egotism, which allows him to be egregiously gulled because he will not allow that the penetration of any person can be superior to his own, which, when at last he discovers the trick his daughter and her lover have put upon him, although his sister has repeatedly warned him of the truth, makes him claim the discovery as the result of his own sagacity, and then, when checkmated at every point, actually pretend that he was cognizant of the cheat, and was winking at it when pretending to be most angry, is as diverting as it is true to human nature. Mrs. Caution, the old aunt, whose youthful reminiscences render her such a Cerberus over her niece, and who is ready to construe every look and word into impropriety, must have been even more amusing upon the stage than she is in the book. The plot is partly borrowed from Molière's "L'Ecole des Femmes." The heroine, Hippolita, avails herself of the silliness of her affianced husband, M. de Paris, as the means of bringing about meetings between her and her lover, and of ultimately marrying him by the very parson the young cit has brought into the house to perform that office for himself. The scenes in which Gerrard, the lover, while not able either to dance or play on the violin, passes himself off for a dancing-master, are highly diverting, and would be more so were not the same situation repeated too frequently.

Two years after the production of this comedy, in 1675,* he wrote "The Country Wife." Altered into a decent form by Garrick, and rechristened "The Country Girl," this work was a favorite until within living memory. Peggy was one of Mrs. Jordan's finest impersonations; its last representative was Fanny Kelly. The plot of this work is altogether too gross to be described; but its wit and cleverness can not be denied. The character of Mrs. Margery Pinchwife was undoubtedly inspired by the immortal Agnès, in "L'Ecole des Femmes." There is, however, an exquisite *naïveté*, a delicacy of touch, in Molière's portrait, and beside it Wycherley's lines look very rough and coarse. But this difference speaks more for his genius than for his sense of decorum, for while professedly copying

* None of the dates here given, however, can be pronounced with any certainty to be correct; and can be accepted only in the absence of more precise information.

he has contrived to avoid entirely the foreign tone and color of the original. Margery is as genuine a production of the English soil as Agnès is of the French, and the more decorous finesse is as native to the one as the coarser animalism is to the other. But Margery is a pure child of nature: she is really artless in the midst of all her ruses, and in her heart is almost as innocent as her spouse would have her be. Brought up in the country and kept as strictly as though her jealous old husband had been a grand Turk, the moment she is introduced, though never so slightly, into the atmosphere of London life—and what an atmosphere it was in those days!—sets eyes on a fine gentleman or two, and compares them with the clodhoppers and curmudgeons she has left behind, who have previously been the only specimens of man she has beheld, she is all aglow for the pleasures of the town, and really does not perceive the harm of resorting to any trick or deception against her spouse to gratify her desires. Witness her ingenuousness in the last scene, in which not even the presence of old Pinchwife can restrain her from rushing out of the closet, where Horner has hidden her, when she thinks he is in danger, and to utter her protest against his marrying Alithea. She is unconscious even of the meaning of the marriage tie, for she cries out: "I'll not lose my second husband so. . . . Nay, pray don't quarrel about finding work for the parson, he shall marry me to Mr. Horner. . . . I do love Mr. Horner with all my soul, and nobody shall say me nay; pray, don't you go to make poor Mr. Horner believe to the contrary, 'tis spitefully done of you, I'm sure." And all this is in the presence of her jealous husband. You can not call a creature like this vicious or immoral. She really does not know the meaning of the term; what wrong she does is done in all innocency—or idiocy, if the word be more appropriate.

In 1677, our author gave to the world his last and best work, "The Plain Dealer." In this again he drew on Molière; but, with the exception that both pretend to hate all mankind, it would be difficult to trace any resemblance between the sea-captain Manly and the principal character of "Le Misanthrope." Molière, it is said, drew Alceste from himself, and Wycherley boasted that he was the original of his hero. The difference between the two characters is again precisely that which distinguishes Agnès from Mrs. Pinchwife; the one is purely French, the other purely English. A very suggestive parallel between the stages of civilization attained by the two countries at that period might be drawn from these two plays, and the superior refinement and delicacy of French manners placed beyond dispute. There is nothing gross in the actions or speech of Alceste, his misanthropy and misogyny are purely theoretical, and a kind, noble heart beats beneath the outward husk of cynicism: but Manly is a brute pure and simple, a savage capable of any horrible atrocity, and he confesses as much in one of his speeches.

"I rather choose to go where honest, downright barbarity is professed, where men devour one another like generous, hungry lions and tigers, not crocodiles; where they think the devil white, of our complexion; and I am already so far an Indian."

And his words and actions prove that this is no exaggerated utterance. When speaking of his false mistress he says: "I'm sure I thought her lips—but I must not think of 'em more—but yet they are such I could still kiss, grow to, and then tear off with my teeth, grind 'em into mammocks, and spit 'em into her cuckold's face." The cannibal, whose vengeance is to eat his enemy, could not go beyond this. When bent upon his disgusting revenge—and that any author should dare to hold up as a model a man capable of such an action, speaks volumes for the brutality of the English character at this period—he addresses Fidelia, whom he believes to be a boy, and who has given him every proof of devoted fidelity, in such language as this: "What, you are my rival, then! And therefore you shall stay and keep the door for me, while I go in for (instead of) you; but when I'm gone, if you dare to stir off from this very board, or breathe the least murmuring accent, I'll cut her throat first; and if you love her you will not venture her life. Nay, then, I'll cut your throat too, and I know you love your own life at least. . . . Not a word more, lest I begin my revenge on her by killing you." Even in his normal state, when neither under the influence of rage nor revenge, he is scarcely less brutal. One of his sailors says to another: "Dost thou remember after we had tugged hard the old leaky long-boat to save his life, when I welcomed him ashore, he gave me a box on the ear, and called me fawning water-dog?" "Dogs, slaves, rascals," are the only epithets he can bestow upon these men, usually accompanied by a kick or a blow. What a picture of the naval service of the time! Even for the friends who fall in with his humor, he has contemptuous terms and brutal snubs, while those who do not suit him he calls to their faces, "Bartholomew Fair buffoons," "chattering baboons," etc. And this brute was held up as the type of a straightforward, blunt, honest Englishman, only because the natural brutality of his nature prompted him to wound the feelings of every person he came near by savage speeches which he called truths—a national trait upon which we have not even yet ceased to glorify our-

selves. Verily, I think we are much indebted to the men who introduced foreign manners and modes of thought to displace our native ferocity.

The Widow Blackacre is considered to be the offspring, not of Wycherley's brain, but of Racine's La Comtesse in "Les Plaideurs," yet surely a litigious female was not such a novelty that the character might not have occurred to two men without the one copying the other. Be that as it may, however, the widow is an exquisitely humorous creation, and is true, coarse, homely English, without a flavor of foreign adulteration. The originality of her son Jerry can not be disputed, and in that Wycherley was thereafter to have an illustrious imitator, for it can not be doubted that Goldsmith had a memory of this booby when he drew Tony Lumpkin; both are admirably drawn, but I think the palm must be given to the elder dramatist. The base, censorious Olivia, who pretends an aversion to all mankind only to mask her evil passions, is a powerful picture, but not at all like Molière's Celimène, except in her scandalizing propensities. Novel, Oldfox, Freeman, Plausible, are all well-defined portraitures; Fidelia, who in the disguise of a boy follows the man she loves, is a character borrowed from the Elizabethan drama; but it has not improved in Wycherley's hands. Her connivance at his hideous revenge, so revolting to any person possessed of the least delicacy—and how much more would it have been so to a woman who loved him!—nay, even the fact of her being enamored of such a brute, sadly tarnish all that is agreeable in the picture.

"The Country Wife" was too strong even for the stomachs of a Restoration audience, even for the vizard-wearers, and brought down a storm of well-deserved censure which the author animadverts upon in a scene between Olivia and Eliza in Act II. of "The Plain Dealer," in which the play is censured by the bad woman and defended by the modest, on the motto of "Honi soit qui mal y pense." But such a defense is quite inadmissible, since nothing is left to the *thought* of the spectator. In revenge, however, the author has, in the last-named comedy, attacked every section of society with the most savage malignancy. A lord is "a leaden shilling which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being raised by it." "Have you seen," says Manly, "a bishop bowing low to a gaudy atheist; a judge to a doorkeeper; a great lord to a fishmonger, or a scrivener with a jack-chain round his neck; a lawyer to a sergeant-at-arms; a velvet physician to a threadbare chemist; and a supple gentleman-usher to a surly beefeater—and so tread round in a preposterous huddle of ceremony to each other, while they can hardly hold their solemn false countenances?" An alderman "makes you drunk with lees of sack before dinner to take away your stomach; and there you must call usury and extortion God's blessing, or the honest turning of the penny." A fellow, whose trade is taking false oaths, complains of being "bilked by a reverend divine, that preaches twice on Sunday and prays half an hour still before his dinner." To which the widow replies: "How! a conscientious divine, and not pay people for damning themselves! Sure, then, for all his talking, he does not believe in damnation." As to the female sex, the language used against them is too gross to be quoted, and the dedication of the play to a woman of ill-fame is the crowning insult.

Goldsmith was not the only succeeding dramatist who condescended to draw material from this comedy. The scene between Olivia, Novel, and Lord Plausible, originally it can not be doubted suggested by the well-known one in "Le Misanthrope" (5th of Act II.), was largely appropriated by Sheridan in "The School for Scandal." Those who will take the trouble to compare the following specimens with some of the speeches in the scandal-scenes will find an extraordinary resemblance even in the turns of expression, although the younger author is more polished and artificial. A "nauseous" old woman at the upper end of a table, it is said, "revives the old Grecian custom of serving in a death's head with their banquets." "She looks like an old coach new painted; affecting an unseemly smugness, while she is ready to drop to pieces." Of her daughter it is said, she is "the very disgrace of good clothes, which she always wears to heighten her deformity, not mend it; for she is still most splendidly, gallantly ugly, and looks like an ill piece of daubing in a rich frame. . . . Then she bestows as unfortunately on her face all the graces in fashion, as the languishing eye, the hanging or pouting lip. But, as the fool is never more provoking than when he aims at wit, the ill-favored of our sex are never more nauseous than when they would be beauties, adding to their natural deformity the artificial ugliness of affectation." Of another lady it is said, "she is as silent in conversation as a country lover, and no better company than a clock, or a weather-glass, for if she sounds, 'tis but once an hour to put you in mind of the time of day, or to tell you 'twill be cold or hot, rain or snow."

Etherege and Wycherley were the true founders of that school of comedy which attained such perfection in the next generation, and which, notwithstanding its licentiousness and artificiality, must ever be considered to have produced our finest models in that department of literature.

Wycherley, however, although he borrowed much from the French, surpassed Etherege in the power of transmuting his stolen goods, which, like gold and silver trinkets thrown into a melting-pot, while losing their original form, retained all their essential qualities; from whatever source derived, he always made his characters thoroughly English, and, if his plots were borrowed, the manners and vices depicted were those of his age and country. Yet, although the founder of the school, Wycherley has little affinity with the good-natured, rattling, pleasant Farquhar, or the highly polished and refined Congreve; Vanbrugh alone approaches him in coarseness. There is a ferocity in Wycherley's satire which can be paralleled only in Swift's writings. Mrs. Flippant is worthy of a place among the Yahoos, and the female bevy of "The Country Wife" would not have found themselves out of place there. The drinking-scene at Horner's lodgings (Act V., Scene 4) is a horrible lampoon upon the entire sex. Lady Fidget says: "Lord, why should you not think that we women make use of our reputation as you men of yours, only to deceive the world with less suspicion? Our virtue is like the statesman's religion, the Quaker's word, the gamester's oath, and the great man's honor; but to cheat those that trust us. . . . Our bashfulness is only the reflection of the men's. We blush when they are shamefaced."

A few more facts of our author's life have still to be related. Some little time after the appearance of his last comedy he married, and it was the comedy that brought about that event. One day, while he and a friend were in a bookseller's shop at Tunbridge Wells, the Countess of Drogheda, a young, rich, handsome widow, came into the shop and inquired for "The Plain Dealer." "Madam," said the friend, one Mr. Fairbeard, pushing Wycherley forward, "since you are for the Plain Dealer, there he is for you." "Yes," added Wycherley, "this lady can bear plain dealing, for she appears to be so accomplished, that what would be compliments addressed to others would be plain dealing addressed to her." "No, truly sir," replied the Countess, not behind in repartee, "I am not without my faults any more than the rest of my sex, and yet I love plain dealing, and am never more fond of it than when it tells me of my faults." "Then, madam," again interposed the friend, "you and the Plain Dealer seem designed by Heaven for each other." Such is the story told by Dennis. This was the commencement of an acquaintance which ended in matrimony. Wycherley, on account of another countess, was desirous that his marriage should be kept secret; but it soon came to the knowledge of the lady whom he most desired to keep in ignorance, and who soon succeeded in convincing the King that, as the poet had contracted a marriage without taking royalty into his confidence, it was an act of contumacy which must be punished by the withdrawal of the royal favor. The union was a very unhappy one; the lady was of a violent temper and very jealous; she took good care that her husband should not appear at court, for fear he might renew his old *liaison*, and even when he paid a visit to his favorite Bow Street tavern, which stood opposite his house, he was obliged to sit at the open window in order that his *cara sposa* might be convinced that there was no lady with him. Not without reason we may well believe were these suspicions. When she died, however, she left him all her fortune. But this proved a curse instead of a blessing to him, for her family disputed the will and got the day, while the unfortunate widower was consigned to prison for the law expenses. In the Fleet he remained seven years. He had offended the King's mistress by his marriage, and the King by his attachment to Buckingham, whose cause, in his evil days, he defended with a boldness and sincerity which shows that he was not undeserving of the epithet of "Manly Wycherley," which his contemporaries bestowed upon him. But Johnson's observation upon the value of the literary patronage of the time, which I have before quoted in my article on Otway,* was well exemplified in his case, namely, that men of wit received no favor from the great but to share their riots; from which they were dismissed again to their own narrow circumstances. And poor Wycherley might have died in the Fleet for all his aristocratic friends would do to help him, had not James II., who had by this time succeeded to the throne, been so struck, at a representation of "The Plain Dealer," by the virtues (!) of Manly, that he there and then resolved to pay off his debts and settle a pension of two hundred a year upon him. It seems strange that Wycherley did not resort to his pen to assist him in his extremity, and that he should have renounced authorship in the very maturity of his powers. But his troubles were only to cease with his life. It would appear that his debts were so considerable that he did not like to own the full amount to Lord Mulgrave, to whom the King had confided the execution of his beneficent intentions, so that what must have been a large sum remained unpaid. And when at his father's death he succeeded to the family estate, being only a tenant for life, he could not mortgage it for sufficient money to clear himself of liabilities. Probably the old ones received some additions after his release from prison.

* "Appletons' Journal," November, 1879.

In his sixty-fourth year he published a volume of erotic poems—why was it not another comedy? In the same year Pope published his "Pastorals," and the simultaneous appearance of the two books in some way brought about an acquaintance between the two authors. The letters that passed between them will be found in Pope's correspondence, but they are not very amusing. By and by the elder poet wrote some more verses—and very bad ones they were—and made the extraordinary proposition that his young friend should correct them. Pope, like a second Gil Blas, accepted the task in all sincerity, and his candid criticisms were received in much the same spirit as were those of the Spanish valet of immortal memory; Wycherley was disgusted at the numerous faults found with his compositions, and the friendship came to an end.

He appears to have retained much of his handsome and distinguished appearance to the last. There is a picture of him at the age of twenty-eight, by Sir Peter Lely, which represents a face of fine animal beauty, well set off by the flowing periwig of the period; many were the regretful glances he would cast upon this presentment of youth, and many were the sighs it evoked, and underneath he had written the Virgilian motto, "*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*" The old spirit of the Carolian time was still strong within him. He used often to declare that he was resolved to die married, although his first experience of that blessed state rendered him very averse to living in it again. Only eleven days before his death, in the year 1715, in the hope of disinheriting an obnoxious nephew, he espoused a young woman who was supposed to have a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year, but who turned out afterward to be an impostor and to be married to another man. Ignorant of this fact, however, upon his death-bed he called her to him, and, having made her promise to grant him the request he was about to make, said with a sly twinkle in his eye: "My dear, it is only this—that you will never marry an old man again." Like Mercutio, a humorist to the last! He was buried in a vault in St. Paul's, Covent Garden. He is said to have changed his religion once more, a little previously, back to the Romish faith.

Temple Bar.

MIRACLES, PRAYER, AND LAW.

IN the following remarks I assume the existence of God, all-knowing and all-powerful; and of a spirit in men which is not matter. I do not say that either is demonstrated or can be demonstrated, still less do I presume to define either, but I address only those who already assent to both.

Many, however, of those who give such assent are troubled about the ways of God and the nature of man's relation to him. On the one hand is the Bible, which declares that all things on earth as well as in heaven are regulated by divine will at every moment, which records frequent miracles, and which bids men ask from him whatsoever they would, in absolute confidence that they shall have their desires. On the other hand stands the Book of Nature, as divine as that of Revelation, being in fact another revelation of God, which tells of an unchanging sequence of events, of laws incapable of modification by isolated acts of will—laws which, indeed, if subject to such modification, would fall into disorder. Which of these revelations shall they believe? Or can they be reconciled so that both are credible?

The tendency of recent belief in those who have studied the Book of Nature, and perhaps most decidedly in those who have only turned some of its pages, is that the two revelations are irreconcilable. The immutability of nature's laws is to them a gospel taught by every stone, by every plant, by every animated being. All that they have learned to know of matter rests on the assurance that its properties are absolutely fixed. The progress of science, of art, of civilization, of the human race, depends on the fact that what has been found to be true will be always true, that there is an ordered sequence of events which may be trusted to be invariable, to which we must conform our lives if we would be happy, and which, if we cross it in ignorance or defiance, will revenge the outrage by inevitable penalties. Those laws, which some call of matter, may by others be called laws of God, and the most devout minds find in their fixity only a confirmation of their faith in his unchanging promises. But, if thus fixed, it seems to many who are devout as well as to many who are skeptical, that it becomes impossible to believe that their Author should ever set them aside by what are called miracles; still less that he should bid men pray for events which are, in fact, not regulated by

wish or will, but by what has gone before up to the beginning of time. To meet this dilemma there seem to such minds only two courses, either to believe that Scripture is not the word of a God at all, or to give to its language an interpretation which is not the natural sense of the words, and which was certainly not meant or understood by those who first wrote or first heard it.

Yet it is not possible to abandon the conviction that the words and the acts of God can not really be at variance. Before surrendering his words contained in the Scripture, as either spurious or misunderstood, no effort can be too often reiterated to show them to be compatible with what we have learned of his works. I propose to make one more such effort, based on the closest examination of what both really tell, or imply.

Let us first understand accurately what it is we are to deal with, both as facts and as expressed in language. The inquiry is to be limited (with exceptions which will be noted as they occur) to the laws of matter. It will be assumed that matter exists as our ordinary perceptions inform us, but if it shall hereafter be proved to be only a form of motion, or of force, the arguments will still be applicable. By laws, we shall understand what in a different expression we call the properties of matter. The advantage of thus explaining law is that it excludes some other senses of a vague and misleading character, while it includes the sense in which alone law can properly be applied to physical nature. Thus, the law of gravity is the same thing as the property of matter which we call weight, and, if there be any matter or ether which is imponderable, then the law of gravity does not apply to it. So the law of attraction, in its different forms, expresses the property of cohesion, and of capillary ascent, and so on; the law of chemical affinities expresses the property of the combination of one species of matter with another in definite proportions; the laws of sound, light, or electricity, express the properties of vibrations, either of air or of subtiler forms of matter, as they affect our senses. In thus limiting the meaning of law, it is therefore obvious that we embrace all which the materialist can desire to include when he insists that law is permanent and unchangeable.

This, in fact, is the first proposition which we must all accept. No human being can add to or subtract a single property of any species of matter. To do so were, indeed, to create. For matter is an aggregate of properties; each species of matter is differentiated only by its properties, and could we alter one of these we should really turn it into different matter. It is true there are what are called allotropic forms, such as oxygen and ozone, the yellow and red phosphorus, the forms of sulphur as modified by heat, and a considerable number of organic compounds, and we can by certain arrangements turn the one into the other. But when we ask what allotropism is, we find that it is itself one of the properties (however obscure to us) of the matter we deal with. Oxygen would not be oxygen, but something else, if it had not the inherent property of becoming ozone under certain conditions. Given these conditions, and there is nothing we can do which will prevent the change occurring. If, as chemists believe, allotropism depends on the different arrangement of the ultimate atoms of matter, then the capacity of assuming two arrangements in its atoms is clearly one of the ultimate properties of that species of matter.

It follows, then, that if a miracle were really a suspension of a physical law, or a change, temporary or permanent, of any property of matter, it would really be an act of creation—the creation of something having different properties from any matter that before existed. If iron were to float on water by suspension of the law of gravity, it would be in fact the creation of something having (at least for the time required) the physical and chemical properties of iron, but with a specific gravity less than water — and therefore something not iron.

But, without creation, man has enormous power over nature. He can, and daily does, overpower her laws, or seemingly make them work as he pleases. Despite the law of gravity, he ascends to the sky in a balloon; he makes water spring up in fountains; he makes vessels, weighing thousands of tons, float on the seas. Despite cohesion, he grinds rocks to powder; despite chemical affinity, he transmutes into myriads of different forms the few elements of which all matter consists; despite the resistless power of the thunderbolt, he tames electricity to be his servant or his harmless toy. With water and fire he molds into shape mighty masses of metal; he shoots, at a sustained speed beyond that of birds, across valleys and through mountain-ranges; he unites seas which continents had separated; there is nothing in the whole earth which he has not subdued, or does not hope to subdue, to his use. There is hardly a physical miracle which he does not feel he can, or may yet, perform.

But all this wonderful, this boundless power over material laws is gained by these laws. He alters no property of matter, but he uses one property or another as he needs, and he uses one property to overpower another. It is by knowing that gravity is more powerful in the case of air than in the case of hydrogen gas, that he makes air sustain him as he floats, beneath a bag of hydrogen, above the earth; it is by knowing

that it is more powerful in water than in air that he sails in iron ships; it is by knowing chemical affinity or repulsion that he makes the compounds or extracts the simple elements he desires; it is by knowing that affinity is force, and that force is transmutable into electricity, that he makes a messenger of the obedient lightning-shock; it is by knowing that heat, itself unknown, causes gases to expand, that he makes machines of senseless iron do the work of intelligent giants. He subdues nature by understanding nature. He creates no property; he therefore performs no miracle, though he does marvels.

By what means, then, does man bring one property, or law, into play instead of, or against, another? By one means only, that of changing the position of matter.

This is Bacon's aphorism ("Novum Organum," book i., 4): "Man contributes nothing to operations except the applying or withdrawing of natural bodies: Nature, internally, performs the rest."

In order to trace and recognize the truth of this fact, let us follow in rough and rapid outline the operations by which man effects his purposes. We will begin at the beginning, and suppose him to have only reached the stage when a knowledge of the effects of fire enables him to work with metals. He produces fire by friction—that is, by bringing one piece of wood to another, and rapidly moving the one on the other; or else by striking two flints on each other, which also is merely rapid motion and shock. He carries the wood to a hearth, he brings to it the lump of crude metal or the ore; he urges the fire by a blast of air—still his acts are only those of imparting motion. Then the fire acts on the metal, it excites some affinities and enfeebles other affinities, which result in removing impurities; it softens the purified metal. Then the workman lifts it on a stone, and by beating it with another stone—still motion—he moves its particles so that it assumes the form of a hammer, an axe, a chisel, or a file. Then by rubbing with a rough stone—still motion—he moves away some particles from the edge, and makes it sharp and fit for cutting. By plunging it in water when hot—still only motion—he tempers it to hardness. With the edge thus obtained, he cuts wood into the forms he requires for various purposes, and by degrees he learns how to fashion other pieces of metal into other and more elaborate tools. Yet all this is done by no other means than giving motion to the material on which, or by which, he works. From tools he advances to machines, by which his power of giving motion is increased, and as he learns more of the properties of matter he constructs engines, by which these properties work for him in the directions in which he guides them. Meantime he has learned that clay, when heated, becomes hard as stone, and the arts of pottery take their rise; while glass-making follows on the discovery that ashes and sand fuse into a transparent mass. Yet, whether in their rude beginning or finished elegance, man in these arts does no more than bring together the rough materials and apply to them heat, then their own inherent properties effect the result. Science—that is, knowledge of natural laws of matter—guides his hand, but his hand only moves matter; it gives no property and takes away none; it does not even enable one property to work; it does absolutely nothing except to place matter where its own laws work, to bring or to remove matter which is needed, or to remove matter which is superfluous. Let us analyze every complicated triumph of human knowledge and skill, and we shall find it all reduced to the knowledge of what the properties of matter are, and the skill which imparts to it motion just sufficient to permit these properties to operate. Man's power over nature is therefore limited to the power of giving motion to matter, or of stopping or resisting motion in matter.

Now, to give motion or to resist motion is itself either a breach or a use of a law of nature, according as we express that law. The law is (as usually expressed), that matter at rest remains at rest till moved by a force, and that matter in motion continues in motion till stayed by a force. This is the law of inertia. If we consider that rest or motion when once established is the normal state of matter, then the force which causes a change causes a breach of the law of inertia. But if we consider that the liability to be moved, or to have motion stopped by force, is itself a property of matter, then the application of force with such result is merely calling into operation the law of inertia. It really does not signify which view we take, so long as we recognize that such are the facts. But since it is more familiar to associate rest with inertia, it will perhaps be most convenient and simple to consider rest and motion as the laws of matter, till the law is interfered with. Therefore in what follows we shall say that, when matter at rest is moved, or when matter in motion is stayed, or its movement by a natural force is prevented, a breach of the law of inertia is committed.

We come, then, to these propositions: 1. That human power is utterly unable to break any law of matter except the law of inertia. 2. That when, by breaking only the law of inertia—i. e., by moving or by resisting the motion of matter—any operation is accomplished, no other law of matter is broken. 3. That to break the law of inertia by force, directed by will, is no inter-

ference with the properties of matter. 4. That by breaking the law of inertia only, man has power to call into play properties which make matter subservient to his objects.

Nor is this man's power only. Inferior animals can also move matter, and by moving it can cause prodigious results. A minute insect, by secreting lime from sea-waters, makes a coral reef, or aids in forming a cliff of chalk. A beaver cuts down a tree, and forms a swamp that changes the climate of a district; a bird carries a seed, and makes a forest on an island. Inanimate life has the same power. The plant opens its leaves to the sun, and abstracts the carbon that forms fruitful soils and beds of coal. Matter itself can by motion work on matter. The great physical powers, heat and electricity, are modes of motion. Radiation of heat causes freezing, and freezing crumbles rocks into soil, or it forms the clouds in the air, whose deluges hollow valleys; while electricity cleaves and splinters the summits of the mountain-peaks. Everywhere motion, sharp or slow, works with matter; everywhere the law of inertia is broken; and everywhere the miracles of nature are wrought out by nature's unbroken laws, set in action or withheld by only the movement which matter has received, be it from will in man or beast, or be it from forces which themselves are part of matter's properties.

Now, since we have started from the assumption that God does exist, it is impossible to make him an exception to the rule which holds of the spirits of inferior creatures, and even of inanimate matter. If, therefore, he can cause or stop movement, he can, without further breach of any law of nature, bring into play the laws of nature. Or, to state the same proposition conversely, we must admit that whatever wonders God may cause by bringing into operation a law of nature through the means of affecting motion in matter, can not be called a breach of the laws of nature. It is, of course, understood that this proposition is limited to the results of motion; it does not affirm that the cause of the motion may not be a breach of a law of nature. This question will remain for future examination; at present it is neither affirmed nor denied.

Let us in the mean time, however, consider what we have reached by the proposition above stated. What are called miracles may be divided into three classes. The first are purely spiritual, affecting mind without the intervention of matter, such as visions (though these *may* originate in the brain, and therefore belong to the next class), gifts of tongues, inspirations, mental resolutions. The second affect mind in connection with matter, such as, perhaps, the healing of paralytic or epileptic affections, and certainly the restoration of life to the dead. The third affect matter solely: they include the healing of wounds, or of corporeal disease, such as blindness, or fever; the dividing of waters; the walking on water, or raising an iron axe-head from the bottom of water; the falling of walls or trees; the opening of prison-doors, and such like.

The first two classes we may, in any discussion limited to the laws of nature, leave out of view, because it can not be said that we know any laws of nature affecting mind by itself, or even mind in relation to matter. Metaphysicians have interested themselves in trying to trace the origin or sequence of intellectual processes, but I hardly think any would assert they had discovered or defined what can properly be called a law; and certainly, if any do assert it, the accuracy of the assertion is controverted by as many philosophers on the other side. Any direct influence of God on mind can not, therefore, be charged with being in violation of natural law. Nor can it even be declared to be contrary to universal experience, since in this case the negative evidence of those who have not experienced it would only be set against the positive evidence of innumerable persons who affirm that they have experienced it.

The influence of mind on matter, and matter on mind, are also so obscure, that it can not be affirmed that anything which mental operation can effect on one's own body is contrary to natural law. No physiologist will assert that mental resolution or conviction, tending toward recovery from sickness, is without some power to bring that result to pass. They will admit also that this is peculiarly the case in regard to those disorders which, in pure ignorance of their actual source, they are fain to call hysterical, neuralgic, or generally nervous. They are all acquainted with many cases in their own experience of recovery from such disorders in which no physical cause for recovery can be imagined. If, then, God should convey to the mind of a patient an impression which brings about recovery, there would clearly be no violation of natural law. With regard to the restoration of life, it is quite true that this is beyond the ordinary power of man's volition. Nevertheless, at each moment of our lives there is a communication of life to the dead matter which has formed our food, but which, after digestion, becomes a part of our living organs; and this is true even in the nutrition of plants. How or at what moment the mind enters or becomes capable of affecting our frames, we do not know. But this happens at some moment before or during birth; its doing so at a subsequent period is, therefore, not a breach of natural law, but is only an instance of natural law coming into operation, by the same

cause, at a period differing from that which is customary. The *act*, whatever it is, is not exceptional, but ordinary. The *time* is alone exceptional.

We have now to consider the strictly physical phenomena to which the name of miracles is in this discussion confined, and to which the objection that they are contrary to natural laws is commonly stated.

A very large number of these are at first glance seen to be only instances of inertia being affected. To walk on water, to make water stand in a heap, to raise a body from the ground, to cast down walls, or move bolts and doors, are obviously exertions of simple mechanical force such as we ourselves daily employ. Their effective cause is neither more nor less than an interference with the law of inertia, and by the previous demonstration they are therefore not to be reckoned as breaches of any law of nature.

Let us try if this can be made clearer by an example. It has been stated before that if iron were made to swim on water by modification of the law of gravity it would be creation of a new substance differing from iron in being of less specific gravity. At the same time, the original iron of normal specific gravity would have disappeared. These processes of creation and destruction would be so unprecedented that we should justly call them violations of the ordinary laws of nature. But, at least, we should then expect that the light iron thus created would be permanently light, and we should call it another breach of the laws of nature if on lifting it from the water we found it heavy. But, if we were to hold a magnet of suitable power over the original heavy iron when at the bottom of the water, we might see it rise and float, although not touched or upheld by any visible substance, and although its specific gravity remained constant. In this case it would be moved by a power which overcomes gravity, but there would be no creation nor destruction of any property, and no natural law would be broken. But, if now we substitute for "magnetic" "divine" power, there is still no breach of a natural law, for no property is created or destroyed. In both cases the acting agent is a power outside the iron, invisible and unknown, except by the effects. The effect of both is the same: it is to give motion to matter, and nothing more. Hence neither violate any law of nature except that of inertia.

Proceeding to another class of miracles, which seem at first to be creative, we shall find that they also come within the range of familiar human potentiality. The making of bread, or meal, or oil, or wine, are instances of chemical synthesis. These substances are composed of three or four elements, all gaseous except carbon (to be absolutely accurate, we must add minute quantities of eight other elements), which no chemist has yet succeeded in uniting in such forms. But chemists have succeeded in forming certain substances by bringing together their elements, of which water is the simplest type, and others of greater complexity are every year being attained. These are formed by moving into proximity, or admixture, the elementary ingredients, under circumstances favorable to their union in the desired combination, and the combination then proceeds by the operation of natural laws. No one would be surprised to hear that some chemist had thus attained to form starch or gluten, the main ingredients of bread, or oil, or spirit, or essences; for, if it were announced, we should all know that he had only discovered some new method of manipulation by which circumstances were arranged so as to favor the natural laws which effect the union of the necessary elements. Therefore, if these substances are formed by divine power, it is not creation—it is only the chemist's work, adopting natural laws for its methods, and bringing them into play by transposition of material substances.

Meteorological processes—such as lightning, rain, drought, winds—are sometimes made the immediate cause of "miracles," as when the wind caused the waters of the Red Sea to flow back, or brought the flights of quails or locusts. These are effects which we know wind is quite capable of producing, and does produce naturally. Was there, then, any breach of natural laws (beyond that of inertia) in causing such winds to blow? or in bringing up thunder-clouds? or in causing an arid season? We can not, indeed, say that there was not; but as little can we say that there was. For, since we ourselves have acquired such power over lightning, the most inscrutable and irresistible of all meteorological agencies, as to be able to lead it where we will, how shall we say that God's infinite knowledge has not the same power over the winds and the clouds, by employing only natural agencies for his work, and employing these only by the operation of motion given to matter?

With regard to the healing of diseased matter, conjectures also can only be offered, because of the source of diseases we know so little. Sight is restored in cataract by simple removal of an abnormal membrane. Many fevers, if the germ theory or the poison theory be correct, are cured when the germs die, or the poison is eliminated. A power that could kill the germs, or remove them or the poison from the system, would then effect immediate cure in accordance with natural laws. It does not seem necessarily beyond man's reach to effect this when he shall understand natural laws more fully; it can not, therefore, be

a breach of natural laws if God should effect it by laws as yet unknown to man, provided they are brought into play with no other agency than the motion of matter.

It would be folly as well as impiety to assert that it is in such ways only that miracles are performed. No such assertion is made. But when, on the other side, it is asserted that the miracles narrated in Scripture can not be true because they must involve a breach of the immutable laws of nature, the answer is justifiable and is sufficient, that they do not necessarily involve any breach of any law, save of that one law of inertia which at every instant is broken by created things, without any disturbances being introduced into the serene march of nature's laws. The scientific revelation is reconciled with the written revelation when it is shown that neither necessarily implies the falsity of the other.

But, supposing the argument thus far to be conceded, it will be urged that the real "miracle" remains yet behind. When man moves matter, his hand is visible; when an animal gnaws a tree, its teeth are seen working; when a river flows down a valley, its force is heard and felt. How different, it will be said, is God's working, where there is no arm of flesh, no sound of power, no sign of presence!

Unquestionably it is a deep marvel and a mystery, that impalpable spirit should act upon gross matter; but it is a mystery of humanity as well as of Godhead. What moves the hand? Contraction of the muscles. But what causes contraction of the muscles? The influence transmitted from the brain by the nerves. But what sends that influence? It is mind, which somewhere, somehow, moves animal tissues—tissues consisting of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, phosphorus, and sulphur. At some point of our frames, we know not yet where, mind does act directly on matter. It is a law of nature that it should so act *there*. But, if God exists, his mind must, by the same law, act on matter *somewhere*. Can we call it an offense against law if it acts on matter elsewhere than in that mass of organized pulp which we call brains? If no possibility of communication between mind and matter could anywhere be found in nature, we might call such communication contrary to natural law. In other words, if it were one of the properties of matter that it could not receive motion from that which is not matter, its motion without a material cause would be supernatural. But, since it is of the very essence of existence that matter in certain combinations should be capable of being endowed with life, and by such endowment become capable of being affected in motion by mind, it is indisputable that such capability is one of matter's properties, and that its being so affected falls within and not without nature's laws.

It may be objected that, since it is only living substance which can be acted on by the human mind, it is contrary to law that dead matter should be acted on by the divine mind. But this is a simple begging of the question at issue. It is constructing a law for the purpose of charging God with breaking it. Where do we find evidence in nature that matter can not be moved by the divine mind? Science reveals no such law. Science is simply silent on the subject; it admits its utter ignorance, and declares the question beyond its scope. Undoubtedly it does not pronounce that God does move matter, but it equally abstains from asserting that God does not. For when it traces back material effects from cause to cause, it comes at last to something for which it has no explanation. When we say that an acid and an alkali combine by the law of affinity, that a stone falls by the law of gravity, we merely generalize facts under a name, we do not account for them. What causes affinity, what causes gravity? Suppose we say the one is polar electricity, the other is the impact of particles in vibration (both of which statements are unproved guesses), what do we gain? The next question is only, what causes electricity and what causes vibration? Suppose, again, we answer that both are modes of motion, we only come to the further question, what causes motion? And since motion is a breach of the law of inertia, what is it that first excited motion in this dead matter? Carry back our analysis as far as we will or can, at last we reach a point where matter must be acted upon by something that is not matter. This something is Mind; and God also is Mind.

Again, when any one affirms that only living matter can be acted on by mind, whether human or divine, we may fairly ask him, not indeed what is life, which is a problem as yet beyond science, but how life changes matter, which is a question strictly within the range of science dealing with matter. But to this inquiry we shall get no answer. The cells in an organism, the protoplasm in the cells, are living when the organism is living, dead when the organism is dead, and, as matter, no difference is discoverable between them in the state of living and dead. The cells consist of cellulose, the protoplasm of some "proteine" compounds; no element is added or subtracted, no compound is altered, when it lives or when it dies. Nor can science even tell us when an organic compound becomes alive or dead. Every instant crude sap is becoming living plants, every instant crude chyle is becoming living blood, every instant living organisms die and are expelled from plants by the leaves, from animals by the lungs, the skin, and the kidneys.

Yet no physician can say at *what* moment any of these carbon compounds become living, or when they cease to have life. Since of this perpetual birth and death in all nature we know absolutely nothing, it is manifestly unreasonable to lay down laws respecting them. If life and death make (as far as we can discover) absolutely no immediate physical change in the matter which they affect, how can we propound as a dogma of physical science that God can not move "dead" matter, when our own experience tells us that our spirits can move "living" matter?

It is clear that, if we are not warranted in making a law, we are not warranted in saying that it is broken. Our concern with laws is to see that such as we do know are uniform, for this is the basis of science. But true science repudiates dogmas on subjects of which it avows its ignorance.

Let us sum up the argument as it has now been stated. The propositions are the following:

1. Matter is subject to unalterable laws, which express its properties. No created being can originate, alter, or destroy any of these properties.

2. It is possible, however, for one property to overpower the action of another property, either in the same matter or in other matter.

3. By placing matter in a position in which one or other property has its natural action, man, as well as animals and inanimate matter, can overpower a law of nature with almost boundless power.

4. The sole means by which such results are effected, are by affecting the law of inertia. Therefore, whatever is effected by natural laws, without other interference than by affecting inertia, is consistent with the uniformity of natural law.

5. All strictly physical "miracles" recorded in the Bible are capable of being effected by natural law, without other interference than by affecting inertia, and therefore are consistent with the uniformity of natural law.

6. It is consistent with natural law that created minds should affect the inertia of certain forms of matter directly.

7. It is not inconsistent with natural law that the Divine mind should affect the inertia of other forms of matter directly.

The bearing of these conclusions upon prayer, in so far as it affects physical conditions, may now be briefly shown. It has been argued that, in the light of modern discovery, prayer ought to be restricted to spiritual objects, and that at all events it can have none but spiritual effects. It has, for example, been asserted that to pray for fine weather, for bodily health, for removal of any plague, for averting of any corporeal danger, is asking God to change the laws of nature for our benefit, that this is what he never does, what would produce endless confusion if he should, and consequently what he certainly will not do.

But, if in point of fact God can confer on us all these gifts which we ask from him without breaking a single law by which nature is bound, we are restored to the older confidence that he will, provided that such gifts are at the same time consonant with our spiritual good.

Now, as it has been shown that God can affect matter to the full extent for which we ever petition by means of nature's own laws, set in operation by no other agency than the mere communication of motion to matter, it has been shown that he will break no law in giving what we ask.

For example, what is fine weather? It is the result of the due motion of the winds, which bear the clouds on their bosom, and carry the warmth of equatorial sunshine to the colder north. It is still as true as eighteen hundred years ago, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof, but can not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." But, if it be no breach of law to give motion to the air, it is in God's power to bring us favorable winds. But the winds we wish are not necessarily moved immediately by God's breath. They depend probably on certain electric repulsions, which make the colder or the warmer current come closer to the surface of the earth. And electricity is motion. It may be directly, it may be indirectly, through electricity; it may be by some cause still further back that God sends forth the winds; but, if he can give motion, he can direct their currents, and by such agency give to his creatures the weather best suited for their wants.

Or what is disease? Probably, in many cases, germs; let us then suppose germs, because it is what the latest science tells us. But germs need a suitable nidus, and we know that merely what we call "change of air" is one of the most potent means of defending or restoring our bodies from the assault of germs to which it is exposed. We change our air by moving to another place; what violation of law would there be if God, to our prayer, were to change our air by moving a different air to us? This is but a rude illustration; the marvelous economy of the body suggests a thousand others, none of which may be true, but which yet all agree in this, that they would work our cure by strictly natural laws, set in action merely by motion given to matter.

That even an impending rock should not fall upon us would be a petition involving no further disturbance of natural law. Had we appliances

to enhance our force, we could uphold it without breaking natural law. God has superhuman force, and, if he upholds it by an arm we can not see, he will break no law.

It were needless to pursue examples; but the subject must not be dismissed without reference to the spiritual laws, which we are bound to regard in praying for aught we may desire.

These are expressed and summed up in the command, "Ask in my name." There is a prevalent misunderstanding of these words, arising out of the theological dogma which interprets them as if they were written, "for my sake." It is unnecessary here to enter into the inquiry how far any prayer is granted because of the merits or for the sake of Christ. It is sufficient that the words here used mean something else. When we desire another person to ask anything from a superior in our name, we mean to ask as if we asked. It must be something, then, which we should ask for personally. Therefore, Christ, desiring us to ask in his name, limits us to ask those things which we can presume he would ask for us.

It is obvious how this interpretation defines the range of petition. It must be confined to what he, all-knowing, knows to be for our good. It must be, in our ignorance, subject to the condition that he should see it best for us. It utterly excludes all seeking for worldly advantage, for which he would never bid us pray. It equally excludes all spiritual benefits which are not those of a godly, humble spirit. Above all, it excludes all things which would be suggested by Satan as a tempting of the Lord our God. To ask, as some scientific men would have us do, for something in order to see if God would grant it, would be an experiment which, applied to an earthly superior, would be an insult—to God is impiety. To such prayers as these there is no promise made, for they can not be in Christ's name.

Neither can those prayers be in his name which come from men regardless of his precepts. These are contained in the Book of Nature as well as in the Bible, and to both alike we owe reverence. We are bound to learn his will as far as our powers extend, we are bound to inform ourselves as fully as we can of the physical as well as of the moral laws set for our guidance, and having learned we are bound to obey. It were vain to pray for help in an act of wrong-doing, and equally vain to pray for relief from consequences of our own neglect or defiance of such rules of the government of nature as we have learned, or as with due diligence we might have learned. No man so acting can presume to think that he may ask in Christ's name for succor. Christ could not ask it for such as he.

But to what we can truly ask in his name there is no limit set. We may ask for all worldly and all spiritual good, which we can conceive him to ask for us, in assurance that it will be given, if he sees it really to be for our good. How it may be reconciled with good to other men is not for us to inquire. The Omnipotent rules all, and he who can do all is able to do what is best for us as well as for every other creature he has made, without breach of one of these laws which he has set as guides for all.

J. Boyd Kinnear (*Contemporary Review*).

LIFE IN BRITTANY.

I AM not a traveler or a tourist, but a resident, and I don't sit down to write an article, a journal, or a book; I only feel that I must give expression to my feelings, and therefore I talk on paper.

This life is still new to me; it possesses all the attractions of surprise. The day will come when I shall find it difficult to describe common things around me, because they will appear so common that they will seem to be unworthy of notice. Yet, after all, these common things make up life; and it is precisely these common things which English people want to know, so I write them down while I can appreciate and realize them.

I can not see the sea as I write, because my window looks into the garden, and at the end of the garden there is an artificial bank with a raised walk on the top of it, constructed partly to keep back the waves at high tides, and partly for the sake of the walk, which (placed on the top) gives a good view of the sea. But I am so near to the sea that, whenever I like, I open the garden-door and emerge ready for a plunge into it; only I look out for tides, because at low water there is a quarter of a mile of mud between me and the briny deep. When the tide comes in, it not only covers the mud, but runs up over the beautiful sand which lies outside my garden-gate, where like a merman I can roll and bask and

comb my hair (by the by, I doubt whether there ever were any mer*mans*, and whether they ever had long hair—but let that pass). Mine is an inner bay; outside roll the waves of the Bay of Biscay. My sea *à moi* borders on a *parc aux huîtres*, or (as it is written on the boards which mark its boundaries) *parc à huitres*, belonging to the French Government, which is kept up as a feeder for all the rivers, estuaries, and other possible spots where oysters can be sown by a paternal government.

I went to inspect this *parc* a day or two ago, and now consider myself quite learned in the matter of oysters, so I will put down what I learned. Of course I saw it at low water, for the whole affair is down in the deep at high water.

First, there is a series of walls about two feet high and eighteen inches broad, which appear to be constructed to keep the peace among the oysters—or, in other words, to prevent currents and storms disturbing their tranquil lives. Inside these walls is a series of little houses, constructed rapidly, by putting together—much as soldiers stack their muskets—half a dozen rather narrow tiles thickly covered with lime.

These tiles receive the milk or spat of the older oysters, which, adhering to them, remains and grows into the oysters which some day are to be carried away as seed, or as future mothers in a future bed. I saw oysters at all stages of their growth: tiny little specks of this year, babies a year old, young people of two years, and others ready for eating or deporting, of three, four, and five years' growth. As a rule, they are not eaten until they are three years old, but dredgers would not reject those of two years, although at that age they would be small. Oysters are quiet people, and only ask to be left alone. They never move from the spot upon which they are deposited, yet like all other quiet people they have very unquiet enemies, which not only disturb their lives, but even destroy them. One of these enemies is sought for with great eagerness by the guardian of the *parc*, as it is most deadly, and devastates his beds. It is a small whelk (called *Luskina Bigourneau*) in a spiral shell, which fastens on and bores a hole through the shell until it reaches the oyster, upon which it feeds until there is no more oyster left. I saw many of the shells of the unfortunates which had been thus penetrated and devoured, and I saw several of the little whelks which had killed them. They did not appear to possess any weapons, or to be anything but little innocents; such is the deceptive character of the outside appearance both of men and fishes.

Some fifty or eighty women work daily at low tide among these oysters, yet the bed is not well cultivated. It yields a profit, if you calculate the market value of the oysters exported, but it would yield a far larger profit if properly worked, as doubtless it would be worked by a private individual; by which it appears that governmental control is not always the most profitable.

Now come inside my garden. First, look at my pleasure-garden. It is elaborately laid out with lawns and fountains and beds, but, like all other ideal plans, it has yielded to the necessities of actual French life. The lawns have been utilized for the growth of hay for the horses and cows. The fountain was once supplied by a cistern on the roof of the kitchen, but it leaked and made the house damp, so it was removed, and the pipes, taps, and empty fountain give an expression to an idea rather than a reality. All round the fountain are beds with pear-trees as sentinels, looking continually into the empty reservoir. Pear- and apple-trees stand also marshaled round all the walks, and flowers grow in happy disorder, sometimes in the beds, sometimes in the paths; while the strawberries have crept up into the lawns and sprinkle the hay for the horses and cows.

It is, perhaps, difficult to understand the plan of this my flower-garden, but it is like a courtyard of an ancient castle inclosed within an earthen rampart upon which there is a broad walk.

My kitchen-garden is very large indeed, and contains such a wealth of strawberries and asparagus as I have never before beheld. Day after day we send twenty-five or thirty pounds' weight to market, and yet we eat them ourselves all day long, and give them in great quantities to our neighbors. I could linger long over these gardens, but, as I want to keep you in good humor, so that you may love this Brittany of ours with its picturesque scenery and still more picturesque inhabitants, I pass on.

A few days ago, under press of circumstances, and because I could not secure our regular marketer, I sent my *garçon* Thoma to the city, ten miles away, with a large basket of strawberries for sale. He left here about four o'clock in the morning, arrived at the town before the market-hour, sold his strawberries, and ought to have been back here about 10 A. M. Instead of which, Thoma, who is a sailor and jack-of-all-trades, who wears a sort of sailor's guernsey and talks a *patois* between French and Breton, got into temptation and fell.

Drink did it all. Drink lays low the greater part of our poor Bretons. One sees more people helplessly drunk or maudlin drunk here far away from towns in these rural abodes than even in England; only they are for the most part quiet: they neither swear nor fight.

Poor Thoma kicked quite over the traces.

Perhaps he had felt too much of the Englishman's yoke; perhaps he had done enough work for a month or more. At any rate, he drank, then engaged himself to marry a dirty little ugly woman who did his washing (that is, when he did not do it himself), and finally he bolted with all my strawberry-money, and I have not seen him since. I am grieved, not on account of the money, for I owed him as much in wages, but because, now my poor Thoma is gone, I have no sailor for my boat, no one so utterly droll, or so beautifully picturesque to look at and laugh. For Thoma was the most slippery sailor, the most idle fellow in the world. He never did half a day's work while I had him. He waited till my back was turned, and then left spade, vessel, rope, or barrow, without attempting even to put tools away. Only in one way was he ever working happily, and that was the way he knew was wrong. Under such circumstances he would display an energy worthy of a better cause. Once he went with me to buy a little pleasure-yacht, but before meeting the owner he agreed with me that he would only give his opinion in sly winks. We went on board with the owner, who pointed out the various good points of his vessel, constantly appealing to Thoma for confirmation, and always being backed up by my *garçon*, but, when the owner for an instant turned his back, Thoma screwed up his face into all sorts of contortions, and managed to convey to me his disapproval of the purchase.

Our other servant is also an experiment, and a failure. The servant difficulty not only exists here as elsewhere, but it is aggravated by the independence of the people and their exceedingly dirty habits. Very few country girls care to go out to service, in fact, scarcely any at all. Here in the country we are driven into the towns for servants. The women work on the land as hard as or harder than the men; moreover, they prefer their independent life to service; they like better to dig, or hoe, or weed, or get together the seaweed for manure, in dirty clothes and sabots, than to submit to the neatness and respectability of domestic life. They are also in demand for wives. The peasants marry when mere boys, without any apparent means of living, trusting to Providence, and at worst content with black rye-bread and a lick of greasy soup. Our Jacquette is a *jeune fille*, which is the French euphemistic expression for an old maid. She will never see fifty-five again, if she be not quite sixty; yet, when I asked if she were *veuve*, I was told she is a *jeune fille*. She is honest as daylight, which is more than I can say for most Bretons, who are pilferers, not robbers, at least in these parts. She is economical to a fault; wastes nothing, almost eats nothing; keeps the men on soup made of greasy water and bits of bread, and puts even water used in cooking into the universal soup. Yesterday she sent in the peas with a lot of green-looking water, which one of our party, disliking, took into the kitchen to pour away; Jacquette requested as a favor that it might be put into her own particular plate of soup, and it was. But Jacquette never washes, or, if she does wash, she does not conquer her dirt. She is dirty in person and dirty in cooking our food. She is a bad cook, and smokes everything she cooks. She potters about all day, yet does not even keep the rooms clean. Upon the ladies falls almost all the household work. Why, then, do we keep Jacquette? First and foremost, because we can not get a better; next, because we like her very much for her good qualities; and, lastly, because when once we told her to go in a week, the dear old thing was so meek, so patient, so enduring, that we almost wept for her, and kept her on. Just now I hear her shrill voice talking to little Marie, the farmer's daughter, in the kitchen. Marie goes just where she likes, and does just what she likes. She is an only child, not three years old. Her little brother Jean died just as we were moving in. Marie is very pretty, but also very dirty. She wanders about in sunshine and storm, early and late, with her father, mother, or grandmother. She pulls up plants, treads down seeds, walks knee-deep in manure, and, no matter how clean she may start, she makes herself into a little pig in half an hour. The ladies make a great pet of Marie, for we have no little ones here. Marie knows her power, talks French, plays at bo-peep with us, has rather an awe of monsieur and his great pipe; but still, even with him, pops round the corner and cries "Coocoo!" Yesterday, madame was playing with her some time, then turned her out into the garden, shut the door, and went up stairs, thinking all below snug and safe. In an hour or less she went down to her *salon* again, and found Marie seated amid all her knickknacks and books, which she had removed from the tables on to the floor, and made into a heap of unutterable confusion. Ere a word could be spoken, Marie burst into a scream. She knew that she was naughty, and no reproach could be leveled at her because of her noise. However, she was put out in disgrace, well scolded by Jacquette, and presently came in very prettily to say, "*Pardonnez-moi, madame—pardonnez-moi.*" (Jacquette has just passed my window, in an old close-fitting nightcap, with a patched petticoat and dirty face.)

Marie can look just like a pretty Dutch doll, when she is washed and dressed. She wears long clothes, just like her mother, only longer, with a tight-fitting, square skull-cap embroidered with gold. Under such circumstances the little lady

is proud enough, I can tell you. She has a droll way, too, of referring to her dead brother, who was younger than herself. If she does not like her food, she requests that it may be given to Jean. Yesterday she declared that Jean had moved the articles in madame's room. Poor little Jean (if he had lived) would, I fear, have experienced what most younger brothers experience from their elder sisters—a great deal of bullying.

I hear Jean's step; he is going in to dinner; it is twelve o'clock. Poor Jean! he is a dying man. He is in a consumption, and will not live another year. He is one of the best specimens of a Breton farmer; yet hardly a fair specimen, as he speaks French, has been in the army, served in Algeria, got taken prisoner by the Germans, and is most intelligent. He attributes his sickness to ill-treatment in the army, and to German prisons. Really, they do treat their soldiers in France in a most brutal way. If such things occurred in England, all the press would ring with them; Parliament would be set aflame, dinner-tables discuss them. This poor fellow (in a galloping decline) is in the territorial reserve, which made it incumbent on him to go to our town and pass fifteen days in barracks. He is so ill that he got a medical certificate, upon which he relied to get excused, and he was excused, but not until he had spent two days in barracks, almost without food, and sleeping on the floor. He went in on Thursday noon, and never got any food till Friday night; and he says this was so with all the others, and is generally so in the French army. Jean is about thirty years of age, has a nice wife, and little Marie is his daughter. He has land of his own, but lets it, preferring to farm, at a rental of ten pounds a year, the eight acres which belong to this château. All that I have said of Jean will show that I am not anxious to run down the Breton farmer; so now, if I say a little more, you must take it as arising from a great desire to tell you the whole truth about our life in Brittany. Jean is, in two respects, a typical man, a fair representative of his class. He is greedy of money, and he does not mind little acts of dishonesty in order to gain the money he covets. By the nature of his tenancy, he holds half the stables, half the coach-houses, half the various out-buildings. He will now and then make a mistake about the hay, and give some of mine to his own horse; he will, if he can, help himself to a little out of my gardens. When he goes to market for me, he takes something of his own at the same time, so as to mix up matters, and make calculation or detection of petty thefts difficult. This I know, because I have several times been to market myself, and always brought home more money than Jean is pleased to give me.

Yvonne, Jean's wife, is a well-built woman, large, muscular, of the Breton type, and fairly good-looking. She is pleasant of speech and can talk French well. She seems to me the nicest person of the family, but time may modify this opinion, and if it does I will let you know. Yvonne works in the fields with her husband, but has special care of the cows, which she takes out in the morning and brings in at night. For these cows she gathers grass, tares, weeds, and varieties of all sorts. She milks, churns, carries the butter to market, and does that part of the farming which is the realization of all the rest. I say realization of all the rest, but I mean that it is the end of the machine, out of which comes the fully made coin or cash. Off eight acres of land there can be little of produce to sell; all is consumed by four cows and one horse. Therefore, what these four cows produce is the net result of the farm, and it is sufficient to enable Jean, Yvonne, Marie, and a disagreeable mother-in-law to live well, to pay their rent of ten pounds a year, and to save annually another ten pounds. Living well with a Breton farmer means black-rye bread, galettes of buckwheat flour, *crêpes* of buckwheat flour, vegetables, soup with lumps of bread and a skim of grease, and a piece of meat when they kill a pig or go out to a wedding. It seems to agree with them well, as they look healthy and work well, at least when working for themselves.

You know now our household. Come with me next, and let me introduce you to our neighbors. Strictly speaking, neighbors we have none, unless the guardian of the oyster-beds and Jean, and a widow who lives in a hovel at the end of the gardens, are counted as such. But by neighbors one generally means those gentry who live round about; of these I desire to speak now. Monsieur le B—— is young, and a bachelor. He lives in a pretty little house near the village. We pass his house whenever we drive into the town, and whenever we pass it we admire it, because it looks so snug amid its roses and dahlias (yes, dahlias bloom here in June). Once or twice we met a young man near the gate, who took off his hat, and never replaced it until we had passed. Of course we reciprocated his politeness, although we did not know who he was, until one day he walked up to me and introduced himself as Monsieur le B——, and stated that he had come to me to tell me that the neighbors were rather astonished that I did not call upon them, and had expressed a wish to know us. I thanked him heartily, but told him that it was not the custom in England to call upon people until they had first called upon you; to which he replied that the custom of France was for new-comers to call first, which custom he felt it his duty to make

known to me as a stranger. He offered also to go with us and introduce us to the houses of those upon whom we ought to call. His offer was accepted, and next day we traveled in company to our next neighbor, who is also the leading member of our society, the Comte de K——, who is married to an American lady. I desire to represent to you these Breton gentlemen exactly as they are, not as romance on the one hand, or ridicule on the other, might paint them. Some people travel the world with an English "bee in their bonnet," nothing pleases them if it differs from the English idea, and yet when in England they are dissatisfied with the English. I am a cosmopolitan, and have lived in divers lands, so I admire what is good and dislike what is bad, without any reference to English customs. Behold, then, Monsieur le Comte de K——. He is in manner a perfect gentleman; in dress careless—not slovenly, but content with a country cut and comfortable clothes. He speaks a few words of English, which he has picked up from his wife, but he says that he can not understand my accent, being accustomed to the American. He is a busy man; not that he holds any office, but he farms his own land, besides doing a smart business in sardine fishery, and in a sort of carrying trade with vessels of small tonnage. His house is on the seashore, so that he can overlook his marine business as well as his farm. It is, when viewed from a distance, picturesque; but when viewed close it is something, as regards repair, like a Turkish building, and that means tumbling down, because the Turks build but never repair. Pleasant, courteous, friendly, is le Comte. His house is rough in the exterior, and does not possess the ordinary comforts of an English third-rate house within; but the *salon* is spacious and well furnished. Madame was once a Presbyterian, but has jumped from that denomination into extreme Ultramontanism, in which now she revels both in tongue and person. I fancy she overleaps them all who were "to the manner born," and that she rather bores them, as she most certainly bores me with her fervid vertism. Le Comte was one of the officers of the Pope's foreign legion, and was taken prisoner at the siege of Rome, and all our Breton nobles here were in the Pope's army either in Rome or France, so that their loyalty to Ultramontanism may not be questioned, yet madame goes beyond them all. She has, however, fallen into congenial company in her married life—if, indeed, she was converted after marriage, of which fact I am not certain. She is a pleasant lady, with a little family of a rather mongrel character, but, so far as I know, very nice and good. Pray don't think I mean anything disparaging by mongrel, but it is the only word which expresses well a cross-breed. The Count is very fond of sea-fishing, but rarely indulges his taste, because he says he has so much to do. By this you will perceive that he is hardly a fair type of the Breton gentleman, having, as it were, taken to commerce, whereas the others content themselves with the smaller economies, or rather smaller trade of growing things for the market, and turning a penny on their land; for here our gardens are really "market-gardens," out of which we take as much as we want, and send the rest to market. We are not ashamed to sell the produce of our gardens, not even the best and highest of us, for we are none of us rich enough here to do the grand seigneur. I must pause in my account of the Breton squires to describe the successor of poor droll Thoma. He is quite as funny as Thoma, and perhaps better—you can't think how I laugh inwardly and outwardly too, sometimes, at this funny little Breton mariner. He is an ancient mariner. His age is perhaps fifty-five; his hair long, and streaming in the wind; his stature about five feet four inches; his face thin; his feet either in sabots or bare; his nose always moist; his hearing hard; his understanding deficient; his pipe a weeny little thing two inches long; his dress Breton. Yesterday was a very windy day, but I would go out in the yacht. Patient Daniel did not approve of attempting to get out of a land- and rock-inclosed bay with a fierce head wind, but patient Daniel went at the bidding of the fierce Englishman. Patient Daniel suggested two reefs in the mainsail, which were duly tied up, and then he hoisted the sails in a mournful sort of way, as if we were a doomed crew. Up went the anchor with only the jib on her, and round she flew like a top, heading for the shore. We could not bring her about, so up went the mainsail, and then she flew like a gull at the rocks. More than once it looked as if she must strike, but patient Daniel and the fierce Anglais, and a brave lady who was on board, pulled at the ropes, tacked, put out the sweeps, and after two hours of skin-tearing work got out into the open sea. There the wind blew half a gale, and fishing was out of the question; but there Daniel lit up his little pipe, tucked up his little legs, and exposed his little bare feet as he hugged the tiller and luffed at every fierce gust. Mild were Daniel's oaths as the vessel drifted in stays. *Sacré!* and a few muttered words were but a mild "French-soup" edition of the language of the British tar. Now you see Daniel as he was yesterday. As he is to-day, you may see him if you will. He has to dig a bit of ground for cabbages, but he won't do it. He finds a hundred other things to do, so as not to do that. I have my eye on him, but it is no good. Just now I went down the garden to have a look, but my

bird had flown. It was low water, and yesterday we lost the anchor of the little *canot*, or small rowing-boat, which we use to get aboard and ashore. So Daniel was out in the sea with bare legs feeling about for it. I was determined to bring him back, so tucked up breeks and went in with him. We found it, of course, with my help, very quickly, and now, while I am writing, Daniel should be at that piece of digging. I will just go out and see, and bring you word when I come back. Not a bit of it. There is not a single spadeful turned, and Daniel is not even in sight. These Bretons are Irish, I am sure—so droll—so lazy.

Our next visit was paid to the Comte de T——, a nobleman of very ancient descent, young, pleasant, with a pretty Norman wife, a sportsman, an ex-pontifical dragoon. His house is new or newish, but the grounds, although extensive, are nothing worth, from an English point of view. The *salon* looks out upon fine level lawns, which, according to our Breton ideas, look better knee-deep in grass, bring more in, and cost less in labor than our English close-cut sward. As for sporting, there is none in summer; so le Comte de T—— must find it difficult to fill up his time; but I have learned in America that there is a very clever way of *doing nothing very slowly*, so as never to feel tired of doing it, and such is the fashion also here. Certainly the Comte was judge, manager, and everything of a local race or race-meeting not long since, but race-meetings are rare here. After the races the Maire and other local celebrities of the second rank got up a grand wrestling-match, for which this part of France is famous. It was held at a large village some four miles away from us. I went of course. On my arrival at the field of battle the fun had commenced. Within an immense circle, in the middle of which were the judges, were two young athletes struggling and tugging each other's vests, as if the grand idea was to denude the adversary. I suppose they struggled for more than half an hour; but, as one of the wrestlers was very agile and stuck his head right into the other man's stomach, thus keeping him far away, there was no fair throw, and they had to be parted without any result. Many times they went down, but nothing counts here except a fair throw upon the flat of the back, so that both shoulder-blades touch the ground. This was not wrestling such as the people delight in, but soon they had their pleasure. A strong, tall man jumped into the ring, took the prize out of the judge's hand, and, hat in hand, walked round, defying all present. Another jumped into the ring, threw down his hat as gage of battle, and to it they went with a will; in fact, wrestling as it ought to be. Within two minutes there was a close, a springing out of muscles, a toss in the air, and the losing man was lying flat on his back.

A sort of double visit was next paid to an old nobleman and his sons, one residing with him and one at a solitary farm cut out of the native woods. This man is more than "peculiar." He is the product of the soil of France and of the French laws. Monsieur de P——, representative of one of the old French noblesse, did live in the family château, which is no great things, surrounded by his family. His father was brother to one of the bishops of Quimper, and all the family are what they call here "blanc," which means devoted to the priests and the Roman Church. There are of course many whose devotion to Rome is purely political or controversial, but such is not the case with Monsieur de P——, nor do I think it is so with his sons.

Monsieur de P—— is a perfect specimen of a perfect French gentleman. His manners are not constrained, but they are perfect. His intellect has been cultivated, and his religion is both simple and fervent. When his family grew up, he parted his property among them, so as to give the family seat to the eldest son, without subjecting them or himself to the French laws of subdivision. He must have been rich, for all the family have land. After this act he built a little Canadian shanty upon land which he had given to his youngest son, and now he lives a sort of semi-monastic life with that son. For amusement and profit he has flooded, by means of the tide, his low-lying meadows for the cultivation of fish for the Paris market. These meadows he stocked from the sea, so that now they are held without any need of the introduction of fresh fish, and he says the thing pays fairly well. The tide flows in and out, being regulated by floodgates. When I called, the old man was at home. He received me as a nobleman, and would not be seated until I had taken the chair of honor, beneath a niche in which was a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The room was small, warmed by a stove, paneled with unpainted wood, and the furniture consisted of a rough table and a few chairs. The conversation was easy, as Monsieur de P—— seemed perfectly acquainted with England as well as other lands, and my hour passed away agreeably enough. When we parted, he escorted me to the outer gate bareheaded. I need only add that the sons agree perfectly well in the religious opinions of the father, and that Catholicism assumes in their case its very loveliest type. They yield a willing obedience to all the behests of the Church, yet suffer under no oppression from the clergy; and all this arises because they are content to live in the half-light of intellect, the unquestioning obedience, the willing submis-

sion which is possible in an individual or in a family, but which produces either slavery or revolution when imposed upon a nation composed of lively thinkers and logical minds.

Let me now descend in the social scale and describe the Maire of the Commune, or rather his establishment, for I have not yet seen the man himself. To him I paid a visit, without consulting my adviser, who, after taking me to the *élite* of society, did not recommend any further visits. To me, however, it appeared the right thing to take notice of an official who represents the votes of the people among whom I desire to reside in peace.

I went on a Sunday afternoon to the wing of an ancient château which, having survived the Revolution, had been converted into a farm-house (*maison bourgeoise*). The outside appearance of this wing is imposing, it looks ancient and spacious; but the inside is small and very inconvenient on account of the extreme narrowness of the building. It is, in fact, only one room deep, which, when one allows for the rooms necessarily devoted to farm purposes and farm servants, leaves but a few rooms at the disposal of the family. The *salon* into which we were shown is also the family bedroom, the bed being placed in an alcove. Madame was at home, gracious, pleasant, and pleased with our attention. She caused some wine and biscuits to be placed before us, and afterward conducted us through the gardens, which, like the house, have a faded look, being badly kept. Verily there lurks in France some spell which perpetuates divisions of rank despite the most revolutionary laws, despite all that can be said or sung of *liberté, fraternité, et égalité*. This family, this house, these grounds smell of the ancient noblesse, but they are used humbly, as by one who knows that he is not one of them. He is rich, very rich, honored, sufficiently powerful, but he never presumes to be more than an honest farmer.

One relic of the *good* old times, still preserved in perfect repair in the gardens, tells how absolutely necessary were the great changes of 1792. It is a *colombier*, a pigeon-house of gigantic dimensions, as large in fact as a church-tower, which would accommodate some thousands of pigeons, which were allowed to devour the crops of the poor tenants in order to garnish the table of the *seigneur*. I fancy that the more closely you examine the traces of the past, the more you learn of French life present and past, the more you will feel inclined to condone even the atrocities of the Revolution, for surely the only possible way to deliver the peasants from their servility, their hunger, and their terrors, was to tear up and root out the selfish noblesse, which seems to have known no pity, and to have fed upon the very vitals of the people. One may detest and abhor Danton, Marat, Robespierre, and yet acknowledge that their work has given France a new and vigorous life which without their work it could never have known. I say this because the ideas still cherished by the existing noblesse are so ultramontane, so unsocial, so utterly opposed to all progress, that I feel certain they would go back upon the old paths if they had not been reduced to an impotence which makes them objects of pity rather than centers of reaction.

Curiously enough, the man of all others to justify the Revolution was the rector of the parish, upon whom I called alone. He is, I believe—indeed, he must be—the very incarnation of Roman theories, being the priest of a society so devoted to the Pope; but, like other frail mortals, he does not always see the full meaning of his own expressions. He was telling me of the additions and repairs which had been effected in the fabric of the church since his coming to the place, and said that the parish used to be served from a monastery at a distance, which sucked up all the parochial revenues and allowed the church to fall into ruins; "but now," said he, "the parish is separated and there is a resident priest, which I believe is the very best thing for any parish. You see," he added, "it had to be separated when there were no parochial funds left, for the Revolution took away all the endowments!" Thus he proved that the Revolution had established a resident ministry and repaired the ecclesiastical buildings.

It was Sunday, also, when I called on the rector, between the services, when I knew I should find him at home. He was seated at dinner with his curate and two young women dressed as simple peasants, to whom he introduced me as his sisters. His history is that of most Breton priests. He is the son of a peasant, was brought up in a seminary, and on getting a parish of his own he brought his father, mother, and sisters to live in the clergy-house. The father was a drunkard of the very worst sort, who passed all his time at the village drinking-shops, to the scandal of the priest and church, so he had to be put away into a distant village, where he died about a year ago. The mother and sisters still live with the rector. They wear the dress of ordinary peasants, with caps, collars, and all, without any concealment or pretense whatsoever. You will say that it is as it should be, but there is another side to that question, if you will consider it well. Even Madame the Countess de K——, the red-hot convert of whom I have already spoken, says there is one thing against the Roman Church, and that one thing

is, the priests are not gentlemen. Don't sum up the question with a pshaw! that means that the rector can not put his legs under the mahogany of the squire and be his companion. It may mean that with the noblesse, but it means something far more serious with the people.

There is a deep-seated dislike to the priests even among these superstitious and apparently devout Bretons. What is it founded upon? I asked myself this question—I asked the people themselves, and, when I got to the root of the matter, I found it arises from the deep-seated love of money peculiar to the French peasant. This passion for cash is offended, hurt, and roused to opposition by the continual demands of the priests for money. To realize how the matter works, take the case of our rector. He is paid by the government, I believe, eleven hundred francs, or forty-four pounds, a year. This eleven hundred francs is subject to a deduction for various taxes, national and diocesan, of three hundred francs, leaving the stipend of the rector at thirty-six pounds a year. I admit that he could live on this sum as an anchorite, as one of the peasants; but, however much the clergy may preach the loveliness of poverty, I never yet knew one who courted it for himself. I don't say they ask more than is reasonable, but I do say they ask to live as educated men live, as men live who have acquired by education habits and ideas which separate them from peasant-life and from the grossness of the manners and diet of the poor. The rector here does as other rectors, curés, and clergy do, he asks for more. At certain seasons he goes round for his tithes, which are voluntary, and from an unwilling peasantry he collects a decent income. He told me himself that people hated giving, and hence hated the priests. I could have told him how bitterly his own people had spoken to me about priests in general and himself in particular, although they said he was a decent man, and had no other fault to find with him but his love of money—a love of money which I found so moderate that I believe his whole income with all these additions does not touch one hundred pounds a year. In very fact, he is a nice man, with a pleasant manner, and he works as hard as a peasant at his services, fearing even to go out to sea with me in my boat, lest people should say he was absent from his parish and his duties.

There is also a deep-rooted suspicion of the priests seated in the minds of the people. My friend and neighbor, an old tar with a pension, a little government office, and a cute French head, amused me exceedingly the other day by his own version of parochial money matters. Of course I am repeating the word of an uneducated man, a boatswain, or perhaps quartermaster—yet his glib tongue did but give expression to the ideas which almost all the peasants entertain, although they can not easily express them.

He said: "Pierre Denez is a born fool, so they chose him for church-warden. Pierre was very devoted to his duties, but took special charge of the offertories, because the rector told him that all the money must be carefully taken care of till Easter, when it must be divided into four parts—one part for the Pope, one for the bishop, one for the poor, and one for the priest. Pierre got together a goodly sum, and when the day came for the division he gave himself up to his work with great diligence. Into four parts all the moneys were divided, and then Pierre asked what was to be done with them. To which the rector replied, 'I will take care of them all.' Then said Pierre, 'He took all the four parts and put them into his own pocket, and what was the good of all my trouble when the rector pocketed the whole lot at the end of the journey?' Pierre resigned his office. Thus it is," said my *marin*, "with these priests; even a fool like Pierre can see through them." Now you, reader, and I know or feel assured that the rector very faithfully fulfilled his trust and forwarded the respective amounts to headquarters, but the suspicions of the people were aroused and can not be set at rest. Whence do they all arise? Why this objection to a decent payment of the priests? Not only on account of the love of money of the peasants, but also because the priest himself is a peasant, and they can not understand why he should want a better income than they have themselves, or why his mother and sisters should sit at wine and dessert while they themselves eat black bread. Religion does not give them a reason, and of the effects of education they are ignorant.

If my readers will be patient enough to follow me in my description of "Life in Brittany," I do not expect that *any* of them will choose Brittany as their permanent home, notwithstanding its many advantages. One great fact stares one in the face. It always rains here. Never a month, scarcely a day goes by without rain; and such rain! Soaking, all-wetting rain. Side roads are water-lanes three parts of the year, and it is only owing to the magnificent condition and great expenditure upon the departmental roads that one can get about at all. If we were dependent upon the roads made by the communes, we should be shut in nine months at least out of twelve.

Another great drawback to English people would be found in the joint occupation of houses, stables, barns, and out-buildings, which is the rule of this country. Gentlemen living in châteaux get weary of farming, and let out their land, with the right to use a certain portion of the stables and all other buildings, to a peasant

farmer. This arrangement seems to work well enough with Breton gentlemen, who know the ways and habits of the people, but it is simply unendurable to an Englishman. Your whole premises are slovenly. You have nothing to yourself. You lose your stores of hay, oats, etc., for the Breton peasant is a peculator. You lose your privacy; there is a continual intermeddling with your affairs and servants. This state of things is aggravated when the château has been deserted and the master has been long in Paris or elsewhere.

It is really wonderful how many beautiful houses have been deserted by their owners in this beautiful Brittany. Have they been washed out by the rain? or sucked out by the love of Frenchmen for large towns and social life? Be that as it may, here you may see houses full of furniture, which remind one of that celebrated tale about a wedding breakfast shut up for fifty years because some accident befell the bridegroom on the day of the wedding. I went to see the Château de Penaurun the other day. It is a splendid building, containing some thirty rooms, situated in a park, with ancient out-buildings, and gardens, and orchards. It is now to let for a mere trifle; and this is its history: Twenty years ago the son of an old soldier of France inherited the property, with new ideas. He pulled down the old mansion (which is said to have been better than his modern house), and built, at immense cost, the present château. For five years he lived there, then suddenly shut it up and left the country. Shut up it has remained for fifteen long years, except that, until six years ago, his brother-in-law and sister used to pay a visit of some weeks in the summer-time. Six years ago the said brother-in-law came as usual, and left after the fashion of the owner of the castle. He hung his coat, his change of raiment, his boots, in short, all his clothes, upon pegs in his bedroom ready for him when he came in to dress, but he never did come in to dress; and there they hang still, and there I saw them, all eaten by moth, as if they had been placed there only half an hour before. The whole house is in the same state: settees, chairs, pictures, all gradually subsiding into dust; beds, blankets, sheets, all in place, and all eaten up by moth, so that all is spoiled and useless. The out-buildings are let away to a farmer as usual, and who would like to face the reparations, refurnishing, and renewing of a castle like that?

The great attraction of Brittany is "the peasantry," and no wonder, for they are quite *sui generis*, quite different from all other populations. They combine the somber, taciturn nature of the Spaniard with the droll, wild life of the Irish. It is difficult to understand how the same people can be silent and noisy, reserved and running over with jollity. Yet so it is. There must be a strain of tiger in a population which could amuse itself as lately as 1847 in cutting the life out of friends with a whip made after this fashion: Lash, eighteen feet long, swelling at a little distance from the handle to the thickness of a man's arm, whence it tapered to a twisted and strongly knotted end, made more like a knife by the help of a mixture of glue. This plaything was fixed upon a strong, stiff stick, and often not only cut a man into steaks, but sometimes cut the life out of him at a single stroke. Yet a local historian gives an account of a *fête* which he attended in 1847, at which the chief attraction was a contest between twelve men, six on a side, with these deadly weapons. The smack of these whips made, he says, much more noise than a gunshot; they could be heard at the distance of two and a half miles, and, when several smack their whips in concert, the noise is so terrible that one must either run away or stop up one's ears. These twelve men were ranged opposite one another at a distance almost corresponding to the length of the lashes of their whips. They stood up, having for protection in the shape of dress only short felt breeches, and shirts made of stout sailcloth. Like all Breton peasants of the old style, their hair hung down their backs in long tresses, but was cut straight across the forehead after the fashion of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." They wore no hats or head-covering. The left arm was naked, but the right arm, which held the whip, was protected from the fist to the neck by an armlet or shield of thick leather. The sides were distinguished by the color of the tuft of their whips, the one being white, the other red.

These men thus standing face to face were there to be wounded almost to death for the glory thereof, and also for the prize, which consisted of half a dozen striped pocket-handkerchiefs and a pound of tobacco. The signal given by an old peasant, the combatants put themselves into the attitude of defiance, the whip raised, while the lash was held in the left hand. "Strike," said the same voice, and the twelve cables were let loose in an instant, but no smack was heard as they met, twisted, and struggled in mid-air.

Those most renowned quickly disengaged their lashes and dealt the second and dreadful blow upon the persons of their antagonists, opening up long seams of livid or bleeding flesh; on the third stroke all the faces except two were seamed and flowing with blood. These two were the leaders—one tall, the other short; one heavy, the other light; one all flesh, the other, although only five feet high, all nerves and sinews. An

outsider would have backed the giant, but the boys of Pipriac knew too well the prowess of the dwarf to risk their money against him.

The combat now raged with fury; men disdained to parry, they were only eager to strike. The sound was that of a volley of musketry. The lashes soften into tow, but harden again and glue themselves together with blood. The faces are no longer human; the long hair hangs down in front, bathed in perspiration and blood. But not one blow has fallen on either champion. They have reserved themselves; they have guarded and parried, knowing that upon them the issue of the fight did depend. But now the tall man has hit home. A long, blue, spiral mark, which here and there squirts blood, twists round the left arm of the little Joseph, and makes him stagger with pain. He recovers himself; launches his whip at his foe, and but six inches intervened between its deadly point and the face of Joseph the great. Animated by his first success, Kaer stepped forward and bent his whole strength to the blow which he aimed at Josille. The little man never parried the blow, but pirouetted, as it were; while, without any effort, he threw out his lash softly. The blow of Kaer missed; but, when Josille sharply drew back his lash, the whole face of Kaer was cut in half—a gigantic gap opened up the very bones. These two stood alone in the lists; the rest had made a truce, and were engaged in attending to their grievous wounds. Kaer, blinded by the shock, put his armlet of leather before his face and paused. Josille, so far from profiting by the occasion and pressing his advantage, coolly took out his pocket-handkerchief and loudly blew his nose, to the great amusement of his backers, who thought it an excellent joke. The laughter made Kaer mad, threw him out of his *sang-froid*, and made him wild. He struck, stamped, and made wonderful points; but Josille was calm; and at the end of ten minutes the giant, covered with wounds, his shirt cut into ribbons, his mouth foaming, his eyes blinded, fell heavily upon his knees. "Don't give in!" cried some voices still; but the effort to rise was vain. Josille, apparently incapable of pity, like a true Breton peasant, again blew his nose, and prepared to give the falling man his *coup de grâce*.

A shiver ran through the crowd; but Josille was better than he seemed, for, instead of cutting the poor flesh, he dexterously drew the whip out of the hands of the victim, and folded his arms upon his breast. Kaer shut his eyes, and laid his burning head upon the sand. The whites were proclaimed the victors. Each subaltern had a pocket-handkerchief worth sixpence, and Josille the pound of tobacco. I know not whether any of these scenes are enacted now, but this account is so recent that it throws light upon the Breton peasant as I find him.

As to the dress of the agricultural people, it is picturesque—so picturesque, indeed, that when some foolish servant is penetrated with the Parisian mode, and adopts it, she looks like a crow among birds of plumage. Yet I am sorry to say that the dress is changing. Our old men wear sabots, gaiters, large, loose, baggy breeches fastened under the knee, with jacket and vest; the hair is long, like that of a woman, and a broad, flat felt hat completes the costume. Our young men have taken to trousers, but still retain the vest embroidered round the neck, and the loose, flowing jacket, mostly made of cloth of a dark-blue color, and embroidered behind with a representation of the Holy Sacrament; this back embroidery is dying out, as also the custom of wearing flowing locks. Our women wear short skirts, make of very thick material, plaited round the waist, more like a Scotch kilt than anything else; over the skirt they wear an embroidered cloth jacket, or vest with sleeves, and over that another without sleeves, cut square and low in front, to display their white, nicely starched chemisette; to the chemisette is attached an enormous collar, which reaches beyond the shoulders, and is a marvel of the arts of starching and ironing. This, with the great coiffe of the county, differing in each commune, completes the costume. Of course, there are varieties of head-dress, some loose and flowing, others close-fitting, some in colors, some embroidered, and this gives to any assemblage a very varied and pleasing appearance; but the description of these matters is beyond the reach of my pen.

The home of the Breton peasant is quite peculiar, and differs from anything I have seen elsewhere. An old stable, a cow-shed, any old outhouse does as well as any other building for his purposes, and is always used when it may be had; but, whether the house be built of stone or wood or mud, its exterior is almost always the same. It has a central door and two little windows about eighteen inches square; within, the floor is of mud, literally mud; for, as Brittany is a very wet place, the mud floors are almost always damp, and often contain miniature lakes or pools of water.

I recollect one day, when out fishing, calling in at one of these shanties where they kept an *auberge*, and finding it difficult to place my feet on dry land. Being inclined for a chat, I asked mine host how he, who, from the valuable furniture he possessed, I took to be a man decently well off, could bear to live in such a pigsty. He replied that he always wore *sabots*, which could not be wet through, and as to sleeping in such a place, what did it matter to him; when once

safely shut up in his *lit clos* (or wonderful Breton cupboard arranged as a bed), he did not care if the sea were to come in to the floor. The poorest shanties have their bedstead and *armoire*, mostly of fine-grained wood, and beautifully carved. This particular *auberge* had its whole side filled up with the family sleeping arrangements, all constructed in one single piece of furniture. A sort of tall, beautifully carved cupboard extended the whole length of the wall, which contained a bed at either end and an upright clock in the middle—a clock like the kitchen clock of our ancestors. During the daytime the bedding is invisible, as also, I suppose, during the night, for it is reached through two little sliding-doors, having little dwarf pillars for the admission of air. The doors are only opened to admit or give egress to the tenants. Day and night they are kept shut, so that you may go into such a room (as I have done) at midnight without seeing man, woman, or child, until the little doors slide back, and a whole family of heads peep out from within what may be called a night parlor. Add to this *lit clos* an *armoire* (a cupboard with large folding-doors), a few pots and pans, a form or two, and a table, and you have a complete inventory of a Breton house, whether it be occupied by a farmer or a laborer. A year ago I went to see a château which was to be let. It belonged to a rich peasant farmer who, when he bought the estate, moved straight into the stable, and I saw him there with cows, horses, pigs, and servants, only divided from his dwelling-room by a slight wooden partition. I put the servants with the cattle, because it was literally so arranged; one man slept in a little box bedstead in a stable with ten cows, an arrangement which my farmer said was necessary, in case they broke loose in the night.

As the Breton peasant lives in a sort of primitive way amid the cattle, so he thinks and acts in a primitive way also. His ideas are few, and those few descend to him from his ancestors. I suppose that, with the exception of the crying abuses arising from priestly power, supported by the state in the middle ages, and priestly misconduct in accordance with the very rude life of those ages, the religion of Brittany remains much as it was in the days of St. Louis.

Farmer Jean has just returned from a pilgrimage of three weeks to Lourdes, which numbered fifteen hundred Bretons, nearly all of the peasantry. He must have spent a good deal of money—what with the railway and the hotels! It seems odd to speak of railways and hotels in connection with pilgrimages, and, in very fact, it is odd, for one naturally expects that the enlargement of view, the new ideas arising from the first, and the luxury suggested by the last, would be the most effectual agents in arresting mediæval customs; and so they will be in time, but for the moment they are caught at and made to serve the turn of those who live and thrive on this strange and antique superstition. Many a temporary expedient to revive a dying dream does but make more sure the final awakening.

My *bonne*, Françoise, has also been on her pilgrimage, and has experienced a real miracle, worked upon herself, to which I can give the whole weight of my disinterested testimony.

Françoise was quite noted as a drinker—she had almost fallen into the ruck of life, and was considered irredeemable, when, all of a sudden, she took off her shoes and stockings, and started for a particular saint's abode to get cured of her drunkenness. Barefooted she went, and barefooted she returned, cured and in her right mind. For six months she tasted no fermented drinks, but solaced herself with vinegar-and-water. At the end of six months she went again barefooted to return thanks to the *bon Dieu* for her miracle. She lives now in our house, and is as sober as a judge (ought to be), and as lively as a cricket. This miracle I can attest, and *if it lasts* it will indeed be a miracle, and a proof of the power of means to an end, even although the means should only prove to be the action of the mind upon itself. What man can not do alone, he can do with the help of a little well-acted fiction, with the *dramatis personæ* and final tableau all duly arranged in the mind beforehand. Françoise thinks that she has her familiar devil, who thwarts her at all points and strives to make her swear. Yesterday she attempted to light a candle with a burning stick, and several times failed. She accused her devil with his villainy, but at last she lighted the candle and exclaimed, "Ah, I have conquered, and you did not make me swear"; but as she placed the candle on the table it went out, and she mournfully remarked, "No, he has conquered, after all." All these ideas are common to our Breton folk.

These people do not look dirty. Their dress is always decent, and on fête-days it is beautiful as well as costly. Yet I believe that a Breton peasant never washes once in his life. I never saw any washing apparatus in any of their rooms, nor did I ever see one of them washing in a tub, or at a stream, or at the well. None can have better opportunities of observation than I have. Opposite my window is the well, the one water-supply of a settlement; to it all must come for water, yet I never saw one wash anything but clothes at or about it. Really and truly they are and must be as dirty as the pigs who live and sleep at their bedsides. In all my dealings with them, I give them a wide berth, especially the children, and experience fully justifies my caution.

Winter in Brittany is a terrible time, a time of incessant rain, of roads so bad as to be practically impassable, of long, gloomy days without sunshine. I can not recommend Brittany for a winter home, for home in its English sense there is none. The houses are not constructed for coziness. Rooms communicate one with another so as to be full of doors. There are no really comfortable lounges or easy-chairs, no fireplaces which suggest slippers and a nice book, no bedrooms where an invalid's chamber could be made almost more bright than the general sitting-room. Bedrooms are, even in grand houses, mostly mere cupboards. It is true that in a very large château you will find one or two rooms intended as staterooms, and furnished as boudoirs with an alcove for the bed, but these are rare, and the furniture even of these is stilty, showy, and offers no repose. No man must speak against French beds. They at least are perfect; England stands in this respect with regard to France as a savage, barbarous country. I speak not of form of bedstead. I rail not against ancient four-post, tester, or canopy. I speak of thick, soft, downy mattresses, piled thickly upon a *sommier* or framework with springs. I know that in some English houses, and in most English hotels, a faint imitation of these French beds exists, but how far behind the originals are these faint copies! English people stint the mattresses, they stint also the material with which they are stuffed, and, worse still, they have a perfectly incurable habit of pressing their wool or horse-hair or flock as hard as they can until it is like sleeping on a board; on the contrary, all is loose in a real French bed, so loose that it can be opened and remade at home annually, instead of waiting for years and years as in an English house, and then taking an expensive journey to Maple & Co., or Heal & Co., who do it by steam in their wonderful mills.

In winter the Breton peasant shows himself more truly as he is than at any other time of the year, for he has a house whose floor is something between a puddle and a pigsty; he has clothes which are almost always damp, if not wringing wet; he has no sort of home comfort, and seems to seek none. Many of these men are not only comparatively but absolutely rich. For instance, Jean, our farmer, is worth at least twenty thousand francs, or eight hundred pounds, no mean sum for a workingman even in England, yet his one desire is to increase his store, and he never dreams of procuring any winter comforts. His is not at all a special case, although he is dying in a rapid consumption. Two years ago the doctor told him that he must give up exposing himself to cold and damp or he would soon die; yet he has not given up, and, as a consequence, he is dying. A few days ago I heard that he was very ill in bed, spitting blood, so I paid him a visit and found him very bad indeed. His room was wet as wet could be; it had no curtains, the front door was wide open, the fire a few hot coals of wood, which were kept there to be blown into a flame when needed for cooking or farm purposes. He had no medicine, no special food, but was living like the others on black-rye bread and buckwheat galettes or pancakes. I told him how ill I thought him in the presence of his wife, and in the night he alarmed her by vomiting blood, so that she came to me in the morning crying, and asking what she ought to do for him. I told her to get him warmth, meat, soup, and other comforts, and she went just as far as this: she bought two pounds' weight of *white* bread. When this white bread came home, her mother (Jean's mother-in-law), who lives with them, went into a passion and sulked all day long, as she declared that it was wild extravagance. You must know that for days I had sent him soup, meat, and pastry from my own table, partly because I felt that he must have help at once, and partly because I could not bear to see the man dying before my eyes from sheer want, for he could not eat the ordinary coarse food, and took nothing at all. They received all my gifts almost without thanks, and never stirred hand or foot to get anything for themselves until the day when Yvonne bought the white bread. Well, on that day, when her mother was raging, she came crying into the kitchen, and told my *bonne* how she was tried. The *bonne* told me at once, and protested that I ought not to keep on sending food to a rich man, who was a miser and surrounded by two miserly women, when real poor might be stretching out their hands for help. I replied that I had never refused to help any real poor yet, and that I intended to continue my help to Jean, notwithstanding his miserly behavior, as I could not see a man die of want while I had enough. But I told her to scold Yvonne well, and to tell her that she ought to do her duty by her husband, and, if necessary, turn her mother out of the house, especially as she was a rich woman and well able to keep a home of her own. Now mark Yvonne's reply: "Ah, I can't do that, because my husband may soon die, and then I shall want my mother's help." Mark, I say, this reply, its utter selfishness, and say, is there any real depth, any real worth, in such characters as these? I think not.

The weather changed, and Jean has for a little moment got better, but he can not live many months; already he has been out in the rain, and in a few days will be in bed vomiting blood again. When very bad indeed, his wife besought me, as I was going to the doctor ten miles away myself, to

ask for some remedy to stop the blood-spitting of Jean. I did so, and explained also the condition of the house and family. The doctor, who is a very clever fellow, told me that he knew them all well, and that there would be a very evil day for Yvonne soon. I said, "Will the man die very soon?" "Yes!" said he, "but that is not the evil day I mean; there will be a far more unhappy day for her when she comes to me after he is buried to *pay my bill.*"

Cornhill Magazine.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW GILBERT READ THE MANUSCRIPT.

WHEN Alison left him, Gilbert, after the fashion of his generation, began to soothe his soul with tobacco on the road which runs along the cliff down to the beach. So far, all promised well; here was the grave of the mother, but where was the proof of her marriage? Perhaps, after all, his difficulties were only beginning.

Gilbert was in love. He would have been just as much in love had Alison been penniless; but it must be owned that to a briefless young barrister, fully alive to the advantages possessed by him who possesses a fortune, the fact of her splendid heritage heightened the charms of the young lady, and gave a lasting stability to his passion. And he could not avoid asking himself what would happen if this fortune were to be withdrawn? Married love on three hundred a year (which I fear represented the whole of Gilbert Yorke's fortune) would be delightful, with Alison for bride, could those superfluities of life which custom has rendered necessaries for most of us be abolished. For dinner, a beefsteak and a glass of beer; for breakfast, tea, stale eggs, cheap butter; for lunch, a sandwich and a glass of beer: no society, no driving, no silks and pretty things for the wife; no wine, cigars, new books, pictures, little excursions in the country, stalls at the theatre, or clubs for the husband. To live like a wretched City clerk in a rickety box—one of a thousand rickety boxes—somewhere about Brixton or Stockwell. That might be the life.

Somehow the spirit of the place depressed him. He tried to look on things from a more cheerful point of view: he bethought him that he was young and strong; he remembered that the whole world was open to him to go where he pleased, and to try his fortune in whatever way should seem possible. They would go together—he and Alison—hand in hand, and buy a farm in New Zealand—Canada—somewhere.

The sunny side of things would not last; depression and gloom returned; he went back to the hotel, and gloomily went to bed.

"I shall have a good night's rest," he said, laying his head upon the pillow, "and wake up in better spirits to-morrow."

Nothing is easier than to promise one's self a good night's rest; nothing, however, is more uncertain. There is one man, and only one, who never fails to get it; he is the man who is going to be hanged early the next morning. Those unfortunates—the bulk of mankind—who can not look forward to a quiet and comfortable execution at break of day, have nothing for it but to meet their pillows with a nightly sense of doubt.

Generally Gilbert had no trouble in the matter of sleep; but to-night he felt strangely restless and wakeful. The excitement of the day, the long talk with Alison, the strange feeling that she was under the same roof with him, kept him awake. And then he thought of the place itself, so full of sorrowful memories, and the churchyard so crowded with those whom death had called too soon, and ere their prime.

He went through the usual steps or phases of sleeplessness, trying first one side and then another: anon lying on his back, heaping up the pillows, and then tossing them aside. The night was profoundly silent; he could not even hear the murmur of the water as it washed the stones a hundred feet away; there was no wind in the air; there was no footfall in the street below; and he grew more wide awake every moment. At last he sprang up in a rage, and resolved to try the remedy recommended by Franklin the Eminent. Benjamin, as everybody knows, recommends the sufferers in such cases to get out of bed, fold back the clothes, smooth the pillow, walk about a little, and then try the pillow again. Gilbert did so—that is, he got out of bed, and began to walk up and down the narrow limits of the room. But it was perfectly dark; he did not know the

position of the furniture; and, when he had barked his elbows, broken his shins, scraped his nose, and blackened one eye by unexpected contact with different pieces of furniture, he finally drove sweet sleep far away by treading on the business-end of a small tin-tack. The difficulty and pain of extracting the nail naturally made him more wakeful than ever. He sat upon the bed, and wondered what he should do next.

The second remedy, first recommended by some anonymous philosopher, is to drink a glass of water and lie down again. He found the *carafe*, drank half of it, and lay down again. The immediate result of this internal aspersion was to make him feel as if every limb were separately hung upon wires, and either would not or could not keep still. When your arms and legs begin to jerk about independently, and without your own control, it is high time to sit up and consider what to do next. Gilbert pacified his limbs by letting them walk about until they agreed to give up independent action.

The third remedy is perhaps the best and most certain: it is to read very carefully, and with great attention, the dullest book you can find. I keep some of the works of a very eminent modern writer by my own bedside always with that object, and it never fails. In this instance it was impossible, because there were no books in the room.

There remained the fourth and last remedy known to the faculty. It is to begin counting, and go on till you fall asleep. It is currently believed that no one ever yet got as far as a thousand. Gilbert reached twelve hundred and thirty-two, then he stopped in disgust, for it seemed as if he were going to pass the rest of his life in counting.

So he sat up again and tried to persuade himself that he had got through a good part of the night.

And then, quite suddenly, there came over him a curious shivering accompanied by a nervous terror, the like of which he had never before experienced.

I have observed that if you put the question delicately, so as not in any way to hurt a man's self-respect, or arouse a suspicion of ridicule, you will in every case and from every man extort a confession that at some time or place he has been afraid of ghosts. Remark that I do not say "feel supernatural terrors" or any circumlocution of that kind; I say simply "afraid of ghosts."

Bournemouth is naturally chock-full of ghosts. Gilbert had been wandering in the place of tombs; his thoughts therefore turned to the subject. He was not a man who generally gave much heed to the unseen occupants of the air; but to-night he *felt* them, they became importunate, they would not be denied. As he sat on the bed in the dark they fanned his cheek and played soft airs upon his hands.

He thought against his will of those who had come to the place, like Dora Hamblin, to die; he thought of the multitudinous crosses in the cemetery, the graves of young lives cut off in their first promise and early flower; he thought of the great cloud of sorrow which was for ever enveloping this city of slow death, like the cloud which day and night hangs over Sheffield.

More salutary reflections would have followed, because he was quite in the mood to meditate "like anything," or like Young, Hervey, and Drelincourt, when he was suddenly arrested by the recollection that there were matches in his pocket, and that he had not yet looked at the manuscript given him by Alison.

Going gingerly for fear of another tin-tack, point upward, he found the matches and lit his candle. Every ghost in the room instantly flew away in disgust—which shows the value of a candle. He then looked for the manuscript in his portmanteau, put the candle on a chair by the bedside, arranged the sheets so that in case of his going to sleep suddenly, a thing which he fully expected to do while reading the paper, the candle would be unable to fall over and set fire to everything. It was Sydney Smith, I think, who anticipated me in calling attention to the malignant behavior of bedside candles in this respect.

We know the contents of the manuscript. It was that which Rachel Nethersole had given to Anthony Hamblin.

Gilbert did not go to sleep suddenly and unexpectedly. On the contrary, he sat up and read the papers through with no abatement of interest to the very end, but, on the other hand, with an excitement which increased until he had fairly finished the last word. Then he laid the papers down on the bed, and, between his lips, cursed the name and the memory of a man.

Of all men in the world, that Anthony Hamblin should have been so inconceivable a villain! That he, whom all alike loved to honor and reverence, the very model of a blameless man, should have left in this cruel and heartless manner the poor young wife; that he should have descended to the meanness, he with his practically boundless wealth, of actually cutting down her miserable weekly allowance—why, it was astounding; it was beyond all belief and all precedent.

When one tried to look the matter fairly in the face, the difficulty was only increased. If a man leads two lives, one for his household and the world, and the other for himself alone, there

is always some vague rumor concerning him which gets about, and spreads, as noiselessly as an ivy, around his name. The wife and daughters do not know; the sons learn something of it, and, after passionately denying the thing, sorrowfully accept it; the outside fringe of cousinhood learn something of it; it is impossible for a man to conceal altogether his secret vices, because there must be some accomplices whose interest in keeping them secret is not so strong as his own, and whose shame at their discovery would be, perhaps, just nothing at all, a thing not worth considering. Gilbert was a man who knew the world—that is, he knew about as much of the seamy side as a young man of five-and-twenty or so, not of vicious habits, naturally acquires by conversation and intercourse with his fellows. This kind of knowledge, in fact, is a part of the armor in which we have to fight the battle of life. With many men it does duty for the whole armor of light.

Had Anthony Hamblin been a man secretly addicted to evil courses, some one would have known it: there would have been a breath upon that shining mirror; but there was none. And yet the man who at fifty was so admirable in all the relations of life must have been, by plain showing of his own deserted wife, base and mean, at thirty, beyond all belief! The wonder grew more and more. Could one with any sense of continuity pass back from Anthony Hamblin at fifty, living wholly for the happiness of his daughter, to Anthony Hamblin at thirty, leaving his wife to pine away forgotten and despised, coming to her bedside only at the last moment when she called him, in despair, when she was dying of neglect and cruelty? In the case of ordinary sinners one can trace the same man through all his downward course: if he repents and leads a new life, he is still visibly and demonstrably the same man; but it was impossible to recognize in the later Anthony Hamblin any resemblance to the demon of selfishness who, twenty years before, had borne the same name. Gilbert remembered one or two old stories. There was a certain King of Sicily whose body was once occupied by an angel for three whole years, during which all brigands became penitent, the burglar laid down with the policeman, and the jail-bird with the judge. The real king, meantime, went in rags, and got kicked because he was poor. There was another story, too, of a nun who wanted to see the world, and went out of her convent and carried on anyhow for nineteen years, until she repented (being no longer beautiful), and returned (being desperately hard up) to the convent. She naturally thought that in spite of repentance she would catch it, but what was her surprise to find that her absence during all these years had been unknown to the Sisters, because an angel had been doing her work and personating her? So she repented in very truth, and was pardoned, and died in sanctity.

But this was just a contrary case. The devil had certainly occupied the body of Anthony Hamblin for a time. How did he get in? By what contract, temptation, or promise was he admitted? How long did he stay? What other devilry did he work? Was there any record of his pranks and villainies? How was he finally got rid of? Alas! Anthony Hamblin himself, who alone could reveal this secret, was dead, and the story of the new demoniac could never, therefore, be given to the world in its entirety. For this paper, no doubt, contained but a single episode.

"It is wonderful," said Gilbert, looking round. "Good Heavens! If one had been asked for the name of the most upright, the most kind-hearted, the most unselfish man in London, every one who knew Anthony Hamblin would have named *him;* and see what he was!"

"Most to be pitied is Alison. She must never know how her idol has been shattered. Rachel Nethersole must not tell her. In comparison with this father of hers, even Black Stephen shows in rosy colors. Poor Alison! poor child!"

These were, so to speak, the last words of Anthony himself.

Just then, the candle, which had been flickering in the socket, suddenly went out. Gilbert rose and pulled up the blind. The day was already breaking, and there was promise of a bright and splendid morning; he opened the window and breathed the cool air, and then—then—I think—nay, I am sure—that he went to sleep and had a dream, in spite of what he says himself. Because, as for what followed, his own account is silly, as you shall judge for yourselves.

First of all, it was not dark; a cloudless night in June is never dark; then it was not a ghost-like room, but a singularly prosaic and matter-of-fact kind of room, a modern, square, newly built hotel bedroom, and yet to the heated imagination of the young man it suddenly became full of ghosts.

Some years ago, there was a controversy about ghosts. A sapient philosopher thought he demolished all but naked ghosts—a very, very small minority, I am happy to say—by the simple axiom that you can not expect the ghost of a coat, a gown, a pair of gloves, in fact, not the ghost of any article of clothing at all. This maxim was thought at the time so profound that men quarreled as to who was its founder. For my own part, I denied the proposition. I asked for proof, and I put a question which has never

yet been answered, and I think it never will. I said, "Why not?"

This bedroom of Gilbert's, as if to demolish the sagacious demolisher of ghosts, became suddenly crammed with ghosts of clothes, furniture, vessels and instruments, men and women. There was a soft light in the room by which you could see clearly, though everything belonging to the room and the hotel had disappeared.

Before the eyes of the watcher appeared a sofa, on which lay the figure of a girl, young and beautiful, but hollow-eyed, wasted, and wan of cheek, with eyes too bright and full, and fingers too fragile. As Gilbert gazed, she turned her face toward him. Her eyes were red, because she had been weeping. They were something like the eyes of Alison, but not so dark, and Gilbert knew the specter for that of Dora Hamblin.

She was quite alone, deserted, and dying. If one is to die suddenly and swiftly; if with a single touch Azrael calls us away, it is better to be alone; when one has to die day by day, slowly, to *envisager* Death while as yet he is afar off, to expect him from morning to morning, to dread him in the night-watches, to call faith and fortitude to your help many weeks before the time, it is well to have some one beside you, if it is only to smooth the wasted cheek, and to press with a little sympathy the worn hand.

Quite alone, deserted by her husband, left to the tender mercies of lodging-house harpies and strangers, reduced to a pittance, dying; her husband, meanwhile, earning by his upright walk among his fellow citizens the character of a blameless, just, and honorable merchant.

"Scoundrel!" thought Gilbert, "if you were not lying dead at the bottom of the Serpentine, and if Alison were not your daughter, it would be my sacred duty to horsewhip you from Aldgate Pump to Temple Bar."

And then he saw her eyes light up and a look of joy return to her face because Anthony Hamblin was beside her. And the tears were in his eyes too.

"Ah, crocodile!" murmured Gilbert.

Everything vanished, and Gilbert, rubbing his eyes, found that it was broad daylight, and past six in the morning. Imagination had played strange tricks with him. Yet for the rest of his life he will seem to know poor Dora Hamblin, what she was like, and will remember her, wasted and dying, alone and in tears upon the spectral couch.

"Poor Alison!" he thought again. "What a father to have had!"

Then he began to think uncomfortably about hereditary proclivities.

"It *must* have been the devil," he said, "who had temporary hold of him. And if not, why, she has inherited all his good qualities and none of his bad ones. Children copy what they see. Alison—bless her!—only saw the virtues which her father easily assumed. She copied them, and is—what he pretended to be. After all, mock turtle has its uses. It imposes on some, and makes us admire the real thing profoundly."

"What a skeleton for a gentleman's private cupboard!" he murmured. "When we all thought the righteous man was gone into his study, or closet, as the preachers say, to meditate over his righteousness, by the aid of a choice Havana, and some excellent old brandy, he must have been occupying himself in grimly contemplating this picture of the past, his own cruelty, his desertion, his incredible meanness. I wonder if he repented and went about secretly in sackcloth with a hair-shirt; nothing but a hair-shirt with innumerable ends sticking into him would have met his case. And how is one ever to believe in a man again? Have the archbishops skeletons in their cupboards? Is there no virtue anywhere? Is every one, including myself, capable of deliberate cruelty, treachery, and villainy, only to gratify a whim? In that case, we had better dismiss the clergy, save all the money we spend on them, pull down the churches, double the police, and give up expecting any good in any man. Human life is truly a wonderful thing. *Rien n'est sur que l'imprévu:* every man is what he does not seem; all the creatures which pretend to be sheep are goats; we eat leg of goat and call it leg of mutton; roast quarter of lamb is quarter of wolf; if Anthony Hamblin was an unsuspected devil, then Black Hamblin is no doubt an unregarded angel. I wonder, by the way, if his Blackness knew about the little establishment at Lulworth? I should think not. He could not have known; and yet, he knew Dora. Well—the thing is getting mixed."

He dressed himself and went to the beach, where he bathed in the sea, and shook off his nervous terrors. But he had passed through one of those nights of which the memory remains green in a man's mind all his life.

After breakfast he walked with Alison, who, if she had seen any ghosts, did not speak of them, to the churchyard. She walked, this wood-nymph of Clapham Common, with an elasticity and strength surprising to the residents of Bournemouth.

On the way they passed a chair, in which sat a young girl, pale and weak. By the delicate bloom upon her hectic cheek, by the brightness of her eyes, by the weakness with which she sat, it was evident that the end was not far off. Beside her walked her brother, a lad of twenty, with narrow chest, stooping shoulders, and frequent

cough. For him, too, would come a speedy end.

The poor girl looked at Alison as she passed. She sighed, and whispered to her brother:

"See, she is young and beautiful; and she is well; and she is with her lover. O Charlie! what *have* we done—you and I?"

What had they done, indeed?

Gilbert left Alison at the lych-gate, and went in search of the registrar's office.

That was easy to find. He gave the date, and was shown the entry. Dora Hamblin, of consumption! Dora Hamblin—and here his eye fell upon a word which so startled him that he was fain to grasp the table for support, to rub his eyes, to read again and again, and to ask himself what was the meaning of this new surprise.

The revelation of the night, which would blacken for ever the memory of a man whom he had worshiped from boyhood, staggered him, but not so much as this new discovery. Could it be a false entry? Had Anthony, being still in the power of the devil, actually added to his former wickedness by deliberately making a lying statement?

He copied it into his pocket-book with as much care as if he wished to preserve a facsimile of the writing, which would not have helped him, because it was the writing of the clerk. And then, turning over the pages again, and referring back to the entry, he closed the book and went away.

He avoided the hotel, because he wanted to avoid Alison, until he could think quietly over this new discovery. He went away by himself, and sat under the cliff, trying to think what was best to be done.

At last he resolved upon a course of action. He would say nothing at present about this extraordinary entry, which promised to upset and ruin everything. He would keep it a profound secret.

He returned to the hotel and read the manuscript again—twice.

"It is wonderful," he murmured. "If it is true it is wonderful. But I can not understand. It *can not* be true. And yet—and yet—"

He laid down the paper, and sought Alison, who was sitting beside her mother's grave, thoughtful and quiet, but not unhappy.

"My dear," he said, "I want you, in the presence of your mother, to renew your engagement to me."

She rose, and gave him her hand without a word. Above the grave they kissed each other solemnly.

"Alison," he went on, "I claim this of you because there is now no doubt that your mother was a wedded wife—poor thing!"

"Why do you say 'poor thing,' Gilbert?" she asked. "Because my mother died young?"

"Partly," he replied. "But partly because her marriage was not happy. She ran away with your father; she went with him to a place called Lulworth, not far from here; they did not agree; they separated."

"Oh! how could any one quarrel with my dear father?"

"He went back to town; she remained at Lulworth, where you were born. She grew weaker; they thought of bringing her here for a change; and here she died. That is most of her story."

"My poor mother! But, Gilbert, was my father with her?"

"She died, as she wished to die, in the arms of Anthony Hamblin," Gilbert replied.

In the afternoon Alison and Mrs. Duncombe went back to town, while Gilbert pursued his way to Lulworth.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW GILBERT WENT TO LULWORTH.

BOURNEMOUTH is within fifteen miles of Lulworth. That is the first reason why it takes longer to get from one of these important centers to the other than to either from London. You may, I believe, if you get up very early in the morning, manage to travel from Bournemouth to Poole Junction, and from Poole Junction to Wareham, all in one day. But after that you have got to find your way from Wareham to Lulworth, which is quite another thing, and a long journey of eight miles by itself, and may require a second day. It is like a pilgrimage from Bayswater to Highgate. A cab will take you there in half an hour. The rapid locomotive will whirl you there, breathless, as they used to say forty years ago, in four hours and a half, allowing for changes, and for waiting at Willesden Junction, where the directors feel it their duty to detain all passengers for at least three quarters of an hour.

Gilbert got over the difficulty of the trains by traveling after the manner of our grandfathers. He posted, at the expense of Anthony Hamblin and Company.

He had to do two things. First, to examine the register of births for that of Alison. Next, to find out, if that were possible, the people with whom the unhappy mother was left, and to learn from them what could be learned.

The chance that a lodger should be remembered at a seaside place after twenty years seemed

slender. But there was one fact of which Gilbert did not think.

It was this, which helped him very naturally.

Twenty years ago Lulworth was as yet unknown. I mean that no lodgers went there at all: tourists and people who always leave their homes for change of air, and betake themselves somewhere for a month of physical discomfort, bad dinners, hard beds, narrow rooms, inefficient attendance, robbery, sea-air, dullness, absence of books, friends, society, and amusements, had never heard of Lulworth.

Even the commercial travelers, who, poor souls, are never permitted to contemplate the beauties of Nature save in the vicinity of shops, did not, and do not now, include Lulworth in their circuit. There are no shops there at all, and the modest wants of the little place are supplied by means of some middleman of Corfe, Swanage, Wareham, or even the aristocratic Weymouth.

Lulworth, cove and town, which is hardly yet actually discovered, being much less known to the average Briton than Ujiji in Central Africa, and less visited by the average traveler than the Falls of the Zambesi, was, in those days of Dora's marriage, an absolutely unknown place. If a man were to go round searching for a spot in which to bury his head, either during the brief space of a honeymoon, or for a prolonged period of financial embarrassment, creditors being incapable of even suspecting such a retreat, or even for a lifetime—*oubliant, oublié*—there was, in those days, no village in all the realm of England so fit for the purpose. Nobody, in the time when Dora Hamblin, a blushing and happy bride, was taken there by her husband, had ever heard of it. Nor can I at all understand how her husband found it out. The place was originally discovered, however, some years before Dora's honeymoon, by a stray traveler of inquiring and curious mind, who wandered eastward along the shore from Weymouth when George III. was not only king, but was actually staying in that tranquil watering-place. This pedestrian, born before his time, mentioned it to one or two friends, and got the place put upon the county map. The Ordnance Survey officers afterward found it there. And once the Bishop of Winchester heard of it, and went there, and found a church or two, and a congregation or two, who had never before beheld a bishop, and thought all bishops went about in miter and crosier, and were disappointed to find a mild old man in apron and lawn sleeves, who said, "Dear, dear!" when he heard that no one had ever been confirmed, and at once confirmed the whole village, Dissenters and all, without more ado.

People who can not afford posting get there chiefly by way of Swanage. There is a steamer which runs backward and forward between Lulworth Cove and Swanage Bay. The voyage is one of those traps for tourists set by frolicsome persons at every seaside place. Outside Swanage Bay there is always what the jocose captain of the Heather Bell calls a "bit of a bobble." The vessel, which is rather smaller than a penny river-steamboat, rolls, in fact, joyously. The course through the furrows, over the rolling way which can by no means be called silent, carries you under the face of perpendicular cliffs, which rise like a great wall over the sea, with never a break. You round a cape, at whose feet the waves are tearing and roaring, and still the wall stretches ahead as far as eye can reach. The people, mostly lying helpless on the deck, look up with green and glassy eyes, and contemplate the endless precipice with a deadly sinking at the heart. Is there any Lulworth at all? Has the whole of the past life been a dream? Is there to be no future but this eternal roll in a little boat upon a chopping sea? Suddenly, while they are wondering if anything in the next world could be worse than this, her head is turned. Courage. There is the narrowest cleft in the rocks, a mere doorway just broad enough for the Heather Bell to steam through. Get up, good people; shake yourselves; call for things to eat; we are in smooth water; we are in the little circular bay cut out of the rocks which they call Lulworth Cove; you may land if you like and see Lulworth Village.

There is a little beach of sand, with a boat or two; there are a few houses; there is an inn and a church and a school. Beyond the houses, when you have climbed the hill, you may turn to the left and go down again. You will find two more little coves side by side, into one of which the waves force their angry way through a dark and jagged cavern. From the roof hang great clusters of rough, luxuriant sea-weed; its sides are dark with recesses, in which the waters rage madly, and roar with a kind of unmeaning rage. Here the *prieuve* lurks with long and hungry arms, wondering if the next man she catches will know the secret of blinding her eyes with the hood provided for the purpose by beneficent Nature. The second cove has a doorway, so to speak, of its own, cut right through the cliff from top to bottom, a narrow passage across which two men might shake hands, and where every entering wave does battle with that which entered before it, at the very portals of the cove. Within, it is as an ever-agitated churn.

That is the whole of Lulworth; but you may spend a long summer holiday in the place, and never tire of it if you get fine weather; and, if you should tire, there is Dungy Head beyond, with Durdle Bay and the Barn Door.

Gilbert proceeded at once to business.

First, the register of births.

This was not difficult to find.

The entry in the Bournemouth register of Dora Hamblin's death contained one word, as we have seen, which startled the reader. The word haunted him; it followed him like that persistent fly which teased the unhappy despot to madness; it buzzed in his ears; it refused to leave him. A word which was so surprising that it seemed to upset everything in the whole wide world; a word which made a new departure absolutely necessary; a word which made everything unintelligible.

What was more surprising still, the same word was repeated in the entry of Alison's birth in the parish register. There was either fraud or else—what else? What was the meaning of it?

He searched the church-register of christenings. The same word was repeated.

He made copies of the two entries in his pocket-book.

Then he climbed down the rocks to the wild little coves mentioned above, and sat there a couple of hours, trying to put things together.

Then it occurred to him to read again the "Journal of a Deserted Wife."

Presently he thought he saw daylight. A theory, which seemed the only theory possible, suggested itself to him.

"Poor Alison!" he said, "who shall tell her the truth?"

He sat there a-thinking while the time went on, and presently he felt hungry, and went back to the hotel for dinner. For the good of the house, and in order to conciliate the landlord, whom he intended presently to cross-examine, he ordered a pint of port after dinner. Being one of the degenerate strain of British youth who can not drink the ardent port of country inns, he poured the contents of the bottle into a pot of mignonette in the window, and after a decent interval, during which the flowers waggled their heads sadly and then drooped and died, he sallied forth, and assailed the landlord with a proposal of pipes and brandy-and-water.

He was a biddable sort of man, the landlord: advanced in life, gifted with a profound thirst, and ruled by a wife much younger than himself, who seldom allowed that thirst to be quenched as he desired, his heart warmed to the young fellow, who, after drinking quantities of beer with his dinner, and a pint of port after it—no one knew better than himself the amount of brandy in that port—coolly proposed brandy-and-water as if he had had nothing. Generally after serving a guest with a little pint of that generous beverage, he had been enabled to observe symptoms of intoxication, such as cheek-flushing, speech-thickening, legs tying themselves into knots, shoulders lurching, temper quickening, and so forth. This gallant young gentleman carried his handsome head and curly locks as if he had not taken a single glass: he did not grumble; he did not lurch; he did not, like the last guest who drank of that brew, tell the landlord that his port had poisoned him—not at all; he said, "Let us have a pipe and some brandy-and-water." O most remarkable young man! If he could hold out as well over spirits and water as over spirits and elderberry-wine, the landlord thought he saw his way to a pleasant evening such as rarely came in his way.

It is, of course, understood that the good wife saw no objection to her husband making himself as drunk as a hog, provided he did it at some one else's expense.

The evening was chilly, and the bar-parlor looked comfortable. Gilbert proposed that they should take their pipes beside the fire. The landlady offered no objection, and hovered about, anxious to take her part in the conversation.

"I suppose," said Gilbert, when the preliminaries were arranged, the tumblers filled, and the pipes lit, feeling the way cautiously—"I suppose you do not remember much about your visitors when they are gone?"

"Well," replied the landlord, now completely comfortable before a full glass of the mixture which was generally denied him—"well, we do and we do not. Them as come and go, for instance, the bed-and-breakfast-and-bring-your-bill lot, and the pint-of-beer-with-a-knapsack-gentleman-tramp, we mostly forget as soon as they go. But we remember some—ay! we remember some. I could tell you a story or two now of our visitors, I des-say, if I was to think a bit."

"Tell the gentleman about Captain Roscommon," said his wife.

"Captain Roscommon! Ay, that was a start! One never heard of a more singular start, so to speak, than that of Captain Roscommon."

Gilbert saw that the only way was to work his way to Dora Hamblin through Captain Roscommon, and forebore from interruption, save of the sympathetic and interjectional kind.

Then the old man went on:

"Captain Roscommon, the coastguard officer down our way. A youngish man he was, about five-and-forty years of age, and first-lieutenant in the Royal Navy too. And as active he was as if the whole of the revenue depended on him. Well, there always was a good deal of smuggling in these parts, though nothing to what it was in the days of the long war, when old Dan Gulliver worked the whole of the French coast from

Lyme. The farmers were in it; the clergy were in it; the magistrates were in it; the innkeepers were in it. Lord! sometimes I think that I might have been in it myself. The Captain's predecessor, he was a good, easy sort of man, oldish, and tired of fighting. He was in it, too. Many is the gallons of right good stuff the old man found in his cellar, and never asked—as why should he?—why or where? But he kept quiet till he died, and Captain Roscommon came after him.

"My word! There was mighty little smuggling after he came. Early and late, day and night, the boat was off the cliffs, and the men were on the lookout. Two years it lasted. The farmers and poor landlords, like myself, were most ruined for want of stuff; all the old stuff was gone, and no new stuff coming in; the customers were grumbling; and the whole countryside was in an unchristian rage. Well, sir, you'd hardly believe it, but one night Captain Roscommon, going home over there by Dungy Head, the evening being fine and a bright moon, though late in the year and chilly, he met eight men with blackened faces. They didn't speak; but, though he fought like ten tomcats, they just chucked him over the cliff.

"In the morning he was found there, but all of a mash, and never spoke again. After he was gone, things improved, and we got more neighborly and religious-like to each other. For the next officer was a different kind of man, and the stuff came over again as of old. And the chuckers-over, they were never found out."

"That is a very remarkable story," said Gilbert. "Take some more brandy-and-water after it. And how, if one may criticise so good a story, did any one ever know, since the poor man was senseless when he was found, that there were eight men, and that their faces were blackened?"

The landlord shook his head solemnly, but there was a twinkle in his eye.

"It is one of the things," he replied, "that no one ever understood. We all knew there were eight men; likewise, that their faces were blackened. But nobody knew how we knew. The poor Captain was very much regretted, except for his activity."

"So I should say," replied Gilbert. "Now carry your memory twenty-one years back or so, and tell me if you recollect anything happening then."

"There was the tiger," said the landlord's wife, interposing. "That was twenty years ago. Tell him about the tiger."

"Ay, ay—about the tiger. That was twenty years ago, sure."

The old man paused, refilled his pipe and lit it, stretched out his legs, drank half a glass of brandy-and-water, and began the tiger-story.

I am sorry that there is insufficient space here to admit of that story being related at length. It was a very good story, from a rustic point of view. It told how a tiger belonging to a traveling menagerie got out of his cage and took shelter in an empty stable, and how—this was the wonderful thing, and the real point of the story—it was most fortunate that one John, known everywhere as a devil of a fellow, one who stood at nothing, was out of the way, providentially gone to the nearest market-town on an errand or else he would have gone for that tiger. Gilbert listened with a dazed feeling; there was no end to the story. He could not make out how the tiger was caught, if ever he was caught, or how many rustics he killed, supposing that he did slaughter rustics; he had a nightmare upon him while he listened, as if Providence forcibly and even visibly, was hauling back John by the back hair, so that he should not know, until too late, where that tiger was.

"Have some more brandy-and-water," he murmured feebly.

Then he remembered that this story belonged to the year about which he wished to learn further particulars, and he pulled himself together.

"Come," he said, "I call that a good memory which remembers so far back. I wonder if you can remember anything more about that year?"

The landlord hesitated. Then he appealed to his wife.

"Twenty years ago, wife," he said; "what happened twenty years ago? Besides the tiger, I mean. Ah, lucky thing it was that John—"

"There was the tiger, and you've told that; then there was the wet summer, you can't have forgotten that!"

"Ah, the wet summer!" The old fellow sat up and seemed as if he was going to begin another awful story, worse than that about the tiger. "Surely you're too young to remember about that wet summer!"

"Yes," said Gilbert, "I fear I am. Never mind the wet summer. Did nobody come to the inn that summer?"

"I can't say," replied the old man. "We weren't then, as one may say, what we are now. People didn't come over from Swanage in the Heather Bell nor from Weymouth in the 'bus. And artists didn't come and paint the cove, nor the caves, nor the rocks, as they do now. Yet the cove and the caves were there all the time."

"It was the summer when I was married," the woman struck in. She had been going backward and forward perpetually with a duster and a glass, and she was now brandishing the same

glass apparently and the same duster which she had been using for the last two hours. But these glasses and dusters are very much turned out on the same lines. And Gilbert's brain was a little addled after the two stories of Captain Roscommon and the tiger. "It was the year I was married." She spoke as if it was not her own husband, but somebody else's, who was sitting in the arm-chair before her. "My husband, he was an old man compared to me."

"Nay, nay," said her husband. "Two score and five is not old. I were two score and five when I married thee."

"And I was twenty. Well, willful gell will have her own way. While we were courting, if you call that courting when him as is old enough to be your father wants to be your husband, there came to this inn a newly married couple."

"Ay," said Gilbert. "Pray take some more brandy-and-water." It seemed to him as if the only way to the memories of these people was through diluted spirits.

The woman drank off the contents of her husband's glass. She was one of that very common class of women who, when they get to forty or thereabouts, show a rosy face full of good nature and kindliness, mixed with an expression which betrays the love of creature-comforts.

"There isn't much to tell," she said. "They came to this inn. They staid a week. I was not in the inn at the time, nor for a year afterward. Then they asked for lodgings, and they came to us. We had the only lodgings in the town."

"Pray go on," said Gilbert. "I think these may be people I am interested in. Tell me more about them. What was their name?"

"They were Mr. and Mrs. Hamblin," said the woman. "And now, sir, if you please, before we go any further—for I see, by the flushing of your handsome cheek, that it *is* the party you want to hear about, and no other—we will understand each other."

The women in this part of the country, thought Gilbert, are cleverer than the men. This woman's husband would have told everything just as it occurred to his memory, without a thought of the consequences. His wife, however, had the sense to see that so many questions were not prompted by idle curiosity alone, but that this young fellow, with the frank eyes and honest face, had a reason for his curiosity.

"Hamblin is the name," said Gilbert. "I am anxious to find out all about that young couple. You may have heard that there is a reward offered for"—he stopped and checked himself—"for certain information connected with them."

"In that case, sir," said the woman, "I shall say no more until you tell me what sort of information is wanted; and if my husband says anything, he is a greater dolt than I ever took him for; and as for the matter of that, it is his bedtime. And to be sure he's had more than enough drink by this time."

This resolute female seized her husband by the arm and dragged him, unresisting, out of the room. Ten minutes or so later, the interval being just enough to admit of his being crammed into bed and the clothes dragged over him, she came down again and seated herself before Gilbert.

"Now, sir," she said, "you and me can do business together. When a young gentleman like yourself comes over to Lulworth in a post-chay, when he goes to the church to consult registers, when he calls for a pint of good port and wastes it all in the mignonette-pot, which he might have thought of other people's flowers—"

"Ah, you saw that, did you?" said Gilbert, a little ashamed.

"When he tries to get round the landlord with pipes and brandy—why, then, I think it is time for a body with a head upon her shoulders to look about her. Now then, sir, what do you want?"

"I want, first, the certificate of marriage of Dora Hamblin with her husband."

"Very good." She sat down and clasped her hands over her knees. "And how much may that be worth? Mind you, it isn't in this parish church nor in the next."

"Yesterday morning I would have offered you five hundred pounds for it. This morning I made a discovery, confirmed by the register of this parish, which materially alters the value of the information. Still it is valuable, and I will give you, or send to you, fifty pounds for the proof of marriage."

"Fifty pounds?" cried the woman. "Why, I can give you the proof now at once, on the instant minute. Fifty pounds!" Then her face became suddenly suspicious. "But how do I know that you would give it when you'd got the information? And how do I know what use you want to make of it? And how shall I get the money, so that *he*"—she pointed with her finger to the upper part of the house, to make it clear that it was her husband she meant—"how shall I get it so that *he* sha'n't know nothing about it?"

"I will make all clear for you," said Gilbert. "You shall have the money paid you in gold and secretly, to do what you like with. And as for the use I am going to make of the information, that shall be proved to you to be the very best possible. Come, now."

"Wait till to-morrow," said the woman. "I must think it over."

In the morning, after breakfast, when the landlord had strolled away to have a crack with the boatmen on the beach, when the village was quite still, or only pleasantly full of such musical noises as belong to a village—the droning of a mill-wheel, the crowing of cocks, the gurgle of the rising tide in the cove, the roll of the ever-vexed waves in the perforated rocks, the bray of a donkey, or the grinding of a cart over the road—the landlady, in the quiet seclusion of the garden, told Gilbert all she had to tell.

"She was a sweet young thing, and he was a brute"—that was the way in which she began her narrative—"a brute he was, though at first butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. They came here from Newbury, where she had been living with her sister; father and mother dead. They had rooms at the inn here for a week, and then came to us. After two months he went away, and left her alone, with no one in the wide world but me to talk to. She told me all about herself.

"Well, she loved him, that was quite certain; though what she found to love in a man so cross and suspicious I never could find out—a nasty brute!

"He went away, as I said; but he came back a few days later, and staid a good long time, the best part of two months more, being the whole of that time in a temper. A grumpy brute! Nothing was good enough for him. If it was the beer and the wine we got him from the inn here, he called it swill only fit for pigs; and if it was the baker's bread and fresh butter for his breakfast, he snarled and growled at his wife: it was all her fault that he wasn't in London living off the best. And she, poor thing, had to bear it all, and did like a lamb.

"She hadn't the spirit to reply. When he growled, she said nothing. When he walked about the room and cursed and swore, she only cried. When he went out for a walk, I used to find her, pretty lamb, sitting on the sofy, crying all to herself."

Gilbert thought of his ghosts at Bournemouth.

"I knew this couldn't last, and it did not. One day he went away, and I heard him tell her that he should be gone three months at least, and that it was very important and particular business. He went away—oh! be joyful, and we had peace. The young lady took to me, and we had walks together, and I sat with her in the evening. And one day she told me something.

"Well, her husband never came back at all. Mind you, never at all. And when he wrote he scolded. He began by allowing her three pounds a week, which was little enough for a lady like poor Mrs. Hamblin: then he made it two pounds: and lastly he made it one pound, which was no more than she wanted for her simple food and lodging. And she fretting and crying all the time for a sight of his face—his ugly, scowling face."

The woman was silent awhile. It was not only the prospect of the reward which inspired her to tell everything, but the indignation of her heart.

"If ever a woman was murdered, she was murdered. If ever a man deserved hanging for willful murder, it was the man Hamblin."

Gilbert started; he had almost forgotten of whom they were speaking.

"You may take a cudgel and beat out a body's brains at one blow, and you are less wicked than the man who stabs you a thousand times, and stabs you every day till your life is slowly driven out of you. And this I saw done, and could do nothing to prevent it.

"One thing I did. I persuaded her, as her husband had deserted her, to say nothing about the baby. I wanted her to keep the baby as a surprise. If that wouldn't soften his heart, nothing would."

"The baby?" Gilbert had forgotten Alison for the moment.

"Of course. There was a baby. I suppose," the woman added with asperity, "that there is nothing uncommon about a baby, though I've got no children myself. Yes; the baby came, and a lovely and beautiful child she was, though dark of skin. She never told her husband the baby was coming. And she did not tell him the baby was come. And he never asked why she didn't write for three weeks. I think that, when she had the baby, she left off pining for him, and gave up all her love for the child.

"A pretty picture she made with her little baby. I think I see her now. We christened the child at the church here, and I was her godmother, because she said, poor lady, that I was her only friend. We called her by a strange, outlandish name, too. It was her mother's—Alison. What's the matter, sir?"

"Nothing," said Gilbert, turning his head. "Go on."

"After the baby was born, her strength began to go away from her, slowly at first, and then quickly. I ought to have written to tell her husband, but I hated him too much; and, besides, I thought she might get better.

"She never did. Oh, me! she got worse and worse. The doctor said that perhaps a change of air would set her up a little. Then at last, but it was too late, Mr. Anthony Hamblin came and took her away. It was arranged that they

were to go to Bournemouth, and, when she was settled, to have her baby with her. But the baby was never sent to her, because as soon as she got to Bournemouth she lost her head, and then got worse, and lay down and died."

There was silence for a space, while the woman wiped her streaming eyes.

"And the baby?" asked Gilbert.

"Mr. Anthony came after the death, and took the baby away. He said she was going to be brought up at Brighton—pretty dear!"

"Would you like to see her again?"

"Would I? Tell me, sir, do you know where she is?"

"What would you say," asked Gilbert, "if I were to bring her here myself, and show her the place where her mother lived, and found kind friends?"

"She really is alive and well then, the pretty baby?"

"Really alive and well; and the loveliest young lady in all the world, and the best."

The woman looked at him sharply, and laughed.

"It's easy to see that you think so, sir," she said; "and I wish you joy with all my heart; and I'm sure she'll have a good partner."

"And now describe to me what her father was like, if you remember him."

She described as best she could. Gilbert had ceased to wonder now. But his heart sank as he thought how the story would have to be told.

"I want but one thing more," he said, presently. "I know all except where they were married."

"Why, I can tell you that as well," said the woman. "She told me herself. It was at Hungerford. They were married by special license, two days before they ran away. He drove her over in a dog-cart, married her in the church, and had her back again to Newbury, while her sister thought she had gone to spend the morning with her cousin. That was where they were married."

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW MISS NETHERSOLE SOFTENED HER HEART.

GILBERT confided his surprising discoveries to his pocket-book, but made no other confidant. He left Lulworth in the morning with renewed promises that Alison should speedily visit the place of her birth, and made his way across country as speedily as possible to the little town of Hungerford. Here it was not difficult to find the marriage certificate. The entry, which surprised him no longer, corresponded with those of Bournemouth and Lulworth, and finally completed his chain of evidence. Everything, in fact, was made out at last, and proved beyond the shadow of doubt. Dora's marriage; the birth and baptism of the child; Dora's death and burial at Bournemouth; the removal of the infant by Anthony Hamblin—not a single point was missing.

Then how to make the best use of his knowledge?

First of all, he would go on to Newbury and see Miss Nethersole herself. Then the forged receipts—it would be well if he could get those into his own hands. He had now the great advantage of a complete knowledge of the case. He knew what to tell and what to conceal. He was master of a secret almost as important as that possessed by young Nick himself; and, like him, he was naturally anxious that it should not be fooled away.

The town of Newbury, which has nothing but its two battles, now rather dim and faded in men's memories, to connect it with the history of this realm of England, is only some nine miles from Hungerford. In that part of the country the towns are all placed about nine miles from each other—which means that four miles and a half is as far as the old-fashioned farmer cared to drive his pack-horses to market. As soon as that distance, as a maximum, was accomplished, he sat down, unloaded his animals, spread out his wares for sale, waited for customers, and so founded a market-town. That is the real origin, only history-books will not own it, of all our market-towns. Beneficent Nature, when the town was founded and a church built, proceeded to start a river, which should run through the town, and carry barges up and down. Thus the place was completely fitted. At Newbury there is not only a stream, but it contains fish; and there is an inn of the old-fashioned kind where the landlord will take you to the likeliest places, show you trophies of the rod, tell you stories such as Izaak Walton would have loved to hear, and provide you with a bottle of port to help your listening. Gilbert fortunately lighted on this inn. Olivet Lodge, he discovered, stands on the high-road to Hungerford, about a quarter of a mile from the town. It is a small, square house of red brick, standing in its own gardens. These are extensive for so small a house, but formal and stiff of aspect, so that the visitor would probably feel a sense of disappointment if anything about the place were out of order, if there were visible a single blade of grass on the gravel-walk, a single stray weed in the flower-beds, or a presumptuous daisy, to say nothing of a dandelion, on the lawns. Also, Gilbert would

have been disappointed had the drawing-room, into which he was shown by a middle-aged servant, who seemed astonished at seeing a stranger at the door, been otherwise than oppressively neat and tidy. The room had the close smell which belongs to a place never used, whose windows are only open two or three times a week. It was furnished in the ancient manner, with fancy cane chairs of fragile build, heavy chairs in leather and gold, a round table, on which were disposed at regular intervals old keepsakes, books of sermons, and little cases of daguerreotypes. Nothing in the room showed marks of wear, but everything was touched with years, faded, and out of date: the carpet, the hearth-rug, the cover of the sofa, the gilt frames of the pictures, the paper on the wall, the very ornaments of the mantel-shelf had lost their early colors, and seemed to have mournfully accepted a common neutral tint, a faded hue which, somehow, as the eye wandered from one thing to the other, harmonized with the old-fashioned room, though the blurred combination was no color at all, but like the mess which a schoolboy would make upon a palette after he had been painting engravings with a box of water-colors.

Gilbert had plenty of time to meditate on the flight of time and the joylessness of faded furniture, because Miss Nethersole was taking tea, and thought it consistent with her dignity to continue the meal without hurrying herself. A strange young man, probably sent on some charitable quest, might surely wait. He waited, therefore; when he had finished examining the room, he transferred his attention to his own boots, which he was disgusted to find were covered with dust, and therefore very much out of keeping with the prim and clean surroundings. When the mistress of the house came at last, she, too, was so completely in harmony with her own house, that Gilbert blushed still more to think of his dusty boots, and hoped she would not notice them. She was dressed in black; her features were worn and pale; her hair was brushed with a curious neatness; she wore a black lace scarf round her neck. Her face had that inward look upon it which comes to those who sit alone a great deal and think, not of things worldly and ambitious, but of themselves and their own folk. People in the country do continually think of themselves and their own peculiarities and eccentricities; their greatness, their importance, and their position. In their own eyes, the family which has never produced a single man of more than ordinary capacity, which has never once been heard of outside the parochial bounds, becomes invested with a profound and singular interest. All the world must be acquainted with it; all the world must wonder at it; all the world must be glad to hear the details of its history. Miss Nethersole by no means belonged to a county family, but it is not necessary to be well-born to possess family pride. She thought highly of her name, she shared the weaknesses of those who were socially above her, and was proud of herself and of her people, though her father made his money in trade, and her cousins, still making more, were not ashamed of the counter and the till.

"You are Mr. Gilbert Yorke?" she asked; "the name carries no associations with it that I can remember. May I ask your business?"

"Certainly," said Gilbert. "I suppose that you have never heard my name before, and that matters very little. I am here, however, on business of the highest importance."

"Will you state that business?"

She remained standing, and did not offer him a chair.

"It is connected with two visits which you paid in London. One of them was to Mr. Anthony Hamblin, the day before his death, when you left with him a written statement—this. I have brought it with me."

He produced the roll, which Miss Nethersole opened and looked at.

"'The Journal of a Deserted Wife.' Yes; I left it with him. You may keep it; you may read it. You are welcome to lend it to all his friends and relations. Let all the world read it; so that there may not be one who shall not learn what manner of man this Anthony Hamblin—hypocrite and murderer—was."

Gilbert received the roll of paper from her, and went on, with admiration of a hatred so lively and so unaffected:

"The second visit was one which you made to the office of Anthony Hamblin and Company in the City. You there saw the two partners, Messrs. Augustus and William Hamblin, and made a statement to them."

"I did. Have they communicated to you the particulars of that interview?"

"I believe so."

"They told you about the forged receipts?"

"I know all about the forged receipts," said Gilbert.

"Then with that manuscript, and that little story in your hands, you have ample materials to amuse yourself and your brother-clerks. I presume you used to respect your master, Mr. Anthony Hamblin, very much?"

"I respected him very much," Gilbert replied, passing over the supposition that he was a City clerk. "I respect him still: even after reading this document and hearing about the forged receipts."

"In that case," she returned, with a look of

asperity, "you would respect Judas Iscariot himself."

Gilbert laughed.

"Well, sir, you who respect forgers and wife-murderers, what have your masters sent you to tell me?"

Gilbert reddened. It is pardonable for a member of the Inner Temple not altogether to like being taken for a messenger from a City house.

"It is quite immaterial, of course," he said meekly, "and a mere matter of unimportant detail; but I am not one of the clerks; I am a barrister, and am acting in this business merely as a friend of the family."

"Very well, sir; it does not concern me whether you are a clerk or not. Pray go on. Have you come to offer me the money of which I was robbed? I paid for each of those six pieces of forged writing one hundred and fifty pounds. I make four per cent. on my investments, and I have calculated out my loss at compound interest. It comes to thirteen hundred and ninety-eight pounds ten shillings and fourpence. I shall look to receive that amount from the estate of the deceased robber and forger."

"Very well, Miss Nethersole; I am sure that your claim will be fully considered when the time comes, and that you will be satisfied by the conduct of Mr. Anthony Hamblin's executors. Justice will of course be done."

"That, alas! is impossible," said Miss Nethersole, with a heavy sigh; "the only justice that would meet this case would be fourteen years in Portland Prison. The accident on the ice prevented that."

Gilbert made no reply. This persistent harping on the lost revenge jarred upon him.

"But if you have not brought the money," she asked, "what are you here for? Is it only to tell me that you have not brought it? And remember, I have not promised to give up the papers."

"I am here, first of all, to tell you that I have been to Bournemouth on the part of the family, and verified your statement as to the grave of Mrs. Hamblin."

"Did the man think I invented the story of the grave? This is mere childishness."

"By no means. But it was only necessary to proceed step by step. You forget that when you saw the partners in the firm you were unable to tell them where the marriage took place."

"I suppose," said Miss Nethersole, "that it would be easy to find out. But what is the good of looking for it? I am the only person interested, and I am quite content with my sister's statement that she was married."

"We had not even that assurance," said Gilbert. "Will you kindly show it to me?"

"Why should I?" asked the lady; "I have no interest in the matter. I have failed in getting justice."

There was, however, one reason why she should yield. Before her stood a young man of singularly pleasing and attractive appearance. His eyes were fixed on hers. They were eyes which had depths of possible pleading in them; and his voice was low and musical, a sweet baritone; the kind of young man whom young women delight to tease, but whom no middle-aged woman can resist.

"You would show me your sister's letter; you would even give me the letter, if you knew all," said Gilbert; "I assure you that you have a great deal to learn—how much I can not tell you yet."

The lady opened a desk which stood on a cabinet behind her, and took out a little bundle of faded and yellow documents.

"What can there be to learn," she asked, "beyond the dreadful truth which I know already? How can I tell that you are not deceiving me?"

"I am not, indeed," said Gilbert; "very shortly you will acknowledge that. Help me to make it quite clear by showing me whatever letters you may possess from your sister after her marriage."

Miss Nethersole took a paper from the bundle, and held it in her hand, looking at it with eyes which seemed as if they only wanted tears to make them beautiful. Poor wasted womanhood of fifty-five! It must be hard to give up the possession of beauty and comeliness. Some men are always handsome; but only those women who have achieved marriage and motherhood, and receive reflected life from children, handsome sons and beautiful daughters. She held the letter in her hand, and looked at it with lingering and softened eyes.

"This was the very room," she murmured, "in which, one-and-twenty years ago, the two young men, my sister Dora, and I used to sit in the summer evenings, when they came here to talk, and sing, and tell us of a world of which we knew so little, and steal away—a woman's heart."

Gilbert said nothing; he let her go on recalling the past; he watched her soften under the influence of memory.

"It was in July. We were all young together. Anthony Hamblin was about my age, or a little older. Stephen, his brother, the young man who smoked tobacco, was twenty-four. Dora was a great deal younger; she was nothing but a mere child. I never suspected that for such a girl—"

She stopped and blushed. Gilbert thought

this hard-featured woman must have been pretty once.

"Well, I was deceived; they ran away, Anthony and Dora. They left me, and two days afterward I received this letter.—Yes, you may read it."

Gilbert read. It was as follows, and was dated from Lulworth; a quite simple, girlish, inexperienced letter:

"DEAREST RACHEL: I write to tell you that I have taken the irrevocable step, which you will, I hope, forgive when you understand that it means happiness to me. Perhaps at first you will disapprove, because I ran away; I hope, however, you will soon come round, and receive us with a sisterly affection. We are staying here together in the most delightful and most quiet place in the world. My husband joins with me in asking your forgiveness.

"I remain,

"Always your affectionate sister,

"DORA HAMBLIN."

"May I borrow it of you?" he asked, folding it up again; "you shall have it back."

Miss Nethersole hesitated.

"Tell me first," she said, "what you mean by having things to tell me."

"No," Gilbert replied, "I can not tell you yet. May I keep this letter?"

"When my sister went away, when I understood that she was really gone for good," said Miss Nethersole, "I came into this room and I put everything just as it was on the day before she left me—the books on the table, the chairs in their places, the curtains half drawn. I said: 'This room shall remind me of Dora; it shall cry out always against the man who robbed me of her.' I have never used the room since that day. You are the only man who has been in it for twenty years and more, and when I have come into the room it has been to recall the memory of the betrayer of women—Anthony Hamblin."

"Give me that letter," Gilbert persisted. "I tell you again that you have much to learn. I have a great surprise for you."

"What is it, your great surprise?"

"I can not tell you yet," he replied. "It may be many days before I tell you; but give me that letter. I do not want it to complete my case, but I should like to have it to show one to whom your sister's memory is very dear."

She handed him the letter almost meekly. She *could* not resist this young man with the soft voice and the pleading eyes.

"Take it," she sighed. "How foolish I am to trust any man after my experience, and you a complete stranger!"

"Tell me," he said; "you have long since forgiven your sister?"

"Long since; I prayed for her morning and night at family devotions. It would have been unchristian not to forgive so great a sinner. I prayed for her unwittingly, even six years after her death. I hope the Papistic superstition of praying for the dead will not be laid to my charge."

"I am sure," said Gilbert, wondering at the remarkable religion of this good lady—"I am sure it will not. At least, I wish I had no greater sins upon my soul than praying for the dead. But as for her husband, can you not forgive him too?"

"I do not know." Truth for the moment overcame the cant of her party. "I do not know. I hope I can. Only," she added, in justification of herself, "when I learned at Bournemouth the death of my sister, when I found the journal, when I understood his miserable wickedness, when I discovered the six years' forgeries, I felt the old resentment rise in my heart, and then I knew that I was called and chosen—as an Instrument." She sat down wearily. "I expected to be an Instrument for a great and signal punishment."

"I see; but you were, perhaps, mistaken?"

"No, not at all. I was permitted to see him, to point out to him his awful condition, to reason with him as one reasons with unrepentant sinners, to be faithful to him. It was the last word, the last chance. Perhaps—it may be—he repented in the night."

Gilbert laid the letter in his pocket-book.

"I will tell you something, Miss Nethersole," he said. "But remember, this is not all I have to tell you, later on. I have here your sister's register of marriage, I have this letter to you, and I have the proof of her death. I have—and that is the most important thing I can tell you to-day—I have also the register of the birth of her daughter."

"Of what?" Miss Nethersole sprang from her chair. "Of *what?*"

"Of a daughter. Did you not know that your sister had a daughter?"

"No, I did not. Dora's child? Her daughter? I heard nothing about any child at Bournemouth."

"Unfortunately," said Gilbert, "your sister became light-headed when she got there, and died without quite recovering her mind, so that she never talked about her child. I have brought with me," he added, diving into his pocket, "a little thing, the only thing, which the child inherited from her mother." He produced the coral necklace.

Miss Nethersole took it with trembling fin-

gers. There *were*, then, fountains of tears behind those hard eyes.

"It was my sister's," she said. "She used to wear it always. She was so fond of gauds and trinkets, poor child! I know it well—oh! I know it." The tears came to her eyes, and she was fain to sob.

"Go on," she said, almost fiercely. "Tell me more about the child—Dora's child."

"The child was taken away from Dulworth by Anthony Hamblin—"

"The wife-murderer and forger!"

"And brought up first of all at Brighton—afterward at his house on Clapham Common. That night when you called upon him she was there too, with a party of children and cousins, singing and dancing."

"I heard them singing," murmured Miss Nethersole, with softened voice. "Her voice, too, I suppose I heard. Tell me, was there any difference made between her and Anthony Hamblin's other children?"

"What other children?"

"His children by his second marriage."

"But he made no second marriage. Anthony Hamblin lived alone in his house with your niece and his cousin, a lady who was her governess and companion."

Miss Nethersole was silent for a few moments, reflecting. Here was an upsetting of the ideas which had filled her mind and fed her spirit of revenge for so long a time. She had pictured Anthony Hamblin the husband of a happy and comfortable wife, with a distinct leaning in the direction of luxury. She had thought of him as the father of a large family. She thought the singers whom she had heard on the night of her visit were the sons and daughters. In her blind yearning for revenge she dwelt with complacency on the misery and shame which would fall upon the children when she struck the father. Now it all came home to her. If she was—as she began to doubt, with a horrible, cold feeling, as if there was no reality left in the world, and everything was mockery—an Instrument, it was a weapon for the punishment of the innocent with the guilty, of the poor child who would have called Dora mother with the man who was her father.

"What is her name?" she asked presently, abashed and confused.

"She is named Alison," said Gilbert; "the register of her baptism is in the church at Lulworth."

"Alison, that was my mother's name," said Miss Nethersole.

She was silent again.

Then Gilbert went on pleading with his deep, earnest eyes and his soft, earnest voice:

"You did not know of this, else you would have gone to Anthony Hamblin in sorrow, not in anger; you would have appealed to his love for Alison, to the girl's love for him, to all that was kind and tender in his nature; you would have suffered the past to be forgotten; you would not have written that introduction to this 'Journal of a Deserted Wife'; you would have asked him for an explanation."

"No explanation," said Miss Nethersole quickly, "was wanted. There, at least, I was right. The paper explained itself."

"I am prepared, but not to-day, with quite another explanation," said Gilbert. "You would, if you had known what you know to-day, have paved the way for a reconciliation by means of Alison. You would have learned, by loving your niece, to forgive her father."

"I never could! That is, as a Christian I must; as a woman of course I could not." Like many estimable people, Miss Nethersole separated Christianity from humanity. "Why, Mr. Yorke, you can not forget, you surely can not forget the forgeries?"

"I do not," he replied; "I am coming to them. You would, out of consideration for your niece, not only have abstained from acting in the matter, you would not only have resolved to say nothing about them to the outside world, but you would have given him an opportunity for explaining the whole thing."

"Explaining! How can you explain a forgery?"

"There are many ways. I can give you a complete explanation, but not yet. Remember, however, what you have told me he said when you went away: That, if you persisted in the course you proposed to take, you would go in sorrow and repentance all the days of your life. You have not persisted? But, knowing now that you have a niece, that she lived with Anthony Hamblin and loved him tenderly, can you doubt that he was right?"

"But he was a forger! a forger! a forger!"

"Miss Nethersole, he *was not!*" Gilbert held out a warning finger. "He *was no forger!* I shall not explain now. This is not the time for explanation; there are many things to do first. But I tell you, solemnly, on the word of a gentleman, on the word of a Christian, that Anthony Hamblin was not, could not be, the criminal you think him."

Miss Nethersole shook her head, but not unkindly. Only she could not understand.

"And pray," she said, "who are you that take so keen an interest in this affair?"

"I am engaged to Alison," said Gilbert simply. "Miss Nethersole" (he took her hand and kissed it), "I hope before long to call you my aunt."

The poor lady was quite broken down by this last touch of human kindness.

"I have been working," he said, "to restore to Alison her own good name, which has been threatened. I have had to establish the fact that her mother was married."

"Why, who could have doubted that?" asked Miss Nethersole.

"It is a long story. However, so far, that is established. The poor girl will not have to blush for her mother, at least; whether she will have to be ashamed of her father depends upon you, my dear lady."

"On me? You mean about those forgeries?"

"Surely."

Miss Nethersole hesitated.

"Do you want me to give them up? But you have not explained."

"I can not explain at this moment. Intrust them to me, and they shall be placed in the care of Mr. Augustus Hamblin, senior partner in the same house. Believe me, Miss Nethersole, if you give them to me, you will never repent it."

Miss Nethersole was fast melting.

"What is she like—my niece?"

"She is the best and most beautiful of girls," replied Gilbert, with natural warmth; "she is a Rose of Sharon, a Lily of Jericho."

"Do not quote Scripture irreverently, young man," said Miss Nethersole, with a smile in those eyes of hers which had been so hard. "You are, I suppose, in love with her, and you fancy that she is an angel. No woman is an angel, sir. However, you shall have the receipts." She said this with an obvious effort. "I will give them to you—for Alison's sake, when I have made the acquaintance of my niece. Meantime, you may take the photographic copies. And now, sir, God requite you as you and yours deal with her."

She choked and sat down, with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Give me a few days, my dear lady," said Gilbert—"yet a few days, and I will ask you to make her acquaintance, and to hear the explanation of what at present you do not understand. My Alison shall thank you. Miss Nethersole, you have this day exercised the highest of Christian virtues. You have forgiven and forgotten. The young life, the newly born love, has drawn out the old death, the old hatred."

Gilbert returned to London that same evening, his task completed, his work done.

Was it well done? What would be the end? What would Alison think?

One thing alone remained.

Early next morning he paid a visit to the bank where the receipts had been exchanged for cash. He had an interview with one of the managers. There were references to old books, and examination of certain senior clerks. The sequel appeared to be satisfactory, for when Gilbert left the bank his face was more than usually sunny.

Finally, he sought the office of Anthony Hamblin and Company, and set forth in detail the whole of his discoveries.

And then there was a discussion long and serious.

(*To be continued.*)

TEACHING GRANDMOTHER.

GRANDMOTHER dear, you do not know; you have lived the old-world life,
Under the twittering eves of home, sheltered from storm and strife;
Rocking cradles, and covering jams, knitting socks for baby feet,
Or piecing together lavender bags for keeping the linen sweet:
Daughter, wife, and mother in turn, and each with a blameless breast,
Then saying your prayers when the nightfall came, and quietly dropping to rest.

You must not think, Granny, I speak in scorn, for yours have been well-spent days,
And none ever paced with more faithful feet the dutiful ancient ways.
Grandfather's gone, but while he lived you clung to him close and true,
And mother's heart, like her eyes, I know, came to her straight from you.
If the good old times, at the good old pace, in the good old grooves would run,
One could not do better, I'm sure of that, than do as you all have done.

But the world has wondrously changed, Granny, since the days when you were young;
It thinks quite different thoughts from then, and speaks with a different tongue.

The fences are broken, the cords are snapped, that tethered man's heart to home;
He ranges free as the wind or the wave, and changes his shore like the foam.
He drives his furrows through fallow seas, he reaps what the breakers sow,
And the flash of his iron flail is seen mid the barns of the barren snow.

He has lassoed the lightning and led it home, he has yoked it unto his need,
And made it answer the rein, and trudge as straight as the steer or steed.
He has bridled the torrents and made them tame, he has bitted the champing tide;
It toils as his drudge and turns the wheels that spin for his use and pride.
He handles the planets and weighs their dust, he mounts on the comet's car,
And he lifts the veil of the sun and stares in the eyes of the uttermost star.

'Tis not the same world you knew, Granny; its fetters have fallen off;
The lowliest now may rise and rule where the proud used to sit and scoff.
No need to boast of a scutcheoned stock, claim rights from an ancient wrong;
All are born with a silver spoon in their mouths whose gums are sound and strong.
And I mean to be rich and great, Granny; I mean it with heart and soul:
At my feet is the ball—I will roll it on, till it spins through the golden goal.

Out on the thought that my copious life should trickle in trivial days,
Myself but a lonelier sort of beast, watching the cattle graze,
Scanning the year's monotonous change, or gaping at wind and rain,
And hanging with meek, solicitous eyes on the whims of a creaking vane;
Wretched if ewes drop single lambs, blest so is oil-cake cheap,
And growing old in a tedious round of worry, surfeit, and sleep!

You dear old Granny, how sweet your smile, and how soft your silvery hair!
But all has moved on while you sat still in your cap and easy-chair.
The torch of knowledge is lit for all, it flashes from hand to hand;
The alien tongues of the earth converse, and whisper from strand to strand.
The very churches are changed and boast new hymns, new rites, new truth;
Men worship a wiser and greater God than the half-known God of your youth.

What! marry Connie and set up house, and dwell where my fathers dwelt,
Giving the homely feasts they gave, and kneeling where they knelt?
She is pretty, and good, and void I am sure of vanity, greed, or guile;
But she has not traveled nor seen the world, and is lacking in air and style.
Women now are as wise and strong as men, and vie with men in renown;
The wife that will help to build my fame was not bred near a country town.

What a notion! to figure at parish boards, and wrangle o'er cess and rate,
I, who mean to sit for the county yet, and vote on an empire's fate;
To take the chair at the farmers' feasts, and tickle their bumpkin ears,
Who must shake a senate before I die, and waken a people's cheers!
In the olden days was no choice, so sons to the roof of their fathers clave:
But now! 'twere to perish before one's time, and to sleep in a living grave.

I see that you do not understand. How should you? Your memory clings
To the simple music of silenced days and the skirts of vanishing things.
Your fancy wanders round ruined haunts, and dwells upon oft-told tales;
Your eyes discern not the widening dawn, nor your ears catch the rising gales.
But live on, Granny, till I come back, and then perhaps you will own
The dear old Past is an empty nest, and the Present the brood that is flown.

GRANDMOTHER'S TEACHING.

AND so, my dear, you're come back at last? I always fancied you would.
Well, you see the old home of your childhood's days is standing where it stood.
The roses still clamber from porch to roof, the elder is white at the gate,
And over the long, smooth gravel-path the peacock still struts in state.
On the gabled lodge, as of old, in the sun, the pigeons sit and coo,
And our hearts, my dear, are no whit more changed, but have kept still warm for you.

You'll find little altered, unless it be me, and that since my last attack;
But so that you only give me time, I can walk to the church and back.
You bade me not die till you returned, and so you see I lived on:
I'm glad that I did, now you've really come, but it's almost time I was gone.
I suppose that there isn't room for us all, and the old should depart the first.
That's but as it should be. What is sad, is to bury the dead you've nursed.

Won't you take something at once, my dear? Not even a glass of whey?
The dappled Alderney calved last week, and the baking is fresh to-day.
Have you lost your appetite too in town, or is it you've grown over-nice?
If you'd rather have biscuits and cowslip wine, they'll bring them up in a trice.
But what am I saying? Your coming down has set me all in a maze:
I forgot that you traveled down by train; I was thinking of coaching days.

There, sit you down, and give me your hand, and tell me about it all,
From the day that you left us, keen to go, to the pride that had a fall.
And all went well at the first? So it does, when we're young and puffed with hope;
But the foot of the hill is quicker reached the easier seems the slope.
And men thronged round you, and women too? Yes, that I can understand.
When there's gold in the palm, the greedy world is eager to grasp the hand.

I heard them tell of your smart town house, but I always shook my head.
One doesn't grow rich in a year and a day, in the time of my youth 'twas said.
Men do not reap in the spring, my dear, nor are granaries filled in May,
Save it be with the harvest of former years, stored up for a rainy day.
The seasons will keep their own true time, you can hurry nor furrow nor sod:
It's honest labor and steadfast thrift that alone are blest by God.

You say you were honest. I trust you were, nor do I judge you, my dear:
I have old-fashioned ways, and it's quite enough to keep one's own conscience clear.
But still the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," though a simple and ancient rule,
Was not made for complex cunning to balk, nor for any new age to befool;
And if my growing rich unto others brought but penury, chill, and grief,
I should feel, though I never had filched with my hands, I was only a craftier thief.

That isn't the way they look at it there? All worshiped the rising sun?
Most of all the fine lady, in pride of purse you fancied your heart had won.
I don't want to hear of her beauty or birth: I reckon her foul and low;
Far better a steadfast cottage wench than grand loves that come and go.
To cleave to their husbands through weal, through woe, is all women have to do:
In growing as clever as men they seem to have matched them in fickleness too.

But there's one in whose heart has your image still dwelt through many an absent day,
As the scent of a flower will haunt a closed room, though the flower be taken away.

Connie's not quite so young as she was, no doubt, but faithfulness never grows old;
And were beauty the only fuel of love, the warmest hearth soon would grow cold.
Once you thought that she had not traveled, and knew neither the world nor life:
Not to roam, but to deem her own hearth the whole world, that's what a man wants in a wife.

I'm sure you'd be happy with Connie, at least if your own heart's in the right place.
She will bring you nor power, nor station, nor wealth, but she never will bring you disgrace.
They say that the moon, though she moves round the sun, never turns to him morning or night
But one face of her sphere, and it must be because she's so true a satellite;
And Connie, if into your orbit once drawn by the sacrament sanctioned above,
Would revolve round you constantly, only to show the one-sided aspect of love.

You will never grow rich by the land, I own; but, if Connie and you should wed,
It will feed your children and household too, as it you and your fathers fed.
The seasons have been unkindly of late; there's a wonderful cut of hay,
But the showers have washed all the goodness out, till it's scarcely worth carting away.
There's a fairish promise of barley-straw, but the ears look rusty and slim:
I suppose God intends to remind us thus that something depends on him.

God neither progresses nor changes, dear, as I once heard you rashly say:
Men's schools and philosophies come and go, but his word doth not pass away.
We worship him here as we did of old, with simple and reverent rite:
In the morning we pray him to bless our work, to forgive our transgressions at night.
To keep his commandments, to fear his name, and what should be done, to do—
That's the beginning of wisdom still; I suspect 'tis the end of it too.

You must see the new-fangled machines at work, that harrow, and thresh, and reap;
They're wonderful quick, there's no mistake, and they say in the end they're cheap.
But they make such a clatter, and seem to bring the rule of the town to the fields:
There's something more precious in country life than the balance of wealth it yields.
But that seems going; I'm sure I hope that I shall be gone before:
Better poor sweet silence of rural toil than the factory's opulent roar.

They're a mighty saving of labor, though; so at least I hear them tell,
Making fewer hands and fewer mouths, but fewer hearts as well:
They sweep up so close that there's nothing left for widows and bairns to glean;
If machines are growing like men, man seems to be growing a half machine.
There's no friendliness left; the only tie is the wage upon Saturday nights:
Right used to mean duty; you'll find that now there's no duty, but only rights.

Still stick to your duty, my dear, and then things can not go much amiss.
What made folks happy in bygone times will make them happy in this.
There's little that's called amusement here; but why should the old joys pall?
Has the blackbird ceased to sing loud in spring? Has the cuckoo forgotten to call?
Are bleating voices no longer heard when the cherry-blossoms swarm?
And have home and children and fireside lost one gleam of their ancient charm?

Come, let us go round: to the farmyard first, with its litter of fresh-strewn straw,
Past the ash-tree dell, round whose branching tops the young rooks wheel and caw;
Through the ten-acre mead that was mown the first, and looks well for aftermath,
Then round by the beans—I shall tire by then—and home up the garden-path,
Where the peonies hang their blushing heads, where the larkspur laughs from its stalk—
With my stick and your arm I can manage. But see! There, Connie comes up the walk.

ALFRED AUSTIN (*Cornhill Magazine*).

THE RUSSIAN GYPSIES.

IT is, I believe, seldom observed that the world is so far from having quitted the romantic or sentimental for the purely scientific that, even in science itself, whatever is best set forth, owes half its charm to something delicately and distantly reflected from the forbidden land of fancy. The greatest reasoners and writers on the driest topics are still "genial," because no man ever yet had true genius who did not feel the inspiration of poetry, or mystery, or at least of the unusual. We are not rid of the marvelous or curious, and, if we have not yet a science of curiosities, it is apparently because it lies for the present distributed about among the other sciences, just as in small museums illuminated manuscripts are to be found in happy family union with stuffed birds or minerals, and with watches and snuff-boxes, once the property of their late majesties the Georges. Until such a science is formed, the new one of ethnology may appropriately serve for it, since it of all presents most attraction to him who is politely called the general reader, but who should in truth be called the man who reads the most for mere amusement. For Ethnology deals with such delightful material as primeval kumbo-cephalic skulls, and appears to her votaries arrayed, not in silk attire, but in strange fragments of leather from ancient Irish graves, or in cloth from Lacustrine villages. She glitters with the quaint jewelry of the first Italian race, whose ghosts, if they wail over the "find," "speak in a language man knows no more." She charms us with etchings or scratchings of mammoths on mammoth-bone, and invites us to explore mysterious caves, to picnic among megalithic monuments, and speculate on pictured Scottish stones. In short, she engages man to investigate his ancestry, a pursuit which presents charms even to the illiterate, and asks us to find out facts concerning works of art which have interested everybody in every age.

Ad interim, before the science of curiosities is segregated from that of ethnology, I may observe that one of the marvels in the latter is that, among all the subdivisions of the human race, there are only two which have been, apparently from their beginning, set apart, marked and cosmopolite, ever living among others and yet reserved unto themselves. These are the Jew and the gypsy. 'From time whereof history hath naught to the contrary, the Jew was, as he himself holds in simple faith, the first man. Red Earth, Adam, was a Jew, and the old claim to be the chosen people has been apparently confirmed by the extraordinary genius and influence of the race, and by their boundless wanderings. Go where we may, we find the Jew—has any other wandered so far?

Yes, one. For wherever Jew has gone, there, too, is the gypsy. The Jew may be more ancient, but even the authentic origin of the Rommany is lost in ancient Aryan record, and, strictly speaking, his is a prehistoric caste. Among the hundred and fifty wandering tribes of India and Persia, some of them Turanian, some Aryan, and others mixed, it is of course impossible to identify the exact origin of the European gypsy. One thing we know, that from the tenth to the twelfth century, and probably much later on, India threw out from her northern half a vast multitude of very troublesome indwellers. What with Buddhist, Brahman, and Mohammedan wars—invaders outlawing invaded—the number of out-*castes* became alarmingly great. To these the Jats, who, according to Captain Burton, constituted the main stock of our gypsies, contributed perhaps half their entire nation. Excommunication among the Indian professors of transcendental benevolence meant social death and inconceivable cruelty. Now there are many historical indications that these outcasts, before leaving India, became gypsies, which was the most natural thing in a country where such classes had already existed in very great numbers from early times. And from one of the lowest castes, which still exists in India, and is known as the Dom,* the emigrants to the West probably derived their name and several characteristics. The Dom burns the dead, handles corpses, skins beasts, and performs other functions, all of which were appropriated by, and became peculiar to, gypsies in several countries in Europe, notably in Denmark and Holland, for several centuries after their arrival there. The Dom of the present day also sells baskets, and wanders with a tent; he is altogether gypsy. It is remarkable that he, living in a hot climate, drinks ardent spirits to excess, being by no means a "temperate Hindoo," and that even in extreme old age his hair seldom turns white, which is a noted peculiarity among our own gypsies of pure blood. I know and have lately seen a gypsy woman, nearly a hun-

* From the observations of Frederic Drew ("The Northern Barrier of India," London, 1877) there can be little doubt that the Dom, or Dûm, belong to the pre-Aryan race or races of India. "They are described in the Vedas as Sopukh, or Dog-Eaters" ("Types of India"). I have somewhere met with the statement that the Dom was pre-Aryan, but allowed to rank as Hindoo on account of services rendered to the early conquerors.

lred years old, whose curling hair is black, or ıardly perceptibly changed. It is extremely probble that the Dom, mentioned as a caste even in he Vedas, gave the name to the Rom. The Dom calls his wife a Domni, and being a Dom s "Domnipana." In English gypsy, the same vords are expressed by *Rom*, *romni*, and *romniben*. D, be it observed, very often changes to *r* n its transfer from Hindoo to Rommany. Thus *loi*, "a wooden spoon," becomes in gypsy *roi* —a term known to every tinker in London. But, vhile this was probably the origin of the word Rom, there were subsequent reasons for its coninuance. Among the Cophts, who were more ıbundant in Egypt when the first gypsies went here, the word for man is *romi*, and after leavng Greece and the Levant, or *Rum*, it would be ıatural for the wanderers to be called *Rumi*. But the Dom was in all probability the parent stock of the gypsy race, though the latter received vast accessions from many other sources. I call attention to this, since it has always been ıeld, and sensibly enough, that the mere fact of he gypsies speaking Hindi-Persian, or the oldest ype of Urdu, including many Sanskrit terms, loes not prove an Indian or Aryan origin, any nore than the English spoken by American negroes proves a Saxon descent. But if the Rom can be identified with the Dom—and the circumstantial evidence, it must be admitted, is very strong—but little remains to seek, since, according to the Vedas, the Doms are Hindoo.*

Among the tribes whose union formed the European gypsy was, in all probability, that of the *Nats*, consisting of singing and dancing girls, and male musicians and acrobats. Of these, we are told that not less than ten thousand lute-players and minstrels, under the name of *Luri*, were once sent to Persia as a present to a king, whose land was then without music or song. This word *Luri* is still preserved. The saddle-makers and leather-workers of Persia are called Tsingani; they are, in their way, low caste, and a kind of gypsy, and it is supposed that from them are possibly derived the names Zingan, Zigeuner, Zingaro, etc., by which gypsies are known in so many lands. From Mr. Arnold's late work on "Persia," the reader may learn that the *Eeli*, who constitute the majority of the inhabitants of the southern portion of that country, are Aryan nomads, and apparently gypsies. There are also in India the Banjari, or wandering merchants, and many other tribes, all spoken of as gypsies by those who know them.

* Since writing this passage, I have met with a Mohammedan Hindoo who had lived with Indian gypsies. He confirmed in many ways his assertion that the real gypsies of India call themselves and their language "Rom."

As regards the great admixture of Persian with Hindi in good Rommany, it is quite unmistakable, though I can recall no writer who has attached sufficient importance to a fact which identifies gypsies with what is almost preëminently the land of gypsies. I once had the pleasure of taking a Nile journey in company with Prince S——, a Persian, and in most cases, when I asked my friend what this or that gypsy word meant, he gave me its correct meaning, after a little thought, and then added, in his imperfect English: "What for you want to know such word?—that *old* word—that no more used. Only common people—old peasant-woman—use that word—*gentleman* no want to know him." But I did want to know "him" very much. I can remember that one night when our *bon prince* had thus held forth, we had dancing girls, or Almeh, on board, and one was very young and pretty. I was told that she was gypsy, but she spoke no Rommany. Yet her panther eyes, and serpent smile, and *beauté du diable* were not Egyptian, but of the Indian, *kalo-ratt*—the dark blood, which, once known, is known for ever. I forgot her, however, for a long time—until the other night in Moscow, when she was recalled by dancing and smiles, of which I will speak anon.

I was sitting one day by the Thames, in a gypsy hut, when its master, Joshua Cooper, now dead, pointing to a swan, asked me for its name in gypsy. I replied, "*Boro pappin*."

"No, *rya*. *Boro pappin* is 'a big goose.' *Sákkú* is the real gypsy word. It is very old, and very few Rommany know it."

A few days after, when my Persian friend was dining with me at the Langham Hotel, I asked him if he knew what Sákkú meant? By way of reply, he, not being able to recall the English word, waved his arms in wonderful pantomime, indicating some enormous winged creature, and then, looking into the distance, and pointing as if to some far-vanishing object, as boys do when they declaim Bryant's address to a waterfowl, replied:

"Sákkú—one ver' big bird, like one *swen*—but he *not* swen. He like the man who carry too much water up stairs * his head in Constantinople. That bird all same that man. He *sakkia* all same wheel that you see get water up stairs in Egypt."

This was explanatory but far from satisfactory. The prince, however, was mindful of me, and the next day I received from the Persian embassy the word elegantly written in Persian, with the translation, "*a pelican*." Then it was all

* Up stairs in this gentleman's dialect signified up or upon, like *top-side* in Pidgin-English.

clear enough, for the pelican bears water in the bag under its bill. When the gypsies came to Europe they named animals after those which resembled them in Asia. A dog they called *juckal* from a jackal, and a swan *sákkú*, or pelican, because it so greatly resembles it. The Hindoo *bandarus*, or monkey, they have changed to *bombaros*, but why Tom Cooper should declare that it is *pugasah*, or *pukkus-asa*, I do not know. Perhaps some pundit may enlighten me. As little can I conjecture the meaning of the prefix *mod*, or *mode*, which I learned on the road near Weymouth from a very ancient tinker, a man so battered, tattered, seamed, riven, and wrinkled, that he looked like a petrifaction. He had so bad a barrow, or wheel, that I wondered what he could do with it, and regarded him as the very poorest man I had ever seen in England, until his mate came up, an *alter ego*, so excellent in antiquity, wrinkles, knobbiness, and rags, that he surpassed the vagabond pictures, not only of Callot, Doré, and Goya, but even the unknown Spanish maker of a picture, which I met with but yesterday for sale, and which for infinite poverty defied anything I ever saw encanvased. These poor men, who seemed at first amazed that I should speak to them at all, when I spoke Rommany at once called me "brother." When I asked the younger his name, he sank his voice to a whisper, and, with a furtive air, said:

"*Kámlo*—Lovel, you know."

"What do you call yourself in the way of business?" I asked. "*Katsamengro*, I suppose."

Now *Katsamengro* means scissors-master.

"That is a very good word. But *chivó* is deeper."

"*Chivó* means a knife-man?"

"Yes. But the deepest of all, master, is *Mod-angaréngro*. For you see that the right word for coals isn't *wongur*, as Rommanies generally say, but *Angára*."

Now *angára*, as Pott and Benfey indicate, is pure Sanskrit for coals, and *angaréngro* is a worker in coals, but what *mod* means I know not, and should be glad to be told.

I think it will be found difficult to identify the European gypsy with any one stock of the wandering races of India. Among those who left that country were men of different castes and different color, varying from the pure northern invader to the negro-like southern Indian. In the Danubian principalities there are at the present day three kinds of gypsies, one very dark and barbarous, another light brown and more intelligent, and the third, or *élite*, of yellow-pine complexion, as American boys characterize the hue of quadroons. Even in England there are straight-haired and curly-haired Rommanies, the two indicating not a difference resulting from white admixture, but entirely different original stocks.

It will, I trust, be admitted, even from these remarks, that Rommanology, or that subdivision of ethnology which treats of gypsies, is both practical and curious. It deals with the only race save one which has long penetrated into every village which European civilization has ever touched. He who speaks Rommany need be a stranger in few lands, for on every road in Europe and America, in most of Asia, and even in Northern Africa, he will meet those with whom a very few words may at once establish a peculiar understanding. For, of all things understood by this widely spread brotherhood, the chief is this—that he who knows the *jib*, or language, knows the ways, and that no one ever attained these without treading strange paths, and threading mysteries unknown to the Gorgios, or Philistines. And if he who speaks wears a good coat, and appears a gentleman, let him rest assured that he will receive the greeting which all poor relations in all lands extend to those of their kin who have risen in life. Some of them, it is true, manifest the winsome affection which is based on great expectations, a sentiment largely developed among British gypsies; but others are honestly proud that a gentleman is not ashamed of them. Of this latter class were the musical gypsies, whom I met in Russia during the winter of 1876–'77, and some of them again in Paris during the Exposition of 1878.

ST. PETERSBURG.

THERE are gypsies and gypsies in the world, for there are the wanderers on the roads and the secret dwellers in towns; but even among the *aficionados*, or Rommany Ryes, by whom I mean those scholars who are fond of studying life and language from the people themselves, very few have dreamed that there exist communities of gentlemanly and ladylike gypsies of art, like the Bohemians of Murger and George Sand, but differing from them in being real "Bohemians" by race. I confess that it had never occurred to me that there was anywhere in Europe at the present day, least of all in the heart of great and wealthy cities, a class or caste devoted entirely to art, well-to-do or even rich, refined in manners, living in comfortable homes, the women dressing elegantly; and yet with all this obliged to live by law, as did the Jews once, in Ghettos or in a certain street, and regarded as outcasts and *cagôts*. I had heard there were gypsies in Russian cities, and expected to find them like the *kérengri* of England or Germany—house-dwellers somewhat reformed from the roads, but still reckless semi-outlaws, full of tricks and lies; in

a word, *gypsies*, as the world understands the term. And I certainly anticipated in Russia something *queer*—the gentleman who speaks Rommany seldom fails to achieve at least that, whenever he gets into an unbroken haunt, an unhunted forest, where the Rommany Rye is unknown—but nothing like what I really found. A recent writer on Russia* speaks with great contempt of these musical Rommanies, with their girls attired in dresses by Worth, as compared to the free wild outlaws of the steppes who, with dark, ineffable glances, meaning nothing more than a wild-cat's, steal poultry, and who, wrapped in dirty sheepskins, proudly call themselves *Mi dvorane Polaivii*, Lords of the Waste. The gypsies of Moscow, who appeared to me the most interesting I have ever met, because most remote from the Surrey ideal, seemed to Mr. Johnstone to be a kind of second-rate Rommanies or gypsies, gypsified for exhibition, like Mr. Barnum's negro minstrel, who, though black as a coal by nature, was requested to put on burnt cork and a wig, that the audience might realize that they were getting a thoroughly good imitation. Mr. Johnstone's own words are that a gypsy maiden in a long *queue*, "which perhaps came from Worth," is "horrible"; "*corruptio optimi pessima est*"; and he further compares such a damsel to a negro with a cocked hat and spurs. As the only negro thus arrayed who presents himself to my memory was one who lay dead on the battle-field in Tennessee, after one of the bravest resistances in history, and in which he and his men, not having moved, were extended "stark, serried lines" ("ten cart-loads of dead niggers," said to me a man who helped to bury them)—I may be excused for not seeing the wit of the comparison. As for the gypsies of Moscow, I can only say that, after meeting them in public, and penetrating to their homes, where I was received as one of themselves, even as a Rommany, I found that this opinion of them was erroneous, and that they were altogether original in spite of being clean, deeply interesting although honest, and a quite attractive class in most respects, notwithstanding their ability to read and write. Against Mr. Johnstone's impressions, I may set the straightforward and simple result of the experiences of Mr. W. R. Ralston. "The gypsies of Moscow," he says, "are justly celebrated for their picturesqueness and for their wonderful capacity for music. All who have heard their women sing are enthusiastic about the weird witchery of the performance."

When I arrived in St. Petersburg, one of my first inquiries was for gypsies. To my astonishment, they were hard to find. They are not allowed to live in the city; and I was told that the correct and proper way to see them would be to go at night to certain *cafés*, half an hour's sleigh-ride from the town, and listen to their concerts. What I wanted, however, was not a concert, but a conversation; not gypsies on exhibition, but gypsies at home—and everybody seemed to be of the opinion that those of "Samarcand" and "Dorot" were entirely got up for effect. In fact, I heard the opinion hazarded that, even if they spoke Rommany, I might depend upon it they had acquired it simply to deceive. One gentleman, who had, however, been much with them in other days, assured me that they were of pure blood, and had an inherited language of their own. "But," he added, "I am sure you will not understand it. You may be able to talk with those in England, but not with ours, because there is not a single word in their language which resembles anything in English, German, French, Latin, Greek, or Italian. I can only recall," he added, "one phrase. I don't know what it means, and I think it will puzzle you. It is *me kamāva tut*."

If I experienced internal laughter at hearing this, it was for a good reason, which I can illustrate by an anecdote: "I have often observed, when I lived in China," said Mr. Hoffman Atkinson, author of "A Vocabulary of the Yokohama Dialect," "that most young men, particularly the gay and handsome ones, generally asked me about the third day after their arrival in the country, the meaning of the Pidgin-English phrase, 'You makee too muchee lov-lov-pidgin.' Investigation always established the fact that the inquirer had heard it from 'a pretty China girl.' Now *lov-pidgin* means love, and *me kamāva tut* is perfectly good gypsy anywhere for 'I love you,' and a very soft expression it is, recalling *kama-deva*, the Indian Cupid, whose bow is strung with bees, and whose name has two strings to it, since it means, both in Gypsy and Sanskrit, Love-God, or the god of love. 'It's *kāma-duvel*, you know, *rya*, if you put it as it ought to be,' said Old Windsor Froggie to me once; 'but I think that Kāma-*devil* would by rights come nearer to it, if Cupid is what you mean.'"

I referred the gypsy difficulty to a Russian gentleman of high position, to whose kindness I had been greatly indebted while in St. Petersburg. He laughed.

"Come with me to-morrow night to the *cafés*, and see the gypsies; I know them well, and can promise that you shall talk with them as much as you like. Once, in Moscow, I got together all in the town—perhaps a hundred and fifty—to entertain the American Minister, Curtin. That was a very hard thing to do—there was so much

* "A Trip up the Volga to the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod." By H. A. Munro Butler Johnstone. 1875.

professional jealousy among them, and so many quarrels. Would you have believed it?"

I thought of the feuds between sundry sturdy Rommanies in England, and felt that I could suppose such a thing, without dangerously stretching my faith, and I began to believe in Russian gypsies.

"Well, then, I shall call for you to-morrow night with a *troika*—I will come early—at ten. They never begin to sing before company arrive at eleven, so that you will have half an hour to talk to them."

It is on record that the day on which the General gave me this kind invitation was the coldest known in St. Petersburg for thirty years, the thermometer having stood, or rather having lain down and groveled that morning at 40° below zero, Fahr. At the appointed hour the *troika*, or three-horse sleigh, was before the Hôtel d'Europe. It was, indeed, an Arctic night, but, well wrapped in fur-lined *shubas* with immense capes which fall to the elbow, or rise far above the head, as required, and wearing fur caps and fur-lined gloves, we felt no cold. The beard of our *ist-vostshik*, or driver, was a great mass of ice, giving him the appearance of an exceedingly hoary youth, and his small horses, being very shaggy and thoroughly frosted, looked in the darkness like immense polar bears. If the General and myself could only have been considered as gifts of the slightest value to anybody, I should have regarded our turn-out with the driver in his sheepskin coat, as coming within a miracle of resemblance to that of Santa Claus, the American Father Christmas.

On, at a tremendous pace, over the snow, which gave out under our runners that crunching, irony sound only heard when the thermometer touches zero. There is a peculiar fascination about the *troika* and the sweetest, saddest melody, and most plaintive song of Russia belong to it.

THE TROIKA.

Vot y'dit troika udalaiya.

Hear ye the troika-bell a-ringing,
And see the peasant driver there;
Hear ye the mournful song he's singing,
Like distant tolling through the air?

"O eyes, blue eyes, to me so lonely,
O eyes—alas!—ye give me pain,
O eyes, that once looked at me only,
I ne'er shall see your like again.

"Farewell, my darling, now in heaven,
And still the heaven of my soul;
Farewell, thou father town, O Moscow!
Where I have left my life, my all."

And ever at the rein still straining,
One backward glance the driver gave;
Sees but once more a green low hillock,
Sees but once more his loved one's grave.

"*Stoi!*"—Halt! We stopped at a stylish-looking building, entered a hall, left our *shubas*, and I heard the General ask, "Are the gypsies here?" An affirmative being given, we entered a large room, and there, sure enough, stood six or eight girls and two men, all very well dressed, and all unmistakably Rommany, though smaller and of much slighter or more delicate frame than the powerful gypsy "travelers" of England. In an instant every pair of great, wild eyes was fixed on me. The General was in every way a more striking figure, but I was manifestly a fresh stranger, who knew nothing of the country, and certainly nothing of gypsies or gypsydom. Such a verdant visitor is always most interesting. It was not by any means my first reception of the kind, and, as I reviewed at a glance the whole party, I said within myself:

"Wait an instant, you black snakes, and I will give you something to make you stare."

Which I did beyond dispute, for immediately a young man, who looked like a handsome light Hindoo, stepped up and addressed me in Russian. I looked long and steadily at him before I spoke, and then said:

"*Latcho divvus prala!*" (Good day, brother).

"What is *that?*" he exclaimed, startled.

"*Tu jines latcho adosta*" (You know very well). And then, with the expression in his face of a man who has been familiarly addressed by a brazen statue, or asked by a new-born babe, "What o'clock is it?" but with great joy, he cried:

"*Romanichal!*"

And in an instant they were all around me, marveling greatly, and earnestly expressing their marvel, at what new species of gypsy I might be, being in this quite unlike those of England, who, even when they are astonished "out of their senses" at being addressed in Rommany by a gentleman, make the most Red-Indian efforts to conceal their amazement. But I speedily found that these Russian gypsies were as unaffected and childlike as they were gentle in manner, and that they compared with our own prize-fighting, sturdy-begging, always-suspecting Rommany roughs and *rufianas*, as a delicate greyhound might compare with a very shrewd old bull-dog, trained by an unusually "fly" tramp.

That the girls were first to the fore in questioning me will be doubted by no one. But we had great trouble in effecting a mutual understanding. Their Rommany was full of Russian; their pronunciation puzzled me; they "bit off

their words," and used many in a strange or false sense. Yet, notwithstanding this, I contrived to converse pretty readily with the men—very readily with the captain, a man as dark as Ben Lee, to those who know Benjamin—or as mahogany, to those who know him not. But with the women it was very difficult to converse. There is a theory current that women have a specialty of tact and readiness in understanding a foreigner, or in making themselves understood—it may be so with cultivated ladies, but it is my experience that, among the uneducated, men have a monopoly of such quick intelligence. In order fully to convince them that we really had a tongue in common, I repeated perhaps a hundred nouns, giving, for instance, the names of various parts of the body, of articles of apparel, and objects in the room, and I believe that we did not find a single word which, when pronounced distinctly by itself, was not intelligible to us all. I had left in London a Russo-Rommany vocabulary, once published in "The Asiatic Magazine," and I had met with Böhtlinghk's article on the dialect, as well as specimens of it in the works of Pott and Miklosich, but had unfortunately learned nothing of it from them. I soon found, however, that I knew a great many more gypsy words than did my new friends, and that our English Rommany far excels the Russian in *copia verborum*.

"But I must sit down." I observed on this and other occasions that Russian gypsies are very naïf. And as it is in human nature to prefer sitting by a pretty girl, these Slavonian Rommanies so arrange it according to the principles of natural selection—or natural politeness—that, when a stranger is in their gates, the two prettiest girls in their possession sit at his right and left, the two next attractive next again, *et seriatim*. So at once a damsel of comely mien, arrayed in black silk attire, of faultless elegance, cried to me, pointing to a chair by her side, "*Bersh tu alay, rya!*" (Sit down, sir)—a phrase which would be perfectly intelligible to any Rommany in England. I admit that there was another damsel, who is generally regarded by most people as the true gypsy belle of the party, who did not sit by me. But, as the one who had "voted herself into the chair," by my side, was more to my liking, being the most intelligent and most gypsy, I had good cause to rejoice.

I was astonished at the sensible curiosity as to gypsy life in other lands which was displayed, and at the questions asked. I really doubt if I ever met with an English gypsy who cared a farthing to know anything about his race as it exists in foreign countries, or whence it came. Once, and once only, I thought I had interested White George, at East Moulsey, in an account of Egypt, and the small number of Rommanies there; but his only question was to the effect that, if there were so few gypsies in Egypt, wouldn't it be a good place for him to go to sell baskets? These of Russia, however, asked all kinds of questions about the manners and customs of their congeners, and were pleased when they recognized familiar traits. And every gypsyism, whether of word or way, was greeted with delighted laughter. In one thing I noted a radical difference between these gypsies and those of the rest of Europe and of America. There was none of that continually assumed mystery and Rommany freemasonry, of superior occult knowledge and "deep" information, which is often carried to the depths of absurdity and to the height of humbug. I say this advisedly, since, however much it may give charm to a novel or play, it is a serious impediment to a philologist. Let me give an illustration:

Once, during the evening, these Russian gypsies were anxious to know if there were any books in their language. Now I have no doubt that Mr. Tom Taylor, or Professor E. H. Palmer, or any other of the initiated, will perfectly understand when I say that by mere force of habit I shivered and evaded the question. When a gentleman, who manifests a knowledge of Rommany among gypsies in England, is suspected of "dixonary" studies, it amounts to *lasciate ogni speranza*—give up all hope of learning any more.

"I'm glad to see you here, *rya*, in my tent," said the before-mentioned Ben Lee to me one night in camp near Weybridge, "because I've heard, and I know, you didn't pick up *your* Rommany out of books."

The silly dread, the hatred, the childish antipathy, real or affected, but always ridiculous, which is felt in England, not only among gypsies, but even by *aficionado*, gentlemen scholars, to having the Rommany language published is indescribable. Vambery was not more averse to show a lead-pencil among Tartars than I am to take notes of words among strange English gypsies. I might have spared myself any annoyance from such a source among the Russian Rommanies. They had not heard of Mr. George Borrow; nor were there ugly stories current among them, to the effect that Dr. Smart, Professor E. H. Palmer, and Miss Janet Tuckey, had published works, the direct result of which would be to facilitate their little paths to the jail, the gallows, and the grave.

"Would we hear some singing?" We were ready, and for the first time in my life I listened to the long-anticipated, far-famed magical melody of Russian gypsies. And what was it like? May I preface my reply to the reader with the remark that there are, roughly speaking, two kinds of music in the world—the wild and the tame—and

the rarest of human beings is he who can appreciate both. Only one such man ever wrote a book, and his *nomen et omen* is Engel, like that of the little English boys who were *non Angli, sed angeli.* I have in my time been deeply moved by the choruses of Nubian boatmen; I have listened with great pleasure to Chinese and Japanese music—Ole Bull once told me he had done the same—I have delighted by the hour in Arab songs; and I have felt the charm of our Red Indian music. If this seem absurd to those who characterize all such sound and song as "caterwauling," let me remind the reader that in all Europe there is not one man fonder of music than an average Arab, a Chinese, or a Red Indian, for any of these people, as I have seen and know, will sit twelve or fifteen hours, without the least weariness, listening to what cultivated Europeans all consider as a mere charivari. When London gladly endures fifteen-hour concerts, composed of *morceaux* by Wagner, Chopin, and Liszt, I will believe that art can charm as much as nature.

The medium point of intelligence in this puzzle may be found in the extraordinary fascination which many find in the monotonous tum-tum of the banjo, and which reappears somewhat refined, or at least somewhat Frenchified, in the *Bamboula* and other Creole airs. Thence, in an ascending series, but connected with it, we have Old Spanish melodies, then the Arabic, and here we finally cross the threshold into mystery, midnight, and "caterwauling." I do not know that I can explain the fact why the more "barbarous" music is, the more it is beloved of man; but I think that the principle of the *refrain*, or repetition in music, which as yet governs all decorative art, and which Mr. Whistler and others are endeavoring desperately to break, acts in music as a sort of animal magnetism or abstraction, ending in an *extase.* As for the fascination which such wild melodies exert, it is beyond description. The most enraptured audience I ever saw in my life was at a Coptic wedding in Cairo, where one hundred and fifty guests listened, from 7 P. M. till 3 A. M., and Heaven knows how much later, to what a European would call absolute jangling, yelping, and howling.

The real medium, however, between what I have, for want of better words, called wild and tame music, exists only in that of the Russian gypsies. These artists, with wonderful tact and untaught skill, have succeeded in all their songs in combining the mysterious and maddening charm of the true, wild Eastern music with that of regular and simple melody, intelligible to every Western ear. I have never listened to the singing or playing of any distinguished artist—and certainly never of any far-famed amateur—without realizing that neither words nor melody was of the least importance, but that the manner of performance or display was everything. Now, in listening to gypsy singing, one feels at once as if the vocalists had entirely forgotten self, and were carried away by the bewildering beauty of the air and the charm of the words. There is no self-consciousness, no vanity—all is real. The listener feels as if he were a performer—the performer is an enraptured listener. There is no soulless "art for the sake of art," but art for direct pleasure.

"We intend to sing only Rommany for *you, rya,*" said the young lady to my left, "and you will hear our real gypsy airs. The *Gaji* (Russians) often ask for songs in our language and don't get them. But you are a Romanichal, and when you go home, far over the *baro kālo pāni* (the broad black water, i. e., the ocean), you shall tell the Rommany how we can sing. Listen!"

And I listened to the strangest, wildest, and sweetest singing I ever had heard—the singing of Lurleis, of sirens, of witches. First, one damsel, with an exquisitely clear, firm voice, began to sing a verse of a love-ballad, and as it approached the end the chorus stole in, softly and unperceived, but with exquisite skill, until, in a few seconds, the summer breeze, murmuring melody over a rippling lake, seemed changed to a midnight tempest roaring over a stormy sea—in which the *basso* of the *kālo shureskro* (the black captain) pealed like thunder. And as it died away a second girl took up the melody, very sweetly, but with a little more excitement—it was like a gleam of moonlight on the still agitated waters, a strange contralto witch-gleam—and then again the chorus and the storm, and then another solo yet sweeter, sadder, and stranger—the movement continually increasing, until all was fast, and wild, and mad—a locomotive quick-step, and then a sudden silence—sunlight—the storm had blown away.

In Arab singing, such effects are applied simply to set forth erotomania; in negro minstrelsy, they are degraded to the lowest humor; in higher European music, when employed, they simply illustrate the skill of composer and musician. The spirit of gypsy singing recalled by its method and sweetness that of the Nubian boatmen, but in its *general* effect I could think only of those strange fits of excitement which thrill the Red Indian and make him burst into song. The Abbé Domenech * has observed that the American savage pays attention to every sound that strikes upon his ear when the leaves softly shaken by the evening breeze seem to sigh through the air, or when the tempest bursting forth with fury

* "Seven Years in the Deserts of America."

shakes the gigantic trees that crack like reeds. "The chirping of the birds, the cry of the wild beasts—in a word, all those sweet, grave, or imposing voices that animate the wilderness are so many musical lessons which he easily remembers." In illustration of this, the missionary describes the singing of a Chippewa chief, and its wild inspiration, in a manner which vividly illustrates all music of the class of which I write.

"It was," he says, "during one of those long winter nights, so monotonous and so wearisome in the woods. We were in a wigwam, which afforded us but miserable shelter from the inclemency of the season. The storm raged without; the tempest roared in the open country; the wind blew with violence, and whistled through the fissures of the cabin; the rain fell in torrents, and prevented us from continuing our route. Our host was an Indian, with sparkling and intelligent eyes, clad with a certain elegance, and wrapped majestically in a large fur cloak. Seated close to the fire, which cast a reddish gleam through the interior of his wigwam, he felt himself all at once seized with an irresistible desire to imitate the convulsions of nature, and to sing his impressions. So, taking hold of a drum which hung near his bed, he beat a slight rolling, resembling the distant sounds of an approaching storm, then, raising his voice to a shrill treble, which he knew how to soften when he pleased, he imitated the whistling of the air, the creaking of the branches dashing against one another, and the particular noise produced by dead leaves when accumulated in compact masses on the ground. By degrees the rollings of the drum became more frequent and louder, the chants more sonorous and shrill, and at last our Indian shrieked, howled, and roared in a most frightful manner; he struggled and struck his instrument with extraordinary rapidity; it was a real tempest, to which nothing was wanting, not even the distant howling of the dogs, nor the bellowing of the affrighted buffaloes."

I have observed the same musical inspiration of a storm upon Arabs, who during their singing also accompanied themselves on a drum. I once spent two weeks in a Mediterranean steamboat, on board of which were more than two hundred pilgrims, for the greater part wild Bedouins, going to Mecca. They had a minstrel who sang and played on the *darabuka*, or earthenware drum, and he was aided by another with a simple *nai*, or reed-whistle, the same orchestra, in fact, which is in universal use among all Red Indians. To these performers the pilgrims listened with indescribable pleasure, and I soon found that they regarded me favorably because I did the same, being, of course, the only Frank on board who paid any attention to the singing—or any money for it. But it was at night and during storms that the spirit of music always seemed to be strongest on the Arabs, and then amid roaring of wild waters and thundering, and in dense darkness, the rolling of the drum, and the strange, bewildering ballads never ceased. It was the very counterpart, in all respects, of the Chippewa storm-song.

After the first gypsy lyric there came another, to which the Captain especially directed my attention as being what Sam Petulengro calls "reg'lar Rommany." It was *I rakli adro o lolo gad*—"The girl in the red chemise"—as well as I can recall his words, a very sweet song with a simple but spirited chorus, and as the sympathetic electricity of excitement seized the performers we were all in a minute "going down the rapids in a spring freshet."

"*Bagan tu rya, bagan!*" ("Sing, sir—sing!") cried my handsome neighbor, with her black gypsy eyes sparkling fire. "*Jines bagan eto—eto latcho Romanes*" ("You can sing that—it's real Rommany"). It was evident that she and all were singing with thorough enjoyment, and with a full and realizing consciousness of gypsyism, being greatly stimulated by my presence and sympathy. I felt that the gypsies were taking unusual pains to please the Rommany Rye from the *dur' tem*, or far country, and they had attained the acme of success by being thoroughly delighted with themselves, which is all that can be hoped for in art, where the aim is pleasure and not criticism.

There was a pause in the performance, but none in the chattering of the young ladies, and during this a curious little incident occurred. Wishing to know if my pretty friend could understand an English gypsy lyric, I sang in an undertone a ballad, taken from George Borrow's "Lavengro," and which begins with these words:

> "Pende Romani chai ke laki dye;
> 'Miri diri dye, mi shom kāmeli.'"

I never knew whether this was really an old gypsy poem or one written by Mr. Borrow. Once when I repeated it to old Henry James as he sat making baskets, I was silenced by being told: "That ain't no real gypsy *gilli*. That's one of the kind made up by gentlemen and ladies." However, as soon as I repeated it, the Russian gypsy girl cried eagerly, "I know that song," and actually sang me a ballad which was essentially the same, in which a damsel describes her fall, owing to a Gajo (Gorgio, a Gentile—not gypsy) lover, and her final expulsion from the tent. It was adapted to a very pretty melody, and as soon as she had sung it, *sotto voce*, my pretty friend exclaimed to another girl, "Only think, the *rye*

from America knows *that* song!" Now, as many centuries must have passed since the English and Russian gypsies parted from the parent stock, the preservation of this song is very remarkable, and its antiquity must be very great. I did not take it down, but any resident in St. Petersburg can, if so inclined, do so among the gypsies at Dorat, and verify my statement.

Then there was a pretty dance of a modified Oriental character by one of the damsels. For this, as for the singing, the only musical instrument used was a guitar, which had seven strings tuned in Spanish fashion, and was rather weak in tone. I wished it had been a powerful Panormo, which would have exactly suited the *timbre* of these voices. The gypsies were honestly interested in all I could tell them about their kind in other lands; while the girls were professionally desirous to hear more Anglo-Rommany songs, and were particularly pleased with one by Miss Janet Tuckey, beginning with the words:

"'Me shom akonyo,' gildas yoi,
Men būti ruzhior,
Te sār i chiriclia adoi
Pen mengy gilior.'"

Though we "got on" after a manner in our Rommany dialects, I was often obliged to have recourse to my friend the General to translate long sentences into Russian, especially when some sand-bar of a verb or some log of a noun impeded the current of our conversation. Finally, a formal request was made by the Captain, that I would, as one deep beyond all their experience in Rommany matters, kindly tell them what kind of people they really were, and whence they came. With this demand I cheerfully complied, every word being listened to with breathless interest. So I told them what I knew or had conjectured relative to their Indian origin, how their fathers had wandered forth through Persia, how their travels could be traced by the Persian, Greek, or Roumanian words in the language, how in 1417 a band of them appeared in Europe, led by a few men of great diplomatic skill, who, by crafty dealing, obtained from the Pope, the Emperor of Germany, and all the kings of Europe, except that of England, permission to wander for fifty years as pilgrims, declaring that they had been Christians, but, having become renegades, the King of Hungary had imposed a penance on them of half a century's exile. Then I informed them that precisely the same story had been told by them to the rulers in Syria and Egypt, only that in the Mohammedan countries they pretended to be good followers of Islam. I said there was reason to believe that some of their people had been in Poland and the other Slavonic countries ever since the eleventh century, but that those of England must have gone directly from this part of the world to Great Britain, for, although they had many Slavic words, such as *krallis* (king) and *shuba*, there were no French terms, and very few traces of German or Italian, in our dialect. I observed that the men all understood the geographical allusions which I made, knowing apparently where India, Persia, and Egypt were situated—a remarkable contrast to our own English "travelers," one of whom once informed me that he would like to go "on the road" in America, "because you know, sir, as America lays along into France, we could get our French baskets cheaper there."

I found on inquiry that the Russian gypsies profess Christianity; but, as the religion of the Greek Church, as I saw it, appears to be practically something very little better than fetich-worship, I can not exalt them as models of evangelical piety. They are, however, according to a popular proverb, not far from godliness in being very clean in their persons, and not only did they appear so to me, but I was assured by several Russians that, as regarded these singing gypsies, it was invariably the case. As for morality in gypsy girls, their principles are very peculiar. Not a whisper of scandal attaches to these Russian Rommany women as regards transient amours. But if a wealthy Russian gentleman falls in love with one, and will have and hold her permanently, or for a durable connection, he may take her to his home if she likes him, but must pay monthly a sum into the gypsy treasury, for these people apparently form an *artel*, or society-union, like all other classes of Russians. It may be suggested, as an explanation of this apparent incongruity, that gypsies all the world over regard steady cohabitation, or agreement, as marriage, binding themselves, as it were, by *Gandharba-vivaha*, as the saint married Vasantasena, which is an old Sanskrit way of wedding. And let me remark that, if one tenth of what I heard in Russia about "morals" in the highest or lowest or any other class be true, the gypsies of that country are shining lights and brilliant exemplars of morality to all by whom they are surrounded. Let me also add that never on any occasion did I hear or see among them anything in the slightest degree improper or unrefined. I knew very well that I could if I chose talk to such *naïve* people about subjects which would shock an English lady, and, as the reader may remember, I did quote Mr. Borrow's song which he has not translated. But a European girl who would have endured allusions to tabooed subjects would have at all times shown vulgarity or coarseness, while these Russian Rommany girls were invariably ladylike. It is true that the St. Petersburg party had a dissipated air; three or four of them looked

like second-class French or Italian theatrical artistes, and I should not be astonished to learn that very late hours and champagne were familiar to them as cigarettes, or that their flirtations among their own people were neither faint nor few nor far between. But their conduct in my presence was irreproachable. Those of Moscow, in fact, had not even the apparent defects of their St. Petersburg sisters and brothers, and when among them it always seemed to me as if I were simply with nice gentle creoles or Cubans, the gypsy manner being tamed down to the Spanish level, their great black eyes and their guitars increasing the resemblance.

The indescribably wild and thrilling character of gypsy music is thoroughly appreciated by the Russians, who pay very high prices for Rommany performances. From five to eight or ten pounds sterling is usually given to a dozen gypsies for singing an hour or two to a special party, and this is sometimes repeated twice or thrice of an evening. "A Russian gentleman, when he is in funds," said the clerk of the Slavansky Bazaar in Moscow to me, "will make nothing of giving the Zigani a hundred-ruble note," the ruble rating at half a crown. The result is, that good singers among these lucky Rommanies are well to do, and lead soft lives, for Russia.

MOSCOW.

I HAD no friends in Moscow to direct me where to find gypsies *en famille*, and the inquiries which I made of chance acquaintances simply convinced me that the world at large was as ignorant of their ways as it was prejudiced against them. At last the good-natured old porter of our hotel told me in his rough Baltic German how to meet these mysterious minstrels to advantage. "You must take a sleigh," he said, "and go out to Petrovka. That is a place in the country where there are grand *cafés* at considerable distances one from the other. Pay the driver three rubles for four hours. Enter a *café*, call for something to drink, listen to the gypsies singing, and, when they pass round a plate, put some money in it. That's all." This was explicit, and at ten o'clock in the evening I hired a sleigh and went.

If the cold which I had experienced in the General's troika in St. Petersburg might be compared to a moderate rheumatism, that which I encountered in the sleigh outside the walls of Moscow on Christmas eve, 1876, was like a fierce gout. The ride was in all conscience Russian enough to have its ending among gypsies, Tartars, or Cossacks. To go at a headlong pace over the creaking snow behind an *istvostshik*, named Vassili, the round cold moon overhead, church-spires tipped with great inverted golden turnips in the distance, and this on a night when the frost seemed almost to scream in its intensity, is as much of a sensation in the suburbs of Moscow as it could be out on the steppes. A few wolves, more or less, make no difference—and even wolves come sometimes within three hours' walk of the Kremlin. *Et ego inter lupos*—I too have been among wolves in my time, by night, and thought nothing of such rides compared to the one I had when I went gypsying from Moscow.

In half an hour Vassili brought me to a house which I entered. A "proud porter," a vast creature in uniform suggestive of embassies and kings' palaces, relieved me of my *shuba*, and I found my way into a very large and high hall, brilliantly lighted as if for a thousand guests, while the only occupants were four couples "spooning" *sans gêne*, one in each corner, and a small party of men and girls drinking in the middle. I called a waiter; he spoke nothing but Russian, and Russian is of all languages the most useless to him who only speaks it "a little." A little Arabic, or even a little Chippewa, I have found of great service, but a fair vocabulary and weeks of study of the grammar are of no avail in a country where even men of gentlemanly appearance turn away with childish impatience the instant they detect the foreigner, resolving apparently that they can not and *will not* understand him. In matters like this the ordinary Russian is more impatient and less intelligent than any Oriental or even Red Indian. The result of my interview with the waiter was that we were soon involved in the completest misunderstanding on the subject of gypsies. The question was settled by reference to a fat and fair damsel, one of the "spoons" already referred to, who spoke German. She explained to me that as it was Christmas eve no gypsies would be there or at any other *café*. This was disappointing. I called Vassili, and he drove on to another "garden," deeply buried in snow.

When I entered the rooms at this place, I perceived at a glance that matters had mended. There were the hum of many voices, the perfume of much tea and many *papiross* or cigarettes, with a prompt sense of society and of enjoyment. I was dazzled at first by the glare of the lights, and could distinguish nothing unless it was that the numerous company regarded me with utter amazement; for it was an "off night" when no business was expected—few were there save "professionals" and their friends—and I was manifestly an unexpected intruder on Bohemia. As luck would have it, that which I believed was the one worst night in the year to find the gypsy minstrels proved to be the exceptional occasion

when they only were assembled, and I had hit upon it. All of this struck me pleasantly enough as I looked around, for I knew that at a touch the spell would be broken, and with one word I should have the warmest welcome from all. I had literally not one speaking acquaintance within a thousand miles, and yet here was a room crowded with gay and festive strangers, whom the slightest utterance would convert into friends.

I was not disappointed. Seeking for a beginning, I saw a young man of gentlemanly appearance, well dressed, and with a mild and amiable air. Speaking to him in German, I asked the very needless question if there were any gypsies present.

"You wish to hear them sing?" he inquired.

"I do not. I only want to talk with one—with *any* one."

He appeared to be astonished, but pointing to a handsome, slender young lady, a very dark brunette, elegantly attired in black silk, said:

"There is one."

I stepped across to the girl, who rose to meet me. I said nothing for a few seconds, but looked at her intently, and then asked:

"*Rakessa tu Romanes, miri pen?*" ("Do you talk Rommany, my sister?")

She gave one deep, long glance of utter astonishment, drew one long breath, and, with a cry of delight and wonder, said:

"*Romanichal!*"

That word awoke the entire company, and with it they found out who the intruder was. "Then might you hear them cry aloud, 'The Moringer is here!'" for I began to feel like the long-lost lord returned, so warm was my welcome. They flocked around me; they cried aloud in Rommany, and one good-natured, smiling man, who looked like a German gypsy, mounting a chair, waved a guitar by its neck high in the air as a signal of discovery to those at a distance, repeating rapidly:

"*Av'akai, ava'kai, Romanichal!*" ("Come here—here's a gypsy!")

And they came, dark and light, great and small, and got round me and shook hands, and held to my arms, and asked where I came from, and how I did, and if it wasn't jolly, and what would I take to drink, and said how glad they were to see me; and when conversation flagged for an instant, somebody said to his next neighbor, with an air of wisdom, "American Rommany," and everybody repeated it with delight. Then it occurred to the guitarist and the young lady that we had better sit down. So my first acquaintance and discoverer, whose name was Liubasha, was placed, in right of preëmption, at my right hand, the *belle des belles*, Miss Sarsha, at my left, a sprinkling of damsels all around these, and then three or four circles of gypsies of different ages and tints standing up surrounded us all. In the outer ring were several fast-looking and pretty Russian or German blonde girls, whose mission it is, I believe, to dance—and flirt—with visitors, and a few gentlemanly-looking Russians—*vieux garçons*—evidently of the kind who are at home behind the scenes, and who knew where to come to enjoy themselves. Altogether there must have been about fifty present, and I soon observed that every word I uttered was promptly repeated, while every eye was fixed on me.

I could converse in Rommany with the guitarist, and without much difficulty, but with the charming, heedless young ladies I had as much trouble to talk as with their sisters in St. Petersburg. The young gentleman already referred to, to whom in my fancy I promptly gave the Offenbachian name of Prince Paul, translated whenever there was a misunderstanding, and in a few minutes we were all intimate. Miss Sarsha, who had a slight cast in one of her wild black eyes, which added something to the gypsiness and roguery of her smiles, and who wore in a ring a large diamond, which seemed as if it might be the right eye in the wrong place, was what is called an earnest young lady, with plenty to say and great energy wherewith to say it. What with her eyes, her diamond, her smiles, and her tongue, she constituted altogether a fine specimen of irrepressible fireworks, and Prince Paul had enough to do in facilitating conversation. There was no end to his politeness, but it was an impossible task for him now and then promptly to carry over a long sentence from German to Russian, and he would give it up like an invincible conundrum, with the patient smile and head-wag and hand-wave of an amiable Dundreary. Yet I began to surmise a mystery even in him. More than once he inadvertently betrayed a knowledge of Rommany, though he invariably spoke of his friends around in a patronizing manner as "these gypsies." This was very odd, for in appearance he was a Gorgio of the Gorgios, and did not seem, despite any talent for languages which he might possess, likely to trouble himself to acquire Rommany while Russian would answer every purpose of conversation. All of this was, however, explained to me afterward.

Prince Paul again asked me if I had come out to hear a concert. I said, "No—that I had simply come out to see my brothers and sisters and talk with them, just as I hoped they would come to see me if I were in my own country." This speech produced a most favorable impression, and there was, in a quiet way, a little private conversation among the leaders, after which Prince

Paul said to me, in a very pleasant manner, that "these gypsies," being delighted at the visit from the gentleman from a distant country, would like to offer me a song in token of welcome. To this I answered, with many thanks, that such kindness was more than I had expected, for I was well aware of the great value of such a compliment from singers whose fame had reached me even in America. It was evident that my grain of a reply did not fall upon stony ground, for I never was among people who seemed to be so quickly impressed by any act of politeness, however trifling. A bow, a squeeze of the hand, a smile, or a glance, would gratify them, and this gratification their lively black eyes expressed in the most unmistakable manner.

So we had the song, wild and wonderful like all of its kind, given with all that delightful *abandon* which attains perfection only among gypsies. I had enjoyed the singing in St. Petersburg, but there was a *laisser aller*, a completely gay spirit, in this Christmas-eve gypsy party in Moscow which was much more "whirling away." For at Dorot the gypsies had been on exhibition; here at Petrovka they were frolicking *en famille* with a favored guest—a Rommany Rye from a far land to astonish and delight—and he took good care to let them feel that they were achieving a splendid success, for I declared many times that it was *bütsi shükár*, or very beautiful. Then I called for tea and lemon, and after that the gypsies sang for their own amusement, Miss Sarsha, as the incarnation of fun and jollity, taking the lead, and making me join in. Then the crowd made way, and in the space appeared a very pretty little girl in the graceful old gypsy Oriental dress. This child danced charmingly indeed, in a style strikingly like that of the Almeh of Egypt, but without any of the erotic expressions which abound in Eastern pantomime. This little Rommany girl was to me enchanting, being altogether unaffected and graceful. It was evident that her dancing, like the singing of her elder sisters, was not an art which had been drilled in by instruction. They had fallen into it in infancy, and perfected themselves by such continual practice, that what they did was as natural as walking or talking. When the dancing was over, I begged that the little girl would come to me, and, kissing her tiny gypsy hand, I said, "*Spassibo tute kamli, eto hi bütsi shükár*" ("Thank you, dear; that is very pretty"), with which the rest were evidently pleased. I had observed among the singers, at a little distance, a very remarkable and rather handsome old woman—a good study for an artist—and she, as I also noticed, had sung with a powerful and clear voice. "She is our grandmother," said one of the girls. Now, as every student of gypsies knows, the first thing to do in England or Germany, on entering a tent-gypsy encampment, is to be polite to "the old woman." Unless you can win her good opinion you had better be gone. The Russian city Roms have apparently no such fancies. On the road, however, life is patriarchal, and the grandmother is a power to be feared. As a fortune-teller she is a witch, ever at warfare with the police world; she has a bitter tongue, and is quick to wrath. This was not the style or fashion of the old gypsy singer; but, as soon as I saw the *puri babali dye*, I requested that she would shake hands with me, and by the impression which this created I saw that the Rommany of the city had not lost all the feelings of the road.

I spoke of Waramoff's beautiful song of the "Krasneya Sarafan," which Miss Sarsha began at once to warble. The characteristic of Russian gypsy-girl voices is a peculiarly delicate metallic tone—like that of the two silver bells of the Tower of Ivan Velikoi when heard from afar—yet always marked with fineness and strength. This is sometimes startling in the wilder effects, but it is always agreeable. These Moscow gypsy girls have a great name in their art, and it was round the shoulders of one of them—for aught I know it may have been Sarsha's great-grandmother—that Catalani threw the cashmere shawl which had been given to her by the Pope, as "to the best singer in the world." "It is not mine by right," said the generous Italian; "it belongs to the gypsy."

The gypsies were desirous of learning something about the songs of their kindred in distant lands, and, though no singer, I did my best to please them, the guitarist easily improvising accompaniments, while the girls joined in. As all were in a gay mood, faults were easily excused, and the airs were much liked—Miss Tuckey's lyrics, set by Virginia Gabriel, being even more admired in Moscow than in St. Petersburg, apropos of which I may mention that, when I afterward visited the gypsy family in their own home, the first request from Sarsha was, "*Eto gilyo rya!*" ("*That* song, sir"), referring to "Rommany," which has been heard at several concerts in London. And so, after much discussion of the affairs of Egypt, I took my leave amid a chorus of kind farewells. Then Vassili, loudly called for, reappeared from some nook with his elegantly frosted horse, and in a few minutes we were dashing homeward. Cold! it was as severe as in western New York or Minnesota, where the thermometer for many days every winter sinks lower than in St. Petersburg, but where there are no such incredible precautions taken as in the land of double windows cemented down, and fur-lined *shubas*. It is remarkable that the gypsies, who are Hindoos by

origin, are said to surpass the Russians in enduring cold; and there is a marvelous story told about a Rommany who for a wager undertook to sleep naked against a clothed Muscovite on the ice of a river during an unusually cold night. In the morning the Russian was found frozen stiff, while the gypsy was snoring away unharmed. As we returned, I saw in the town something which recalled this story in more than one *moujik*, who, well wrapped up, lay sleeping in the open air, under the lee of a house. Passing through silent Moscow on the early Christmas morn, under the stars, as I gazed at the marvelous city which yields neither to Edinburgh, Cairo, nor Prague in picturesqueness, and thought over the strange evening I had spent among the gypsies, I felt as if I were in a melodrama with striking scenery. The pleasing *finale* was the utter amazement and almost speechless gratitude of Vassili at getting an extra half-ruble as an early Christmas gift.

As I had received a pressing invitation from the gypsies to come again, I resolved to pay them a visit on Christmas afternoon in their own house if I could find it. Having ascertained that the gypsy street was in a distant quarter, called the *grouszini*, I engaged a sleigh, standing before the door of the Slavanski-Bazaar Hotel, and the usual close bargain with the driver was effected with the aid of a Russian gentleman, a stranger passing by, who reduced the ruble (one hundred kopecks) at first demanded to seventy kopecks. After a very long drive we found ourselves in the gypsy street, and the *istvostshik* asked me, "To what house?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Gypsies live here, don't they?"

"Gypsies, and no others."

"Well, I want to find a gypsy."

The driver laughed, and just at that instant I saw, as if awaiting me on the sidewalk, Sarsha, Liubasha, and another young lady with a good-looking youth, their brother.

"This will do," I said to the driver, who appeared utterly amazed at seeing me greeted like an old friend by the Zigani, but who grinned with delight, as all Russians of the lower class invariably do, at anything like sociability and fraternity. The damsels were faultlessly attired in Russian style, with full fur-lined glossy black-satin cloaks and fine Orenberg scarfs, which are, I believe, the finest woolen fabrics in the world. The party were particularly anxious to know if I had come specially to visit *them*, for I have passed over the fact that I had also made the acquaintance of another very large family of gypsies who sang at a rival *café*, and who had also treated me very kindly. I was at once conducted to a house, which we entered in a rather gypsy way, not in front, but through a court, a back door, and up a staircase, very much in the style of certain dwellings in the Potteries in London. But, having entered, I was led through one or two neat rooms, where I saw lying sound asleep on beds, but dressed, one or two very dark Rommanies, whose faces I remembered. Then we passed into a sitting-room, which was very well furnished. I observed hanging up over the chimney-piece a good collection of photographs, nearly all of gypsies, and indicating that close resemblance to Hindoos which comes out so strongly in such pictures, being, in fact, more apparent in the pictures than in the models; just as the photographs of the old Ulfilas manuscript revealed curious characteristics not visible in the original. In the center of the group was a cabinet-size portrait of Sarsha, and by it another of an Englishman of *very* high rank. I thought this odd, but asked no questions.

My hosts were very kind, offering me promptly a rich kind of Russian cake, begging to know what else I would like to eat or drink, and apparently deeply concerned that I could really partake of nothing, as I had just come from luncheon. They were all light-hearted and gay, so that the music began at once, as wild and as bewitching as ever. And here I observed, even more than before, how thoroughly sincere these gypsies were in their art, and to what a degree they enjoyed and were excited by their own singing. Here in their own home, warbling like birds and frolicking like children, their performance was even more delightful than it had been in the concert-room. There was evidently a great source of excitement in the fact that I must enjoy it far more than an ordinary stranger, because I understood Rommany and sympathized with gypsy ways, and regarded them not as the *Gaji* or Gentiles do, but as brothers and sisters. I confess that I was indeed moved by the simple kindness with which I was treated, and I knew that, with the wonderfully keen perception of character in which gypsies excel, they perfectly understood my liking for them. It is this ready intuition of feelings which, when it is raised from an instinct to an art by practice, enables shrewd old women to tell fortunes with so much skill.

I was here introduced to the mother of the girls. She was a neat, pleasant-looking woman, of perhaps forty years, in appearance and manners irresistibly reminding me of some respectable Cuban lady. Like the others, she displayed an intelligent curiosity as to my knowledge of Rommany, and I was pleased at finding that she knew much more of the language than her children did. Then there entered a young Russian gentleman, but not "Prince Paul." He was,

however, a very agreeable person, as all Russians can be when so minded, and they are always so minded when they gather from information or conjecture the fact that the stranger whom they meet is one of education or position. This young gentleman spoke French, and undertook the part of occasional translator.

I asked Liubasha if any of them understood fortune-telling.

"No—we have quite lost the art of *dorriki*.* None of us know anything about it. But we hear that you Romanichals over the Black Water understand it. Oh, *rya*," she cried, eagerly, "you know so much—you're such a deep Rommany—can't *you* tell fortunes?"

"I should indeed know very little about Rommany ways," I replied gravely, "if I could not *pen dorriki*. But I tell you beforehand, *terni pen*, '*dorrikipen hi hokanipen*' (Little Sister), fortune-telling is deceiving. Yet what the lines say, I can read."

In an instant six as pretty little gypsy hands as I ever beheld were thrust before me, and I heard as many cries of delight. "Tell *my* fortune, *rya!* tell mine! and *mine!*" exclaimed the damsels, and I complied. It was all very well to tell them there was nothing in it—they knew a trick worth two of that. I perceived at once that the faith which endures beyond its own knowledge was placed in all I said. In England the gypsy woman, who at home ridicules her own fortune-telling and her dupes, still puts faith in a *gusveri mush*, or some "wise man," who with crystal or magical apparatus professes occult knowledge, for she thinks that her own false art is an imitation of a true one. It is really amusing to see the reverence with which an old gypsy will look at the awful hieroglyphics in Cornelius Agrippa's "Occult Philosophy," or, better still, "Trithemius," and, as a gift, any ordinary fortune-telling book is esteemed by them beyond rubies. It is true that they can not read it, but the precious volume is treasured like a fetich, and the owner is happy in the thought of at least possessing darksome and forbidden lore, though it be of no earthly use to her. After all the kindness they had shown me, I could not find it in my heart to refuse to tell these gentle Zingari their little fortunes. It is not, I admit, exactly in the order of things that the chicken should dress the cook, or the Gorgio tell fortunes to gypsies, but he who wanders in strange lands meets with strange adventures. So, with a full knowledge of the legal penalties attached in England to palmistry and other conjuration, and with the then pending Slade case knocking heavily on my conscience, I proceeded to examine and predict. When I afterward narrated this incident to the late G. H. Lewes, he expressed himself to the effect that to tell fortunes to gypsies struck him as the very *ne plus ultra* of cheek—which shows how extremes meet, for verily it was with great modesty and proper diffidence that I ventured to foretell the lives of these little ladies, having an antipathy to the practice of chiromancing as to other romancing.

I have observed that as among men of great and varied culture, and of extensive experience, there are more complex and delicate shades and half-shades of light in the face, so in the palm the lines are correspondingly varied and broken. Take a man of intellect and a peasant of equal excellence of figure according to the literal rules of art or of anatomy, and this subtile multiplicity of variety shows itself in the whole body in favor of the "gentleman," so that it would almost seem as if every book we read is republished in the person. The first thing that struck me in these gypsy hands was the very remarkable fewness of the lines, their clearly defined sweep, and their simplicity. In every one the line of life was unbroken, and, in fine, one might think from a drawing of the hand, and without knowing who its owner might be, that he or she was of a type of character unknown in most great European cities, a being gifted with special culture, and in a certain simple sense refined, but not endowed with experience in a thousand confused phases of life. To avoid mistakes I told the fortunes in French, which was translated into Russian. I need not say that every word was listened to with earnest attention, or that the group of dark but young and comely faces, as they gathered around and bent over, would have made a good subject for a picture. After the girls, the mother must needs hear her *dorriki* also, and last of all the young Russian gentleman, who seemed to take as earnest an interest in his future as even the gypsies. As he alone understood French, and as he appeared to be *un peu gaillard*, and finally, as the lines of his hand said nothing to the contrary, I predicted for him in detail a fortune in which *bonnes fortunes* were not at all wanting. I think he was pleased, but when I asked him if he would translate what I had said of his future into Russian, he replied with a slight wink and a scarcely perceptible negative. I suppose he had his reasons.

Then we had singing again, and Christopher, the brother, a wild and gay young gypsy, became so excited that while playing the guitar he also danced and carolled, and the sweet voices of the girls rose in chorus, and I was again importuned for the *Rommany* song, and we had altogether a very Bohemian frolic. I was sorry when the ear-

* In Old English Rommany this is called *dorrikin*, in common parlance, *dukkerin*. Both forms are really old.

ly twilight faded into night, and I was obliged, notwithstanding many entreaties to the contrary, to take my leave. These gypsies had been very friendly and kind to me in a strange city where I had not an acquaintance, and where I had expected none. They had given me of their very best—for they gave me songs which I can never forget, and which were better to me than all the opera could bestow. The young Russian, polite to the last, went bareheaded with me into the street, and hailing a sleigh-driver began to bargain for me. In Moscow, as in other places, it makes a great difference in the fare, whether one takes a public conveyance from before the first hotel or from a house in the gypsy quarter. I had paid seventy kopecks to come, and I at once found that my new friend and the driver were engaged in wild and fierce dispute whether I should pay twenty or thirty to return.

"Oh, give him thirty," I exclaimed. "It's little enough."

"*Non*," replied the Russian, with the air of a man of principles. "*Il ne faut pas gâter ces gens-la.*" But I gave the driver thirty all the same when we got home, and thereby earned the usual shower of blessings.

A few days afterward, while going from Moscow to St. Petersburg, I made the acquaintance of a young Russian noble and diplomate who was well informed on all current gossip, and learned from him some curious facts. The first young gentleman whom I had seen among the Rommanies of Moscow was the son of a Russian prince by a gypsy mother, and the very noble Englishman whose photograph I had seen in Sarsha's collection had not long ago (as rumor averred) paid desperate attentions to the *belle* of the Rommanies without obtaining the least success. My informant did not know her name. Putting this and that together, I think it highly probable that Sarsha was the young lady, and that the *latcho bar*, or diamond, which sparkled on her finger had been paid for with British gold, while the donor had gained the same "unluck" which befell one of his type in the Spanish gypsy song as given by George Borrow:

"Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus his ditty ran—
'God send the gypsy maiden here,
But not the gypsy man.'

"On high arose the moon so bright,
The gypsy 'gan to sing,
'I see a Spaniard coming here,
I must be on the wing.'"

CHARLES G. LELAND (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW WORLD.

I.

A FINE passage in the good ship Scythia, of the Cunard line, with most agreeable fellow passengers, both English and American, landed me at New York on June 3, 1879. Such a ship, under such a hospitable and pleasant commander as Captain Hains, is a sort of ark to which every bird would willingly return, and so by the same vessel I reëmbarked for Liverpool on July 16th. A visit of only six weeks to the continent of America can give nothing more than first impressions, and these, too, of only a very small portion of the country. My visit was purely personal and private. I saw little of men and nothing of institutions. From politics of all kinds, whether Eastern or Western, it was my great object to escape. But to the forests, to the hills, to the rivers, to the birds, to the general aspects of nature in the New World, I went with a fresh eye, and in these I found much of which no description had given me any accurate idea. Of a few of these first and fresh impressions I desire to give some account in the pages which follow.

In one great feature of landscape the States and the Provinces of North America differ very much from any expectation I had formed. That feature is the nature and disposition of the woods. They are not the woods that stand round the "stately homes of England"; neither is there any hedgerow timber such as, from every elevation in the midland counties, gives to the whole country, even to the verge of a distant horizon, the appearance of one rich and continuous forest. Still less are they woods of France or of Germany, where arboriculture is a regular branch of study, where the maximum of produce to the acre is carefully considered, and where every scrap, even the "lop and top," is neatly collected and piled in "cords." In America, with the exception of the trees which are planted with admirable effect in the streets of cities and towns,

there is hardly any indication of the cultivation of trees being attended to at all. I saw nothing that could be called fine timber, and no woods which showed any care in thinning, with a view to the production of such timber in the future. And yet the woods of North America are very varied in form and very beautiful in composition. They are by no means mere patches of original forest left in the midst of "clearings," nor is the cultivated country generally bare, with the remains of that forest standing in ragged edges round it. There are, indeed, some districts where this is the aspect of the land, and a very dreary aspect it is; but the general character of all the country which has been long settled is very different. It is not a land of "brown heath," but it is emphatically a land of "shaggy wood"; a land in which clumps, and thickets, and lines, and irregular masses of the most beautiful foliage vary and adorn the surface. This is what I had not expected, and what it delighted me much to see. The secret of it lies in one circumstance, which is the secret also of much else that is characteristic of the American Continent—the over-abundance of land as compared with the cultivating and occupying power of the settled population. It is not worth while to cultivate any land but the best. Every acre which is of inferior quality or in an inconvenient situation, every rocky knoll too hard, every bank and brae too steep to plow, the sides of every stream, the banks of every dell, and frequent tracts on every hillside, are left in a state of nature. But throughout the Eastern States and Provinces, the soil being full of the seeds of trees, the state of nature is a state of woodedness. Even where the whole face of the country has been burned by forest-fires, and the settler has appropriated whatever portion of it was best and most easily worked, the after-growth which has sprung up is a beautiful tangle of birch and oak and elm and maple; and these tangles, wholly uncared for, are left to flourish as they may. To a large extent these woods are of no value for any economical purpose, except firewood and fencing. The fine trees have disappeared with the original forest, and there has been no time, so young are even the oldest settled countries of America, for the new growth to attain any size. The struggle for existence is allowed to go on among the contending species, and it requires a long time under such conditions to develop even fair-sized timber. It astonished me to see, even in the close neighborhood of the oldest cities of New England, the extent of land which is abandoned to what may be called "bush." Cockney travelers and cockney economists are accustomed to talk of the "waste lands" of England and Scotland—a phrase under which they designate all land which is not under the plow or divided into fields capable of arable cultivation. The truth is, that in our island there is, properly speaking, no waste land at all. The roughest pastures are all utilized. Even the rugged mountains are the support of great flocks of sheep, which may or may not be seen by the tourist from Cheapside. There is, indeed, abundance of land which, under other conditions of demand, might be, and some day will be, capable of a higher cultivation. This, however, is as true of the land which now yields the finest crops of wheat, or turnips, or potatoes, as it is of the hillside which yields only grass and heather. It is conceivable that the whole soil may at some future time be under the conditions of a market-garden, when abundance of manure, cheapness of labor, and great demand for produce by vast consuming populations combine to render such cultivation possible and remunerative. But in the middle of the oldest States of North America there are immense areas of country which in the strictest sense may be said to be waste. On the line of railway between Boston and Fall River, a line which connects the most renowned city with one of the most fashionable watering-places of New England, Newport, I was not a little surprised to see the great extent of land occupied by the wildest jungle of shaggy wood, in some places not unlike the lovely clothing which covers the rocks of Loch Katrine or Loch Lomond. Marshy ground, carpeted with a plant which, in general effect, reproduces our own "bog myrtle," abounded also. The scenery of the Hudson—the beauty of which far exceeded my expectations—depends largely on the beauty of the woods. Everywhere, even in the midst of the villas which are the retreat of the citizens of New York, there are the most beautiful thickets of wood, climbing the steep banks, hanging over the swampy hollows, and fringing the rocky promontories which form the margin of that magnificent estuary. In truth, the woodedness of the landscape is in excess. A mountain-range loses in picturesque effect when it is covered to the top with wood, when no rocks appear upon the surface, and no bald top rises above the vegetation of the base; yet this is the uniform character of all the mountains and hills which I happened to see on the American Continent. The Catskill Mountains, which are a conspicuous feature in the scenery of the Hudson, seem to be everywhere covered to the very summits by trees, which, though larger than those which we should call copsewood, are yet not large enough to have the aspect of fine timber. The hills round and above West Point, the great military seminary of the United States, are one vast wood. And there is another feature of these woods which surprised me, and that is, the very small propor-

tion of the pine tribe as compared with deciduous trees. In the valley of the Hudson there are hardly enough to give variety; and even farther north, and throughout the settled parts of Canada, where portions of the original forests survive on the plains or on the hills, nowhere do we meet with the monotonous aspect of a purely pine vegetation. The woods and forests are all largely composed of elm, ash, and maple, with frequent tracts of birch and aspen.*

It was with much regret that I passed through Albany without stopping to see it in detail. The charming picture given by Mrs. Grant of Laggan † of the life led by the early settlers there, about a hundred years ago, is the picture of a condition of society which has passed away. But some features remain, and among these there is one which especially strikes a stranger in all the towns and villages of New England. Where trees are rare in Europe, they are most striking in America. Planting, superfluous, and therefore neglected elsewhere in the New World, has been carefully attended to in the cities. Their streets are almost all avenues of handsome trees, the boughs meeting over the ample roadway, their foliage everywhere conspicuous among the houses, and often giving a comfortable rural aspect even to the most crowded seats of industry. The view of Albany from a distance on the railway is very striking, the State-House, like most of the public buildings in America, being large and handsome, and seen rising out of a most picturesque intermixture of tiles and leaves. This peculiar feature of American towns is, like so many other things in that country, a consequence of its wealth of land. No economy of its surface is ever needed, and none is attended to. Mrs. Grant's description of Albany, as it existed in her day, is the description, more or less accurate, of all the towns and villages of New England:

> The town [she says], in proportion to its population, occupied a great space of ground. The city, in short, was a kind of semi-rural establishment; every house had its own garden, well, and a little green behind; before every door a tree was planted, rendered interesting by being coeval with some beloved member of the family. Many of these trees were of prodigious size and extraordinary beauty, but without regularity, every one planting the kind that best pleased him, or which he thought would afford the most agreeable shade to the open portico at his door, which was surrounded by seats, and ascended by a few steps. It was in these that each domestic group was seated in summer evenings to enjoy the balmy twilight or serenely clear moonlight.

The valley of the Mohawk, into which the railway passes to the north of Albany, has a character and a beauty of its own, very different from that of the valley of the Hudson. In the first place, the Mohawk is a true river, and not an estuary; in the second place, it is a small river as compared with the mighty streams of the American Continent; a river not like a lake or an inland sea, but a river that the eye can take in, and understand as such—a river like the Thames, only greatly more rapid, winding among green meadows, round pleasant islets, under willowy banks, with here and there a few stately elms. The breadth of the valley, too, is comparatively small, not unlike some parts of the valley of the Thames above Maidenhead, but with sides rising in longer slopes and to far greater elevations. These slopes are occupied by farms, in which grass seemed to predominate over crops, and they are adorned by ample remains of the ancient forests, beautifully disposed in irregular clumps, and lines, and masses of every conceivable size and form, the sky-line being generally a line of unbroken wood, with an increasing proportion of pine. Nowhere did I observe a more favorable specimen of the woodiness of American landscape—the mixture of evergreen with deciduous trees was perfect. There are, of course, in America no stiff plantations such as too frequently mar the landscapes of the Old World. All had the appearance of natural wood, and not even the most skillful planting in the great places of England or of Scotland could show a more beautiful variety of foliage or a more picturesque intermixture of field and wood.

It is impossible to pass through the beautiful valley of the Mohawk without having one's mind turned to the many curious and interesting questions on the history and fate of the Indian tribes of North America. It is but as yesterday that it was the home of one of the most remarkable of those tribes. Hardly a vestige of them now remains. Within the compass almost of a single human life there has disappeared from the world a people who, though savage in some respects, had nevertheless either the vestiges or the germs of an ample civilization. It is very difficult in America to recollect how young everything there is, and how rapidly the culture of the Old World has overflowed and submerged all that remained of, or all that might have come from, the culture of the native races. This youth of America as

* Might I suggest to my friends in America the possibility of limiting the nuisance of advertisements on the lovely banks of the Hudson? Every available surface of rock is covered with the hideous letters of some pill, or some potion, or some embrocation, or of some application still more offensive, for the ills of humanity. To such an extent is this nuisance carried, that it seemed to me to interfere seriously with the beauty of one of the most beautiful rivers in the world.

† "Memoirs of an American Lady," New York.

we now see it was forcibly impressed upon me by an accidental circumstance. On entering the harbor of New York I was very kindly presented, by General Wilson, of that city, with a copy of a new edition of the work already quoted, the "Memoirs of an American Lady," by Mrs. Grant of Laggan. Mrs. Grant was my mother's friend and teacher, and few names were more familiar to me in early years. She did not die till 1838; yet her girlhood was spent in Albany when that city was one of the advanced posts of European settlement in America, and when it was still so weak that it was not altogether indifferent to the friendship and protection of the Indians of the Mohawk. In the long and bitter contest for supremacy in North America between France and England both nations had need of native allies. It was mainly by Indian auxiliaries that only three years before Mrs. Grant's arrival in America a small body of Frenchmen had defeated and destroyed a well-appointed British army commanded by a veteran in the wars of Europe. The tribes of the great Algonquin family were those whose friendship was cultivated by the French; while the Iroquois, or Five Nations, were the special allies of the English colonists. In this division we had the best of it, for the Iroquois, of whom the Mohawks were the most powerful tribe, were the great warriors of that portion of the American Continent. It is curious to observe the very different estimate formed of those people by scientific writers of the present day, and by such writers as Mrs. Grant, who represents the feeling of the colonists in immediate contact with the Mohawks. "In regard to their internal condition and progress in the arts," says Mr. Dawson, "notwithstanding the gloss with which time may to some extent cover these aborigines, we can not disguise from ourselves that they were for the most part the veriest savages." *

> Were they savages [on the other hand, asks Mrs. Grant] who had fixed habitations, who cultivated rich fields, who built castles (for so they called their not incommodious houses surrounded with palisades), who planted maize, beans, and showed considerable ingenuity in constructing and adorning their canoes, arms, and clothing? They who had wise though unwritten laws, and conducted their wars, treaties, and alliances with deep and sound policy; they whose eloquence was bold, nervous, and animated, whose language was sonorous, musical, and expressive; who possessed generous and elevated sentiments, heroic fortitude, and unstained probity—were these, indeed, savages?

Making every allowance for a woman's enthusiastic admiration of the picturesque in Indian life and character, there can be no doubt that there was a substantial foundation for this representation of them. On the assumption that the law of development has always worked in one direction, it is hard, indeed, to account for the total decay of races who had advanced so far; but, if that assumption be a false one—if the development of evil is as certain and even more rapid in its work than the development of good—then the phenomenon is not incapable of explanation. It is now well ascertained that the disappearance of the North American tribes is not a result of contact and collision with the higher civilization of the European settlers. Even if it had been due to this contact, the result would not have been the less one requiring explanation. The uncivilized races of India and of Africa do not wither or melt away in the "fierce light" of European culture. In general they not only survive but multiply and flourish. Something else must have been at work in the case of the aboriginal population of North America. The truth is, that their decay is only the consummation of a process which had begun long before Europeans had come into contact with them, and that it has been consummated from the operation of causes purely internal. And one of these causes is inseparably connected with the very name of the Mohawks. In them there was a wonderful development of the passion and the power of fighting. It became an insatiable thirst for blood. Their very name was a terror in all the vast and fair regions of America which stretch between the ocean and the Great Lakes. Whole tracts of country, in which the first Jesuit missionaries had seen flourishing villages with a settled population, and a prosperous agricultural industry, were devastated by the fierce Mohawks. The population was extirpated, the few survivors driven into the marshes and the forests, to live thenceforward solely by the chase, and to be quoted thenceforward by modern anthropologists as the type of primeval man. The evolution of savagery has thus, on an extended scale, been seen and described by eye-witnesses, not only in historic but in very recent times. And then the conquerors themselves became the victims of the vices and of the unnatural habits which had been developed along with their sole addiction to war and with their thirst of blood. One of these vices was the cruel treatment of women, on whom the whole burden of work was laid, and whose wretched condition has been described by many writers. Was this primeval? If so, man was born into the world with lower habits and poorer instincts than the brutes. All the analogies of nature and all the presumptions of reason are in favor

* "Sketches of the Past and Present Condition of the Indians of Canada." By George M. Dawson. Reprinted from "The Canadian Naturalist."

of the conclusion that these destructive and suicidal habits and vices are the results of development, the end of small beginnings of evil, and of departures, at first slight, from the order of nature. The American Continent is covered with the remains of an ancient civilization which has passed away, and which for the most part had already passed away long before it suffered any violence from external enemies. The history of its destruction is to a great extent unknown. But such indications of that history as can be derived from what we know of the aboriginal races point directly to American savagery as the result of vices evolving their own natural consequences through a long lapse of time.

As we passed, in the course of a few hours, through an extent of country which it took Mrs. Grant, with her father's detachment of the Fifty-fifth Regiment, nearly three weeks to traverse, it was difficult to realize the change which had been brought about during an interval of time so short in the life of nations. The peaceful homesteads of the Mohawk Valley, and its thriving towns, presented a contrast with its past even more absolute than that which is presented by the scenes of our own old Border warfare; and the beautiful lines in which this contrast has been presented by the great Border Minstrel come involuntarily to one's mind:

> "Sweet Teviot, on thy silver tide
> The flaring bale-fires blaze no more;
> No longer steel-clad warriors ride
> Along thy wild and willowed shore:
> Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
> All, all is peaceful, all is still,
> As if thy waves since Time was born,
> Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
> Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
> Nor started at the bugle horn." *

As we emerged from the valley of the Mohawk into the open rolling country whose streams fall into Lake Ontario, I was struck with the vast extent of pasture-land, apparently of the finest quality. The number of cattle visible on its surface seemed strangely below its capabilities of feeding. It gave me the impression of a country very much understocked, and cultivated, when cultivated at all, in the most careless manner. It was here I first saw an American forest-clearing—and nothing more dreary can well be imagined. The stumps of the trees, some eight or ten feet high, are left in the ground; some charred quite black, others bleached quite white—all looking the picture of decay. The edges of the surrounding woods are of course ragged—the trees shabby and unhealthy, as trees always are which have grown up in thickets, and are then left to stand in the open.

This is the aspect of country of which I had expected to see a great deal—and no doubt in many districts large tracts must be in this condition. But it is the condition only of the country where the processes of settlement are in their first stage. In a few years the soil, pregnant with seeds of all kinds, soon sends up a rich and tangled arboreal vegetation on every spot which is not kept in continual cultivation.

The shades of night had blotted out the landscape long before we reached Niagara. The northwestern horizon, however, had been for some time illuminated by summer lightning, which soon became forked and very brilliant. As we crossed the suspension-bridge, seeing nothing but a dim whiteness in the distance, a flash unusually long and vivid lit up the whole splendor of the Falls with its pallid and ghastly light.

There is perhaps no natural object in any part of the world which, when seen, answers so accurately to expectation as the Falls of Niagara. Pictures and photographs without end have made them familiar in every aspect in which they can be represented. Those in what they can not be represented are the last to be seen and the last to be appreciated. The first approach to them is perhaps the least imposing view of all. They are seen at the distance of about a mile. They are seen, too, from an elevation above the level of the top of the Falls, and the great breadth of the river, as compared with the height of the precipice, makes that height look comparatively small. Nevertheless, the effect of the whole, with the two great columns of spray from the "Horse-shoe," suddenly revealed by a flash of lightning, is an effect which can never be forgotten. The power and beauty of Niagara are best seen from the point on the Canadian bank whence the "Table-Rock" once projected. This arises from the fact that the deepest convexity of the "Horse-shoe" is only well seen from that point, and it is along the edges of that convexity that the greatest mass of water falls, with an unbroken rush, which is only to be seen here, and in the heaviest billows of the Atlantic when their crests rise transparent against the light. The greens and blues of that rush are among the most exquisite colors in nature, and the lines upon it, which express irresistible weight and force, are as impressive as they are delicate and indefinable. The awfulness of the scene is much increased when the wind carries the spray-cloud over the spectator and envelops him in its mists; because, while these are often thick enough wholly to conceal the foaming water at the bottom of the Falls, they are rarely thick enough to conceal the

* "Lay of the Last Minstrel," canto iv.

mighty leap of the torrent at the top. The consequence is, that the water seems to be tumbling into a bottomless abyss—with a deafening roar, intensified by the same currents of air which carry the drenching spray.

I am inclined to think, however, that the most impressive of all the scenes at Niagara is one of which comparatively little is said. The river Niagara above the Falls runs in a channel very broad, and very little depressed below the general level of the country. But there is a steep declivity in the bed of the stream for a considerable distance above the precipice, and this constitutes what are called the Rapids. The consequence is, that when we stand at any point near the edge of the Falls, and look up the course of the stream, the foaming waters of the Rapids constitute the sky-line. No indication of land is visible—nothing to express the fact that we are looking at a river. The crests of the breakers, the leaping and the rushing of the waters, are all seen against the clouds, as they are seen in the ocean when the ship from which we look is in the "trough of the sea." It is impossible to resist the effect on the imagination. It is as if the fountains of the great deep were being broken up, and as if a new deluge were coming on the world. The impression is rather increased than diminished by the perspective of the low, wooded banks on either shore, running down to a vanishing-point and seeming to be lost in the advancing waters. An apparently shoreless sea tumbling toward one is a very grand and a very awful sight. Forgetting there what one knows, and giving one's self up to what one only sees, I do not know that there is anything in nature more majestic than the view of the Rapids above the Falls of Niagara.

A very curious question, and one of great scientific interest, arises out of this great difference between the course of the Niagara River above and below the Falls. It has, in my opinion, been much too readily assumed by geologists that rivers have excavated the valleys in which they run. In innumerable cases the work thus attributed to rivers is a work wholly beyond their power. Under certain conditions, no doubt, the cutting power of running water is very great. When the declivity is steep, and when the stream is liable to floods carrying stones and gravel along with it, the work of excavation may be rapid. On the other hand, when the declivity is gentle, when the quantity of water is not liable to sudden increase, and when it carries little foreign matter, it may run for unnumbered ages without producing more than the most insignificant effect. Much also depends on the disposition of the rocks over which a river runs. If these, from their texture or from their stratification, present edges which are easily attacked or undermined, even a gentle stream may cut rapidly for itself a deeper bed. On the other hand, when the rocks do not expose any surfaces which are easily assailable, a very large body of water may be powerless to attack them, and may run over them for ages without being able to scoop out more than a few feet or even a few inches. Accordingly, such is actually the case of the Niagara River in the upper part of its course from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. In all the ages during which it has run in that course for fifteen miles, it has not been able to remove more than a few feet of soil or rock. The country is level and the banks are very low, so low that in looking up the bed of the river the more distant trees on either bank seem to rise out of the water. But suddenly, in the middle of the comparatively level country, the river encounters a precipice of one hundred and sixty-five feet deep, and thenceforward for seven miles runs through a profound cleft or ravine, the bottom of which is not less than three hundred feet below the general level of the country. Now the question arises how that precipice came to be there? This would be no puzzle at all if the precipice were coincident with a sudden declivity in the general level of the country on either side of the river. And there is such a declivity—but it is not at Niagara. It is seven miles farther on. At the Falls there is no depression in the general level of the banks. Indeed, on the Canadian shore the land rises very considerably just above the Falls. On the American shore it continues at the same elevation. The whole country here, however, is a table-land, and that table-land has a termination—an edge—over which the river must fall before it can reach Lake Ontario. But that edge does not run across the country at Niagara, but along a line much nearer to Lake Ontario, where it is a conspicuous feature in the landscape, and is called the Queenstown Heights. The natural place, therefore, so to speak, for the Falls would have been where the river came to that edge, and from that point the river has all the appearance of having cut its way backward in the course of time. The process is still going on, and arises from a cause which fully explains the powerful action of the river in its lower course and its very feeble action in its upper course. The bed of rock over which the water flows from Lake Erie is a hard limestone, and it lies nearly flat. This is precisely the kind and the position of rock in which water acts most slowly. But underneath this bed of limestone there is another bed of a soft, incoherent shale. At the edge of the table-land, of course, this bed becomes exposed when the vegetation of the declivity is washed away by a river falling over it.

In a climate so severe as that of Canada, even in our own time, the annual freezing of the spray, and of the dripping water, and the annual thawing of it again in spring, have the effect of making the bed of shale crumble away very rapidly; consequently the upper bed of limestone becomes constantly more or less undermined. Its own hardness and tenacity enable it to stand a good deal of this undermining, and it stands out and projects as a "table-rock." But at last too much of its support is eaten away, the weight of water passing over it exerts a leverage upon its outer edge: it tumbles down, and the edge of the waterfall thus retreats to the point where the underlying shale is still able to support the limestone ledges. The rate at which this cutting back of the Falls of Niagara is still going on is sufficiently rapid to be observable in the memory of man; and it is obvious that, assuming this rate to have been constant, it is possible to calculate the number of years which have elapsed since the river began to tumblé over the precipice at Queenstown. Sir Charles Lyell came to the conclusion that the rate of cutting back is about one foot in each year. At that rate the river would have taken thirty-five thousand years to effect its retreat from Queenstown to the present position of the Falls. This is a very short fathom-line to throw out into the abysmal depths of geological time. But it is one of the very few cases in which something like a solid datum can be got for calculating even approximately the date at which the present configuration of the terrestrial surface was determined, and the time occupied in effecting one of the very last, and one of the very least, of the changes which that surface has undergone. Of course, it is quite possible that the rate of cutting may not have been at all uniform, that a greater severity of climate, some ten thousand or twenty thousand years ago, may have produced as much effect in one of those years as is produced in ten or twenty years under existing conditions. But, making every allowance for this possibility, the principle of the calculation seems to be a sound one. The deep groove in which the Niagara River runs from the Falls to the Queenstown Heights does seem to be a clear case of a ravine produced by a known cause which can be seen now in actual operation. As far as I could see, there is nothing to indicate that the ravine is due to a "fault" or a crack arising from subterranean disturbance. And, even if some such cause did commence the hollow, it seems nearly certain that by far the greater part of the work has been done by the process which has been described. The result as to years is, after all, by no means a very startling one. Thirty-five thousand years is an insignificant fraction of the time which has certainly been occupied in some of the most recent operations of geological time.

If the Cataract of Niagara had continued to be where it once was, it would have given additional splendor to one of the most beautiful landscapes of the world. Instead of falling, as it does now, into a narrow chasm, where it can not be seen a few yards from either bank, it would have poured its magnificent torrent over a higher range of cliff, and would have shone for hundreds of miles over land and sea. Of this landscape I confess I had never heard, and I saw it by the merest accident. In the War of 1812 the Americans invaded Canada at Queenstown and seized the steep line of heights above that town, which form the termination or escarpment of the comparatively high table-land of the upper lakes. The American forces were attacked and speedily dislodged by the British troops under the command of General Brock. This brave officer, however, fell early in the action, and a very handsome monument, consisting of a lofty column, has been erected to his memory on the summit of the ridge. Being told at the hotel that "Brock's Monument" was an object of interest, and that from it there was a "good view," we drove there from Niagara. We found a "good view," indeed. No scene we met with in America has left such an impression on my mind. It is altogether peculiar, unlike anything in the Old World, and such as few spots so accessible can command even in the New. One great glory of the American Continent is its lakes and rivers. But they are generally too large to make much impression on the eye. The rivers are often so broad as to look like lakes without their picturesqueness, and the lakes are so large as to look like the sea without its grandeur. Another great glory of America is its vast breadth of habitable surface. But these again are so vast that there are few spots indeed whence they can be seen and estimated. But from the heights of Queenstown both these great features are spread out before the eye after a manner in which they can be taken in. The steep bank below us is covered with fine specimens of the *Thuja occidentalis*, commonly called the cedar in America. Looking to the northeast, the horizon is occupied by the blue waters of Lake Ontario, which form the sky-line. But on either side the shores can be seen bending round the lake to an illimitable distance, and losing themselves in fading tints of blue. To the left, turning toward the northwest, the fair Province of Ontario stretches in immense plains and in escarpments of the same table-land. The whole of this immense extent of country has the aspect of a land comfortably settled, widely cultivated, and beautifully clothed with trees. Towns and villages are in-

dicated by little spots of gleaming white, by smoke, and a few spires. To the left, on the Canadian shore, and seen over a deep bay, the city of Toronto is distinctly visible when the atmosphere is clear. At our feet the magnificent river of the Niagara emerges from its ravine into the open sunlight of the plains, and winds slowly in long reaches of a lovely green, and round a succession of low-wooded capes, into the vast waters of Ontario. The contrast is very striking between the perfect restfulness of its current here and the tormented violence of its course at the Falls, at the Rapids, and at the Whirlpool.

The six or seven miles of road between Niagara and the heights of Queenstown afforded me my first opportunity of seeing a bit of Canadian country in detail. The farms seemed to be of very considerable size—the cultivation careless, so far as neatness is concerned, and manifesting that complete contempt of economy of surface which is conspicuous over the whole of North America. Straggling fences, wide spaces of land along the roads left unappropriated, irregular clumps, and masses of natural wood—odd corners left rough and wild—all these features proclaimed a country where economy in culture was wholly needless and never attended to. The vast landscape from Brock's monument, along both shores of Lake Ontario, as far as the eye could reach, exhibited the same characteristic features. They are features eminently picturesque, combining the aspects of wildness with the impression of exuberant fertility and of boundless wealth.

Of the country between Niagara and Kingston—that is to say, of the whole northern shores of Lake Ontario—I saw nothing except what could be seen from a railway-train. It had evidently a great uniformity of character, except at the northwestern corner of the lake, round the head of the deep bay, between Hamilton and Toronto. Here one gets a glimpse of a considerable extent of land which is still "uncleared," and covered with a forest vegetation which is predominantly pine—with margins, however, everywhere, and with watery creeks occasionally, rich in the lovely foliage of tangled birch and oak and aspen. In striking contrast with these indications of a land not yet redeemed from a state of nature, we dashed past, near Toronto, the most elaborate and admirable preparations for a great agricultural exhibition on the most advanced type of European civilization.

Of the scenery of the St. Lawrence between Kingston and Montreal, I can only say that its sole attraction is in the majesty of the river, and that, where that majesty is lost by the river becoming merely a series of lakes, the view is irredeemably monotonous. The banks are very low; the houses visible upon them are too often like wooden boxes; and it is only at a few spots that the trees exhibit any effective masses of foliage. A labyrinth of little rocky islets, rising out of tranquil water, and divided from each other by intricate channels and creeks and bays, with changing vistas of lights and shadows and reflections, must always be beautiful in its own way. But the famous "thousand islands" of the St. Lawrence can not be compared with the analogous scenery in many of the lakes of Europe, and especially of Scotland. The general uniformity of elevation in the islands themselves, and the utter flatness of the banks on either side, give a tameness and monotony to the scene which contrasts unfavorably indeed with the lovely islets which break the surfaces of Loch Lomond and Loch Awe. But, on the other hand, wherever the St. Lawrence reveals itself to the eye, not as a series of lakes, but as a rushing river—then, indeed, its course becomes wonderfully impressive. It is worth crossing the Atlantic to see the Rapids of the St. Lawrence. Such volumes of water rushing and foaming in billows of glorious green and white can be seen nowhere in the Old World. They speak to the eye of the distances from which they come: of the Rocky Mountains which are their far-off watershed in the west; of the vast intervening continent which they have drained; of the great inland seas in which they have been stored and gathered. These rapids are the final leaps and bounds by which they gain at last the level of the ocean, and the history of their triumphant course seems as if it were written on their face.

Few cities in the world are more finely situated than Montreal. For many miles above it the monotony of the banks of the St. Lawrence is relieved by distant views of the Adirondack Hills—a remarkable isolated group rising out of the great plains which stretch far southward into the State of New York. In front also, that is, in the direction of the river, but also on its right bank, a long mountain-range appears. These are the mountains in the hollows of which lie the Lakes Champlain and George. The Canadian shore likewise presents distant elevations which break the horizon and give it interest. As we approach Montreal the steep hill from which it derives its name rises finely above the river, which rushes swiftly round pleasant islands and past the handsome quays and public buildings of the city. Built along the slope of the hill, and rising along that slope to a very considerable elevation, the houses much mixed with trees, and the top of the hill richly clothed with wood, full of the towers and spires of handsome churches, the city of Montreal occupies a position of conspicuous beauty; nor do its attractions diminish on a closer

inspection. Long lines of handsome streets, with comfortable and substantial houses or villas, and generally shaded by double rows of trees, lead us up to the higher levels, where gardens and shrubberies are pleasantly intermixed. Under the hospitable guidance of Dr. Campbell, an old and hereditary friend, we were driven round "the mountain," which has been secured by the municipality as a public park. From the whole of this fine hill the prospect is magnificent. For many miles above, and for many miles below, the course of the noble river is to be seen, which is here more than a mile wide, and which up to Montreal is navigable for vessels of a large size. The vast extent of country over which the eye ranges in every direction has the same general character as that seen from the heights of Queenstown. It is everywhere richly wooded, and, although the mountains which vary this landscape are not broken or picturesque in surface, they have fine and flowing outlines, with long and habitable slopes.

It was with no small pleasure that I made the acquaintance of that distinguished man, Principal Dawson, of McGill College, with whose writings on Canadian geology I had been long familiar, and over whose most interesting collections I had time only to cast a very hasty glance.

Of Quebec I need not speak. Its peculiar situation is so well known, and the beauty of the view from its citadel has been so often described, that one's expectations are in very close correspondence with what one finds. The St. Lawrence, however, at Quebec is no longer a river, but an estuary—a very fine estuary certainly, but in point of picturesqueness by no means so beautiful as the estuary of the Clyde, or even of the Forth. Like all the other fine prospects which I saw in the New World, its loveliness is in the vastness of the surfaces over which the view extends—in its immense vanishing distances of water and of land. The peculiar steeples of the French-Canadian churches alone remind one of the Old World. In everything else the view has all the characteristic features of the American Continent. The great range of the Laurentian Hills, which rise below Quebec on the Canadian shore, are by no means impressive. In that immense horizon, and in that clear atmosphere, they have not the effect of mountains, but of a series of low, rounded, swelling hills, without any broken outlines or rocky surfaces, and wholly covered with wood, very uniform in size and color. They fall toward the St. Lawrence in long and gentle slopes, dotted with farms and villages, except when in the farthest distance the view is bounded by a somewhat steeper headland. The surface over which one looks is more beautiful on the opposite side of the river, to the south and southwest, that is, toward the distant boundary of the United States. In that direction the eye ranges over a great extent of country rising to very distant uplands, and with the intervening spaces well marked by the perspective of low-wooded points, knolls, and ridges. To look from the height of some three hundred feet down on such an estuary, covered with ships and boats of all sorts and sizes, and with such a prospect beyond, all bathed in sunlight, shining through the fine, clear air of Canada, must always be exhilarating. But at Quebec this great pleasure is heightened by the inseparable associations of the place—the memory of Wolfe and of Montcalm.

The hollows and recesses of the Laurentian Hills in the neighborhood of Quebec are often occupied by small lakes. An expedition to one of these—the Lake of Beauport—enabled me to see in detail the character of the range and of the forests which clothe it. The drive led us through an open country full of comfortable farms and villas. As we approached the lower slopes of the hills, I was delighted to see the characteristic rocks of that oldest of all the sedimentary deposits of the globe, which from this range of hills has been called the Laurentian gneiss. The mineral aspect of rocks is by no means always a safe guide to their geological position. There are sandstones, and limestones and slates, and quartzites of all ages, and one of these is often so very like another as to be hardly distinguishable even by a practiced eye. But the mineral aspect of the Laurentian gneiss is an aspect which, to those who are familiar with it can never be mistaken. In the loose blocks which lay scattered in profusion upon the ground on either side of the road, and in all the walls and dikes which had been built for fences near it, I recognized in a moment the fine crystals of hornblende and of feldspar, with which I was familiar in the Island of Tyree, one of the Hebrides, and on the west coast of Sutherland. The rock, wherever it was visible *in situ*, presented surfaces rounded and smoothed by the passage of floating ice. It was pleasant, too, to pass a real little "burn," a fast-running little stream making its way in trouty pools and ripples over stones and gravel. Presently we were among the woods—such delicious woods of aspen, and white birch, and maple, with only just a little mixture of spruce and balsam fir. The aspen in Canada is very often the exclusive growth which comes up after the pine forests have been burned. The bark is of a rich, creamy white, and its leaves have a very soft and tender green. Mosses of great beauty attracted my attention as handsomer than any of the same family with which I was acquainted at home. A few grassy clearings in a rolling country, otherwise entirely

covered with thin, shaggy wood, led us gradually into a glen with the sound of waterfalls, and this glen opened into an amphitheatre of hills, from five hundred to eight hundred feet high, very steep, and entirely covered with heavier timber, both evergreen and deciduous. Pines predominated toward the top, although even here they by no means stood alone. But the sides of the hills, often so steep as to be almost precipitous, were covered with elm, and ash, and the black birch, a very handsome tree, not unlike the wych-elm in habit of growth. Embosomed in these lovely woods and hills lay the little Lake of Beauport, with its gleaming waters of azure blue, the tall forest trees rising from the edges of the lake in every variety of size and foliage. The fish were shy, and, if we had depended on the success of my fly-fishing, our means of refreshment would have been but scanty. But in the pleasant little inn, log-built and verandaed, we found an excellent supply of the finest trout, and methods of cooking them which left nothing to be desired.

A very pleasant cruise in the steamer Druid began with a run for some thirty miles up the Saguenay River. This enabled me still more perfectly to appreciate the general appearance of the forests of the Laurentian Hills. The Saguenay is a very remarkable feature in the scenes and in the geology of Canada. It is a deep cleft or crack cutting through the range, probably due originally to some great "fault" in the stratification, but no doubt subsequently deepened by that agent of erosion which was at its maximum of power during the glacial period. So profound is this cleft that for the distance of about fifty or sixty miles the soundings are upward of one hundred fathoms, so that, except in a few bays where small streams have brought down deposits, and round the shores of a few islands, there are no anchorages for vessels. The scenery is undoubtedly very peculiar and very pretty, but it is far less impressive than I expected. The hills are too uniformly covered with forest, there are very few fine precipices or rock surfaces exposed to view, there are no peaks rising high above the general level, and the outlines are rounded and monotonous. There is, however, great beauty of detail, both in some portions of the forest scenery and in features still more minute. On one of the few bare, rocky points which lay in our way we landed, and I was much struck by the lovely vegetation which was growing among the rounded surfaces of stone. Besides a profusion of bilberry and cranberry plants in full flower, there was a perfect garden of the most lovely lichens and mosses. Some of these presented the most exquisite dendritic forms in diverse tints of silver-gray, of a delicate green, and of efflorescent white, which it would be very difficult to paint, and which it is impossible to describe. Any attempt to preserve them was futile. On being handled, they immediately crumbled into fine powder. But that rocky point was a very paradise of cryptogamic botany.

I can not pass from the lower St. Lawrence and the Saguenay without mentioning one very great peculiarity of its scenery, and that is the population of white porpoises which inhabit these waters. These curious creatures are as pure white as a kid glove, and, when seen opposite to the light and against the blue water, they are as beautiful as they are peculiar. They seemed to be very numerous, tumbling about on all sides of the vessel, especially toward the mouth of the Saguenay, where we spent a delicious evening amid the glories of a Canadian sunset in the height of summer.

A fishing excursion to the Restigouche River, which is the boundary stream between the Provinces of Canada and New Brunswick, took us by the Intercolonial line of railway across the broad belt of land which lies between the shores of the St. Lawrence and those of the Bay of Chaleur. It was in passing through this belt of country, between Rivière du Loup, on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, and Matapediac, at the head of the Chaleur Bay, that I first gained what I supposed to be a fairly adequate idea of the primeval forests of North America. Strictly speaking, it is not in its primeval condition, because throughout the whole, or nearly the whole, of this great extent of country the one most valuable pine for purposes of commerce has been "lumbered out." That pine is the white pine of the markets—the *Pinus strobus*—commonly called in England the Weymouth or New England pine. But all the other trees have been allowed to remain, and, where the white pine did not grow abundantly, the forests are in a state of nature. For some miles from the St. Lawrence the country is settled, and clearings which we saw in progress show that even soil which is so heavily encumbered, and which looked by no means rich, is nevertheless capable of rewarding agricultural industry. But the interior is one vast and continuous forest, in part of which a great fire was raging, and in another part of which it had done its work in leaving a large area covered with nothing but the scorched and blackened stems. Huge volumes of yellow smoke were rolling over the large Matapediac Lake, the waters of which, with their islands covered with pine and cedar, seen through the thick and stifling air, had a most weird effect. As the train rushed through these forests, I saw only one specimen of the white pine, of great size, to show what the tree can be in its native habitat. In England and in

Scotland it is seldom a handsome tree, though I have in my own woods some favorable examples. But the one specimen I saw in this forest was a splendid "stick," growing clean and straight to a great height, without, however, having any very fine head.

Of the Restigouche as a salmon-river it is impossible to say too much. It is a noble and at the same time a lovely stream. The breadth of its channel, the sweep of its current, the perfect crystal of its water, are all enchanting to an angler's eye. It winds among steep hills covered with forest, but with forest which has been more or less renewed by the various after-growths which follow conflagrations. There are very few rocks, and no rapids which can not be successfully breasted by horses towing boats or barges along the shore. The current is quick without being violent, seldom "gurgling in foaming water-streak," but often "loitering in glassy pool." Almost everywhere there is a gentle slope of slaty gravel between the water and the edge of the forest, which is so even in its width and so smooth on its surface that at first it looks as if it had been made artificially as a towing-path. It is very difficult in a hot day in June to realize the true cause of this peculiar feature of the scene. But in winter the whole of this great stream is deeply frozen, so that horses can travel upon it, and it is the action of the ice every year in breaking up which cuts and keeps clean this most convenient road on both banks. When it fails on one side, it is almost always perfect on the other; and, if the stream at any such point is too deep to be waded, the horses employed to tow get on board the barge, which is punted over to the other side, and there the labor is resumed. It is needless to say that a river of this character is nearly perfect as a breeding-ground for salmon. The fine streams of Norway are generally, if not always, much more rocky, and many of them, from the nature of the watershed from which they came, have necessarily a very short course before they are interrupted by impassable waterfalls. But the Restigouche, and almost all the rivers of our North American Provinces, are gathered on the slopes of hills of comparatively small elevation. Their course is long, and generally uninterrupted by any impassable barriers. The Restigouche and some of its tributary streams, such as the Patapediac River, is one vast and continuous spawning-bed, which, if carefully protected and attended to, is capable of affording an inexhaustible supply of the finest salmon. I was glad to find that the government of the Dominion has become awake to the importance of attending closely to this very important matter. The rivers in the adjacent States of the American Union have been almost, if not altogether, completely destroyed as salmon-rivers by the neglect of the necessary laws and regulations to keep the streams free from pollution by mills and other works, and from impassable barriers in the way of the ascent of the fish. But most of the rivers in the British Provinces of North America are still running as pure as ever through forests which are either wholly unoccupied or have been only cleared in a few spots for the purposes of agriculture. The richer lands of the far West are attracting those who now migrate from the Old World, and in all probability it will be centuries before the steep and poor and heavily wooded lands through which these rivers flow are occupied for the purposes of settlement. Although the forests to the south of the St. Lawrence have been generally denuded of the white pine, there is still an almost inexhaustible supply of the spruce-fir and of the black birch, which is a very beautiful wood for the purpose of making furniture. Saw-mills will, no doubt, be erected in course of time, to cut up this timber; but care should be taken that this be done under such regulations as to keep the rivers clear of sawdust, which is most destructive to salmon. Under the care which has within a few years been bestowed upon the protection of the river during the spawning season and upon the artificial breeding of the fish, a great effect has already been produced in the returns of salmon caught in the estuary and in the Bay of Chaleur. The rod-fishing alone might be made an important source of revenue to the Dominion. It has hitherto been let at rents which are almost nominal; and, considering that no salmon-fishing to be compared with that of the Canadian rivers can now be got in any part of the world, they would undoubtedly, if judiciously divided and allotted, command a very high price indeed. In the first half hour of my fishing in the Restigouche I killed two salmon of twenty-three pounds and twenty-four pounds respectively, and some of our party, with no previous experience of fishing, killed salmon of larger size and weight, up to thirty-one pounds. On the Cascapediac River, another magnificent stream, which falls farther down into the same Bay of Chaleur, I saw a salmon of forty pounds, which had been caught the previous day; and I learned that many such had rewarded the labors of the party of Englishmen who had the fishing of that river for the season.

I must not omit to notice the pleasure of *canoeing* on these rivers. In no other kind of boat is one so conscious of the delightful sensation of *floating*. In larger and heavier boats the very solidity of the structure takes off from the sensation; but sitting in a canoe with a very slight basket-like frame, with nothing but

birch-bark between one and the water, the mobility, and the liquidity, and the instability, and the delicate balancings of the supporting medium, are all transmitted directly to the nerves of sensation. At first the feeling of instability is rather alarming; but the admirable skill with which these beautiful little "barks" are managed by the half-breed Indians very soon gives one confidence. Up the stream they are propelled by "poling" along the banks—and wonderful it is to see and feel the way in which they are "shoved up" the sharper rapids. On the other hand, there is no more delicious motion in the world than that of a canoe descending such rivers as the Restigouche, gliding swiftly and silently with the glancing water through reaches of liquid crystal, winding among steep hills of the most varied forest. Some of the banks are mainly pine, others birch and aspen, others black birch and maple. Everywhere there is the impression of boundless spaces of natural woods, and the air is laden with aromatic odors from the balsam-pine and the balsam-poplar. On the sides of one of the hills a bear was seen feeding almost every day, and I picked up on the bank a branch of a tree bearing the marks of the chisel-teeth of the beaver.

The Indians of this part of Canada belong to the Micmac tribe, and, although now dressed and educated like Europeans, are very often almost purely Indian in feature and in countenance. My first impression of those who exhibited this type in a marked degree was that it bore a striking affinity to the Mongolian races. The very high cheek-bone and the tendency to the oblique eye are prominent characteristics. All those I saw on the Restigouche seemed very intelligent and very obliging and good-natured men, with whom it was often a real pleasure to converse on the natural features of their native country.

ARGYLL (*Fraser's Magazine*).

(*To be concluded.*)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE WORLD'S PARADISES.

MANKIND has always been dreaming of paradises, and making paradises out of such conditions as it could find to hand. It has lamented lost paradises, invented ideal paradises, and sometimes, unfortunately, it has converted real paradises into pandemoniums. We are apt to imagine, no doubt, that, if all the conditions of beauty and healthfulness are supplied — lovely scenes, tempered winds, and the sweetness of prolonged summer—we shall at once enter a true paradise, unmindful of how much more important it is to exclude human passions than bitter winds if we are to enjoy any genuine felicity. The world is really well endowed with many lovely places where dreamers may rest, lapped in softness and ease, if their hearts will but yield to the gentleness of the skies and the wooings of the winds.

Nature in these favored spots bestows with a generous and loving hand, and it only needs a little adjustment of human feeling for the paradise to be complete. Do we here, who alternate between scorching suns and frosty winds, know how numerous are the mundane places that sky and air and sea and flora convert into paradises? The wonder is, that men and women who travel do not more often search out the climatic paradises, for breathing delicious air and dreaming under lovely skies are after all the most truly felicitous things in the world. Travelers have made a literature of suffering and discomfort, but recently there has appeared a little handy volume which indicates how unnecessary this all has been. "The World's Paradises" is the title of the volume, the author being Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, who has been one of those fortunate persons that Fate has permitted to go everywhere and enjoy everything. His record of the world's paradises is not large in bulk, yet there are nearly thirty places which are thought fit to be specially set down as worthy to be classed as elysiums. They extend from the far Orient to the far Occident, and impress us greatly with the opulence of the world in beauty and paradisaical riches. Let us imagine ourselves in a summer paradise in our own land, in a hammock in the shade of a tree, with soft winds blowing from the sea, while we glance at Mr. Benjamin's Edens.

First there is Damascus, "for thousands of years the most famous spot on the globe for the glory of its attractions," which lies "lapped on a verdurous plain by the side of murmuring streams." The secret of the loveliness of Damascus is, according to Mr. Benjamin, very simple:

> In the steady, protracted heat of that climate, not so much excessive as continuous, nothing is more grateful than shade and running water, with abundance of flowers to perfume the air, and fruits for idle hours. All these conditions are found admirably combined at Damascus. The houses are built in the form of a hollow square around a court paved with marble, in the midst of which is a fountain surrounded by clambering vines, roses, and jasmines, and vaulted over by the dense foliage of mulberry, orange, fig, and linden trees, and pomegranates studded with scarlet buds. Stepping from

the narrow, crooked, dusky street, gloomed by meeting eaves, one suddenly finds himself in a paradise of ease, whose quiet and repose are admirably adapted to soothe the nerves of the weary.

This is very charming, and leads one to wonder how it is that in those parts of our own country which are exposed to great or continuous heats this Eastern style of house has not been adopted. So far we have not developed forms of architecture adapted to our climatic needs, but from Maine to Florida, from East to West, have built our domiciles upon nearly one plan. Even the fierce tornadoes that sweep annually over the Western Plains, sometimes burying whole villages in one common ruin, have not as yet led to any adaptation or modification of structure designed to lessen the effects of the evil, such as is always done in earthquake countries.

From Damascus we are led to Brusa, the first capital of the Turkish Empire, at the foot of Mount Olympus, where our traveler arrives in the night:

At morning, unexpectant of the scene that unfolded itself, I flung open the jalousies, and, leaning on the window-sill, looked down upon one of the world's paradises. Fame has not exaggerated the opulence of its charms. The moss-green tiles of the city's peaked roofs, the domes, the minarets, the gardens, lay spread below, embosomed in a sea of verdure, bounded in the distance by the blue waters of the Marmora. . . . The melting snows of Olympus form many streams, which rush foaming through the streets of the ancient city with perpetual music, blending with the cooing of the turtle-doves that haunt the cypress shade in the marble courtyards of the mosques, and the nightingales that warble by the sequestered mausoleums of the founders of a once mighty empire.

From Brusa the journey to the Bosporus is but a short night's sail. Here the climate, except from December to February, is both seductive and salubrious. The Bosporus and the Golden Horn are enchanting, a scene in which nature and man have combined to produce the utmost degree of splendor:

The Bosporus is inclosed by steep hills, which decline so rapidly to the water that the largest ships can anywhere lie alongside the land. These hills are indented with gorges and valleys, which occur generally where the land retires and forms the most beautiful and inviting coves. A continuous series of summer-houses and palaces lines the shores, the kiosks often actually overhanging the water, and flanked by the most delicious gardens and terraces, planted with every variety of favorite flowers and shrubs.

We but glance at these lovely shores, and then are transported to Smyrna, which excites the enthusiasm of our traveler to the utmost, and leads him to exclaim:

Who has not eaten the figs and raisins of Smyrna, the "ornament of Asia," the "crown of Ionia"? Situated at the head of a broad, beautiful bay, environed with perennial gardens, girt with a diadem of lovely villages, fragrant with the odorous airs that lade the serene Ægean skies, dowered with a wealth of historic associations, still dispensing fruits with a liberal hand, watched by the old Roman citadel, the grim battlements of the Knights of St. John still reflected in the waters of her port, the city of the Moslem, the Greek, and the Frank is a living poem, but a poem of Byron's, fervid with the romance, the passions, and the crimes of the East. He who has sojourned there a fortnight dreams of her in his subsequent wanderings; and he who has happily dwelt there for years longs for her in other lands, and sighs that destiny separates him from the vineyards and olive-groves, the villas and ruins, the Caravan Bridge and the bazaars, the delicious breezes and star-eyed maidens of Smyrna.

Adaptation, Mr. Benjamin declares, is the first principle of architecture. As we have already said, so far from being the first principle with us, it has not even been considered at all. In Smyrna the principle of adaptation has led to the construction of villas of one floor, with a central or reception hall surrounded by the apartments of the family. "The house generally faces east and west; and this central room opens on two spacious porticoes profusely shaded by clambering vines laden with blossoms, and facing the grounds laid out with shade-trees and flowers. During the first half of the day the family occupy one portico; in the afternoon they move to the other side of the mansion. Thus they contrive to have shade and coolness during the whole day." There are brigands on the outskirts of Smyrna, which fact does not exactly fall into line with the idea of a paradise, unless we are to assume that every Eden must have its serpent. After Smyrna we go to Scio; but Scio is so like Smyrna in its characteristics that the idler over Mr. Benjamin's book may wish to hasten to scenes with more marked contrasts. Yet the softness of a clime "never too warm or too cool," a land where one's stay is "like a long dream of delight, an unbroken reverie in which one feeds on the lotus and drinks of the waters of Lethe," make assuredly an earthly paradise in every essential condition. From Scio to Naples, which is not only the choicest spot in Hesperia, but one that, like most of the world's paradises, receives a tone from the sea which caresses its shores; then from Naples to Corsica, in which Ajaccio, the birthplace of Napoleon, is the favorite spot:

The Bay of Ajaccio is one of the most charming and poetically beautiful spots among many which enchant the eye and captivate the fancy. It is indeed a noble prospect that greets one as he walks the quay of Ajaccio, and gazes over the imperial blue of the sea, looking southward. Around him are lemon- and orange-groves, and the circular sweep of the bay is inclosed by the majestic range of mountains which form the citadel of Corsica. . . . These grand, gray mountains, that seem to hedge Ajaccio landward and crowd it down to the water's edge, also serve the useful purpose of shielding it from the piercing winds of the north. And thus we find that, to the amenity of its scenery, Ajaccio adds the highly important advantage of being a valuable sanitarium for invalids during the winter season.

Mentone, Nice, and Monaco, probably the most noted sanitaria in the world, are too well known for us to more than mention them. Moving westward,

the wanderer in search of health and happiness reaches the south of France, a land which we are told pleases the eye and the fancy alike, seduces the senses, and invigorates the intellect :

Between the Gulf of Lyons and the Bay of Biscay are two paradises divided by the sere waste lands of the Corbières: the paradise of Provence, of which Avignon is the center, watered by the Rhône and dominated by the grand and lovely peak of Mont Ventoux, and the paradise of the Pyrenees, of which Pau is the center, guarded by the awful Pic du Midi. I know of no part of Europe where a lovely scenery and a delightful climate have been more effectively aided by a wealth of historic antiquities and the indescribable charm of great historic associations, except Attica; and there we do not so much find a luxuriance of vegetation as a suggestive and glorious combination of tone and color.

We must not linger here, although Avignon and Pau are fascinating, and Béarn lovely, and the "Val d'Ossau, with meadows lush with harvests and flowers and picturesque with vine-hung poplars or willows," like an enchanted valley, for there are other paradises in the north of Portugal. We are told to go to Oporto, and from "the tremendous gorges of the Douro enter the paradise of the Minho e Douro, a province small in size, but exceeding in beauty any spot in Europe" the writer had seen. How strangely paradises multiply! One longs, as he reads Mr. Benjamin's book, to go from Oporto to Braga, and to look from the terrace of the Church of Bom Jesus upon the lovely and sublime prospect which commands "the silver line of the ocean, the verdure and glory of the Minho valleys, and the grandeur of the sharply formed, purple-hued pinnacles of the Gerez." But ever in search of further paradises, we grow restless, impatient, and are insatiate for new sensations; and so hasten on to the isles of the Atlantic. Here is Madeira, with its "gardens of matchless splendor," where "grandeur and loveliness go hand in hand, and the lavish profusion of flowers beggars all description"; where "the strawberries are ripe from March until September; the banner-like stalks of the banana are freighted with fruit for half the year; the nectarine and the fig seem always ready to be plucked; and the chestnut-forests are weighted with verdure from January to December." From Madeira to the Azores the flight is a short one. Fayal is "a choice little island," with "a genial and healthful air," with a magnificent volcano to add sublimity to the picture, while orange-groves, bananas, and superb masses of oleanders give "illimitable beauty to the valley and the river of the Flamenjoz." Southward from the Azores is the famous Teneriffe of the Canary Islands, with its gigantic volcanic peak over twelve thousand feet high, and its fascinating valley of the Orotava, whose upper sides are dotted with chestnut-forests, whose air is heavy with the fragrance of fir-trees, while the climate is so delicious that the simple matter of existence is a luxury. Humboldt has declared that no landscape he had seen combines to such a degree the sublime and the beautiful. From Teneriffe we are carried to the Bahamas; from the Bahamas to the Bermudas; and thence we reach our own land. Fort George Island on the coast of Florida is selected as a true paradise, "tropical in its attractions and balmy and healthful as the fountain of youth." Lake George is described as a summer Eden; then we are transported a long distance to those Hesperides of the Pacific, the Sandwich Islands, where the climate is so "balmy and regular that no word exists in the Hawaiian language to express weather. Of course the weather is always good, unvaryingly good; therefore it is not weather, for that implies variability, contrast, and change in atmospheric conditions."

But we must not linger longer in these rare Edens, these magical spots where the charms of existence are only too captivating. It would not be easy for one to visit all the elysiums Mr. Benjamin describes, and yet he omits southern California and New Mexico, the many lovely places on the shores of the South Pacific; he does not describe Caracas in Venezuela, where the climate is perpetual spring; and assuredly there are paradises in Brazil and in the countries that lie southward of it. Yet he has told us enough, for his successive pictures of earthly paradises bewilder us as it is; and is it not certain that, while these enchanting Edens are precious boons to invalids and all who need rest and recuperation, they bestow their loveliness on others to the enervation of their souls and the overthrow of their energies? There is some satisfaction in knowing that, if the east winds bring pain and discomfort, they have brawn and strength in their salt.

THE PULPIT AND THE STAGE.

THERE has always been in the popular mind a connection between the methods of the actor on the stage and the preacher in the pulpit, probably for no other reason than that both employ in some degree the art of elocution. But Dr. Howard Crosby, in a recent address at Yale on the subject of preaching, affirms that the pulpit and the stage have nothing whatever in common. "The stage," he says, "has as its object to amuse, and it has as its uniform method exaggeration; but the pulpit has as its object to instruct, and it has as its method the simplicity that becomes the delivery of truth. Young preachers who go to the stage for an example of manner or utterance are on the high-road to ministerial ruin, although they may make a newspaper fame. The stage-actor is etymologically and classically the hypocrite, and has, so far as he is a stage actor, no sympathy with the preacher and his solemn duties. He will teach the minister who goes to him for instruction poses, gestures, tones, and grimaces that have no more to do with a minister's person than Hamlet or Romeo has to do with his theme."

It is easy to show, we think, that Dr. Crosby does not comprehend here the real nature of the stage or the connection between it and the pulpit. The drama in its higher phase has no more design to merely amuse than poetry, or painting, or sculpture,

or architecture has. Its place in the world's estimation is due wholly to its character as an *art*, and no art worthy the name sets out to amuse. The great purpose of the stage is to awaken emotion, to stir the imagination, to arouse the sympathies and the sensibilities, and in these ends it evidently bears a very close relation to the purpose of the preacher. It is not true, moreover, that the actor is necessarily a hypocrite. He plays a part, it is true, but there is no reason why he should not profoundly feel the sentiments that he utters; and, to the extent that those sentiments are human and true, he is very apt to feel them. The preacher emphasizes moral and religious truths, but he mingles a good deal of dogma and theological speculation with those truths. The actor utters moral and human truths, with perhaps a less proportion of pure speculation than the preacher does. Nevertheless, it is true that the duties of the preacher are more solemn and more important than those of the actor, and that there are features of acting which are most distasteful when transported to the pulpit. One great reason of this is, that when the young preacher goes to the theatre to study methods of delivery, he is only too apt to learn and imitate the wrong things that he finds there. The exaggerations and affectations of some actors are bad enough in the theatre, but when copied in the pulpit are certainly detestable. The method of the preacher should indisputably possess "the simplicity that becomes the delivery of truth," and the simplicity, moreover, that becomes the canons of taste. A theatrical manner in the lecture-room, or on the platform, or even in the parlor reading, is almost as bad as a theatrical manner in the pulpit. But there are certain fundamental principles which young preachers could learn of accomplished actors if they once knew how to separate the essential from the accidental, the underlying laws from the mannerisms on the surface. A preacher, for instance, who puts his voice in training as an actor does would gain for it compass, tone, and flexibility, and he would learn to talk without inflaming and tearing his throat, as half our public speakers do. The bronchial and throat troubles which so generally afflict clergymen are due wholly to their ignorance of how to inflate their chests when talking, a process which not only saves the throat but enables the speaker to talk without fatigue.

Elocution, of which we hear so much, seems to be commonly identified with numberless tricks with the voice, and affectations of manner, which has rightly enough brought it into disrepute. But what is genuine elocution more than such use of emphasis, inflection, pause, and tones that will serve to bring out the meaning of a sentence accurately and impressively? This elocution may be learned of a few actors—not many—and scarcely at all of any one else. The preacher who has mastered the art has an immense adjunct in affirming the truths which it is his mission to teach: for perfect elocution carries a truth home with immense increase of force; by giving color and perspective to a sentence it makes its leading affirmations salient and penetrating, and thus not only convinces the understanding but impresses greatly the imagination. This sort of elocution is simplicity itself, for it consists of nothing more than exact placing of emphasis, with such shades of meaning as may be given by inflection. But, in order to be master of the art, simple as it is, the speaker must grasp clearly and distinctly the full meaning of the sentences he means to utter. No man can think in a slovenly or loose manner and be a good elocutionist. A clergyman, in order to read a chapter of the Bible with that use of elocution that shall bring out with great distinctness all the meaning, must first comprehend with great clearness what that meaning is. Dr. Crosby will admit, we think, that this of itself would make one of the arts of the stage a very useful accomplishment for the clergyman. There are a few other things that the preacher could learn of the stage. He would discover that repose is taught as well as expression; that gestures should be large and noble rather than mean and belittling; that pure enunciation and correct pronunciation are necessary for every public speaker. In fact, the art of the stage—in its best and pure examples—is an art not in the least out of keeping with the mission of the preacher, and, rightly employed, would greatly enhance his power of doing good. It may be said that elocution can be learned elsewhere than at the theatre. The perfection of the art has always been found on the stage, or with those speakers who have gone to great actors for instruction. The actor alone makes delivery a prolonged and thorough study. Professor Bain, in his "Education as a Science," thinks that demeanor as well as elocution should be studied at the theatre. "We see on the stage," he says, "the most consummate examples of manner and address in various situations, slightly exaggerated from the necessities of distant effect, but surpassing all, except the rarest, instances in common life. Virtue and vice may be found alike on and off the stage; but elocution and gesture can be learned in perfection there and *there alone*."

TREES IN CITIES.

THE Duke of Argyll, in his "Impressions of the New World," which we reprint in this number of the "Journal," comments, evidently with some surprise, upon the general planting of trees in our towns and villages. "Their streets," he says, "are almost all avenues of handsome trees, the boughs meeting over the ample roadway, their foliage everywhere conspicuous among the houses, and often giving a comfortable rural aspect even to the most crowded seats of industry." We do not recollect an instance of any other European traveler commenting upon this feature of American towns, and yet it is a characteristic that one would suppose would strike the stranger immediately. In European cities there are numerous small inclosures of grass and trees, but it is only in the Paris boulevards and the Thames Embankment that trees planted at the curbstone, as with us, can be seen. The average European town

is absolutely treeless; even towns of small dimensions consist wholly of narrow streets with not a green thing to enliven them save flowers in the windows. This very marked contrast between American and European towns does not seem to have elicited comment from our own people traveling abroad more than it has from Europeans coming here. The American village with its broad avenues lined with trees, and its houses embowered in shrubbery, is fairly idyllic, and Americans are entitled to be proud of it. One of our painters, Mr. A. F. Bellows, has distinguished himself by painting some of these village scenes, one of which has been engraved on steel, and makes a very good representative picture of life in New England.

There is little doubt that this distinctive feature of our towns will be preserved in all the smaller places, but it is almost sure to disappear in New York unless an effort is made to prevent it. There is now not a tree left in Broadway, and nearly the whole of the lower part of the city has been denuded of them. The boulevards and new avenues in the extreme upper part of the city have all been set out with trees, but in all the newly built streets below Sixtieth Street there has been very little tree-planting. Long blocks of fashionable houses are often without a single tree or bush to break the monotony of their gloomy stretch of brown-stone. In the older parts of the city still occupied by domiciles there are some good trees, but their number yearly decreases. Those that die or which fall before summer gales are rarely replaced, so that it is only a question of time as to when our city will become wholly shorn of these graceful, agreeable, and healthful denizens. If it is too costly to erect fountains and monuments, as we have often urged, we might at least give a little attention to tree-culture, for trees are certainly not a costly luxury, while no special art-training is necessary to lead one to understand and appreciate their beauty.

Books of the Day.

THAT such work as is contained in Professor Symonds's "Studies in the Greek Poets"* should have attracted so little attention as it seems to have done in England is an indication either of great sluggishness on the part of the English reading public or of an unsuspected richness in the current literature of the higher order. In Germany or France, where interpretative criticism of the best kind ranks next in estimation to creative work, these "Studies" would have secured for their author immediate and widely extended fame; but, if we are not mistaken, the slowly growing reputation of Professor Symonds is due only in a small degree to a book which has scarcely a parallel in recent English literature, and which will bear comparison with the highest achievements of German scholarship and criticism. Indeed, the "Studies" may almost be said to be unique in their combination of wide knowledge and minute research, with a mastery of the literary art which alone would suffice to command our warmest admiration.

As they appeared originally in England, the "Studies" were rather a series of disconnected essays than a consecutive and homogeneous work. They were published in two series, at an interval of three or four years; and many of them bore the unmistakable marks of having been issued in separate and independent form. In preparing them for the American edition, Professor Symonds has rearranged the chapters of both series in their proper order, and has made numerous additions, with the view of rendering the book more complete as a survey of Greek poetry. "Thus," he says, "I have inserted several new translations in the chapters on the Lyric Poets and the Anthology. The criticism of Euripides has been enlarged, and the concluding chapter has been, in a great measure, rewritten. And each chapter has undergone such revision and alteration in minor details as might remove unnecessary repetitions and bring the whole series of essays into harmony."

As the starting-point of his work, Professor Symonds defines the limits and states the characteristics of the five great periods of Greek literature—the heroic, or prehistoric, or legendary period, of which Homer and Hesiod are the chief monuments; the period of transition from the heroic or epical to that of artistic maturity in all branches of literature; the brilliant period of Athenian supremacy, from the end of the Persian to the end of the Peloponnesian war; the second period of transition from maturity to old age; and the period of decline and decay, which is the longest of all, extending from B. C. 323 to the final extinction of classical civilization. After this preliminary survey of Greek literature as a whole, he devotes a chapter to "Mythology," which was the source and fountain-head of Greek art as well as of the Greek religion, and a knowledge of which is indispensable to a right understanding of Homer and Hesiod, or the later and more conscious work of the Greek tragedians. In this chapter, Professor Symonds discusses at considerable length and with much acuteness the whole question of the genesis and nature of myths, as well as of the special relation of Greek mythology to Greek culture and thought. One or two paragraphs will convey a hint of his conclusions upon this important point, as well as of his method of treatment:

* Studies in the Greek Poets. By John Addington Symonds. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Square 16mo. Pp. 488, 419.

In this childhood of the world, when the Greek myths came into existence, the sun was called a shepherd, and the clouds were his sheep; or an archer, and the sunbeams were his arrows. It was easier then to think of the sea as a husky-voiced and turbulent old man, whose true form none might clearly know, because he changed so often and was so secret in his ways, who shook the earth in his anger, and had the white-maned billows of the deep for his horses, than to form a theory of the tides. The spring of the year became a beautiful youth, beloved by the whole earth, or beloved, like Hyacinthus, by the sun, or, like Adonis, by the queen of beauty, over whom the fate of death was suspended, and for whose loss annual mourning was made. Such tales the Greeks told themselves in their youth; and it would be wrong to suppose that deliberate fiction played any part in their creation. To conceive of the world thus was natural to the whole race; and the tales that sprang up formed the substance of their intellectual activity. Here, then, if anywhere, we watch the process of a people in its entirety contributing to form a body of imaginative thought, projecting itself in a common and unconscious work of art. . . .

To discuss the bearings of the linguistic and solar theories of mythology may be reserved for another part of this essay. It is enough, at this point, to bear in mind that there was nothing in the consciousness of the Greeks which did not take the form of myth. Consequently their mythology, instead of being a compact system of polytheism, is really a whole mass of thought, belonging to a particular period of human history, when it was impossible to think except by pictures, or to record impressions of the world except in stories. That all these tales are religious or semi-religious — concerned, that is to say, with deities—must be explained by the tendency of mankind at an early period of culture to conceive the powers of nature as persons, and to dignify them with superhuman attributes. To the apprehension of infantine humanity everything is a god. Viewed even as a Pantheon, reduced to rule and order by subsequent reflection, Greek mythology is, therefore, a mass of the most heterogeneous materials. Side by side with some of the sublimest and most beautiful conceptions which the mind has ever produced, we find in it much that is absurd and trivial and revolting. Different ages and conditions of thought have left their products imbedded in its strange conglomerate. While it contains fragments of fossilized stories, the meaning of which has either been misunderstood or can only be explained by reference to barbaric customs, it also contains, emergent from the rest and towering above the rubbish, the serene forms of the Olympians. Those furnish the vital and important elements of Greek mythology. To perfect them was the work of poets and sculptors in the brief, bright, blooming time of Hellas.

After disposing of these preliminary questions, Professor Symonds begins his work proper with Homer, devoting a chapter to Achilles, whom he regards as "the central subject" of the "Iliad," and the "true type of the Hellenic genius," and another to the "Women of Homer." With regard to the much-debated and never-settled problem of criticism, whether Homer actually existed, or whether, as in the case of Mrs. Harris, "there never was no sich person," he entertains very decided opinions, and gives them vigorous expression. He says:

If of Homer we know nothing, we have heard too much. Need we ask ourselves again the question whether he existed, or whether he sprang into the full possession of consummate art without a predecessor? That he had no predecessors, no scattered poems and ballads to build upon, no well-digested body of myths to synthesize, is an absurd hypothesis which the whole history of literature refutes. That, on the other hand, there never was a Homer—that is to say, that some diaskeuast, acting under the orders of Pisistratus, gave its immortal outline to the colossus of the "Iliad," and wove the magic web of the "Odyssey"—but that no supreme and conscious artist working toward a well-planned conclusion conceived and shaped these epics to the form they bear, appears to the spirit of sound criticism equally untenable. The very statement of this alternative involves a contradiction in terms; for such a diaskeuast must himself have been a supreme and conscious artist. Some Homer did exist. Some great single poet intervened between the lost chaos of legendary material and the cosmos of beauty which we now possess. His work may have been tampered with in a thousand ways, and religiously but inadequately restored. Of his age and date and country, we know nothing. But this we do *know*, that the fire of molding, fusing, and controlling genius in some one brain, has made the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" what they are.

By this, the author is not to be understood as meaning that *one* poet must have composed both epics, but that each bears upon it the mark of unity in conception and execution. Whether the same poet produced both is a different question, and he is inclined to regard the "Odyssey" as a later work.

Following the brilliant discussion of the Homeric poems, chapters on Hesiod, Parmenides, Empedocles, the Gnomic (or didactic) Poets, the Satirists, the Lyric Poets, and Pindar, lead up to what are perhaps the most interesting and suggestive chapters in the book—those on Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. Greek poetry—it may fairly be said that Greek genius—culminated in the splendid productions of the Athenian dramatists; and no fewer than seven chapters (about a third) of Professor Symonds's work are devoted to a consideration of what remains to us of this stupendous legacy. Discussion of the kind furnished in these chapters is only too apt to be technical and dull; and it is perhaps the crowning testimony to the author's skill that there is scarcely a page in them which the ordinary reader would not peruse with pleasure, or an exposition of which the scholar would complain as inadequate.

There is a very instructive and valuable chapter on "Ancient and Modern Tragedy"; and another on "The Comic Fragments," in which the author traces the history of the later Greek drama, and discusses the points of similarity and difference between ancient and modern comedy. Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus are treated of in a most luminous and appreciative chapter on "The Idyllists," whose works gilded with a sunset radiance the decline of the ancient literature, and a little later ushered in the dawn of the modern. One chapter is devoted to the "Anthology"; another to the different versions of the tale of "Hero and Leander"; and two final chapters discuss the "Genius of Greek Art," the essential relation of all spiritual movement to Greek culture, and the contrast between the Greek, the me-

diæval, and the modern or scientific conception of Nature.

We have not space even to summarize the contents of these chapters, much as there is in them to invite comment; but our notice would be incomplete without a cordial word of praise for Professor Symonds's spirited and elegant translations of select passages. It need not be said that these add incalculably to the value and interest of his work.

A BETTER proof of the widening interest in every department of the fine arts in this country could hardly be found than is afforded by the publication in sumptuous and greatly enlarged form of Mr. Maberly's "Print-Collector."* Ten years ago an edition of the Targum or of the Pandects would have been considered by publishers quite as likely to prove profitable; yet there can be little doubt that at the present time the book will be welcomed by a large and highly appreciative circle of readers. For one thing, it is both more valuable and more interesting than such treatises usually are. It is the work of a man who, though enthusiastic in his love for the special art of which he treats, did not make it a hobby; who collected prints because he really admired them, and not because collecting had become a mania; whose tastes were controlled by his judgment, not warped by his feelings or by commercial considerations; and who was enabled by his own experience to deal with just those difficulties which are most likely to beset the print-collector, and to impart the precise information which the print-collector is always in search of, and which it usually costs him much labor and pains to acquire.

In plan and scope Mr. Maberly's book was designed to meet the wants of amateurs rather than of connoisseurs and specialists. Presupposing on the part of the reader only a genuine feeling for art, it aimed to stimulate and cultivate that feeling, to furnish good reasons for its gratification, to prove that engravings or "prints" combine greater advantages and opportunities for the average collector than do the products of any of the sister arts, and to show in detail how the collector must set about and prosecute his work. It possesses all the attractions which pertain to a record of personal experiences; it is written in a thoroughly genial and graceful spirit; and, besides describing the enjoyment which the author had derived from the study and collection of etchings and engravings, it undertakes to "communicate such knowledge to others as might lead an appreciative reader through the same pleasant paths of art he himself had trodden."

The general purpose and character of the book being thus defined, we can best convey an idea of its special contents by analyzing the successive chapters of which it is composed. The first chapter treats of collecting in general and print-collecting in particular, discusses the "proper motive for collecting," and points out "the advantages of print-collecting as compared with other subjects, such as pictures, statues, coins and medals, gems, and drawings," and this with reference to the several points of "expense, space, preservation, portability, ascertainment of quality and of genuineness, price, and pleasure derivable and communicable." The second chapter treats of the classification of prints; defines the difference between wood-engraving and engraving on metal; and explains the modes of working by burin, etching, dry point, mezzotinto, dotting, stippling, aquatinta, lithography, etc. Chapter three gives minute instructions regarding the tests to apply in selecting specimens, explaining what is meant by "states," "proofs," "early impressions," "good impressions," "burr," "shake," "copies," and other technicalities of the art. Chapter four gives ample information as to the prices of prints and the progress in value of ancient engravings; also regarding what may be called the customs and usages of the trade. Chapter five discusses the various considerations which should be kept in mind in deciding upon the extent or limit of a proposed collection; and chapter six contains some highly useful suggestions as to the care, keeping, mounting, handling, exhibiting, and cleaning of prints. Chapter seven treats of "the mode of commencing collector," the "extent of expense," "chronology," and the "different manners and processes," and then explains the characteristics of the various "schools" of engravers, with notices of the principal engravers in each. Chapter eight compares the old and new systems of engraving; and, finally, chapter nine discusses the merits and deficiencies of the best-known books on engraving.

Mr. Maberly's little book was published in 1844, and while the greater part of the material which it contains is as fresh and as useful to-day as when it was first written, there are many details as to prices, etc., which are no longer correct, and which might mislead instead of assisting the beginner. To obviate this disadvantage, Mr. Robert Hoe, Jr., the American editor, has added a series of notes which supplement Mr. Maberly's text in many important particulars; and which, for one thing, enable us to trace the history, prices, successive ownership, and present resting-place of nearly all the more important and valuable prints—so that the collector will learn not only where to look for the special objects of his search, but just what he will probably have to pay for them. Still further to increase the adequacy of the book as a print-collector's *vade mecum*, Mr. Hoe has added an appendix which nearly doubles its size and quite doubles its value. In this appendix he has reproduced the substance of T. H. Fielding's excellent treatise on "The Art of Engraving, with the Various Modes of Operation," in which the theory and practice of the art are combined; he has written an account of the principal etchers and en-

* The Print-Collector: An Introduction to the Knowledge necessary for forming a Collection of Ancient Prints. By J. Maberly. With an Appendix containing Fielding's "Treatise on the Practice of Engraving." Edited by Robert Hoe, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 8vo, pp. 336.

gravers who have risen to eminence since Mr. Maberly's book appeared; he has arranged tabular lists of the works of the leading artists of the past, with references to the descriptions of them in the *catalogues raisonnés* of Adam Bartsch, Wilson, Blanc, and others; and has compiled a bibliography of engraving which fills twenty-four pages, and includes notices of nearly three hundred separate works.

Among the illustrations, which are very interesting, are three plates of "Marks and Monograms," and one showing the "Tools used in Engraving and Etching." The style of the volume is substantial and elegant, and altogether this American edition of Mr. Maberly's work is far more valuable than the original English edition, which has become very scarce, and consequently expensive.

In a thoroughly sensible article on "The Literary Calling and its Future," in one of the current English magazines, Mr. James Payn, the novelist, makes a vigorous attack upon the *laus temporis acti* as applied to literature, and asserts categorically of modern periodical literature that, "however small may be its merits, it is at all events ten times as good as ancient periodical literature (that of the early 'Edinburgh Review,' for example) used to be." In the matter of poetry, in particular, is the improvement very remarkable. "Of course," says Mr. Payn, "there is to-day a great deal of rant and twaddle published under the name of verse in magazines; yet I could point to scores of poems that have thus appeared during the last ten years which half a century ago would have made—and deservedly made—a high reputation for their authors. . . . Those who are acquainted with such matters will, I am sure, corroborate my assertion that there was never so much good poetry in our general literature as at present. Persons of intelligence do not look for such things perhaps, while persons of culture are too much occupied with old china and high art; but to humble folks, who take an interest in their fellow creatures, it is very pleasant to observe what high thoughts, and how poetically expressed, are now to be found about our feet, and, as it were, in the literary gutter."

Some such reflections as these must occur to every critic who finds upon his table a number of volumes of recent verse. Unless the contents of these volumes are very much below the current average, each of them will contain verse which is quite as elevated in sentiment and finished in expression as that which finds its way into the ordinary collections of the British Poets; and now and then the reader comes upon a poem of which it is difficult to say why it does not entitle its author to a place in the choir of the immortals. In what we may call the art of verse-making, as distinguished from that profound application of ideas to life which Matthew Arnold declares to be the distinctive mark of true poetry, the general proficiency is very surprising; and this has long seemed to us perhaps the most conclusive evidence of the growing refinement of taste.

Skill of a very high order is displayed, for example, in Miss Nora Perry's "Her Lover's Friend, and Other Poems."* The verse is varied and musical; the sound is always happily wedded to the sense; the movement is flowing and graceful; and there are a certain precision of phrase and polish of style which show that the author has thought sufficiently of her own work to take pains with it. In theme, Miss Perry's poetry is less varied than in versification; it is always love, in some one of its Protean forms, that inspires and permeates her song. Moreover, she does not merely sing *about* love: she manages to express the very feeling itself, and there is a fervor and an intensity about her more impassioned pieces which accelerates the pulse of the reader and sets his blood to tingling. It is this emotional warmth, indeed, which constitutes the distinguishing merit of Miss Perry's work, and lifts her out of the rank of mere verse-makers. The feeling itself always dominates the expression of the feeling; and the author is seldom caught in the act of searching around for a thought or a sentiment to fit into a preconceived arrangement of words. The following specimen of her work has been chosen, not because it illustrates the special characteristic of which we have been speaking, but because it exhibits the author's skill in *vers de société*—a department of poetry in which entire success is rarely achieved:

IF I WERE YOU, SIR.

If I were you, sir,
I would not sue, sir,
For any woman's love day after day:
I'd never stand, sir,
At her command, sir,
Year in and out in this fond, foolish way.

Across my face, sir,
I'd have the grace, sir,
Or mother-wit, to pull a gayer mask,
And wait to find, sir,
What was her mind, sir,
Before I'd grovel at her feet to ask.

All very well, sir,
For you to tell, sir,
Of that grand old poet in the olden time,
Whose fine advice, sir,
Was so concise, sir,
In that immortal strain of gallant rhyme.

It does not fit, sir,
Your case a bit, sir:
He never meant a man should pray and pray
With such an air, sir,
Of poor despair, sir,
For any woman's love day after day.

If you will read, sir,
The verse with heed, sir,
You'll see it runs as clearly as it may,
That every man, sir,
Should take his answer,
With manly courage, be it yea or nay.

* Her Lover's Friend, and Other Poems. By Nora Perry. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo. Pp. 183.

Then cease your sighs, sir:
No man's a prize, sir,
In any woman's sight, just let me say,
Who's not too high, sir,
To sigh and die, sir,
For any woman's love, day after day.

In Mrs. Dodge's "Along the Way"* the tone is graver and more reflective, the subjects are more varied, and the artistic skill is not inferior. Mrs. Dodge is known chiefly as a writer for children, and several of the most pleasing pieces in the present collection have childhood for their theme; but the tone of most of them is thoughtful, almost didactic, and her predominant mood appears to be somewhat pensive. With a keen susceptibility to the beauties of nature, and great skill in portraying them, she is seldom content to regard Nature objectively, but endeavors to associate it in some way with human life and human destiny. The subjoined is a fair specimen of her usual manner, though it contains no hint of those quaint conceits which she manages so skillfully:

FAITH.

The wind drove the moon
To a sky-built cave,
And closed it up
As it were her grave.
The cave threw wide
A silver portal—
And forth she came,
Serene, immortal!

He piled black clouds
In angry might,
Till lost in gloom
Was all her light.
The clouds a moment
Held her under;
Then, glorified,
They burst asunder!

The wind, that night,
Bemoaned and whistled
Till all the forest
Stirred and bristled;
While moonbeams stole
To tear-wet pillows,
And found their way
Through graveyard willows.

The "Idylls and Poems"† of Anna Maria Fay show respectable skill in versification, but they lack spontaneity, and have too much the air of deliberate and even laborious manufacture. Most of them, moreover, are written in a riddle-my-riddle style, which seems designed to baffle rather than to reveal, and a certain haziness or indefiniteness of thought is reflected in verse whose utterance is scarcely articulate and whose meaning can only be guessed. This is not so objectionable, perhaps, in avowed allegories, such as the first two and longest poems in the little volume; but one is puzzled to make out why a "rondeau" or "rondel" should so closely resemble the oracles of a sibyl. The ballad of "King Sigmund's Woe," recast from an incident in William Morris's Sigurd the Volsung, is much the best piece in the collection. It is spirited, vigorous, and resonant; and several of the sonnets are neatly constructed.

It has been truly said that, if there had been preserved to us even one novel describing Greek social life at say the period of the Athenian supremacy, with the graphic realism with which Mr. Anthony Trollope's novels depict the England of our day, we should have a better and more accurate idea of what the Greeks really were than can be obtained from all the existing relics of their literature and art. Regarded from this view-point, such stories as "Di Cary"* have a definite and high value, whatever may be their deficiencies in other respects. Miss Thornton's story is a picture of Southern plantation life at the period just following the close of the war, when society was painfully readjusting itself to the new order of things; when the incidents, at once grotesque and pathetic, connected with so complete a social catastrophe, were more pronounced than they now are; and when the passions and prejudices aroused by the conflict had not yet had time to subside. At some future time this period will possess a peculiar interest for the student of American history, and Miss Thornton's picture of it will have value on account of its minutely faithful delineation. As an example of rigid realism the story is almost as notable as "L'Assommoir"—not that it contains any of the horrors of that work, or exhibits the least tendency to deal with improper things, but the author's whole concern has been to depict men and women with photographic accuracy, and to relate with the utmost exactness the ordinary incidents that make up their daily life. It is evident that the author, in her desire to be wholly realistic, misses some of the finer aspects of the social life she paints so minutely.

It is a long step which Miss Fothergill has taken from "The First Violin" to "Probation,"† and one which, we fear, is not altogether in the right direction. The earlier story was a picture of the Bohemian phase of art-life in Germany, and was written with enthusiasm, sympathy, and knowledge; "Probation" has for its background the terrible "cotton famine" in Lancashire, produced by the closing of Southern ports during our civil war, and is written with sympathy and knowledge, but without that almost lyrical fervor and intensity which gave its most distinctive feature to its predecessor. The difference between the two stories appears to be that

* Along the Way. By Mary Mapes Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, pp. 136.

† Idylls and Poems. By Anna Maria Fay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 103.

* Di Cary. A Novel. By M. Jacqueline Thornton. Appletons' Library of American Fiction. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 231.

† Probation. A Novel. By Jessie Fothergill. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 434.

"The First Violin" was the spontaneous record of an experience which had fired and inspired the author's whole nature; while "Probation" is the more prosaic product of a deliberate and conscious choice of an "effective subject" for a story, which might stimulate the author's imagination, indeed, but which could hardly touch her feelings very profoundly. And this difference tells throughout, to the disadvantage of the later story. Myles Heywood is but a pallid and impersonal sort of figure in comparison with the picturesque and fascinating Eugen Courvoisier, and none of the characters in "Probation" have that intense vitality which gives a sort of objective realism to those of the earlier story. Nor are the circumstances and incidents of the one story so pleasing as those of the other. The complications which in "The First Violin" exemplified the truth that the course of true love never runs smooth, only deepened the romantic charm of the work; but one feels that the agony of a starving people is too tremendous a fact to form part of the mere machinery of a love-story. We should observe, however, that such faults as we have pointed out are conspicuous only when we compare the story with "The First Violin," which we spoke of at the time of its appearance as a very remarkable beginning for an author. Compared with the average of current fiction, "Probation" is deserving of very high praise, both for its interest as a story and for its skill as a composition.

There is nothing in the new volume of the "No-Name Series" quite so clever as its title,* unless it be the quotation from Coleridge which forms its motto: "I once knew a man who had advanced to such a pitch of self-esteem that he never mentioned himself without taking off his hat." The story itself contains many striking passages and several effective "situations," but it bears about the same relation to a finished work of art that a corduroy road does to a macadamized highway. Of plot, or sequence, or consistency, there is next to nothing; and at the close of the book the story simply ends without coming to a conclusion. The author's idea of novel-making appears to be that the prime necessity is a number of dramatic incidents or tableaux, which may be flashed upon the reader under the full glare of calcium lights. Whether these incidents are consecutive to each other, or are the natural outgrowth of what has gone before, is a matter of minor importance; and, in fact, they seem to be arranged upon the principle that the interesting is the unexpected. And so of the characters. Some extreme, unusual, abnormal type is chosen, and then, in order to set it off most effectively, it is contrasted with its exact antithesis, which is as extreme and abnormal in the other direction. But even this is not stimulating enough, and accordingly on every critical occasion these characters are represented as doing the precise thing which it could never be conjectured that they should do, and as changing *rôles* with the fantastic facility of a transformation scene. The author would doubtless repudiate the suggestion, but we are compelled to think that his story is as exciting and unwholesome in its way as the sensational preaching which he so vigorously satirizes. To turn from it to a simple and realistic record of every-day life will affect the reader like sipping gruel after a draught of brandy-and-soda; and this not because the gruel is essentially insipid, but because the palate has been unnaturally and unhealthily stimulated. Yet it must be admitted that the book asserts itself and compels attention. There are several situations that are wonderfully dramatic and intense; the portrait of Thirlmore, the popular preacher, will inevitably set readers to searching for the original among several well-known men; and there are two or three farm-house scenes which are as genuine and real as any other faithful transcript from nature.

In complete contrast with the preceding is Mrs. Mulock-Craik's "Young Mrs. Jardine,"* a love-story of the most correct and conventional type, with a good young man, a very good young lady, a cruel mamma and worldly sisters, much interpolated moralizing about "duty" and "right" and "patience" and "gentlemanliness," struggles against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and a most satisfactory fulfillment of all the requirements of poetic justice. The story itself descends perilously near the level of commonplace, and, if anything were needed to drag it down and anchor it there, it is amply supplied by the illustrations. Of the way in which pictures can fetter and vulgarize the imagination instead of aiding it, we have seldom seen a better example.

SOME of the most characteristic portions of the "Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat"† having already appeared in this "Journal," we are absolved from the duty of describing them in detail; but, in enjoying the entertainment which their piquant personalities afford, the reader might easily overlook the fact that these Memoirs are likely to be reckoned among the most important literary productions of our time. Hitherto the Memoirs of Saint-Simon have held a unique and special place in literature, and their interest will last as long as any curiosity is felt regarding the doings of the Grand Monarch and his court; but Madame de Rémusat's Memoirs are equally frank, equally graphic, and equally pungent, while they have the advantage of dealing with a personality and an epoch infinitely more picturesque and significant. Napoleon has been the subject of an entire literature, and there is probably no figure in history that has impressed itself so vividly upon the popular imagination; but, while we have been ren-

* His Majesty, Myself. No-Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 299.

* Young Mrs. Jardine. A Novel. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 414.

† Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802–1808. With a Preface and Notes by her Grandson, Paul de Rémusat. Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and John Lillie. In three volumes. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. xlviii.–178.

dered more than sufficiently familiar with the *emperor* and the *general*, it has been reserved for Madame de Rémusat to reveal to us the *man*. Considering the hackneyed character of the subject, it would seem impossible that any new Napoleonana (if we may coin a word) could possess much freshness or novelty; yet we feel, in reading Madame de Rémusat's pages, that we have never really known Napoleon before—never succeeded in penetrating beneath that invincible reserve and that theatrical posturing and parading which deceived his most intimate associates at the time, and which have baffled the curiosity of two generations of historical inquirers.

We have already said that Madame de Rémusat has the advantage of Saint-Simon in the greater interest and picturesqueness of her subject; and we may add that she has equally the advantage of him in her method of treating it. Curiously striking and piquant as many portions of Saint-Simon's Memoirs are, there are whole chapters, whole volumes, of them with which all save the historical student would cheerfully dispense; but we doubt if Madame de Rémusat will ever find a reader who will wish her book shorter by even a phrase. The very defects of her style—its lack of that artificial brilliance and self-conscious grace which are so highly esteemed by her countrymen—lend only an additional attraction to her Memoirs. The first and indispensable requirement of such writings is that they should convey the impression of being faithful, accurate, and sincere; and the confidence of the reader is entirely won by the simplicity, the directness, and the unstudied easy flow of Madame de Rémusat's style. Its very simplicity and ease, indeed, will be apt to betray the reader into under-estimating the author's art and skill. It is rare that such keen observation is combined with so impartial a judgment and such sensitive sympathies; but Madame de Rémusat is quite as successful in portraying what she sees as she is in seeing and comprehending, and several of her sketches in the preliminary chapter entitled "Portraits and Anecdotes" are worthy of being compared in fidelity if not in finish with any that have been produced by the greatest masters of the art.

Besides the introductory chapter mentioned above the book contains a prefatory essay of nearly fifty pages by M. Paul de Rémusat, grandson of the author, in which he briefly narrates the life of Madame de Rémusat prior to her arrival at court, and sketches in the background against which her recollections are to be projected. This essay, in spite of its touching occasionally upon controversial politics, is eminently useful and interesting; and the same may be said of the notes which the same author has supplied. A series of Appendices supplements and illustrates the text; and the Memoirs will at once take a high—perhaps the highest—place among those curious and instructive volumes which take us behind the scenes in the great drama of history and show us the actors *en famille*.

WHILE Madame de Rémusat contents herself with lifting the veil which obscures our view of the leading actors upon the stage of history, Mr. John T. Short, in his "North Americans of Antiquity,"* attempts to penetrate that "dark backward and abysm of time" which lies behind history itself, and to decipher for us such traces as remain of those ancient and vanished peoples who occupied our continent prior to the advent of Columbus. In spite of the difficulties which attend the effort to elucidate these dark problems, he thinks that "the age of North American antiquity is not all darkness, but on the contrary is rapidly growing radiant with light"; and the constantly increasing interest felt in all archæological questions has led him to believe that a work embodying the latest information regarding the origin, migrations, and life of the races of American antiquity "would meet with the favorable attention of the public and of the specialist in this field."

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of Mr. Short's book, in comparison with others in the same field, is that it is written, as he says, in "the spirit of inquiry rather than of advocacy," and is "the embodiment of an honest search for the truth." Most of the previous writers upon ancient America have had some hypothesis to verify or some theory to defend, and as a general thing have dealt far more extensively in speculation than in fact. Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft was almost the first archæologist who addressed himself to the subject in the spirit of impartial criticism, and with the tests of severe scientific analysis; and Mr. Short has followed loyally in his footsteps, viewing the facts from a somewhat different standpoint, and consequently reaching somewhat different conclusions. The extent to which they differ in their interpretations is the measure of the uncertainty which, in spite of the recent activity in archæological inquiry and research, still hangs about the most elementary questions involved in the problem; yet that there is some ground for Mr. Short's sanguine anticipations is shown by the fact that, during the few years that have elapsed since the publication of Mr. Bancroft's work, several of the riddles which had previously baffled the ingenuity of antiquarians have been finally and satisfactorily solved. And if, as Mr. Short confidently asserts, a key has at last been found to the Maya hieroglyphics, then there can be no doubt that we are on the eve of discoveries which will reveal to us at least as much concerning those ancient civilizations and peoples whose relics cover our continent as is known of the similar antiquities of Europe.

Mr. Short's book will be especially acceptable to the general reader, because it is a summary or compend of all the knowledge that has been gained concerning prehistoric America, and because it is a sort of index to the works of all previous writers—directing the reader to the precise page and book where he may find such further information upon any given topic as he may desire to obtain. In this latter respect it is less exhaustive than Mr. Bancroft's

* The North Americans of Antiquity. Their Origin, Migrations, and Type of Civilization considered. By John T. Short. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 544.

great work; but for that very reason it will better answer the purposes of those readers whose opportunities are restricted to the better known and more accessible authorities. Its special value for students lies in the fact that it brings together the results of those investigations which have been prosecuted with unprecedented ardor during the past four or five years, and which have been unusually fruitful. The cliff-dwellings of the West and the ruins at Aztec Springs open up new problems to the American archæologist, and wonderful progress has been made in the accumulation of data regarding the ancient Mound-builders. Most of this later information has been gathered by Mr. Short from the Smithsonian Reports, the Reports of the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, the proceedings of scientific societies, private memoirs, and other sources little known and not easy of access.

The author's method of treatment is systematic and thorough, and his style is simple but clear and picturesque. The volume is copiously and admirably illustrated, with many cuts not previously seen in books of the kind.

THE latest addition to "English Men of Letters" is "John Milton," by Professor Mark Pattison.* The author remarks at the outset that of Milton we know more personal details than of any man of letters of the seventeenth century, and that in Professor Masson's "Life of Milton" we have the most exhaustive biography that was ever compiled of any Englishman. "My excuse," he adds, "for attempting to write of Milton after Mr. Masson is that his life is in six volumes octavo, with a total of some four to five thousand pages. The present outline is written for a different class of readers—those, namely, who can not afford to know more of Milton than can be told in some two hundred and fifty pages." The work with which Professor Pattison's will most naturally be compared is Mr. Stopford Brooke's little monograph on Milton in the series of "Classical Writers," and the two really complement each other. Professor Pattison is fuller in biographical details; Mr. Brooke offers more of interpretative criticism and commentary. Of Milton's life and minor writings the reader will learn most from Professor Pattison; but, as a guide to the study or reading of Milton's great poetical masterpieces, Mr. Brooke is incomparably more helpful and adequate.

. . . . A work upon which much labor has been expended, and which ought to prove edifying to a very large circle of readers, is "Lives of the Leaders of our Church Universal,"† containing brief biographies of one hundred and twenty-five of the most eminent Christians of all countries and denominations from the days of the successors of the Apostles to the present time. The bulk of the work is translated from a similar collection in German, edited by Dr. Ferdinand Piper, and written by eminent German, French, and English scholars; but Dr. Maccracken, the American editor, has added biographies of thirty Americans of the various denominations, and also of the most famous missionaries in foreign lands. The American lives, like the European, are written by eminent scholars; and the book as a whole is a valuable contribution to that somewhat meager department of theological literature which is equally interesting and edifying to the whole body of Christian readers.

. . . . Mr. Towle has shown excellent judgment in selecting the subjects for his "Young Folks' Heroes of History." The first two volumes were devoted respectively to Vasco de Gama and Pizarro, and have been noticed in previous numbers. The subject of the third volume is "Magellan, or the First Voyage round the World,"* and it tells the story of one of the most famous expeditions in the history of maritime discovery. "No voyage," says the author, "could be imagined into which every feature of romance and adventure, of narrow escape and brilliant achievement, could be more crowded than was that of Magellan from the port of Cadiz to the island clusters of Australasia." And the life and character of Magellan himself were in other respects worthy of the renown which this great feat secured for him. Unlike most of the daring adventurers of his age, his ambition led him to prefer a career of peaceful and beneficent achievement to one of bloodshed and conquest; and the story of his life is as wholesome as it is picturesque and entertaining.

. . . . Another series of books which may be described as thoroughly wholesome literature for the young, whether boys or girls, is "Famous American Indians," by Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Seelye. The two volumes of this series that have been sent us—"Pocahontas"† and "Brant and Red Jacket"—possess all the attractiveness of romance with much of the instructiveness of regular history. The aim of the authors is not so much to detach the romantic incidents from history as to make the early history of our country interesting to the general reader by treating it in a simple, graphic, and picturesque style; and they have achieved their aim very successfully.

* English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. John Milton. By Mark Pattison. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 215.

† Lives of the Leaders of our Church Universal, from the Days of the Successors of the Apostles to the Present Time. The Lives by European Writers from the German, as edited by Dr. Ferdinand Piper. Now translated into English, and edited, with added Lives by American Writers, by Henry Mitchell Maccracken, D. D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 8vo, pp. 873.

* Young Folks' Heroes of History. Magellan, or the First Voyage round the World. By George M. Towle. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo, pp. 281. Illustrated.

† Pocahontas: Including an Account of the Early Settlement of Virginia and the Adventures of Captain John Smith.—Brant and Red Jacket: Including an Account of the Early Wars of the Six Nations, and the Border Warfare of the Revolution. By Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Seelye. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 16mo, pp. 310, 370. Illustrated.

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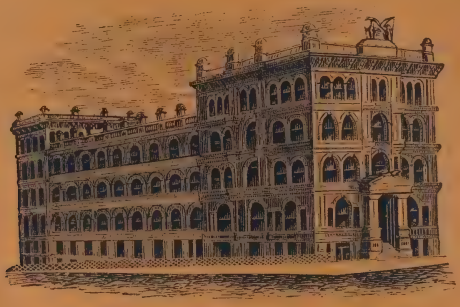
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A

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MARCH, 1880.

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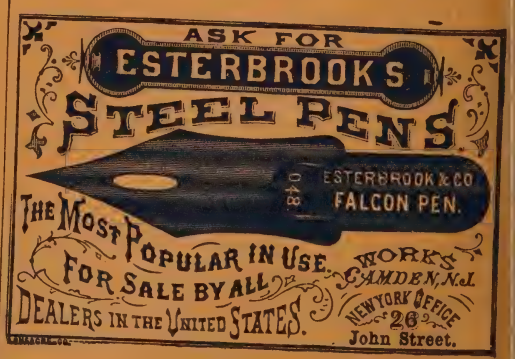


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THE RETURN OF THE PRINCESS.

PART FIRST.

I.

MARTHA! Your little princess has reached Marseilles! Alas, dearest, scarcely a day has flown, and I am already so far away! It seems almost a century since we parted, and I feel so lonely. After our cruel separation at the station, it is unnecessary to tell you that, despite my pretended courage, you had no sooner left the car than I burst into tears, and wept as if my heart would break. While I thus indulged my grief, poor Bell, in the methodical manner which is her second nature, busied herself in arranging our traveling-luggage, and silently let the crisis pass. An overwhelming sense of loneliness oppressed me. Torn so suddenly from those I loved, it seemed as if all the ties which attached me to earth were uprooted; and with my desolation was mixed a vague terror. Can this unknown family that recall me make me forget the one I lose, and with whom I have been so happy? From my earliest recollection I have known only your home, and, although destiny carries me to Egypt, my heart will dwell with you alone. I will always in memory remain in that dear house and great garden, filled with our dreams; and one half of me will always be with your dear mother and yourself.

"Bell," I cried, "*you* will never leave me?" and seizing her hands I sobbed aloud.

In my utter desolation I was amazed at the thoughtlessness in which I had so long lived. Life had been so sweet in your home that you had seemed like a true sister, and your mother's affection, almost as deep as that she bore you, always made me feel like one of your own family. Why, indeed, should I have distressed myself about the future? All I know of myself is, that I was born in Cairo, a princess, and rich; that I was five years old when M. Gütler, my father's banker, brought me to you. Speaking no language but Arabic, I was for a whole week so thoroughly obstinate and untamable that the poor baroness, in despair, seriously thought of sending me back to my native pyramids. Thanks to you, however, I was subdued, and Bell transformed me into a little creature—I will not say reasonable, but at least civilized. In your home I was too happy to regret my own. Do you remember the morning when my old Arab professor, who came daily to converse with me in my own tongue, observed that I was nearly grown; and the astonishment with which we learned that the customs of my country required that girls should be shut up in the harems before the age of twelve? I was then fifteen.

You threw yourself on my neck crying, "Then they have forgotten you!"

Martha, I had hoped they always would forget me. Though so grieved, I wept myself to sleep; but even in slumber my distress continued, and the break of day found me still engrossed with my sad reminiscences. One of those lovely October suns, that we so loved under our shady trees, shone through my windows, recalling our journey together last year over this same road, in going to Nice, and sweet memories rushed in crowds to my heart, dimming my eyes.

"*Poor little thing*," whispered Bell, suspecting something of this. I let my head fall on her shoulder, and she soothingly spoke of you, of hope, of the future, of the happiness I should feel when you came to visit me in Egypt. As I doubted if your mother would ever come so far, she suggested that it might be your bridal excursion. So hasten, dearest; lose no time in getting married—and come. When we reached Marseilles, we went to the same hotel, and had

the identical apartments we occupied together. Alas! how lonely I did feel! I was chilled to the heart. All was over for me; I had lost you, and the future loomed dark and desolate.

The vessel was not to sail until the next morning, so Bell, to divert my mind, took me round the town. A very sharp altercation disagreeably marked our promenade. It was the first disagreement between us. I went to a florist to purchase some camellia-plants and dwarf bananas, and ordered them to be expressed to Paris, to you. Bell led me out of the greenhouse.

"A bouquet," she said to me, as we passed along; "a thousand francs for flowers. We must be economical, Miriam. Egypt is bankrupt."

You know me well enough to understand what my outburst was at this unlooked-for prudence; but I had my way, and you shall have your flowers.

We continued our walk, and I scolded Bell, who did not seem to mind it in the least. In a half hour I was so weary that she stopped a carriage.

"It is marvelous," I said, "that you do not compel me to walk—to 'economize.'"

"You are not accustomed to walk," she answered, "and a carriage is necessary for you. God forbid that I should ever deprive you of necessary things!"

"It is also necessary for me to afford pleasures to my friends."

She pressed both my hands in hers. "Darling," she said. But this caress did not mollify me.

After dinner, where I behaved very crossly, as soon as the servant left the room, she rose with that quiet smile which gives her the appearance of irritating wisdom, and unfolded that unlucky letter, the cause of all my trouble.

I scornfully threw it aside, but, without being in the least disconcerted, she picked it up and read aloud:

"DEAR M. GUTLER: I beg you will send my daughter home to me by the first steamer. My superintendent will only pay half your account, for I have no more money at present. Egypt is ruined!"

How dull this hotel seems without you! Curled up in the corner of the fireplace, in an easy-chair, I dream of Egypt. . . . Am I not like one of those children we sometimes read of, who, deserted for the best part of a lifetime, are at length hunted up and recalled, like a package deposited and forgotten in the interval? This is certainly a romance, and, if my heart were not involved, my imagination, which you always think extravagant, would recognize the resemblance. What am I to find out there? I try to picture that father whom I have never seen; that country which only seems to offer one advantage—heat—for I am always as cold as a dead fish. I try to jest, my poor Martha, but at heart I tremble, and that word "forgotten," that in your tenderness you one day uttered, is it not the painful disclosure of long indifference, or some misfortune to which I have no key?

Do not scold. Your last little lecture is still remembered. It is, that reasons or circumstances are more compulsory than inclination. If my father separated from his daughter, it was because it was necessary; if he now recalls her, it is because the obstacle to her return is removed. All this may be very true, but what of that? You know I am not gifted by nature with that passive submission which yields blindly and unquestioningly. I must inquire into things. My brain will be active in spite of me. Must I own it? At this moment when I am going to rejoin my family, my feelings are those of agony. I am terrified. Yes, I am terrified at the unknown! I picture my father cold, severe, hostile even to this daughter reared so far away from him. Why should he love me? He does not know me; and, besides, what bond unites us to each other? The thought of my mother alone would console me; but I well know that my mother is dead, for she would not have abandoned me.

Come, dearest, marry quickly, because I wish it, and you never refuse me anything. Then you can come and seek me, and we can consult together with your husband, whether I shall keep you with me, or you shall carry me off with you. Divide with your mother my tenderest love.

II.

I HAVE seen my father! He is good, tender, and charming—and I love him!

My arrival at Chimilah was a bewilderment—a dream, and I write you from the Palace of a Thousand and One Nights. And yet Egypt is ruined! But I see, if I do not tell you my adventures connectedly, you will think I am crazy.

After writing my letter from Marseilles I went to rest, as we had to rise very early the next morning to take the Alexandria boat. I will pass over the night, which, as usual with me, was one of unbroken sleep. I will not describe the scene in the morning: Bell forcibly tore me out of bed and dressed me. The account of our voyage will not interest you any more than the portraits of Madame Panafy, the wife of the most important banker of Cairo, and her two daughters, with hanging, disheveled hair. It must

suffice you to know that from first to last, from larboard to starboard, I inspired universal curiosity, and was a subject of general conversation. Bell soon learned the secret of this astonishing sensation, caused by the name of the Princess Miriam among the list of passengers first, and afterward, because, according to the habits and usages of Egypt, it was an unheard-of thing, incredible and extraordinary, that my highness, seventeen years of age, should go thus without a veil, or *habarah*, a shrouding robe, and without guardians of the harem.

The seventh day rose. From daylight until evening we were in sight of Alexandria. It was very rough, but we were on deck by day-dawn. Bell that morning had no need to rouse me. Leaning against the side of the vessel, I gazed upon the muddy stream, upon which floated a crowd of white vessels. We advanced slowly. Some small boats left the bank and came to meet us. All around us the passengers, lorgnette in hand, eagerly sought to find their friends and relations. It was a joyous moment for them all. I sadly remembered that the ruin was the cause of my return, and that I was about to fall into the midst of misfortune. I repressed my tears, holding tightly to Bell's arm as if I were clinging to her protection as the only love left me. A half hour flew thus. Trembling and anxious I thought of you. The vessel stopped and an anchor was thrown out, while the little boats crowded like a flock of birds around our ship and exchanged signals. There was no one for me to recognize. The boatmen, clothed in a long blue robe, their heads covered by turbans (or *takies*), with their guttural voices uttering a strange dialect, seemed to be heard by me for the first time. I entered my native land as a stranger. Yet under this warm light these types, these costumes, this butterfly assortment of colors, this uproar and busy life—what can I say of it? My curiosity so carried me away that I forgot everything—I looked only. A very large boat with a canopy, rowed by twelve oarsmen, soon absorbed my attention. At its approach the others made way. It came toward the ship leaving a light track upon the water, its twelve oars falling in measured cadence, its curtains flying in the breeze. At the back a man was seated, his head erect and haughty, his arms crossed upon his breast; he was doubtless some grand personage. When the boat reached us he rose and ascended the ladder to the deck, where the captain received him with uncovered head. What was my surprise when both came toward me! When they reached me the captain introduced me. Martha! This individual, to whom every one paid homage, was my father! He opened his arms, and I threw myself into them.

My father, Martha, is young and elegant. He is barely thirty-nine years old. Tall, slender, very graceful, with deep, dark, proud eyes, a chiseled nose, and of a pale complexion. What more can I tell you? You already recognize the portrait of his daughter—in beauty.

He bowed to Bell with the loveliest smile, thanking her in some graceful sentences, and in very easy French, for having been willing to accompany me to Egypt and continue her charge of me; after that he led me to my cabin, where my women were awaiting me. I could not disembark nor show myself clothed as a European. My harem-life had begun. One could not oppose my father. His air, his bearing, and his tone, a nameless something about him, command at the same time respect and submission. I obeyed without uttering a word. At the door of my cabin, negroes mounted guard. I entered, and found myself in the presence of two phantoms hidden under their *habarahs*—a sort of black silk bag or sack which conceals their heads, hands, and bodies—through two holes their eyes shine like glowing charcoal. A little later I went out exactly like these phantoms, except that I wore a white *habarah* and a heavy lace veil.

Bell was all black. I laughed as I went stumbling in my drapery, and had to walk with the greatest care to prevent my falling down. I looked in vain for my father, the Koran forbidding any Mussulman to go about with a woman. I was alone with my attendants. We took our places in a superb boat, hidden under awnings. On landing, a carriage was awaiting us. I entered it, followed by Bella, and my attendants in front. Think how it all must have interested me. The costume of the *raïs* (runners) appeared charming to me. A vest embroidered in gold, with long sleeves of gauze floating like wings. The black men mounted horses richly caparisoned, and rode one at each door, the blinds of which had been carefully lowered by my women in waiting. Two of the men rode in front of the carriage, and two in the rear closed the procession—a veritable *cortége*.

Then, my dear, a strange thing occurred. You know how I always have jested myself about my title of princess. But this apparel, these attendants, this respect, so confused me that, rather serious under the gaze of my people, and as though they could see my features under my veil, it seemed to me as if I grew suddenly greater. Laugh at me, my beauty. I was intimidated by my own rank. I was silent, absorbed in this new *rôle*, dazzled and charmed. The thought of my father transported me, and I loved him already. I also already love this country which is his.

The carriage stopped at the station, where all

were busy. They led us through a road forbidden to people generally, to a car which had been secured for us. The negroes locked us in, and staid outside themselves. Picture to yourself an Arab saloon—divans, carpets, little tables incrusted with mother-of-pearl, and golden curtains before the windows of extraordinary tenuity, like the gauzy film of a fly's wing. It was impossible for any one outside to see within, but from the interior it was very easy to look through this diaphanous curtain. I soon perceived my father gazing on my padlocked prison. I attempted to spring toward him, but the expression of my women proved that I should be guilty of great folly. The princess would forget herself. The journey seemed interminably long to me. At each station our jailers showed themselves, bringing fruits, flowers, and fresh water, and keeping guard at the door. At Cairo the same escort as at Alexandria, horses and carriages so exactly resembling each other that it seemed as if they had been brought along with us.

You expect, doubtless, that I will describe Cairo, but such a reader as you are has already devoured, since my departure, all that has been written on the subject. Cairo! This country of mine! I gazed through a little opening of the closed blinds. What a crowd, what reveling of rich coloring, what rags, what shining array, what a picturesque effect, what dust, and what filth!

We left the town, and our carriage entered a superb grove of sycamores. This place is called Choubrah. Under this arch of foliage the sun cast little spots of gold upon the dark road, while in the distance the white line of palaces deepened yet more the sapphire tint of the Nile, where glided gently the *dahabiehs*—those boats with two sails extended like the wings of a bird. I was beside myself with delight—reassured, confiding, and intoxicated.

Then we arrived at Chimilah, the place where I was born. First, we entered an immense door, and passed through a large court; then a second door was seen, on each side of which were two black boys seated upon stone benches, who ran to open it for us. The palace is vast, painted rose-color, and without other architectural decoration than the wonderfully worked gratings in nearly all the windows. The building has a very lofty *rez-de-chaussée*, surmounted by a single story. At each side are two very elegant pavilions. The carriage stopped at the foot of a flight of marble steps, where my father was awaiting me, and who carried me in. A dozen eunuchs were ranged under the peristyle. I was too agitated to observe any of the rooms through which we passed. Alone, we two entered a grand saloon, softly shaded, and opening on a large veranda, blooming as a greenhouse.

He raised my veil and threw it back.

"Let me look at you," he said.

I stood timidly before him, but he made me sit with him on the divan, holding my hand in his. Then we spoke. He inquired with solicitude of the fatigue of the voyage. I answered in Arabic, and he was delighted to see I had not forgotten my mother tongue. He questioned me with tender familiarity. I related my past life, introducing your mother and yourself. He gazed on me with a sort of delighted surprise, seeking to find my childish countenance in my present expression, and interrupting me by paternal admiration, at which I could not help blushing. Then with a sweet smile he said:

"Listen to me, Miriam. Before presenting you to your family, I wish to prepare you for certain very natural surprises. You know nothing of your country, nor of us, nor our customs: you are a child of Europe. I dread this abrupt change in your life, for I fear you will suffer from certain customs totally opposed to your education and ideas. But, while I do not wish to see you suffer, you must promise, my daughter, to render me implicit obedience, so that my happiness in regaining you may not be disturbed by annoyance or dissensions."

"Make your mind easy, father," I warmly answered; "I will obey you."

"I have lived in Europe," continued he, "and do not hide from myself all the difficulty you will have in keeping your promise. The harem has customs which, at first, will seem tyrannical to you; afterward you will find the yoke easy and gentle."

Touched by these words I assured him anew of my submission. Timidly I ventured to question him about my mother. She died young, at twenty years of age. He also informed me that I have a brother named Ali who was educated in England. I discover that, in separating my brother and myself, my father yielded to the influence of his first wife, whose hatred of my mother had extended to us.

"If I tell you these things, Miriam," he added with a tinge of melancholy, "it is because there are details that my affection would not, could not, let others inform you of. They prate a good deal in the harems, and the slaves would have repeated them in their own fashion. This I wished to avoid."

I thanked him warmly. Then, kissing me on the forehead—

"Come, now," said he, "they await us."

He rose and we passed along large galleries deliciously fresh and cool. Suddenly an open door discovered to me the most unexpected, the strangest, the most fairy-like tableau. Here, my dear, begin "The Thousand and One Nights."

Imagine an immense hall dazzling in gilding and silk, shaded into semi-darkness by shrubbery and flowers, filled with about fifty women, wives, servants, or slaves, all clothed in wonderful costumes. I advanced like one in a dream. All were standing, according to the strict etiquette of the harem, motionless and silent. In the silence which welcomed the entrance of the master, two of them approached to salute him in the Arabic fashion, bowing very low, and carrying his hand to their hearts, their lips, and afterward to their foreheads. They were my father's two wives. One, yellow and withered, though she was only thirty-six, apparently an invalid, who walked dragging her sandals, wore a sort of lilac silk pelisse trimmed with fur, falling over pantaloons of green silk; on her head and brow, hidden in a little turban of silver gauze, a large band of diamonds as large as peas formed a sort of diadem which proclaimed her the matron. The other, on the contrary, was very young, original, and charming, her eyes greatly enlarged by a black circle. She had a small, delicate head and features of statuesque regularity—not appearing older than myself. A robe of rose-colored satin, very open in the neck, which sparkled with diamonds, showed her graceful figure; and the baggy pantaloons of cherry silk appeared below the short skirt. Her hair was divided into a multitude of little plaits, and, intermingled with sequins, covered her back.

My father presented me to both, adding that he depended on them to render the customs of the harem pleasant to me. The first, Zeinab-Hanum, the old enemy of my mother, and cause of my long exile, bent earnestly upon me a gaze of which the hardness still remained, though the brightness was extinguished. The second, Saïda-Hanum, kissed me very gently on each cheek. Then came my sisters' and brothers' turn. First Hosnah, aged twenty, eldest daughter of Zeinab, dressed even more magnificently than Saïda, with the same lavish use of kohl, of henna, and of precious stones. Her extraordinary *embonpoint* amazed me. Notwithstanding the sweetest of smiles, I suspect we shall never be friends. Then Farideh, nineteen, with auburn-tinted hair, Parisian costume, and eye-glasses. I was amazed at her. Smilingly she said "Good morning" in French. She seems a very nice person. My father then named my other brothers and sisters —Sulema, Aïssé, Fatma, Cartoum, Saïd, Ahmed, Ibrahim, and Fahahry—according to their ages; the boys, not being yet seven years old, still mingled with the girls. This little crowd shyly received me with gentle kisses. I exerted myself to the utmost at this ceremonial, excusing myself for my ignorance, through which I might perhaps offend some of their most cherished ideas. Farideh inquired how, having once dwelt in Paris, I could bear to live so far away from it.

"The affection that I shall find here will console me for that which I lose," I replied.

This answer won for me the approval of Zeinab, and another kiss from Saïda. We soon took leave of my family, my father excusing me on the score of a fatiguing journey, and conducting me to my own apartment; for, with a kind forethought for my Christian education, he has assigned me an apartment where I can be free to continue my home habits of civilization. I have my own house, one of the wings of the palace, with a door opening on the garden, and my own attendants, so that I can be perfectly independent. A sort of gallery inclosed in glass, with camellias and other flowers from one end to the other, separates my harem from that of Zeinab and Saïda. My *rez-de-chaussée* is the pretty hall in the form of a rotunda of which I have already told you, and a grand saloon where I shall receive my visitors. I had scarcely entered, when a woman rushed forward and fell at my feet.

"This is Nazly, your nurse," said my father.

I raised her and took her in my arms. Twenty slaves then came to kiss the hem of my robe, and it appears I have others still. "But Egypt is ruined."

A staircase, paved with little mosaics, in the middle of which is placed a thick carpet, leads to the first floor. There my nest is, a *bijou* of a boudoir, where the most refined European is mingled with the most fantastic Oriental luxury; then comes my chamber, and next it Bell's. Birds, penetrating perfumes, the bright horizon, and tropical plants, heightened still more the effect of the brilliant stuffs and the harmonious combination of tone. I am forgetting to tell you that my chamber possesses a bed!—a veritable *bed* in gilded silver, which is, it appears, a *recherché* exotic. Bell will be compelled to teach my women how to arrange it. It is a new art for them; as here they all sleep on divans.

"Behold your home," said my father.

For a last time he took my hands, and, kissing me on the forehead—

"Rest yourself; and above all do not regret too much—"

"I have forgotten all in seeing you," I answered.

And this was true. Are you not jealous?

As soon as I was alone with Bell and Nazly, I began to examine my domain in detail. A sort of wardrobe was arranged as a dressing-room. All the trunks were open and empty. Oh, dearest, the marvelous clothing! We unfolded all: *féredgés* of moire, lace veils, Damascus silks, Brussels mantillas, and all the exquisite phanta-

sies of the Oriental costume. Bell was in ecstasies. I felt a certain malice in recalling *our famous ruin* to her memory. I ran from room to room, dazzled, charmed, looking at everything, touching everything, going from one object to another, to retrace my steps, as I was drawn back by some new thing I had passed over. My boudoir, particularly, enchants me. The walls of white Chinese satin are wadded and caught with pearls. From the cupola in the center of the ceiling depends a filigree luster, the very work of Arachne, with glass pendents of the softest rose-color. My divan is of cloth of gold, my tables inlaid with turquoise, and for a carpet I have ermine. Behold, what an Eastern dream! Weary of admiring, I returned to the hall. It was the dinner-hour, and the thoughtfulness of my father had been exercised even there, for they served me in the French style; but I did justice also to some Arab sweets they sent me from the great harem. I have passed this evening in writing you, though my letter, which I shall send by the English courier to save time, can not leave for three days. Yet I have not been slow to share my enchantment with you. I hastened to tell you immediately of this arrival I have so dreaded. Momently I put down my pen to gaze around. How strange everything seems! Seated at my feet, Nazly, with her eyes filled with tears, looks at me with adoration. She was the one who took me to France. Poor, dear creature! She loved my mother; she was from the same country; both were Circassians. Bell comes to tell me it is very late, and insists I must be tired. I believe she is right. To-morrow, then, dearest, we will continue our conversation.

III.

YOU will not be astonished that this morning, on awaking, I found it necessary to recall my recollections. I felt as if I was returning from a flight into fairyland. My glance fell upon your portrait, which Bell had had the delicate *prévenance* of placing before my bed, and my memory returned. Dear Martha, from the heart of this sumptuous chamber, from my home of a princess, I send a sigh of regret for my young girl's nest, resounding with the noise of our outbursts of morning laughter. What are you doing now? You are thinking perhaps of me, awaiting a letter impatiently, asking yourself all that I am now trying to bring before you. The excitement of the voyage, this new family, this luxury, these strange customs, have overwhelmed me at first and stunned me. I had nearly forgotten you in this tumult of surprises and emotions. Calm now, rested from all my fatigues, in the quiet of my curiosity, you were the first whom I sought. My second thought was of my father. My father!—I have a father! How sweet this word is for me to say! How quickly I have become accustomed to the charm of an affection of which until now I knew nothing! Oh, yes, Martha, he is good, and he loves me. What care for my happiness! What thoughtfulness to accustom me by degrees to a change of life so abrupt and strange! He will be everything to me. He will take the place of all the dear affections of my childhood, and, to resign myself to your loss, I shall love him all the more.

I had slept badly, and rose very early. The harem—mistresses and slaves—still slept. As a child would run, rather anxious on awaking, about a new toy which it fears to have lost while sleeping, I slowly recommenced an inspection of my dwelling, to convince myself that some malicious *génie* had not destroyed it by enchantment. All remained the same. My birds were flying among the flowers of the veranda. The gardens under my windows spread out immense and magnificent; the light-blue sky was lost in the dark-green shadow of the trees. Peeping through the leaves could be seen golden apples and the ripe fruits of the orange- and citron-trees. They had not been gathered, so that they could longer delight and perfume. I called Bell and Nazly, and we all three went down into the garden.

It is now the 1st of December, but it is summer here — summer with the delightfulness of spring, with richest coloring, luxuriant flowers, a serenity that is bright and gay. I went under domes of magnolias in bloom, stopping at parterres of roses, and gathering them without stint. Bell and Nazly bent under the load. We thus reached one of the pavilions, which I entered. A portico, divided into several compartments, surrounded a marble basin, in the waters of which the blue sky was reflected. This is our bath. I was astonished to find there games, pieces of needlework, some chibouks, and an assortment of nargiles; but Nazly tells me that the women of the harem spend many hours there, eating, smoking, and often dancing.

When I returned, my attendants were awaiting me. They relieved me of my prize, and ornamented some baskets under my direction. They were all so young, graceful, and pretty, with their beautiful dresses, that I greatly admired them. They look like daughters of sultans, and yet they are only poor slaves, whose sole business is to serve and please me. I had finished my breakfast, when I saw my father enter, and I ran to him, holding up my brow to be kissed.

"I come to inquire after your health," he said, "and to have a long talk with you."

He drew me to the veranda, and made me sit beside him.

"I strongly suspect," he cried, smiling, "that you are a spoiled child."

"Why?"

"From the manner in which you described the family who had charge of you, I am convinced that they have greatly spoiled you."

"Will not you continue to do the same?"

"Yes, I will do all I can to render your prison more attractive—for, after your European life, the harem must seem nearly a prison to you—but I can not release you from the customs which are established among us. You must submit to them without rebellion or murmuring."

He then explained to me that, in allowing me my own home, and the privilege of living there in my own fashion, taking my French repasts, and preserving all my Parisian habits, he imposed on me the duty of extreme deference to Zeinab-Hanum and her daughter Hosnah, my eldest sister.

"I have no necessity to speak of Saïda," he said, "for I am sure you will be friends."

It was very requisite, then, that I should not keep aloof from the grand harem. I must show myself docile and observant of all their forms of etiquette, which would very soon become familiar to me.

"My visits to your apartments are very serious departures from our usual habits," he continued. "I must only see you in the midst of your family. Yet I will try to steal in sometimes; but this must be a secret between us."

I promised what he required with a submission that delighted him.

"Do you know that I am utterly surprised to find you so intelligent and reasonable?"

"Father, you are a flatterer."

"No, I am proud of you."

He continued his directions, and my course of life is arranged: rights and duties are clearly defined; the code can not be infringed. I can act as I choose between the high walls of Chimilah, but I can not go beyond them, except in a coach accompanied by some women, and escorted after our Eastern mode.

My father instructed me then in the details of governing my house. The management of things outside devolves on the eunuchs; their chief, who represents me outside, is quite a personage. The control of the slaves belongs to the *chiaïa*—that is to say, to my dear Nazly.

"In short, you have only to float along," he concluded; "you will very soon have plenty of company, and amusements will not be lacking."

In the course of our conversation I made inquiries about my brother Ali. He has a mission in the provinces. I am anxious to know this son of my mother, educated, like myself, far from his own people. My father's manner of speaking proves that he loves him, but he did not conceal from me the grief that his marriage has caused him. Ali has married an infidel—an Englishwoman who is not received at Chimilah. Though I dared not venture a remark, this ostracism appears to me a little barbarous.

My father had just left me, when a knocking was heard. It was Saïda-Hanum, my young step-mother. She hastened to embrace me.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Seventeen and a half."

"I am sixteen. Will you be my friend?"

"With all my heart."

The compact sealed, we had a very pleasant talk. It appears that my arrival has upset everything. The manner in which my father had treated me was the most amazing of all. Heaven only knows all the questions she had to ask me. To her the word Europe seemed to have a wonderful and alarming effect. With the attractive, coquettish airs of a young savage, she eagerly ferreted in my still full trunks, dying to try on everything; then she again turned to me, asking a thousand explanations, listening amazed and incredulous, frequently interrupting me in her childish way to show the difference between Mohammedan and other customs. Far from envying the liberty of Christian women, she testified a lively terror of them. What! to go out alone, without a veil; to speak to men; to have to think for one's self; to watch over one's self; to direct one's own life! What work it must be; what a care; what difficulty! She was astonished that the good God had created women for them to suffer in such work.

Very soon again we were chattering nonsense, and laughing like children. She spoke of Zeinab, who was called the "Great Lady," as was the custom, and in virtue of the precedence of her age and rank, and she irreverently mimicked her.

"And what do they call you?" I asked.

"The Durrah, which means paroquet!"

When we had chatted a long time, she said:

"I came to carry you over to the harem; they are impatiently awaiting you; but first I must dress you. You are a Hanum-Effendim now."

She called Nazly, and, with the abandon of a child, she carried me into the dressing-room, where my slaves were busy putting things in order. It was difficult for her to decide, but after many doubts my little step-mother was satisfied.

Drawing me away from the mirror, assisted by Nazly, she proceeded to transform me. The work required time, for each detail entailed a fresh consultation. Saïda-Hanum wished me to look beautiful. When they had adjusted the last bracelet, they solemnly led me to a mirror, and I

will own that I was struck with surprise and wonder. A robe of gold lama gauze, open in front, was cut in three lappets of equal length, the one in the middle of the back forming a train, the two others crossing each other and caught up at the waist. My sash alone defined my figure. Under this robe very large pantalets of white silk fell over my ankles, half covering my slippers, which were embroidered with pearls. But, more than all, my eyes amazed me, for a line of kohl increased them to an immense size. These wonderful eyes made the red of my lips intense. Shall I own, Martha, that for a moment of unspeakable pride I found myself nearly pretty?

My entrance into the harem caused a lively sensation. I remembered my father's instructions and went to pay my respects to the Great Lady, who lisped a few words without rising from her cushions. The others all crowded round me, for you can readily imagine I was a curiosity. I think their character is simply a blending of egotism and childishness. After an hour or so they became accustomed to my presence. Zeinab, lying on her divan, smoked silently. Some sat in a circle listening to a story-teller, and others sang, playing *darboukas* and beating *tarabouks*, the noise of which did not seem to annoy the *hanums* in the least. My youngest sisters chased each other in pursuit of a gauze-fly—an Eastern token of cheerfulness. Through the open doors the noise of the women and children reached the gardens, like a short recreation of prisoners. In the midst of all this the eunuch remained grave and solemn, occasionally vouchsafing a grim smile at some pretty slave—some Circassian who, freighted with beauty, was decorating the house with magnificent flowers.

My duty to my family accomplished, I returned to my own apartments and found Bell. Need I say of whom we spoke? Ah! dearest Martha, If you were only here!

IV.

THREE weeks have flown, my well-beloved, and, recovered from my surprise and amazement, I can now exactly relate to you this new life of your poor Miriam. This singular return to my family, to this unknown fireside where I came as a stranger, in vain seeking some distant recollection, some link to attach me to it, often causes me incredible amazement, and in the heart of this palace, under these skies of unchanging blue, in the midst of these flowery gardens, I frequently ask myself if all is more than some curious dream. All the customs and manners of the harem are so strange to me that it is an effort to recognize myself in this *rôle* of an Arab princess surrounded by slaves. The sweet and tender idea that I was to meet a family has quickly vanished, as you can conceive, disconcerted by the confused crowd, who first made me realize my isolation. You know I am brave; the reaction has taken place, and, with a heart full of love for my father, I have come to hope only in him. In asking, dearest, an exact account of the employment of the days of your Scheherezâde, as you style me, you greatly embarrass me. It is not that the programme is very complicated; but this strange course of life resembles the ideal so little that in truth I can not compare it to anything that we have conceived, so as to describe its mingled charm and emptiness. It has a stream of ideas and impressions which one must have experienced to understand. Is this living? Is it dreaming? I do not know, for the height of these enjoyments may be summed up in three words—eating, drinking, sleeping—but these are done in an Eastern, that is to say, indolent and magnificent manner. One rises late, takes a bath, dresses, nibbles a little, lounges on the divan, listens to the chattering of the slaves, and awaits the visit of the master. Add to this, some sailing in *dahabiehs* on the Nile, or drives in a coach under the shady groves of Choubrah, and you will have an idea of this daily life, which, despite all its sumptuous surroundings, is as monotonous as the blue stream that flows under my windows upon its bed of golden sand. Yet there are hours the indescribable charm of which I can not define. In the evening, by the light of the lusters, the *gavazies* dancing to the music of their instruments, the young slaves shaking in the air their hands moistened with rose-water, waiters passed around laden with sherbet, the nargiles and chibouks mixing their smoke in a light cloud which escapes through the perfuming-pan in which they burn lumps of amber, the light gleaming upon the stones and rich dresses—all these make the time fly, by absorption of being in a sentiment at once material and ecstatic.

My natural idleness fits me well for this course of life, where one scarcely takes the trouble to form a wish; though my Parisian tastes, you will readily comprehend, demand some diversion from this superb *far niente*. You have already divined that I isolate myself from this pretty feminine flock, whose whole intelligence scarcely rises beyond the admiration of a pearl or the choice of a slipper. At my own home with Bell and Nazly, I spend my time in this manner: I read, I write, I dream. Then, as Saïda says, I am a Frenchwoman.

My pretty Durrah, now my friend, soon made me *au fait* to all the *can-cans* of the harem; and I am now well informed on the usages. This union of Zeinab and Saïda, as incomprehensible and puzzling as it appears to you, is here the simplest thing in the world. The laws of the coun-

try allow each to have her own harem, but they never have felt the need of invoking the law, and together form an admirable household. The Great Lady is nearly a mother to the Durrah. Far from being jealous of her juvenile beauty, she willingly decorates her with her own hands, giving most judicious advice about placing the henna, which, with Zeinab, they say has reached the highest degree of art. Saïda, on her side, treats Zeinab with all the respect of a daughter: she does not plume herself too much on her influence as favorite, but puts that influence very amiably at the service of the Great Lady. In short, they divide the sovereignty of the harem.

Zeinab has kept up a reverence for the traditions, wonderfully understanding all the forms of etiquette and ceremonies of Mussulman home-life. Saïda only desires jewels and dresses. She frolics like a child with her slaves, surrounding herself with the youngest, while the eldest naturally group around the severe spouse. It is a very strange spectacle to see the two enthrone themselves at each extremity of the immense hall, the one gravely lying on her divan, smoking her nargile, drowsy, exhausted, sometimes raising herself on her cushions to speak with the *chiaia* or with some eunuch; the other, dazzling as the sun, laughing, eager for new games, mixing in the singing and dancing. Saïda pointed out to me Farideh's mother, a Greek slave, whom the rules of Oriental etiquette prevent from seating herself in her daughter's presence. The name of Farideh alone always brings a peal of laughter from the lips of my step-mother. On the other hand, she evades all questions about my sister Hosnah. Her voice changes, even, in pronouncing her name. She seems to be afraid of her.

I have not seen Hosnah again since she left Cairo, on the morning of my arrival, for her home at Mansourah; but Farideh has been to Chimilah. If I had allowed it, she would have upset everything in my pretty boudoir, so as to crowd it with trash from the French bazaar, the refuse from the Marseilles shops. She spoke with much animation of her Parisian dresses, and her hatred of Hosnah, giving me the reason for the latter feeling. It seems that the "Caïrine gentry" are divided into two female parties, which my two sisters represent. Hosnah heads that of Old Egypt, the ultras, the adherents of old forms, while Farideh leads the schism—the opposition—in favor of reform and a new future.

Now, dearest, you know my mode of life. I see you smile. But, what can I do? Yes! something is wanting, and sometimes I am a prey to the feelings of loneliness which so much oppressed me at first. My father is not always here; yet what I scarcely dared to hope for has come to pass. He often comes to surprise me in the morning, and we converse as friends, sometimes in Arabic, sometimes in French, mingling the two at will. He is thoroughly unreserved, even going so far as to confide to me secrets of state, so you can think how proud I feel. You can not tell what a charming bond of tenderness unites us; and the little air of mystery which surrounds his visits decks them with a romantic charm. As you can readily imagine, in our conversations I have inquired into the great business—the principal motive of my recall! It is the settlement of the young princess. As yet, this is only a threat; no plans are formed, so I can still laugh.

One of my pleasures, you may know, is to speak with Nazly about my mother. Zeinab, the first wife—the *grand dame*—is the daughter of a pasha. My mother was a poor slave, with whom my father fell in love, and was a Durrah, like Saïda—a reason which makes me love my little step-mother.

While I am writing, the hour of *siesta* has sounded. Silence descends upon the palace. Some slaves are lying at my feet asleep. What a pretty tableau! There is one of them, particularly, a Smyrniote of about fourteen years of age, with hair and lashes of jet. Poor little one! Where are her family? In looking on her, I no longer dare to complain. Well, dearest, I, too, must go to sleep. Shall I tell you my foolish belief? I am sure I shall see you in my dreams.

Great news! My brother Ali has arrived!

V.

As you may conceive, our first interview was a momentous affair. My father brought Ali to my house. During the first few moments we stood before each other silent and immovable, both seized with the same agitation. Suddenly my brother held out his hands, and I put mine in them, and a little later we were seated together on the divan.

"What a pretty surprise you are, sister!" he said, touched and charmed.

He looked at me, and I could not remove my eyes from his face. My father left us alone.

Ali is twenty years of age. Of medium size, there is an air of rare elegance about him. His great velvet eyes alone betray his Eastern origin. His smile is refined, but slightly malicious, veiled by a long, black mustache. He is vivacious and witty, with an indolent, attractive grace, the striking charm of which I can not describe. It was a true happiness to find each other again, to make each other's acquaintance, so to speak, after so many years of separation and forgetfulness. Being older than myself, Ali had retained a recollection of me. He recalled a thousand little incidents of our childhood, which seemed to awake

in his mind as an image half effaced, in which one feature often suffices to decide the contour. He spoke of our mother, and it seemed to me that, far off as that time was, I could go back with him. I took up those visions of the past, so full of melancholy and of sweetness, and these dear memories suddenly renewed the interrupted link of our fraternal relations. The exile we both had undergone was yet another bond of affection. We thought aloud, exchanging our sentiments and betraying in our hearts the affinity of feeling deep in our souls.

We talked a long time, and he enlarged on a subject of which they never speak in the family. I have told you already that my brother married an infidel. The history of their union is romantic and touching. At eighteen years of age Ali returned from England wild with love for a poor but noble young girl. After having refused his consent for a long time, my father yielded to the overwhelming despair of his son. They have been married nearly two years now, and, though she has yielded, with the best grace in the world, to all the observances of a Mussulman life, the poor Christian has not been able to disarm prejudice. My sisters do not visit her; even my father, good and enlightened as he is, has never consented to see her. Their love suffices and consoles them, and nothing is more charming than the love of Ali for his *dear little soul.*

"I am very sure, Miriam, that you would love my poor little Adilah," said my brother.

"I love her already Ali, because she is your wife; and, besides, I feel a sympathy for her loneliness, without family or friends."

"She knows that I am with you now. I can not understand by what intuition she should have divined you as you are. She has even drawn your portrait nearly exactly. What a delight it would be for her to see you!"

"And for me also!" I cried.

"Alas!" he replied, "will our father ever permit you to know her?"

Though sharing this fear, I had at heart a secret hope. I confided it to Ali, without inspiring him with confidence.

"The severity of our father has its weaknesses," I said; "he has already yielded so much to me that I can not believe he will deprive us both of this happiness."

"Adilah is a Christian," he answered, "and here that is a heavy crime."

"Bah! our father is too intelligent—"

"Our father, alas! yields to rigid laws stronger than his will, my dear Miriam."

A little discouraged, I had nothing to say. We parted with regret, promising to see each other very soon.

This visit from Ali had a very sweet effect on me. I felt it would fill the void in which I had lived since my return. This charming brother would be a support and a friend. Educated in Europe, and married to a European, he would know how to understand me. With him I could speak fearlessly of the past and of the future. A feeling of pity, united to a lively curiosity, seized me in recalling his confidences with regard to his marriage. I already adored this lonely girl, repulsed by a family she vainly sought to conciliate. I could imagine her melancholy, her discouragement, during the long absences of my brother, who, in the discharge of his business, is often obliged to be away from her. Full of these thoughts, I impatiently awaited the next morning to talk over Ali's visit with my father. He was enchanted to hear me speak of the affection which had already arisen between us. Then, with innumerable precautions, I managed to express my desire of knowing my sister-in-law; but at the first words I met with such lively opposition that I realized I was attacking scruples hard to vanquish. He appeared astonished that such an idea had occurred to me.

"None of your sisters visit her," he said, as if to settle the matter.

"They! But I?—"

He could not repress a smile at my obstinacy.

"Oh, you!—you are a little rebel," he replied. "There is no doubt of that."

"Well, then, that will be the excuse. Ali will be so happy! Nothing but a little meeting—very mysterious—hidden—"

"Hidden! You have it all well arranged!—but I shall know it."

"No! You shall shut your eyes—just like that," I said, making a bandage of my hands over his eyes.

"You arrange your plan easily."

"What could be more simple? I will go out some day with Bell and Nazly, who will not betray me."

"And your people?"

"I will stop at the house of Nazly's sister, where I will leave them. From there, through the little garden, we shall reach the bank of the Nile. If by chance Ali's house should be there, what is to be done?"

"Do you not see this scheme, with its risk, will revolutionize the family?"

"You are so good—and love your rebellious daughter so much. Come! is it agreed on?"

"I say nothing; but take care I do not catch you there," he added, with one of those sweet smiles which so charm me in him.

Tremble, Martha; I had not deceived myself. You have found a rival! but I know that your tenderness will not turn to jealousy, and that you

will never find I can be too much beloved, nor too happy.

The same morning that I had wrested this permission so hard to obtain from my father, I went out in the carriage with Bell and Nazly. I have not yet told you, I believe, that Nazly has a sister—the widow of an officer—who frequently comes to see her. Desirous of showing some token of esteem to my good nurse, I have sometimes stopped at her house.

All was executed as I had planned. On reaching Zourah's house (her discretion is beyond doubt), we descended, and while my people awaited me at the gate we went out through the garden. It was the first time since my residence in Egypt that I had walked abroad. Nazly guided us. The path, bordered with India cane, with spreading red flowers, had a sort of dazzling effect which added to the pleasure of our flight. The absence of my keepers, the blue heavens, and the calm of the fields seemed to take my breath away. In ten minutes, by following the bank of the river, we reached a palace, with roofs in the form of domes, of the purest Byzantine style. As we attempted to enter the door, the porters hastened to bar our passage. It is not easy to get into an Arab house. By much persistence, governed perhaps by a certain command, under which they recognized some powerful *hanum*, they allowed us to enter the court; but there we encountered a still more serious obstacle. Luckily, through the thoughtfulness of Bell, who had remembered to carry her bank-book, I got round it. I tore a leaf from it, and, writing my name with a pencil, waited while a eunuch carried it to his master. My brother instantly ran—wild with joy—and drew me toward a flight of steps on the terrace, leading to a shaded veranda carpeted with flowers.

Scarcely had we entered, than he darted to me, and kissed me on my forehead above my veil.

"This is against the rules!" I cried.

"Here we infringe the rules," he replied.

The rooms that we passed through all exhibited the taste and comfort of an almost European household. We went alone without any *cortége* of eunuchs and slaves. Soon we reached the saloon, where the first object that attracted my notice was an open, magnificent Erard piano; a library, pictures—but I could observe no more, for an airy, floating form, rising from a divan, ran to me, and taking me in her arms kissed me on each cheek. I can never make you understand the impression Adilah produced on me, nor the ravishing type of beauty, which took me by storm. It is dazzling, like something one dreams of—angel, woman, nymph, houri—combined. Imagine a coronal of crimped golden hair, an eye black as mine, fringed with long lashes, which contrast admirably with her English complexion, at the same time rosy and of milky whiteness. The contrast is so wonderful that one does not think of observing the other features, which are of rare perfection. Her expansive nature conveys the impression of ardent and vivacious youth, combined with animated grace, which once seen is never forgotten.

"You have much taste, brother," I said to Ali, holding Adilah by the hand.

"Say much happiness, Miriam."

They could not get over the surprise my appearance caused them. I had to give an account of how I gained the victory; how I had interceded with my father, and by what miracle I had gained his tacit consent. Though an Englishwoman, Adilah speaks French admirably. Ali has not been able to dispense with the exterior observances of Mussulman life, to which she has submitted without trouble or regret, but the interior of their home has nothing of the harem about it. The eunuchs are there only for form's sake, and the slaves are servants.

Ali takes his meals with his wife. This incident, which seems so natural to you, is an extraordinary exception here. When the dinner-hour came, we went into a dining-room inclosed with glass, looking on the Nile. You can never begin to imagine my brother's manner to Adilah—his loving attention, his tender glances and smiles! I was absorbed in the contemplation of this happiness. They feel that they are all in all to each other, and that nothing exists or touches them apart from each other. He observed my absence of mind.

"Why do you not speak more, Miriam?" he inquired.

"I am looking at you!"

Adilah divined my thought.

"This life will soon be yours," she said, "when you are married."

I own these words made a very singular impression on me. Marriage is, in fact, the end of woman's life. I also shall marry as others do. Do you recollect our jesting on this subject—and how our husbands should be—with what gifts we endowed them—and what miraculous qualities? You even made again and again numerous pictures of mine; I must say, with shame at my requirements, you never succeeded in satisfying me. I can not tell why, on seeing my brother and his wife, these idle memories recurred to me. A lively curiosity as to the future took possession of me. What was to be my destiny? At this idea I could not prevent a feeling almost of terror.

My too short visit passed in calm and friendly manner. I felt that they had given me a place

in their hearts. Adilah took me to the piano, and I played one of those nocturnes of Chopin's that you always say make you weep. All three of us felt sad and disquieted. When Ali's glance met mine I read the same thought in his eyes. "What if we should not see each other again?" But we did not part without hope of future meetings.

I returned home gently agitated. I will believe—I will hope. The void in my heart will be filled. I have a family who may yet replace the one I have lost. How changed now appears my life in Egypt!

VI.

WHEN my father appeared the next morning, I cried out: "She is an angel! and if you knew her you would adore her."

"Who? What?" he asked, amazed at such an explosion.

I had burned my ships, and before so much goodness I should have thought it disloyal not to make him a frank avowal.

"How are your eyes this morning?" I asked with effrontery.

"My eyes! What do you mean?"

"Did you not suffer yesterday?"

He looked into my face and shook his finger at me.

"You have made some guilty escapade."

I hung my head like a true hypocrite.

"Pardon! I have deceived the best of fathers, to go and see a certain brother whom I love."

"Already?"

Without noticing his interruption I related to him all the incidents of the previous day, and made him listen to my admiration of Adilah. It was the first time he had heard her truly spoken of, or even a word in her favor. Ali never alludes to his wife. I did not conceal the length of my visit.

"I am so happy," I said, "that you must not scold me. And, besides, I have not disobeyed you. You are so good that you did not dictate the time—"

I was not long in securing pardon.

"Your visit can scarcely be repeated, though," he added.

This answer was rather categorical, but encouraged by the result I will be sure to conquer. I am not the daughter of my father for nothing. In spite of his decided tone and positive manner, I know the weakness which renders him so tender and indulgent to me. At first he will argue —then I shall reason; perhaps even he will consent to become totally blind.

There exists between myself and my little step-mother a very pleasant friendship. I defend myself a little from those childish outbursts which would engross all my time. Though she is very much attached to me, the poor little thing can not change or be other than a charming bird. We often go out together. Nearly every day she entices me to Choubrah, the *tour du lac* of Cairo. There is the gorgeous display of equipages and toilets, the European colony in great numbers, tourists, and harem-carriages parade there in rich array. Saïda has a wonderful tact in recognizing her friends through their veils. Choubrah is the field where the rival parties of *Old* and *Young Egypt* wage their warfare. The contrast is so striking that I had remarked it even before Saïda mentioned it: The ultras, retrograde, shrouded in the *habarah* of black silk, even their hands hidden, and the curtains of their carriages carefully drawn down. The new school, on the contrary, wear the Turkish *féredjé* carelessly over the shoulders, so as to let the Parisian dress be seen. Upon their heads they wear an illusion bonnet with a wreath of flowers, and a veil so thin as scarcely to conceal the countenance, and gloved hands. They affectedly coquette with passers-by from the depths of their *coupes*, and with their English coachmen and liveries do not seem separated from European manners except by the fragile barrier of the *yachmak*, which scarcely conceals the features more than your veils. Their eunuchs even keep at a discreet distance, as if their functions were at an end. These Parisianized Arabs fraternize with the foreigners, whom they strive to imitate in everything (though they despise them as infidels)—apart from that, intimacy, quarrels, intrigues, all the *outside* show of an amiable society where each respects the other.

The gentle Durrah took me to visit my sister Farideh, who is the head of the new party, and I was very agreeably pleased with her, though strange and eccentric. Married to a Turk, very heavy in body and brain, she lives in the midst of the Esbékieh, in a flashy new palace, only distinguishable from the French houses by a light grating on the windows. An Italian architect built this marvel of bad taste, which she has decorated in French style, the furniture coming direct from the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, even to the carpets. All around are musical boxes, mechanical pianos, etc. Farideh adores noise. With these curious tastes, she is a Caïrene chronicle, and one of the celebrities of the country. Visitors flock to her house at all hours. They do not discuss the singing girls or the *gavazies*, but are interested in conversing about the actresses of Cairo, the Viceroy's balls, and the Paris fashions. Her receptions are all the rage. Last year she gave a sort of French rout. Men being naturally excluded from the harem, she had to fill their places. The largest of her

slaves, dressed like men in white cravats and black suits, offered their arms to the *hanums*. A dancing-mistress taught them the quadrille. They acted their part as gentlemen very awkwardly, but the idea, as you see, was not wanting in originality: the effect was very fine. Every one spoke of it for a month. To finish the picture, an English governess educates her children; her *femme de chambre* is a Marseillaise, which is the reason that Farideh speaks French with the accent of Canebière.

Encouraged by the indulgence of my father, you may be sure I renewed my visits to Adilah. My brother having duties at court, often left us alone, and confidences naturally followed. Of course, we speak of you. She knows you and loves you; so we are three friends. I can not describe the happiness that I feel in this pretty nest of love. When Ali returns one would think the heavens had opened. Jesting charmingly, he relates to us all the court gossip, which we receive with bursts of laughter. While he adores his wife, he is still a perfect boy. Adilah jested him on some little social success at which she pretended to be jealous. Elegant, intellectual, and gallant, he plays, it seems, a conspicuous part in the European colony. Even his manner of wearing the *tarboch* is imitated.

The style of living is much like that at Chimilah. There are fewer slaves perhaps, but this is a country unsurpassed for caprice and phantasy. The other day that remark of my father's in his letter to M. Gütler, and which I had nearly forgotten, recurred to me, and I asked an explanation of it.

"Nothing is more true," answered Ali, "Egypt is ruined!"

"Decidedly that is nonsense," cried I laughing.

"But, my dear Miriam, we owe enormous sums that we probably never can pay."

"What will you do about it?"

With his thoughtless shifting of responsibility, he answered:

"That is the business of our *wékil*."

This *wékil*, the superintendent of all respectable Arab houses, is often very rich, at his master's cost. The great lords here do not know any material trouble; they are born only to enjoy themselves. My father is ruined!—Ali is ruined, or, as he jestingly says, he has always been poor. Hosnah alone, in our family, is rich.

This name of Hosnah, drawn into our conversation, led to a remark of my brother's which struck me.

"Listen to me," he said, "and be very little with her."

I have already spoken of the *dahabiehs*. Ali owns a charming, roomy one. After dinner the other evening, he proposed a sail on the Nile. Lying under the canopy of crimson silk, I tried to forget everything. The stream, flecked by the moon, extended its limpid sheet between the somber banks of the river, pierced at intervals by spots of white—the huts of the Fellahs. Under this pale light of the transparent skies, where the shade seemed a twilight, a guttural chant reached us borne on the limpid air. The flowing of the water mingled with this savage melody. There were in all a quietude, calm, and poesy, that I can not define. I listened, I looked, I dreamed. Suddenly Adilah bent over me.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked.

The truth was, I was thinking of the happiness before my eyes. Alas! I sometimes feel lonely—oh, so lonely—in this life of fairy tales to which I have been transplanted.

VII.

MARTHA! an adventure, a true romance in the uniform course of my harem-life.

It was one of those days when one awakens glad at heart, when one feels happy without cause or reason, when I went the other morning to Adilah's, knowing her to be alone. A delightful cry of surprise greeted me, for I had come to spend the day. You can tell it was to be a fête-day. The weather was superb. Not a breath of air, but the balminess of January, which is our spring; the trees with their emerald leaves and the skies with the purest azure. Adilah led me into the garden. The gardens in Egypt have a splendor unknown to those in Europe. A garden is the only place where a *hanum* has a right to go on foot—the boundary of her prison. Ali has done wonders with his.

Aviaries filled with rare birds, jets of water falling in diamond-dust upon hedges of oranges and mimosa, walks bordered by banana-trees, dates, and bamboo, parterres of lilies, and, like an impenetrable dome, great sycamores mingle with the palm-trees, forming a thick shade which keeps cool in the greatest heat of summer.

We reached a kiosk built upon the Nile. Adilah passes there the hot hours of the afternoon, those hours of *siesta* when the entire town rests and sleeps. The interior of this *buen retiro* is enchanting. The walls are of rose-colored marble, with long Indian blinds; favorite books and refreshing drinks are scattered around.

After chattering awhile, I observed that the softness of *kief* made my pretty sultana languid, and she listened to me smiling in her lazy idleness. A sort of dullness weighed upon and oppressed us. By degrees our conversation ceased; her eyes closed, and she slept. Surprised by one of those vague, intangible reveries, where images meet and blend with each other, I tasted in this

silence, this repose, a happiness purely physical, an exquisite sensation of quietude and peace. At the extremity of the room a window of very delicate work forms a charming angle. Some sprays of Virginia jasmine have penetrated through the interstices, and are so intermingled with the fine carving that the window is only a screen of gilded wood and flowers. While I was mechanically looking, some of these sprigs loosened, and sowed with white stars the wooden steps that led to the window. Leaning my elbows on the velvet sill, I inhaled the delicious and enervating odors. When my hand had made an opening in the leaves, I discovered that the window looked out on another garden which was deserted. Weeds, a crowd of trees, and a carpet of high dry grass were in view everywhere. Believing the place uninhabited, my eyes explored without ceremony this corner of a wild paradise, when suddenly I perceived, just below me, a young man seated at a bamboo table upon which were spread letters and papers; his head resting on the back of his cane chair, his eyes fixed on vacancy, he appeared absorbed in deep reverie. At first sight I thought him ugly. His forehead was high, his eyes dark, and at the same time melancholy and haughty; his profile irregular, but vigorous and severe. Everything about him betokened a mind and a will—a something which surprised the gaze and enchained it. Suddenly a slight frown wrinkled his brow, and his head fell on his hand. Hidden behind my grating, I thought I had discovered the secret of grief and despair. Then he rose and opened a bundle of letters, reading rapidly and with feverish eagerness. He stopped at one page to read it again, and a bitter smile parted his lips, as he crushed the letter in his hand. I do not know why, but the thought occurred to me that the letter was from a woman. Poor lover! he suffered perhaps from some deception. I was still there thinking, when a slave came up and spoke to him. The unknown rose, and followed him. When he had disappeared I could not prevent myself from speculating upon the vision which had, in spite of myself, captivated my curiosity, like an enigma of which I wished to decipher the answer.

The voice of Adilah roused me from this idle investigation. Martha! There is a mystery under this. Who can this young solitary, confined like a bear in this sad garden, be? One thing at least I can certainly tell you—he is not Prince Charming.

VIII.

IT is very evident that you have already built up a romance in your pretty head. My dear, your imagination is too active on the subject of my famous hero discovered from the window. There is a romance, truly, but it is this:

This morning I expected my father to breakfast. Do you read that? To breakfast! This innovation on established usage was an exceptional favor. We have reached that point.

I had the table placed in the veranda, in the midst of the flowers. My father came in with his pleasant smile. When he was seated, he asked, "Is it well with you?"

I wished to wait on him, to have him all to myself, and delightedly offered him a thousand little attentions that I was jealous of the slaves for rendering; and, truly, I was not so very awkward.

The coffee was brought while I was chattering on, gay and smiling.

"Do you know, Miriam," said he, suddenly, "that, with your eighteen years, you are a very old girl here?"

"I know it."

"I must think of having you married, my dear."

"You have a scheme, father?" I cried, a little troubled.

He looked at me, smiling, then putting his finger on his lips—

"Chut! It is a secret," he said.

I went nearer, trying to read it in his eyes.

"A secret? One you can not tell?"

"My dear child, at present it is only a vague project. I have often reflected on the future which awaits you. With your education and ideas," he continued, "I can not disguise from myself how you would suffer in this harem-life, where you would only be a first slave. I wish to consult you."

This confidence caused me a certain agitation, for I was touched at being thus understood by my father.

"How good you are, father!" I murmured.

"I love a rebellious daughter, that is all; and I am very ambitious for her."

I do not know why the recollection of Adilah's mysterious neighbor rose to my mind. Fate has such strange caprices! I burned to question, but an insurmountable embarrassment arrested the words on my lips.

"Then, father," I timidly ventured, "who is he?"

"He is very rich, and occupies the highest position. I do not know a more desirable *parti* in Egypt."

Though I am very sure of the power of my father, and have the blindest confidence in his judgment, I can not be silent as to the fear and repulsion I feel for the manner in which they arrange Mussulman marriages. To marry a stranger, who is met for the first time on the wedding-day, knowing nothing of him—not even the sound of his voice—is it not terrible?

"I can believe in all your solicitude, father," I added, "but to me this man will be an indifferent stranger—and, then, if I could not love him?"

My father smiled, and was thoughtful for a few moments; then, as if yielding to a sudden inspiration—

"Decidedly, I am on a dangerous precipice," he said. "You have made me commit so many infractions that I do not know where to stop."

"What do you mean?"

"A foolish idea has occurred to me, that I can show you your husband; then on the promenade you will know his voice. You shall also speak to him."

"How can that be?"

"We shall see! we shall see!" he replied, as if he feared having gone too far. "This time, at least, I promise nothing."

You can imagine how my curiosity was aroused after this conversation. My brain reeled. Who could this *fiancé* be, whose name, even, my father dared not reveal? In vain I pondered. The *Selamlik* is closed to us, it is true, but in my drives I have often met my father in company with the sons of princes and pashas, and I tried now to recall some of the faces. To which one of them must I look for all the qualities I have dreamed of? Martha! if he should be the one? You will, no doubt, deceive yourself, for have I not told you he is ugly?

A week has flown, and in none of my interviews with Adilah have I again seen the mysterious neighbor. He never appears at Choubrah at the hour when one meets all Cairo there. Was he a phantom? and has he flown? Twice I have gone to my sister-in-law's house without any success. Happily, it does not make me thin.

IX.

NURSING the strange illusion which unites my reader in the garden with the great project that my father had unfolded, I passed several days in weaving my romance. You know my busy imagination, which carries me so easily to what you call the land of fiction. My Prince Charming, you must own, does not this time exceed the ideal of a modest ambition. Why should I think of him? I do not know. The truth is, perhaps, that in this harem-life behind my grating I have no one else to think of. A true daughter of Eve, I am enchanted at having a secret adventure. I arrange in my head a charming concourse of circumstances, with the most adorable effect. One day my father brings him to me, and presents him as a skirmisher; I have an unconscious air of not knowing him; then, unlooked-for surprise, I accidentally appear the next morning from the height of my window among the bushes of his Eden. Then secret encounters, and all the course of graceful gallantries of Eastern poesy!

Is not all that beautifully worked out? Well! my poor Martha, my dream has vanished in the clouds, with my hero, and, as the height of humiliation, there only remains of it an unheard-of imprudence, which I must here confide to you.

Always compelled by order of my father to observe great prudence, for three days I had not been able to escape to see Adilah. At that hour I knew I should find her in that well-beloved kiosk, from which my curious gaze could search the forbidden garden. Would he appear there this day? Though I despised his stupidity at not having suspected his happiness in being gazed at by two such beautiful eyes as mine piercing through the leaves, I had a great desire to pay him off in my turn with utter indifference. Fancy that I have arrived. Adilah was writing.

"What happiness!" she cried on seeing me. "Wait until I finish this letter, and then I will be yours entirely."

"Good! Do not disturb yourself, I will take a book."

And, in fact, I stationed myself on a divan with a collection of Arab poems by a poet called Hassan, which Ali had left there. Need I add that in ten minutes I was distracted by the songs of the birds at the neighbor's garden? An impertinent bullfinch perched upon our grating thrust in his head inquisitively. I rose to drive him off.

"How delicious these jasmines are!" I say to Adilah.

You will know that already I was at my tower of observation, arranging the sprays with an indifferent air.

Nothing was visible on the other side in the deserted walks. The bullfinch, which had flown to a palm, from his lofty perch seemed to mock me, as if he suspected my anger, I swallowed my confusion, and, in truth, your little princess well merited the disappointment. Adilah still wrote. Disgusted at staying planted there like a fool, I was about to leave the place, when I suddenly heard a rustling among the leaves. Martha, it was he! I soon saw him appear at the turn of the path. He came toward me. Was it chance, or sympathy? Twice he raised his eyes to my window. It seemed to me that his gaze, deep and burning, encountered mine. My dear, I turned crimson, though I knew he could not see me, and remained hidden behind my flowery curtain. He approached nearer, and was disappearing behind the kiosk, when a mad idea flashed across my brain. I once read a pretty Persian legend which seems invented for my case: "At the foot of a tower on a bank of turf

the poet Hafiz slept. . . . Above him at a window the Princess Gulnare leaned out inquisitively, and played with a rose. Suddenly the rose slipped from her fingers, and, falling on the sleeper, awakened him." In default of the rose, I have but to stretch out my hand to gather one of these branches. My dear, the act followed the thought; my flowers fell at his feet as he passed below me. Surprised, he stopped and looked up. I withdrew so rapidly that Adilah rose.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Heavens! Only think of it! I have thrown a flower to your neighbor."

"Are you crazy?"

"I think I have been dreaming for about five minutes."

"But, to begin with, I have no neighbor."

I drew her to the window. He was still there, half smiling, and smelling my flowers.

Amazed, Adilah uttered a little cry; but we were too secure in our shelter to fear anything from his curiosity.

"What do you think of him?" I whispered.

"Ugly."

"Look well at him."

She looked at him intently.

"And now?" I added.

"He does not improve."

This answer delighted me. I have always been jealous, you know, of my impressions; it seems to me that any one who shares them steals them.

But the amazement of Adilah was boundless. Now that she was convinced of the existence of a neighbor, I related my adventure. Heaven only knows how much delicate irony this prank cost me. Happily, there is nothing to betray me. The Lord Hafiz, who was there, as disconcerted as myself, can not suppose it anything but perhaps the malice of some slave.

I entreated Adilah to keep my folly secret, when, to finish my disgrace, Ali entered at the moment. Our discovery was a great surprise to him, for he, like his wife, had believed the garden uninhabited.

While we stood still he went to the window. An exclamation of amazement escaped his lips.

"What is it?" inquired Adilah.

"It is Hassan," he answered.

"Do you know him?" I asked, with my heart beating violently.

"Yes! He is the very poet who wrote the book now in your hand. But how does the imprudent man dare to come to Cairo?"

"Has he not the right to come?"

"No! He is proscribed."

You can not tell what an effect that word produced on me.

"Proscribed!" I said after a brief silence. "Has he, then, committed some crime?"

"Oh! worse than that! He has compromised himself in the gravest political intrigues. He is mad, dreaming of senseless reforms—and even of the Fellahs."

I questioned him further, and he informed us then that my Prince Charming was of high rank, and had a most romantic history, and was the son of a minister of Mehemet Ali, who fell into disgrace under Abbas. Abbas had all his relations massacred, and confiscated their immense fortune. Hassan's rare endowments made that suspicious prince so uneasy that he exiled him. Hassan has acquired renown as a poet and as a soldier. In the last war he was at Plevna, where, it seems, he fought like a hero at the head of one of the regiments of Osman Pasha."

"Then he runs great risk?" I said, with a stricture at my heart as I realized that my inconceivable giddiness had betrayed him.

"Certainly! But I shall not be the one to denounce him. The police is so poor that he is safe in this deserted quarter, buried in this abandoned house; but I know his audacity. If he is here, it is because he has some project, some end in view—there lies the danger!"

I returned home very thoughtful. The romance that my extravagant imagination had conceived was shattered at a single blow. What probability was there that my father would even look at this proscribed man? But a frightful anxiety soon took the place of my silly dreaming. My fatal imprudence had betrayed his retreat. Good Heavens! If they should discover him! I was certain of Ali's silence, but any indiscretion would be fatal to him! At this thought I trembled, as though he were already denounced.

The next morning I could not rest, and escaped to go and get tidings. What might not have happened since the previous evening? I found Ali and Adilah very tranquil, and not in the least uneasy about their poor neighbor. Not daring to question them, under the pretext of going to find a book, I ran to the kiosk.

I had counted without thinking of our terrible Mohammedan customs—the window was walled up!

From the French of JAQUES VINCENT (*Revue des Deux Mondes*).

(*To be continued.*)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW WORLD.

II.

A CRUISE in the Druid along the northern shores of the Bay of Chaleur, as far as Gaspé, gave me an opportunity of seeing a very interesting coast in reference to the resources of the "inshore fisheries." The settled country extends but a very short distance inland—the sky-line shows invariably an outline of low, rounded hills covered entirely with forest. But along certain portions of the coast the sea was well covered with powerful boats fishing for cod. On hailing some of these for the purpose of buying fish, it was pleasant to see the abundant "take," which often covered the bottom of the boats. The cod were generally small—that is to say, not above three or four pounds' weight—and a large proportion of them not above two pounds. But they were of excellent quality. At several stations along the shore, and especially at the picturesque little village of Gaspé, there were large establishments for the curing and export of these fish. From the great abundance of the supply, it could not be otherwise than that the price should be low; but I heard with regret that the fishery was generally prosecuted on a system of "advances" by the curing-houses—which was, in fact, the truck system on an extended scale—and that the final result to the fishermen was a very low rate of remuneration for an occupation very toilsome, involving great exposure, and often not devoid of danger. The northeastern shores of the Bay of Chaleur are very open, and in easterly and northeasterly winds are exposed to the full sweep of the Atlantic.

When at Gaspé, which is a most picturesque little town with an excellent harbor, I saw one of the fast American schooners, whose operations in the mackerel-fishery of this coast are much complained of by the Canadian fishermen. Their complaints reminded me much of the similar complaints on the west coast of Scotland, against what is called "trawling" for herrings. In both cases new and more efficient modes of catch have been at least coincident with a departure of the shoals from former places of resort, if not with diminished productiveness over a larger area. This is one of the allegations which will probably form the subject of inquiry between the Governments concerned on the pending question of the fishery treaties.

As regards another branch of the fishing industry, the provincial population have it all to themselves. I refer to the lobster-fisheries. The abundance of lobsters on this part of the Canadian coast is astonishing to those who are acquainted only with this pursuit on the almost exhausted shores of Scotland. Until quite lately any number of the finest lobsters could be caught by a noose at the end of a short rod, from boats rowing gently along the shores, with a torchlight, at night. Of late, however, the introduction of more skilled methods of capture has sensibly thinned them. And no wonder, for I was told of one man taking in a single night upward of six hundred lobsters, getting only about sixty cents, or about half a crown, per hundred. The fishermen in this trade also are very much in the hands of large capitalists, who supply the gear and tackle, purchase the shell-fish, boil them in great caldrons, and "tin" them for export to the United States and to Europe. It is impossible that any supply can long support the present rate of capture without being very speedily reduced. But the shores along which the lobsters are found are so extensive that, if proper regulations are made and enforced as to a close time and as to the size of fish, they may continue for many years to yield a profitable return.

The northern shores of the Bay of Chaleur, although higher than the southern, are nevertheless low and far from picturesque. Small farms, divided by straight lines, with wooden houses of various shapes and sizes, cover a gentle declivity, which ends in a steep bank or an insignificant precipice of red sandstone. But at one point, Cape Bonaventure, the carboniferous strata have been thrown on edge, and rise into a high and sharp-pointed cliff, which has been cut off by the action of the sea and of floating ice from the mainland. This island is perpendicular on all sides, very narrow, and about three hundred feet high, with an undulating platform at the top, inhabited by thousands of cormorants and other sea-fowl, where they are absolutely secure from molestation. Through this great cliff the sea has worked its way in an arched cave, which pierces from one side to the other, and through which, at high water, a boat can row. It is from this peculiar feature, I presume, that the place is called Percé. When the colors of the sunset were thrown on this island, with its splintered plates of rock, its deep cracks and fissures, and its own fine local tints, it formed one of the most curious and beautiful objects I have ever seen on any coast.

A drive of ten miles up the valley of the Cascapediac and a descent from that point to the

sea in canoes enabled us to see another of the most lovely rivers of Canada. Smaller than the Restigouche, but with a greater extent of fine alluvial soil between its banks and the surrounding hills, fringed consequently by forests with a larger proportion of deciduous trees, its windings presented scenes of almost ideal beauty, as we floated down the river on a delicious evening in the beginning of July. Some of the elms were particularly fine, and maple, ash, and black birch, with thickets of a feathery willow, hung over or fringed the water with every variety of foliage, while some park-like openings in the wood and occasional clearings and comfortable farms gave their own interest and their own charm. We were most hospitably received at our farthest point by Mr. Woodman, a farmer who had cleared and cultivated a large extent of fine meadow-land on the banks of the river. His capacious homestead, surrounded by fields of luxuriant grass, and presided over by a most kind and comfortable Scotch wife from Ayrshire, afforded us welcome rest and refreshment, after the jolting of one of the roughest of Canadian roads. But not even the attractions of my countrywoman's delicious milk and home-made bread could keep me long from the banks of that glorious river, with the crimson finches, which were flitting among its birches and alders, the striped squirrels running under drift-logs, and the great belted kingfisher plunging into its eddies. Although somewhat far from "kirk and market," the whole place seemed the perfection of a happy agricultural home. *Viret memoria!*

On our return home, we passed by the Intercolonial Line to St. John's, the capital of New Brunswick, and embarked there in a steamer for Boston. The valley along which the line passes in approaching St. John's, called Sussex Vale, is drained by the Kenabecacis River. With its large lake-like expanses of water, its mixture of rock, and its abundance and variety of wood, it was much prettier than any description of New Brunswick had led me to expect. In St. John's itself the effects of the recent great fire are only too apparent. But rebuilding and revival had begun, and the effects of these were fortunately even more obvious to the eye.

One of the thick fogs so common on the coasts of North America shrouded the low, rocky shores of New Brunswick as we passed, and when it cleared off we were running along the coast of the State of Maine. We found ourselves then threading our way among an archipelago of beautiful little islands, rocky and wooded, full of comfortable little farms, and villa residences, and fishing-stations, with multitudes of boats of all sorts and sizes rowing or sailing between them and the mainland. The whole was bathed in glorious sunlight, the sea was unruffled, and the sky showed on every side those immense spaces of horizon which are so rare in the more vaporous atmosphere of Great Britain. The coast of Maine, though generally low, is far from being flat, and is deeply indented by a multitude of creeks and inlets, which afford a charming intricacy and variety to its shores. After a splendid sunset night fell upon an ocean with a surface of polished glass, and for a long time I watched the shoals of mackerel darting away from under the steamer's bow in courses which were marked by miniature rockets of phosphorescent light. The sea seemed alive with fish, and yet we saw very few fishing-boats engaged in taking them.

We entered the magnificent harbor of Boston on one of the first very hot days of the cold and late summer of 1879. It is certainly one of the very finest harbors in the world: immensely capacious, absolutely sheltered, and easily defensible. As the virtual birthplace of American Independence, it has an historic interest as remarkable as its beauty.

The main object of my visit to Boston was accomplished in the kind and hospitable reception I received from Mr. Longfellow. I did not previously know that the charming residence in which he lives at Cambridge is the very house, timber-built, and now more than one hundred and fifty years old, which for several months was the headquarters of General Washington when or soon after he first took the command of the American army. In the society of Mr. Longfellow and of his family, of Mr. Norton, and of my old friend Mr. Richard Dana, we spent a delightful summer evening under the shadows of a deep veranda and of umbrageous trees, with the lights of sunset streaming across distant meadows upon the picturesque and comfortable house. I can only express my earnest hope that it may long continue to be, as it has so long been, the abode of genius and of virtue.

I have already mentioned that few things in the New World surprised me more than the appearance of the country along the short railway line between Boston and Fall River. The great extent of what may be called uncleared or wild land in one of the oldest States of the Union is very curious. It is not, of course, primeval forest; but to a large extent it is what in Australia would be called "bush," and in India "jungle." It is land wholly uncultivated—much of it marshy, or covered with thickets of pretty but useless wood. Here, as everywhere else in the Eastern States, it is obvious that the soils of poorer quality do not pay for cereal cultivation, or indeed for any cultivation at all. I should have thought that, if for nothing else, much of this waste surface might be profitably used for sheep-pasture.

But the truth is that the inexhaustible areas of land, which are naturally rich, in the far West, and the products of which can be cheaply conveyed to the coast by the railway system, determine all industry and all enterprise in that direction. Thus even in the heart of Massachusetts, and in the immediate vicinity of some of the oldest and most populous cities of the Union, it is not worth while to lay out much capital on the reclamation of land comparatively poor.

Under the hospitable care of Mr. Cyrus Field, we enjoyed a most agreeable visit to Newport, a watering-place on the coast of Rhode Island which is the favorite resort of the most cultivated society in the United States. The handsome villas and houses of Newport are surrounded by well-kept lawns and shrubberies, and the principal drives are pleasantly shaded, in the New England fashion, by flourishing trees. On the "Ocean Drive," which extends for some miles along the rocky shore, one can enjoy the freshest breezes of the Atlantic, which here washes the low cliffs, and penetrates into the little creeks, with waves of the purest water and of the most lovely green. We visited the venerable old church, and saw the pulpit from which the great Bishop Berkeley had discoursed to the colonists of Rhode Island, and a pleasant road along the shore to the northward led us to the rocks where he is said to have composed his "Minute Philosopher." It gave me great pleasure to renew my acquaintance with Mr. Bancroft, who so long and so worthily represented his Government in London. But it was with deep regret that I missed seeing Professor Agassiz, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, whose zealous pursuit of science and whose high attainments in many departments of knowledge promise to give fresh renown to an already illustrious name.

Our journey from Newport to New York was performed by sea, in one of those gigantic steamers which are more like immense floating hotels than boats of any kind, and which are peculiar to America. To see one of these immense vessels approach a pier or quay, on which one is standing, is quite a new sensation. It is the pier which seems to move, and not the vessel, which from the vastness of its proportions can not be accepted, as it were, by the eye, as a moving body. It is impossible by any effort to get rid of this illusion. The momentum of a floating body of such vast weight is, of course, enormous, and the slightest collision with any structure on the shore would be correspondingly destructive either to the vessel or to the pier. Consequently they have to come up to these places with the utmost caution, and nothing but great experience and great skill enables them to be brought alongside with the requisite nicety. By the kind permission of the captain we were allowed to be in the wheel-house in coming up to the pier at Newport. Although the water was perfectly calm, and there was no wind which could affect even that huge structure, there were six men at the wheel. The approach was made in perfect silence, with an intentness of attention on the part of the officers in command which showed the great care requisite in the operation. In many respects these great steamers are as comfortable as they can be—excellent sleeping-cabins, excellent cooking, great speed, and the utmost attention on the part of the service on board. But in my opinion they have one great fault, and that is that very much too small a space of uncovered deck is left for the enjoyment of the scenery and of the fresh air. Almost the whole area is occupied by immense saloons, with all the closeness and stuffiness which are inseparable from cabins, however large, especially when they are occupied by a great number of passengers of all kinds and classes, and when they are also lighted with gas. Only a very small space at either end of the vessel is perfectly uncovered and open to the air. The top of the whole structure, the roof of the "Noah's Ark"—the hurricane-deck—is not available for passengers, and the gigantic "walking-beam" of the engine, which swings its arms on the top of every American steamer, would make it a dangerous walk for careless people.

The intense heat which brooded over New York during the very short stay I was able to make there rendered it a work of no small labor to see even the Cypriote collection of General Cesnola and the Museum of Natural History. The first of these ought to have been secured for the British Museum. Its great interest lies in the close links of connection which it supplies between the art of Assyria, of Phœnicia, of Egypt, and of Greece. At New York it is, for the present at least, entirely isolated and separated from all other collections which are related to any one of its many-sided aspects. But our American friends did a good stroke of business in securing it for a sum small in comparison with its great value in the history of ancient art. It must be added that the wealthy and enterprising citizens who secured it for the New World show a proper appreciation of the prize, and that the illustrations and descriptions of the many curious and beautiful objects it contains, which have been executed in America under General Cesnola's directions, are worthy of their theme.

Even a visit of two days to a city like New York leaves some impressions on the mind which can not be very wide of the truth. It is impossible not to be struck by the great wealth and luxury displayed both in its public and in its private buildings. It has been a commonplace to speak

of the growth of luxury in the Old World, and of the increasing separation between the rich and poor. It is often said that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. I have always doubted the fact. The increase of wealth in recent years in England and in Europe generally has been mainly, I believe, an increase in the number of moderate incomes and an increase in the wages of labor. But, if the common, saying is at all true anywhere, I should say that the appearances of it are most conspicuous in such a city as New York. Costly and ostentatious houses are far more common than in London. Shops for the sale of luxuries are on an enormous scale. I doubt if there exists anywhere in London, or in any capital of the Old World, such an establishment as that of Tiffany, in New York, for the sale of jewelry and other articles of great cost. It is an establishment, too, it must be added, not more remarkable for its enormous extent than for the admirable taste of its designs. Other "stores" on a similar scale, for the sale of women's attire, indicate the scale on which luxurious expenditure prevails among the richer classes of America. And it must be so. The growing wealth of America is founded on the secure possession of every element which can yield boundless returns, not only to industry, but, above all, to capital shrewdly used. In the Old World those who gain great profits are accustomed to look to the future, and not to think only of the present. They seek investments which will be a permanent record of their success, and be a lasting influence in the society to which they belong. They buy an estate, they build cottages, they drain and reclaim land. In the New World this incentive to saving does not exist. Fortunes are expended as rapidly as they are made. A few individuals of great public spirit found or endow public institutions, or become munificent supporters of scientific research. But such persons are, and always must be, a very small minority. The tendency of things is to lavish expenditure and to luxurious living. I am not now arguing as to which of the two systems is the best. One great moralist of the last century has said in a celebrated passage that "whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." But many political philosophers do not accept this doctrine, and are jealous of the wealth or of the distinctions which may be gained by individuals in one generation surviving in another. Whether this jealousy be good or bad, it is certain that laws or customs which are inspired by it tend to the quicker dissipation rather than to the more equal distribution of wealth. New York has all the appearance of being one of the most luxurious cities in the world, while the discontent of the working classes is often propitiated, if I may believe the general consensus of my American friends, by tolerating heavy taxation which these classes impose, but to which they do not contribute, and by an expenditure of the funds so raised in a manner which is generally extravagant and very often corrupt.

There is another subject on which I derived a strong impression in America, and that is the really irrational character of the agricultural panic which has prevailed of late in many parts of the United Kingdom. If, indeed, we are to assume that the succession of bad seasons which has recently occurred in England marks a permanent change for the worse in our climate, there might be room for the most serious alarm. But, so far as the mere fall in the price of certain agricultural products is concerned, that fall is one which has affected a great part of the world, and is quite as marked in America as in Europe. It has been the result mainly of the universal depression in almost all other branches of industry; and, after the repeated experience we have had of the history of such depressions, it seems difficult to account for the exaggerated tone of alarm which has prevailed when its natural and inevitable effects have been felt in the price of certain articles, which, after all, are only a very few among those on which successful farming must depend in Europe. The unbounded wheat-producing powers of the great Western Plains of the American Continent are no new discovery of the year 1879. They have long been known, and the immense importations they have afforded to our markets have been going on for many years during which, nevertheless, the prices have not been so low as to be considered ruinous to the British farmer. It is possible, however, that the growth of this particular cereal may become permanently unprofitable on many soils which have hitherto been devoted to its growth. The exchange of this crop for other kinds of grain is a process which has been gradually going on for many years. Some thirty years ago, wheat was often grown in certain districts of the west of Scotland where it has been almost entirely discontinued. But the same land has been quite as profitably employed in the growth of other crops; and, until a long and acute depression of manufacturing and commercial industry had supervened for a period unusually long, the business of agriculture has continued to be as attractive and as remunerative as it has ever been. Even as regards the few articles of produce which have been subjected to a sudden and to a heavy fall in price, it seems to be forgotten that such reductions in value have an inevitable tendency to correct themselves. Let us take the case of cheese. For many years

the importations from America have been very large. The price, nevertheless, continued to afford a good return to dairy-farming at home. In 1878 there was a very sudden and a very great reduction. When I sailed for America, in the end of May, it was at about the lowest point. A few days after I landed at New York I found that the farmers of New England were quite as much alarmed as the farmers of Cheshire or of Ayrshire. There was a meeting of a Dairymen's Association at Utica, at which it was agreed that, at the prices then ruling in the cheese market, this particular form of dairy produce did not pay common interest on the capital invested in the land and in the stock. The conclusion was enforced by a careful and elaborate calculation of the money product of each cow, as compared with the cost of her keep and the cost of dairy labor. The result was, that the cost left a surplus on each cow of only about thirty shillings, from which had to be deducted whatever might be the calculated proportion due for taxes and insurance, and outlay for repairs on buildings and machinery. On the whole, the conclusion was drawn "that, in the case of average cheese dairies, the product of the cows during the year 1878 was scarcely sufficient to pay for their own support." The association consequently recommended its members to "go in" rather for the supply of butter and of fresh milk, and to give up a manufacture which had ceased to pay. On sending this report home to some of my friends in Scotland, I found it made no impression whatever. There is nothing so impregnable to attack as the human mind under the influence of a prevailing fear. But, within two months of my return to England, there was a rise in the price of cheese, even more sudden and violent than the previous fall. In one week, in consequence of telegrams from New York, intimating a great limitation of production, both from the voluntary abandonment of the manufacture and from the scorching effects of a hot summer on the pastures, the price of American cheese rose ninety per cent. But, although the depression of prices was very severely felt in America, it was spoken of and treated there, as all similar depressions of trade ought to be treated—a matter to be dealt with by those concerned—and remedied, in so far as it admitted of remedy, by changes in the direction of agricultural industry. I must add that the universal testimony I heard, in regard to farming in America, so far at least as regards all the Eastern or Atlantic States, was to the effect that it was a business in which nobody expected to make, or ever did "make money," in the sense of realizing even a moderate fortune. It was represented as an industry in which men were contented with a pleasant and healthy occupation, with a competent and comfortable living. I apprehend that this is very much the position of affairs in the Old World, except that, under the system of letting land with the security of leases, and with definite stipulations, high farming at home does often yield returns largely profitable. I saw nothing in America which gave me the idea that anything like "high farming" was even known there. Prodigality of surface does not induce or tempt one to bestow such pains on restricted areas of land. Strong local attachment to a particular farm was spoken of as almost unknown. The owners were represented as generally willing and anxious to sell if a good profit could be made by doing so. And a shrewd farmer, who crossed with me in the Scythia, and who had emigrated from Scotland early in life, spoke of this circumstance as fully accounting for the indisposition of farmers in America to publish or complain of the smallness of their gains. Such complaints could only tend to damage their own property. In England, he observed, similar complaints had exactly the opposite effect, inasmuch as they aimed at and tended to the reduction of the price or rent for which land was hired. In this difference lay, according to him, the real secret of the difference between the farmer of the Old World and the farmer of the New, in times when agricultural depression was equally oppressing both. If there was much shrewdness, there was also some cynicism in this observation of my Scotch friend, for undoubtedly the exceptionally bad harvests which have lately affected the wheat-producing districts of England and of Scotland have had a very severe effect, greatly aggravating the results of a mere fall in price. But the agricultural interest has had many times of depression quite as serious before. Rents will necessarily adjust themselves to any permanent change either in climate or in price. For my own part, I believe in neither.

Of one great pleasure I derived from my short visit to America I must say a word. Those who have never cared for any department of natural science can form no idea of the intense delight and refreshment of seeing for the first time a fauna or a flora which is entirely new. This can only be felt in perfection by passing direct from Europe to the tropics. The temperate regions of all the great continents of the globe present only varieties of one and the same general aspect. But, as regards my own favorite pursuit, that of ornithology, the passage from Europe to any part of the American Continent is the passage to a new world indeed. One may be quite sure that, with very few exceptions, every bird one sees is a bird one has never seen alive before. One gets out of "sparrowdom," or, at least, one would have got out of it completely in America, if our

old and forward little friend, the *Passer domesticus*, had not been, of *malice prepense*, introduced into the States, and had not bred and flourished there with a success and an impudence in proportion to the care which has been expended on his welfare. In all the Eastern cities of the Union breeding-boxes are provided for the sparrow in the trees which line the streets, and the park at Boston is almost disfigured by the hideous miniatures of houses and cottages which are stuck up everywhere for the accommodation of this favored representative of the old country. If the sparrow is to be educated in architecture, I wish our American friends would take more care as to the models set before him. Cocoanut-shells, or any other similar vegetable production, or even clay bottles, would be better than the painted sections of street houses which are too generally provided. But, at least, when we get outside the cities we get outside of sparrowdom. The whole avifauna of America is fresh to an English eye. There is indeed that strange likeness in the midst of difference which is one of the mysteries of creation when it is seen in lands separated by several thousand miles of ocean. The swallows are all obvious swallows, but with one exception * they are all different from the swallows of Europe. The starlings are obvious starlings, but with scarlet epaulets. The very crows have a flight in which one detects a difference. The great order of the Flycatchers is represented by forms much more conspicuous and larger than at home. The handsome king-bird (*Tyrannus carolinensis*) was one of the first that attracted my eye from the railway-carriage. The large belted kingfisher (*Ceryle Alcyon*) was passing with a jay-like flight over the creeks and marshes of the Hudson. On looking out of my window in the morning at the glories of Niagara, I was hardly less interested by seeing the lovely American goldfinch (*Chrysomitris tristis*) sitting on the low wall which guards the bushy precipice under the hotel. A golden finch indeed! the whole body of richer yellow than any canary, with black wings and cap. The family of the Warblers was first indicated to my eye by the beautiful *Dendroica æstiva* among the overhanging vegetation of the same place. It reminded me much of our own willow-wren in movement and in manners, although it is much less shy—being common among the trees in the streets of Montreal. The azure of the bluebird, with the strange song and piebald appearance of the bob-olink (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*), enlivened our drive from Niagara to the heights of Queenstown. The sharp wings and swift, powerful flight of a bird of dark steel-blue color had often attracted my curiosity before I knew that I had before me the purple martin (*Progne purpurea*), the largest and handsomest of all the Hirundinæ. It was with no little surprise that I saw in the seething waters of the pool below the great Falls, and in the whirlpool, some miles farther down the river, one of the Colymbidæ, which was, I believe, the American representative of our own black-throated diver (*Colymbus arcticus*). In the calmer waters of the Lake of Beauport I saw one of the birds common to the two sides of the Atlantic, but now comparatively rare in Britain, that splendid bird the great northern diver (*Colymbus glacialis*). In the forests of the Restigouche, dense, stifling, and almost impervious, my ear caught endless notes of warblers and of tits, and of finches, which were wholly new to it, and had generally a ventriloquistic character that seemed to render sound useless as a guide to sight. I obtained specimens of the lovely American redstart (*Setophaga ruticilla*), of the indigo-bird (*Cyanospiza cyanea*), and of that curious family *Vireo-Sylvia*, which constitutes a link between the Flycatchers and the Warblers. In the evenings, high over head, I watched with delight the buoyant and beautiful evolutions of long-winged goat-suckers or night-hawks (*Chordeiles Popetue*), feeding on high-flying lepidoptera, and chasing them with

> "Scythe-like sweep of wings that dare
> The headlong plunge through eddying gulfs."

In the forest on the banks of Cascapediac River our carriage dashed into a covey of the so-called Canadian partridges, a species representing the widespread and beautiful genus Tetrao, or grouse (*Tetrao canadensis*). One of our party attempting to catch some of the young chicks was attacked by the mother with heroic dash, which effected so good a diversion that her object was fully attained, and at the imminent risk of her own capture she effected the escape of every one of her brood. The exquisite pattern of rich browns and russets which marked her plumage was beautifully displayed when her tail-feathers were expanded in the fury of her attack. Near the same spot I saw a fine example of the close analogies of coloring which prevail in certain groups of birds both in the Old and in the New World. We all know that several of the gray linnets of Britain are adorned in the breeding-season by the assumption of crimson feathers on the breast and forehead. But in the kindred or allied species of America the same coloring pervades the whole plumage, and the purple finches of Canada and the Northern States are

* The exception is curious—it is the common bank-swallow, or sand-martin (*Cotyle riparia*), which is one of the shortest winged of the whole tribe, and the least capable of establishing itself by migration on each side of the ocean.

among the handsomest of American birds (*Carpodicus purpureus*). On the Cascapediac also I saw, what I did not see on the Restigouche, numbers of the night-heron (*Nyctordea Gardeni*), a bird reminding one of the graceful bird at home, but, on the whole, a less conspicuous and a less ornamental species. Of one celebrated American bird—the white-headed eagle (*Haliaëtus leucocephalus*)—I must vindicate the character. He has been accused on high authority of living by piracy, not fishing for himself, but basely using his superior weight and strength to compel the osprey or professional fishing-eagle (*Pandion carolinensis*) to give up its prey. On this ground no less a man than Benjamin Franklin expressed his regret that this eagle should have been chosen as the national emblem of the United States. The great American ornithologists, Audubon and Wilson, both repeat the same story, and neither of them appears to have ever seen a white-headed eagle capturing his finny prey from the water, except, indeed, on one occasion, when an eagle was seen in most unaquiline fashion wading in some shallow pool and picking out redfins with his bill. But I had the good fortune on the Restigouche to see a fine white-headed eagle catch a salmon for himself, by what seemed a bold and almost a dangerous manœuvre. About a thousand yards below our encampment the river disappeared round a sudden bend, with a very sharp current. The eagle appeared coming up stream round this bend, and flying slowly about thirty feet above the level of the water. Over the sharpest part of the current he hovered for a moment, and then dashed into the stream. With a good glass I saw him buried deeply in the water, holding his neck well above it. It was evident he had some difficulty in getting out of it again. A few heavy and laborious flaps of his immense and powerful wings lifted him at last, but with empty talons. Very tired, apparently, he flew to an adjacent bank of gravel and sat there for some minutes to rest. But his countenance and attitude were those of restlessness, eagerness, and disappointment. He then rose and returned to exactly the same point in the air, and thence made a second plunge. It was beautiful to see his bearing in the stream, with the water breaking against his great brown chest, and his arched neck keeping his snowy head clear of its turbulence. This time the difficulty in emerging was much greater, for his talons were fast in a fine salmon. With a strong effort, however, his pinions again lifted him and his prey, which it seemed as much as he could do to carry to the same bank of gravel, where the struggles of the fish were soon put an end to by the eagle's terrific clutches and his powerful beak. This was all honorable work, and, although the osprey was frequently to be seen on the same river, I never observed it to be followed or molested by the eagle. On another day one of these magnificent birds lighted on a blasted pine, which overhung the river at the height of about five hundred feet, and from that elevation he watched one of our party playing a salmon, an operation which he seemed to regard with great curiosity, and probably with some longing to take his part in the sport. The pure white head and the equally pure tail of this fine eagle, in contrast with the dark chocolate-brown of the rest of the plumage, make it one of the handsomest of its tribe.

The provinces of North America have one great advantage which is not possessed by any part of Europe. They are in unbroken land connection with the tropics. There is no transverse range of mountain, there is no region of desert sands, no strait even of narrow sea, to impede the most delicate forms of the southern fauna from traveling northward with the summer sun. It is wonderful how many tender creatures make out their passage to our own shores with the returning spring; but in Britain there are none which come from a farther distance than that limited belt of the African Continent which lies between the Atlas and the Mediterranean. Very many of them pass their winters no farther off than the sunny banks of the Riviera. Last winter I found the olives at Cannes full of blackcaps and willow wrens, while the whitethroat and the Sardinian warbler sometimes serenaded us from the roses which climbed around our windows. But no bird from tropical Africa can cross the desert and the Atlas. These great transverse barriers in the path of migration are barriers not to be overcome. In America, on the other hand, there is no such impediment in the way of an uninterrupted passage from the lowest southern to the highest northern latitudes. The consequence is, that even Canada, whose soil is fast bound in ice for some five months of the year, is the resort in summer of a joyous company from the far south, who find upon their way a perfect continuity in the supply of food, and in their final goal, even amid a very different vegetation, a summer heat which is fitted for the rearing of their young. It is due to this that the woods of North America are illuminated with the brilliant coloring of not a few species which almost seem to contrast unnaturally with the foliage of birch and pine. Foremost among these visitants from the far south I knew that Canada was visited every year by a single species of that wonderful family of birds which is one of the glories of nature—the humming-birds. It was one of my great expectations in crossing the Atlantic that I might see the rubythroat (*Trochilus colubris*). Everywhere I asked about it—wheth-

er any had been seen, and if so, where? Everywhere I was told that they were more or less common, but that they had not come that season yet, or that they were only to be seen in the evenings—or that they only come out on very hot days—or that they never came except to honeysuckle in the verandas. My eyes searched in vain round every horse-chestnut tree in blossom, under every "piazza" with baskets of flowers, and over the surface of every wall bedecked with creepers. The rubythroat, like Wordsworth's cuckoo, was "still longed for, never seen." At last, in walking one day up the mountain behind Montreal, I leaned over a paling which inclosed the water reservoir of the city. Below me there was a steep bank of grass, facing the south, and rich in the common flowers of such grass in England. Suddenly there emerged from it what first struck me as a very large but also a very narrow-shaped beetle, which flew with the straight, rapid, and steady flight of the larger Coleoptera. As in them, the wings were not distinctly visible, but were represented by a sort of vibratory haze. I was speculating on this extraordinary object, when a clearer light revealed, projecting from the head of my supposed beetle, a long, slender, and curved proboscis or bill. In an instant it was flashed upon me that I was looking for the first time on the flight of a humming-bird in its wild and native state. I have often read of the insect-like habits and appearance of these birds. But until I saw it I had formed no distinct conception of this curious feature in their appearance. Its flight was not in the least like that of a bird. Nor was its gorgeous but partial brilliancy of coloring on the throat visible to me. The metallic green of the back of this particular species, which was turned toward me, being in shadow, produced a very dark effect upon the eye. But there it was—this gem of creation—this migrant from the far south—this representative of a group of birds whose headquarters are in the dense forests or among the luxuriant blossoms or on the lofty volcanic cones of tropical America—there it was living and flying among trees which might have been English trees, and over grass which was indistinguishable from English grass. I was not so fortunate as to see one other specimen alive in any part of Canada or the States. I heard of them, indeed, everywhere. At one place my informant had seen one a few evenings before in his own garden. At another place one had visited that morning some flowers in a window or a veranda. But, strange to say, where one other specimen was seen was near our encampment, thirty miles up the forests of the Restigouche, where there was no garden, not a single cultivated flower, and not even among the woods a single blossoming tree or shrub, except perhaps the mountain-ash, the sloe, or the bird-cherry. One of our party in search of rare birds saw a strange outline on the topmost twig of a withered pine, and on shooting it found, by the help of the Indians, that he had killed a "ruby-throat." It brought home to me how secondary, in the distribution of animals, is the mere effect of climate and of vegetation. This humming-bird could evidently live quite as well in the woods of Scotland as in the woods of the Restigouche, so far as climate or food is concerned. If the Trochilidæ existed in any part of the Old World, and had an uninterrupted path of migration, we should doubtless have them every summer in England as surely as we have the swallow, or as Canada has the rubythroat. But this particular form of bird has been born, or created, or developed in the New World alone; and to that one sole area of distribution it is limited by surrounding oceans.

On the other hand, the ornithologist from Europe recognizes in the birds of North America a great number of species so closely allied to those at home that they have precisely the same habits and the same general aspect. The common thrush of America (*Turdus migratorius*), which the first colonists absurdly called the robin, for no other reason than that it has a russet-colored breast, is so like our own common thrush or blackbird that there is no generic difference whatever. Its alarm-notes combine those of the fieldfare and the blackbird. The bluebird (*Sialia sialis*) is the real representative of our robin, though it has not the same habits of familiarity with man. But it is not one or two species merely that exhibit this likeness. There is an obvious cousinship and correspondence between the great bulk of the species which can not be mistaken, and the closeness of which would be unaccountable if their original centers of origin had been separated, as the habitats now are, by three thousand miles of ocean. Naturalists are, therefore, now coming to trace the cause of this near relationship between the European and the North American fauna to that ancient connection which the two continents had at the time when the regions, which are now under Arctic conditions, were in the enjoyment of a climate compatible with a rich development of both animal and vegetable life. In that mysterious Miocene age when abundant forests, like the forests of Japan, flourished in Greenland, and in all probability elsewhere within the Arctic Circle, the Old and the New Worlds may have been united, so to speak—as, indeed, they almost now are—in their northern roots. One thing is quite certain, that if the near likeness to each other of different organic forms is the index of a common origin, if, in short, closely related species can not have

been created or developed in widely separated portions of the globe, then there must have been at some former time some close connection between Europe and America which does not exist at present. It is to be observed, however, that the impossibility of separate origins for forms alike, or even identical, is a mere assumption which may not be true. Although it figures largely in the theory of development as propounded by Mr. Darwin and by Mr. Wallace, it is no necessary part of the idea of creation by birth or by evolution. It is an assumption founded on another assumption—namely, that the natural variations of form which occur from time to time (and which are the supposed origin of species) are variations which can never be identical in two separate places; and this assumption rests again upon a third—namely, that varieties are really accidental, and not due to any internal law of growth inherent in all forms of life. But this is an assumption which not only may be, but probably is, contrary to fact. Mr. Darwin has never pretended to account for variations. He assumes that, as a matter of fact, they do occur, and that once they have occurred they are preserved or rejected according as they do or do not fit well into surrounding conditions. This may be quite true, and yet it may be equally true that these variations are not accidental, but are determined by a law of which we know nothing, but which is as definite and certain in its operation as the law determining the primary and the derivative forms of crystals. In this case the same or closely similar forms may have arisen at widely different parts of the globe; and the necessity of any geographical connection between land-surfaces now widely separated would be either disposed of altogether or would be pushed back to such primordial times as to be incapable of being traced. I am not now propounding this supposition as one which can be verified. It would certainly throw the whole subject of the distribution of species and genera into great confusion. But, then, it is a kind of confusion which closely corresponds with the apparent confusion which actually prevails in nature. The assumption that identical or almost identical forms can not arise at any place but one is an assumption which has a most attractive simplicity about it. It rests, however, upon nothing except upon the doctrine of chances. But if the work of creation and development is not a work subject to chance at all, but has been due to the evolution of germs having potential energies of a fixed and definite kind, then the doctrine of chances does not apply, and would be of little avail against the probability of similar forms appearing in regions very far apart. It is well known that the existing distribution of species is such as to involve the utmost difficulties in applying to it the theory of exclusive centers of creation. These difficulties are so great that to a naturalist so eminent and so competent as Agassiz they seemed insuperable. The counter-hypothesis, which I have here suggested, does not exclude the probable effects of external conditions in modifying forms which are, nevertheless, mainly due to the laws of internal growth. And, perhaps, in some combination of these hypotheses the most probable solution may be found. The birds of North America present some cases of multiplied variety that suit very well the theory which dwells principally on the effect of surrounding conditions. But, on the other hand, there are many cases in which it does not seem to fit the facts at all. The boundless forests of that country, for example, seem admirably adapted to encourage the establishment of variety in such a family as that of the Picidæ or woodpeckers. And, accordingly, we do find a very large variety of kindred forms, one of them scarcely distinguishable from its cousin in Europe. I saw at least three or four distinct species in the very limited distance I could penetrate into the forests of the Restigouche. But, on the other hand, let us see how the same expectation is disappointed in another remarkable family of birds—the Alcedinidæ or kingfishers. If there is one feature which more than another distinguishes the North American Continent, it is its wealth of waters. Mighty rivers, with every degree of rapidity and of stillness, smaller streams in every measure of size, and with every variety of character, lakes in millions which are mere ponds, and lakes so large that the navigator upon them loses sight of land, creeks and lagoons of every shape and form, marshes fringed with wood, and marshes on the bare and open coast—and all this immense variety of aqueous surface swarming with fish, and with crustaceans, and with every form of creature that "inhabiteth the waters under the earth." Yet, in spite of all this wealth of external conditions, this vast hot-bed, as one might have supposed, for the growth of variety in that peculiar family of birds which is specially adapted for the capture of fish, there is but one solitary species—the belted kingfisher. If the family were wholly unrepresented upon the American Continent, this absence of variety would be less remarkable. But the stock exists. It has thrown off no varieties—one solitary species fishes in the boundless waters of North America from the Delaware to Baffin's Bay. I may mention here that, on examining a nest of this fine bird in a gravel-bank on the Restigouche River, we found that the eggs were laid not on fish-bones, but on the broken shells of crawfish—which was the first intimation we had of the existence of these fresh-water crustaceans in the stream.

The truth is, that as yet we have made very little way in understanding the origin of species. The general idea of origin by descent, or of creation by birth, fits well into many of the facts. But this general conception does not necessitate our acceptance of the particular theory of Mr. Darwin, that variations occur only as it were by accident, or only by small and almost insensible modifications, or that one particular form can only arise at one time and one place. On the contrary, it may be that all variations arise out of a definite and predetermined law, that this law may determine the appearance of the same forms at many places and at different times, and also that such changes are not always gradual or infinitesimally small, but sometimes comparatively sudden and comparatively large.

With regard to the birds of North America, I can not doubt from what I saw and heard that as songsters they are inferior to our own. This is the testimony of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who was familiar with both. It is a curious circumstance that between one Canadian bird and the corresponding species at home, the only difference I could detect was that the American species was silent, while our own is always talking. I refer to that charming bird, the common sandpiper (*Totanus hypoleucus*), abounding on the banks of every stream and lake in the Highlands. Its American cousin (*Totanus macularius*) is equally abundant on all the rivers of Canada; but while at home its call-notes are incessant, and the male bird has even a continuous and most lively song, I did not hear a solitary sound from the sandpiper of Canada. This, however, may have been an accident, and the sandpipers are nowhere reckoned among the birds of song. One hears the migratory thrush (robin) everywhere, in the midst of the gardens and villas of towns and cities, and in every little clearing of forest on the outskirts of human habitation. It is a pleasant song, but decidedly inferior to any one of its cousins in Britain. It is inferior in power to the missal thrush, in variety to our common "mavis," in melody to the blackbird. Near Niagara I heard one very broken and interrupted song of fine tone, and of considerable power. But although I was in the woods and fields of Canada and of the States in the richest moment of the spring, I heard little of that burst of song which in England comes from the blackcap and the garden warbler, and the whitethroat, and the reed warbler, and the common wren, and (locally) from the nightingale. Above all, there is one great want which nothing can replace. The meadows of North America were to my eye thoroughly English in appearance, the same rich and luxuriant grass—the same character of wild flowers—and even the same weeds. The skies of America are higher and wider, and more full of sunshine. But there is no skylark to enjoy that "glorious privacy of light." "The sweetest singer in the heavenly Father's choir" * is wanting in the New World. I can not help thinking that it might be introduced. Of course, the winters of Canada and of the Northern States would compel it to follow almost all the other birds which summer there, and to retire with them until the return of spring to Virginia or the Carolinas. It would be an interesting experiment. I do not know whether it has been tried. If not, I would suggest it to my American friends as one worth trying. It would be a happier introduction than that of the "London sparrow."

I can not conclude this very hasty sketch of my first impressions of the New World without thanking the many friends and countrymen both in the States and in the Dominion, who offered their hospitality, or otherwise testified their kindness. Circumstances compelled me to avoid society, and to find my occupations in the woods and on the waters. But I saw enough to assure me that even the most insignificant services in their great and now triumphant cause is never forgotten in the American Union. In Canada I had abundant evidence that old hereditary associations are not less strong than at home. It was a real joy to see the vast regions of hospitable soil which afford there an inexhaustible outlet for the increase of our people, and to feel that the facilities of communication, which are every year extending, will tend more and more to keep up the attachment of the colonists to the land of their fathers.

ARGYLL (*Fraser's Magazine*).

* I quote this line from some verses of great beauty, published in a little volume of poems, "Songs of the Rail," by Alexander Anderson, a surface-man on one of our Scotch railways. Some of these verses on the skylark appear to me to compare not unfavorably with those which have been written on the same subject by several of the masters of English song. (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Edinburgh: J. Menzies & Co.)

RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

I.

RATIONALISM and radicalism exist to a certain extent in every country of Europe. But the Social Democrats of Germany and Austria and the Communists of France and Spain turn with horror from Russian revolutionists, who consider the programme of the Paris Commune of 1871 condemnably weak, and Felix Pyat, Cluseret, and their companions as little better than Conservatives.

The Social Democrats and even the Communists of the rest of Europe have in view aims which, no matter how fantastic, are always of a sufficiently defined nature. They look forward to an entirely democratic form of government, and hope for a reorganization of the social world, under which all capital and property would be held either by the state or commune for the equal benefit of everybody. They are levelers, but they are not destroyers.

The revolutionary party in Russia, on the other hand, has no definite aims of reorganization or improvement in view. In its sight, everything as it now exists is rotten, and, before anything new and good can be created, all existing institutions must be utterly destroyed. Religion, the state, the family, laws, property, morality—all are equally odious, and must be rooted out and abolished.

It is because "nothing" as it exists at present finds favor in their eyes that they have been called "Nihilists." They desire to break up the actual social organization into mere individualism, with entire independence for each separate person. They maintain that no one should be bound by laws or even moral obligations of any kind, but that everybody should be allowed to do exactly as he pleases. Their object is anarchy in the very truest sense of the word. They are only modest enough to decline the attempt to create a new order of things in the place of what they propose to destroy. That they intend to leave for a better and more enlightened generation.

Nihilism can not be better described than by the Nihilists themselves in their speeches, proclamations, and writings. Here is a speech made in 1868, at Geneva, by the father of Nihilism, the arch-conspirator, Michael Bakunin, to whose history we shall have occasion to refer later on:

Brethren, I come to announce unto you a new gospel, which must penetrate to the very ends of the world. This gospel admits of no half-measures and hesitations. The old world must be destroyed, and replaced by a new one. The *Lie* must be stamped out and give way to Truth.

It is our mission to destroy the *Lie;* and, to effect this, we must begin at the very commencement. Now, the beginning of all those lies which have ground down this poor world in slavery, is God. For many hundred years monarchs and priests have inoculated the hearts and minds of mankind with this notion of a God ruling over the world. They have also invented for the people the notion of another world, in which their God is to punish with eternal torture, those who have refused to obey their degrading laws here on earth. This God is nothing but the personification of absolute tyranny, and has been invented with a view of either frightening or alluring nine tenths of the human race into submission to the remaining tenth. If there were really a God, surely he would use that lightning which he holds in his hand, to destroy those thrones, to the steps of which mankind is chained. He would assuredly use it to overthrow those altars, where the truth is hidden by clouds of lying incense. Tear out of your hearts the belief in the existence of God; for, as long as an atom of that silly superstition remains in your minds, you will never know what freedom is.

When you have got rid of the belief in this priest-begotten God, and when, moreover, you are convinced that your existence, and that of the surrounding world, is due to the conglomeration of atoms, in accordance with the laws of gravity and attraction, then, and then only, you will have accomplished the first step toward liberty, and you will experience less difficulty in ridding your minds of that second lie which tyranny has invented.

The first lie is *God.* The second lie is *Right. Might* invented the fiction of Right in order to insure and strengthen her reign; that Right which she herself does not heed, and which only serves as a barrier against any attacks which may be made by the trembling and stupid masses of mankind.

Might, my friends, forms the sole groundwork of society. Might makes and unmakes laws, and that might should be in the hands of the majority. It should be in the possession of those nine tenths of the human race whose immense power has been rendered subservient to the remaining tenth by means of that lying fiction of *Right* before which you are accustomed to bow your heads and to drop your arms. Once penetrated with a clear conviction of your own *might*, you will be able to destroy this mere notion of *Right.*

And when you have freed your minds from the fear of a God, and from that childish respect for the fiction of *Right*, then all the remaining chains which bind you, and which are called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality, and justice, will snap asunder like threads.

Let your own happiness be your only law. But, in order to get this law recognized, and to bring about the proper relations which should exist between the majority and minority of mankind, you must destroy everything which exists in the shape of state or social organization. So educate yourselves and your children that, when the great moment for constituting the new world arrives, your eyes may not be blinded and deceived by the falsehoods of the tyrants of throne and altar.

Our first work must be destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists. You must accustom yourselves to destroy everything, the good with the bad; for, if but an atom of this old world remains, the new will never be created.

According to the priests' fables, in days of old a deluge destroyed all mankind, but their God specially saved Noah in order that the seeds of tyranny and falsehood might be perpetuated in the new world. When you once begin your work of destruction, and when the floods of enslaved masses of the people rise and ingulf temples and palaces, then take heed that no ark be allowed to rescue any atom of this old world which we consecrate to destruction.

In another of his speeches, delivered at Berne, in December, 1868, he says:

Your beautiful civilization, ye gentlemen of the West, which you flout in the faces of us barbarians of the East, is based on the compulsory servitude of the immense majority of the human race, which is condemned to a slavish and almost bestial existence, in order that a very small minority may be able to live in luxury. This monstrous inequality in the conditions of life is due to your West-European system. It is incapable of improvement, for it is the necessary consequence of your civilization, which is grounded on the sharply defined separation existing between mental and manual labor. This degrading state of things can not last much longer, for the manual laborers are determined to look after their own interests in future. They have decided that in future there shall be only one great class instead of two; that everybody shall have equal advantages for starting in life; that all shall enjoy the same privileges and support, the same means of education and bringing up; finally, that every one shall have the same advantages from his labor, not in consequence of any law, but by the mere nature of the work which will permit everybody to labor with his brain as well as with his hands.

I detest Communism; it is the denial of freedom, and I do not like to picture to myself any human being without freedom. I oppose it because it concentrates and absorbs all the forces of society, and because it places all property and capital in the hands of the commune or of the state. In demanding the abolition of commune and state, I also wish for the annulment of the law of inheritance, which is nothing but an institution brought into life by the state, and a consequence of its principles. Give all children, from their very birth, the same means of support and education. Then grant to all grown-up people the same social standing and the same means of supplying their wants by their own labor, and you will see that the inequalities, which are now looked upon as being quite normal, will disappear, for they are merely the result of the difference made in the conditions of development. You can even improve nature by destroying the present social organization. For, when you have succeeded in making everything and everybody equal, when you have equalized all the conditions of development and labor, then many crimes, miseries, and evils, will disappear.

After proceeding to advocate the abolition of marriage, which he condemns as a mere political and religious institution, he concludes by saying:

It is impossible to destroy the superstition of religion by means of arguments or education. Religion is not only an aberration of the brain, but also a protest of human nature and human hearts against the misery and narrowness of the reality by which we are surrounded. As man finds nothing in this world but injustice, stupidity, and misery, he allows his phantasies to beget a new and a better one. When, however, the earth again receives her due, namely, happiness and fraternity, then religion will have lost its *raison d'être*. We need but a social revolution to bring about its disappearance.

And again:

Conscience is a mere matter of education. A Christian living in Europe, who has murdered anybody with cunning and premeditation, usually experiences a certain kind of remorse. But a Red Indian, who is every bit as much a man of flesh and blood, rejoices when he is able to surprise and slay a defenseless enemy. His conscience in no wise suffers from the act, for he has been taught from earliest youth that the more scalps he possesses, the better he will be received in the happy hunting-grounds of the great Manitou.

The speech of another Nihilist is as follows:

Nothing, in the present state of social organization, can be worth much, for the simple reason that our ancestors instituted it. If we are still obliged to confess ourselves ignorant of the exact medium between good and evil, how could our ancestors, less enlightened than we, know it? A German philosopher has said: "Every law is of use. It rules the conduct of individuals who feel for one another and appreciate their respective wants. Every religion, on the other hand, is useless; for, ruling, as it does, our relations with an incommensurable and indefinite Being, it can only be the result of a great terror, or else of a fantastic imagination." Now, we Nihilists say, no law, no religion—*Nihil!* The very men who instituted these laws ruling their fellow creatures have lived and died in complete ignorance of the value of their own acts, and without knowing

in the least how they had accomplished the mission traced for them by destiny at the moment of their birth. Even taking it for granted that our ancestors were competent to order the acts of their fellow creatures, does it necessarily follow that the requirements of their time are similar to those of to-day? Evidently not. Let us, then, cast off this garment of law, for it has not been made according to our measure, and it impedes our free movements. Hither with the axe, and let us demolish everything. Those who come after us will know how to rebuild an edifice quite as solid as that which we now feel trembling over our heads.

In another speech it is asserted that the deeds of political assassins and incendiaries are not the offspring of any sentiment of personal hatred or vengeance. They know full well that one emperor killed will merely be succeeded by another, who in his turn will again nominate the chiefs of police, and of the Third Section. Such deeds are justified by the necessity of rooting out from men's minds the habitual respect for the powers that be. The more the attacks on the Czar and his officials increase, the more will the people get to understand the absurdity of the veneration with which they have been regarded for centuries.

When it becomes evident that a person can not be more severely punished for the assassination of his sovereign than for the murder of a mere comrade, then the people will comprehend that it is quite as just to kill a man guilty of the abuse of power as to execute a poor beggar who has been tempted by hunger to commit murder. Society of to-day, gangrened though it be, has, to a certain extent, understood this, for Damiens-executions are things of the past, and in all legislations regicide is now assimilated to mere homicide. And how many are the murders and incendiarisms nowadays which remain unpunished! Soon we shall see the authors of these so-called crimes enjoying the greatest consideration among us. The old world will have had its time. On its ruins the poor and oppressed will take each other by the hand, and the true disciples of Christ, that grand Nihilist, will smile when they remember the parable of the poor man in Abraham's bosom refusing a drop of water to the rich man in hell, and saying, "Thou hast had thy time, now it is mine!"

Then there will arise a new generation, generous-hearted and independent, and all mankind will be happy; until the time when, like the fabulous phœnix, the spirit of evil will arise again from the ashes of the old world. The children of our children will be forced to begin our work anew; but the evils of the future will be of a less monstrous nature than those which we now deplore, just as these in their turn are less crying and odious than those to which our ancestors were subjected. And thus, from struggle to struggle, and after centuries of combat, mankind will finally attain perfection, and become what is called God. To arms, then, brethren, and follow me to the conquest of the Godhead.

In March, 1876, several Nihilist proclamations, on their way to Russia, were seized by the Prussian authorities at Königsberg. Paragraph sixteen of one of the documents in question ran thus:

You should only allow yourselves to be influenced (in the selection of your victims) by the relative use which the revolution would derive from the death of any particular person. In the foremost rank of such cases stand those people who are most dangerous and injurious to our organization, and whose sudden and violent death would have the effect of terrifying the Government, and shaking its power by robbing it of energetic and intelligent servants.

SECTION 23. The only revolution which can remedy the ills of the people is that which will tear up every notion of government by its very roots, and which will upset all ranks of the Russian Empire with all their traditions.

SEC. 24. Having this object in view, the Revolutionary Committee does not propose to subject the people to any directing organization. The future order of things will doubtless originate with the people themselves; but we must leave that to future generations. Our mission is only one of universal, relentless, and terror-striking destruction.

SEC. 26. The object of our organization and of our conspiracy is to concentrate all the forces of this world into an invincible and all-destroying power.

Among the papers found on the Nihilist Lieutenant Dubrowin, who was hanged at St. Petersburg in May last for his association with the regicide Solowjew, were two letters of some importance. The first, addressed to Nihilist officers in the Russian army, contains the following passage: "Our battalions are numerically so weak, and our enemies, on the other hand, are so mighty, that we are morally justified in making use of all attainable methods of proceeding which may enable us to carry on successfully active hostilities wheresoever it may become expedient."

The second letter, dated December, 1878, is addressed to Russian revolutionists, and is as follows: "The object of our letter is to communicate to Russian revolutionists certain experiences which, according to our ideas, are necessary for the organization of armed resistance to the Bashi-Bazouks of the police, and which, moreover, are indispensable to all those measures which social revolutionists must adopt in order to realize the ideas of the revolution. Unfortunately, the Russian Nihilists have not the revolutionary experience which the Overthrow party of other more favored countries possess," etc.

We have spoken of Bakunin as the founder

of this doctrine of universal chaos; we must not omit to speak also of M. Tschernyschewsky, who has done more than any one else to propagate it in Russia. Formerly editor of a monthly review called the "Sowremennik," which was suppressed in 1862 on account of its radicalism, he was sentenced in 1864 to sixteen years' penal servitude in Siberia for having propagated revolutionary doctrines. This he had chiefly effected by means of a novel which he had written, entitled "What is to be done?" and which, although strictly forbidden in Russia, has been printed both at Berlin and in Switzerland. This book has been described as being not only the encyclopædia, the dictionary of Nihilism, but also as a guide to the practical application of the new doctrine. In its characters Nihilist principles are personified, and examples given as to the means to be employed for their realization. We are shown the ideal of a future state of society, absolutely free from all law and control.

The aim of the author, as stated in the preface, is to increase the type of people which he describes, and it must be acknowledged that his teaching seems too well calculated to effect his object among those prepared to receive it. Twenty or even sixteen years ago Nihilism was comparatively rare in Russia, whereas to-day it has spread throughout the empire. Notwithstanding that the book is strictly forbidden in Russia, we are confidently assured that there is hardly a student of either sex at the universities and colleges who has not read, and almost learned by heart, this most baneful piece of literature.

The first Nihilist with whom we have to deal in the novel is a poor medical student of the name of Alexander who "finds it cheaper to get drunk than to eat or dress himself decently." In illustration of his faithfulness to Nihilistic principles we are favored with the particulars of an intrigue with a rich *danseuse*, which lasted a fortnight, at the end of which she becomes tired of him and turns him out of the house.

We next find him giving lessons to the son of a government clerk, who manages to combine the business of a pawnbroker with his official functions. Finding that the pawnbroker has a pretty daughter of rather an independent character, named Vera, he first of all converts her to Nihilism by means of conversations and books, and then persuades her to make a runaway match with him "in order to escape from the authority of her parents." The success of their plans of elopement was partly due to the friendly services of a Madame Julie Letellier, one of the most notorious *lionnes* of St. Petersburg, "whose language was such that it caused even the greatest *polissons* of the upper classes to blush." At a breakfast given by this lady to the newly married couple, both the hostess and her two guests drink so much champagne that they all become quite tipsy. Julie, remembering that Vera was now a married woman, judged that it was no longer necessary to be guarded in her conversation, and ended by enthusiastically describing orgies in the most licentious of colors. "Suddenly Julie arose from the table and pinched Vera, who quickly rose in her turn and pursued her friend all through the rooms, jumping over chairs and tables." Having finally succeeded in catching Julie, a struggle ensues, which ends by the two women falling down together in a drunken sleep on the sofa, while Alexander also falls asleep in another corner of the room.

A month or two later Vera takes it into her head to earn her own living; accordingly she sets up a dressmaking business under the immediate patronage of Julie and her friends. Twenty young needlewomen belong to this establishment, which is conducted according to Nihilist notions. At the end of every month the net profits are equally divided among all the members, Vera merely taking her share with the rest. The young women all live in the same house and take their meals together; in this manner they are able to economize a great deal by buying all their provisions and necessaries at wholesale prices. They appear to have possessed everything in common and to have contented themselves with little, for M. Tschernyschewsky expressly informs us that the twenty young ladies only had five umbrellas among them. The financial success of the undertaking is so great that we actually find the girls at a loss how to invest their earnings profitably. Taking advantage, however, of Vera's experience in the matter, they use their money to set up a pawnbroker's business in connection with the dressmaking establishment. The author does not inform us whether the pawnbroking is also conducted according to Nihilistic principles.

About a year after their marriage a third Nihilist makes his appearance on the scene. He is a medical student named Kirsanoff. We are informed that he is exceedingly clever, that he had thoroughly mastered the French language by reading through eight times a French version of the New Testament, "a well-known book"; and finally that he had written a treatise on physiology which "even the great Claude Bernard of Paris had alluded to in terms of respect." In the same manner as Alexander is distinguished for perseverance, so is Kirsanoff remarkable for his kindness of heart, of which the following instance is given: Having fallen in love with a *grisette*, of notoriously drunken habits, he allowed her to come and live with him as soon as she had earned a sufficient sum of money by her vile trade

to pay for a proper outfit. However, drunkenness and debauchery bring on consumption, and she dies shortly after the marriage of Alexander and Vera.

Before proceeding any further the author takes great pains to assure us that Vera, Alexander, and Kirsanoff are persons of the most irreproachable and elevated character, and that their hearts only beat with generous impulses. To illustrate this he goes on to cause Kirsanoff to fall in love with Vera, who, "having now developed into a full-grown woman," returns Kirsanoff's affection, and has no hesitation in telling her husband all about it. The latter is not in the least offended by the news. Far from it! No, after devoting half an hour to considering the matter, he goes to see his friend Kirsanoff, informs him of what Vera had told him, and ends by inviting him to come and live with them, so as to make matters quite nice and comfortable. We are not to feel surprised at this proposal, for Alexander is one of those people who consider that "a man of intellect should not allow himself to be subject to jealousy. It is a false, unnatural, and altogether abominable sentiment, a mere phenomenon of the present order of things, according to which I ought to allow nobody to wear my linen or to smoke my pipe. It is the unfortunate result of a person's considering his helpmate in the light of private ownership." And again, *à propos* of the same subject, "can contraband be considered as a good thing? Isn't it much better to do things openly and aboveboard? In trying to hide matters we are forced to make use of falsehoods and all kinds of deceptions, and then, and then only, we become bad."

However, Kirsanoff declines Alexander's invitation on the ground that, although a *ménage à trois* would be quite in accordance with Nihilist notions, yet that people in general were still too old-fashioned and conservative in their prejudices to approve of such a proceeding. Vera also declines the proposed arrangement. But we must not do her the injustice of attributing her refusal to any false feelings of womanly shame. She distinctly states that "if a husband continues to live with his wife, there can be no cause for scandal, no matter what her relations with any other man may be." She merely refuses because, being under obligations to Alexander for having rendered her independent of the authority of her parents, his continued presence would become irksome to her. Accordingly, Alexander disappears, and is reported to have committed suicide by drowning. On the following day, however, Vera and Kirsanoff receive a letter from him, informing them that under cover of this report he had secretly embarked for the United States. Kirsanoff, having obtained the necessary papers certifying his friend's death, marries Vera a fortnight later. They live happily, and carry on a most friendly correspondence with Alexander.

Some time after her second marriage, Vera discards dressmaking, and begins to study medicine under the auspices of Kirsanoff, who has now become a professor of it. We are told that she showed a special predilection for the study of anatomy, and the author warmly recommends this kind of occupation to his lady readers.

Two years later Alexander returns from the United States and settles down at St. Petersburg under the assumed name of Charles Belmont. He is now a naturalized American subject, and the agent of a great New York tallow company. Making the acquaintance of a friend of Vera's, named Katia, he converts her to Nihilism, and confides to her his true history, which, however, in no wise shocks her, for she readily consents to become his wife. A few days before their marriage they go together to see Kirsanoff and Vera, and the meeting is described as being of a most affectionate nature. Soon afterward the *soi-disant* Charles Belmont takes his wife to live in the same house with the Kirsanoffs, with whom they continue on terms of the warmest friendship. According to the author, they now become the center of a choice and intellectual circle of friends. The entertainments which take place at their house are minutely described.

Having frequently commended the elevated characters of Vera, Alexander, and Kirsanoff, M. Tschernyschewsky toward the end of his book becomes afraid that we should despair of ever attaining a similar degree of excellence. Accordingly, he assures us that his three friends are the most ordinary Nihilists in the world, and that with very little trouble we may become like them. In order to prove the truth of his assertion, he is good enough to introduce us, before leaving him, to a most superior kind of Nihilist, the quintessence of the new doctrine personified, whose name is Rakhmetoff.

Rakhmetoff, we are told, belongs to an old boyard family and is very wealthy. At the age of sixteen he is obliged to leave home because he has fallen in love with a woman to whom his father was attached, so he comes to St. Petersburg to study at the university. He soon makes the acquaintance of some students, who provide him with Nihilist literature. Thanks partly to the books and chiefly to his friendship and intimate communion with M. Tschernyschewsky himself, Rakhmetoff rapidly attains a degree of Nihilistic excellence which it is useless for us to strive to equal. He now reads but very few books, and only deigns to associate with men who are known to exercise influence on their

fellow creatures. After the perusal of three or four pages of Macaulay's works he throws them down in disgust, calling them a mere bundle of old rags. Nor are Stuart Mill, Adam Smith, and other writers on political economy better treated by this extraordinary youth. We are somewhat relieved, however, to learn that Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" finds favor in his sight.

At the age of eighteen he deems that it is "necessary" that he should cultivate his physical strength, for what reason we are not informed. Accordingly, he declines all food excepting raw beefsteaks and apples, "though he eats oranges when at St. Petersburg because the lower classes of that city also eat them."

Leaving the university before he had completed his studies, he travels through the country as a common laborer, working at the anvil, at road-making, wood-cutting, and all other work calculated to develop the muscles; his favorite occupation being to tow barges up the river. His strength soon becomes so great that he is able to stop a runaway horse and carriage by merely seizing hold of the axletree of the latter. His amusements are of an eccentric nature. One morning he is found lying on a bed composed of inch-long nails pointed upward, and covered with blood. In reply to inquiries, he only vouchsafes to state that it is necessary that he should know whether he could support pain. A little later he leaves Russia, telling his friends that he had done all he can to propagate the new doctrines there, and that now it is necessary that he should make himself acquainted with the various customs and social organizations of other countries. After this we hear no more of him.

M. Tschernyschewsky concludes by regretting that there are but very few people as high-minded as Rakhmetoff, and says that he has known but eight persons who could be compared to him, and that two of these were women.

II.

To Western Europeans it is almost utterly incomprehensible how thousands of human beings can entertain such notions as have now been quoted, and, above all, how they can have been adopted to such an extent as to form a menace to the Government.

In order to understand, in any measure, their ready acceptance in Russia, we must take the character of the people into consideration.

Their most prominent features are superficiality and sensuality. The Russian is the obedient servant of his senses, and is entirely governed by the impressions which his eyes and ears convey to him. He does everything on the impulse of the moment: he laughs with the merry, weeps with the sad, becomes as kindly and generous to misfortune and misery when they are brought before his eyes as he is cold and indifferent to them at a distance. He is honest with the honest, but readily falls into the ways of thieves when he finds himself in their company. Credulous and full of phantasies, which rapidly flame up and are just as quickly extinguished, all the qualities necessary for steadfastness of purpose are entirely wanting in him. The abstract principles of right and wrong but feebly influence his actions. On the other hand, he is all the more ready to pursue the shadows of principles, and to cling to any theories which the wind of the day may have blown across his path. The more glittering, the more plausible, the more unsubstantial they are, the more likely are they to carry him away. Without philosophical profundity, he nevertheless possesses considerable ingenuity; hence he is too ready to be seduced by specious arguments, and to accept the logical conclusions of premises which he has never duly examined.

Another fact must also be remarked. The Russians have no political history. Until quite recently they were subject to an autocracy which repressed any expression whatever of opinion concerning the Government. All power was concentrated in the hands of the Czar, and administered by an immense bureaucracy. The public discussion of political and administrative questions was forbidden or jealously restricted. Political education under such a condition of things was impossible. Political character is the outcome of political strife in the forum and in the press. It is the political life of a nation which alone can furnish the individual with political character; and there is no such life in Russia. Until the present generation there was no regular organization of classes in Russia; everybody was equally subject to the will and pleasure of the Czar.

Having, therefore, no political experience, the Russian people were ill prepared for the reforms which ushered in the comparatively liberal era of the present Emperor's reign. In quick succession serfdom was abolished, trial by jury and the English system of judicial proceedings introduced, provincial, district, and municipal assemblies instituted, and liberty of the press granted in Moscow and St. Petersburg.

In addition to all these things the construction of an immense network of railways opened up communication with foreign countries, and admitted the influx of the political ideas of Western Europe. The abolition of serfdom introduced the principles of liberty and legal equality; the new provincial, district, and municipal assemblies introduced those of self-government; while the liberty of the press carried with it the

novel right of protest, in the name of the nation, against the evils and oppressions of the Government. The more enlightened classes suddenly became aware of the immense power of the people, which had hitherto lain dormant. But unfortunately, in consequence of political inexperience, they were unable to give it a proper direction.

Again, the ill-considered educational changes recently introduced by the Government have had portentous effects. A Russian youth, more than any other, requires to have his studies regulated for him. Although remarkable for intelligence and quickness of perception, he is unfitted for serious work by want of perseverance and by his proneness to exaggeration. Thus, for instance, a Russian boy, on having the astronomical chart explained to him, will perhaps ask why such and such animals had been selected for the definition of the various constellations. Unless an energetic hand brings him back to his studies, the precocious youth, who is scarcely able to describe three constellations correctly, will surprise his parents and teachers with a new astronomical chart of his own making, entirely different in its arrangement from that in his atlas. Instead of repressing this conceit, he is praised for his cleverness, and the teachers who venture to doubt his genius are accused of being crotchety and narrow-minded. Naturally the lad who imagines that he has commenced by bettering the existing astronomical chart is disinclined to apply himself to the dull routine of mathematical study; conscious of his own genius, he considers that intuition will enable him to dispense with further investigation. And so it is with other departments of study. At the age of thirteen he will have already worked out a constitution for Russia; at fourteen he will have written an essay on the physiological and anatomical failings of the human body, while at fifteen he will have invented a new religion. What we should punish as conceit in England is praised as genius in Russia.

The knowledge of Latin and Greek, which formerly constituted a *sine qua non* of all university and Government-service examinations, had served to a certain extent to compel proper application on the part of the Russian youth; for their study demands downright hard work and perseverance. In 1862, however, Alexander II., desirous of maintaining the reputation of liberal-mindedness which the abolition of serfdom had earned for him, caused great reforms to be made in the Department of Public Instruction. The law limiting to three hundred the number of students at each of the seven universities was repealed, and the colleges and gymnasiums thrown open to all classes. The numbers at the St. Petersburg University rose almost immediately to twelve hundred, and at Moscow to fifteen hundred.

M. Golownine, known for his liberal opinions, succeeded the obnoxious Admiral Poutjatine as Minister of Education, and at once relaxed all the severe regulations and discipline by which the students had previously been controlled. Latin and Greek were declared to be no longer necessary for university and Government examinations; and in their stead the study of realism and abstract science was introduced. Professorships of Natural History and Philosophy, which until then had been badly taught by insufficiently instructed priests, were instituted. In imitation of the German universities, student associations and clubs, reading-rooms, and even debating unions, were not only allowed, but even encouraged by the Government. The discussion of politics, until then strictly forbidden, was now openly carried on, and the consequence was that the students began to devote much more of their time to the events of the day, and to criticism of the acts of the Government, than to their studies. They gradually became accustomed to consider themselves as "the coming race" destined to regenerate Russia, and entitled to treat with contempt the conservative notions of their parents and superiors.

The Government, however, soon began to open its eyes to the fact that all these favors and privileges had been dispensed both too suddenly and too lavishly, and that the young men were making a bad use of the independence which they had obtained. Some very serious disturbances, in which students were implicated, and Karasoff's attempt on the Czar's life brought matters to a climax; and in 1866 M. Golownine was obliged to resign.

Count Tolstoy, by whom he was succeeded, and who still remains in office, has the reputation of being the best-hated man in Russia. We are assured that he has done more to render the Government unpopular than any official now living; and the following letter which he received last year from the Central Committee of the Nihilists goes far to prove the truth of the assertion: "Your excellency has nothing to fear from us. We fully acknowledge the value of the services which you have rendered and still continue to render to our cause. We promise that your life shall always be very precious to us."

His first act on entering office was to rule that Latin and Greek should again take an indispensable place in the university and civil-service examinations. The effect of this order can hardly be imagined. Most of the students at Russian colleges and universities are the sons of small government officials, of priests, and of trades-

people; and it may safely be asserted that at least four out of five of them are so poor that they are allowed to pursue their studies free of cost. Their only prospect in life was, and still is, to pass the necessary examinations, and then to be admitted to the lower grades of the Civil Service. For it must be borne in mind that in Russia the Government service is the only career which allows any scope for ambition. In other countries, commerce and industries of all kinds offer a vast field of enterprise to young men. But, in Russia, trade and manufacture are but little developed, and agriculture, which remains in the hands of the liberated serfs, constitutes almost the sole industry of the country at large. Nor do the learned professions offer any great advantages, for the white clergy (as the priests are called, to distinguish them from the black clergy, or monks) are utterly despised in Russia, and in fact only treated a little better than the common peasant; the army is almost entirely reserved to the nobility, and trial by jury and freedom of discussion in courts of justice are of too recent introduction and too little appreciated to afford much scope to the advocate; while a literary career is even less remunerative in Russia than elsewhere.

Despairing of being able to pass the necessary examinations in consequence of their ignorance of classics, many of the students thought it best to leave the universities and colleges at once. Without means of existence, without position, and without any prospect in life, they became ready converts to Nihilism, the ranks of which were constantly augmented, not only by students who had failed to pass, but also by those who, having succeeded, were nevertheless unable to obtain admittance to the Civil Service. For, since the number of the students at the various universities had so largely increased, the Government was no longer able to provide situations for all the young men who had creditably passed their examinations.

Count Tolstoy rendered himself further unpopular to the students by repealing and abolishing many of the privileges which had been granted by his predecessor in office. Most of the former obnoxious regulations were restored. Professors and students were again forced to wear uniforms and subjected to military discipline, and the hated curators were reappointed. These curators are officials who represent the Imperial Government at every university, and are for the most part retired generals and colonels. Students, professors, and even the senate and the rector, are all alike subject to their orders and frequently to their eccentricities.

Herzen tells us of a Prince Galyzin, who, when curator of the Moscow University, issued an order that, whenever any one of the professors should be prevented by sickness from teaching, his colleagues should all take it in turn to lecture in his stead, no matter what their specialty might be. The result was, that on one occasion a priest who taught logic was called upon to lecture on obstetrics, while at another time the celebrated accoucheur Richter was obliged to hold forth on theology. Another pious old gentleman, curator of the Kazan University, ordered that detached portions of human bodies, which had been used for the study of anatomy, should be afterward solemnly interred with funeral rites. The curators strongly disapprove of all intimacy between the students and their professors, and attach much more importance to the political ideas of the latter than to their capacities for teaching. An excellent regulation ordains that professors of universities and Government colleges should be called upon to retire after twenty-five years' service on a full-pay pension. They may, however, be reëlected for a further term of ten years, in which case they draw both their salary and their pension. This regulation has always been held out as a great inducement to men of talent and learning; and formerly the various "chairs" were creditably filled. Now, however, the curator has the power of vetoing their reëlection; and this, together with the strict supervision to which they are subjected, has latterly caused a scarcity of competent professors.

The administration of the educational department has been accused, with some justice, of being more anxious to propitiate the Government of the time being than for the welfare of the youth committed to its charge. And this may in a certain measure account for the otherwise inexplicable changes which are of so frequent occurrence.

On one day privileges are withdrawn, on the next others are granted; now certain studies are specially favored, a few months subsequently entirely different ones will have the preponderance. This continual uncertainty and change have a most discouraging and irritating effect on the students. Naturally disinclined to serious study, these interruptions both confirm and excuse their natural indisposition to serious work, and it is not to be wondered at if they discuss among themselves the injustice with which they are treated. Subjected to a system of espionage, there is a risk that any unfavorable expression of opinion concerning Count Tolstoy's administration may reach his ears, in which case it will probably be looked upon as treason; and, indeed, apart from any evidence of disaffection, students are frequently expelled and even exiled, on the merest suspicion and without any hearing.

Thus, for instance, a student at the St. Petersburg University, named Organoff, was suddenly seized by night in 1876, and detained for over two years in a distant town by the police, merely because he had had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of his superiors, nor was he ever able to obtain any hearing, or even explanation of the severe treatment to which he had been subjected.

The Government, on the other hand, consider themselves justified in adopting very severe and even harsh measures in dealing with these institutions, which they regard as the very hot-bed of discontent. This has especially been the case since the trial of Netchaïeff and Solowjew brought to light the fact that at least three quarters of the Nihilist party are composed of graduates, students, and young men and women who, for one reason or another, have been unable to complete their academical career. The history of the ex-student Solowjew, who attempted to assassinate the Czar on the 2d of April last, is merely that of most Nihilists. He was the son of a poor village apothecary on one of the estates of the late Grand Duchess Helena. After spending several years at the St. Petersburg Gymnasium, he matriculated at the university, the Grand Duchess very kindly defraying all the expenses of his education; but, for some reason or other, he was obliged to leave without having completed his studies, and consequently experienced great difficulties and delays in obtaining a situation as village schoolmaster at Toropez. While there he became a convert to Nihilism, and was dismissed in 1875 for having been in communication with suspected persons. In imitation of M. Tschernyschewsky's Rakhmetoff, he now devoted his time to wandering about the country disguised as a common laborer, occasionally working at the anvil and propagating revolutionary doctrines among the people. In 1876 he married a young woman of the name of Catherine Tschelichteff merely in order to render her independent of her parents' authority. They separated soon after the marriage, and Solowjew continued his wanderings under an assumed name till 1878, when he came to St. Petersburg and took up his abode there. He remained busily occupied in distributing Nihilist proclamations, pamphlets, and books, until April, when he made his attempt to assassinate the Czar. It may be added as characteristic of this Nihilist, who was hanged a few weeks later, that he spent the night preceding his crime in a house of ill fame.

Before proceeding further we would now draw the reader's attention to the history of Michael Bakunin, the founder of the doctrines of Nihilism, some of whose speeches we have quoted in the early part of this article.

He belonged to a rich boyard family, favorably known both at court and in the army. One of his nearest relations is at the present moment an aide-de-camp-general of the Czar, while another cousin occupied until quite recently the post of Governor-General of Eastern Siberia.

Born in 1814, Michael Bakunin, in accordance with the traditions of his family, was destined for a military career in the Imperial Guard. At the age of twenty he entered the School of Gunnery at St. Petersburg, where, however, he already began to show signs of discontent and insubordination. The consequence was that, although he passed an excellent examination, he was refused admittance into the Guards, and appointed to a line regiment quartered in some out-of-the-way part of the country. In order to fully appreciate the hardship which this treatment entailed, we must explain that while the Guards are stationed at St. Petersburg and Moscow, the officers of line regiments have the prospect of spending their whole lives in some small Russian village or provincial town, Thoroughly disgusted, Bakunin now became a complete misanthrope, and neglected his military duties to such an extent that he was obliged to leave the army.

Thus he found himself, at the age of twenty-two, without any occupation or prospect in life. Taking up his abode in Moscow, he joined Alexander Herzen and several other well-known Russians in forming a club for the discussion and study of Hegel's social philosophy, which was then in vogue. He soon became the acknowledged chief of his circle, and surpassed all his friends in enthusiasm for this new German philosophy; in fact, he began to consider that it was his special mission to propagate its teaching in Russia. In 1841 he went to Berlin in order to pursue his philosophical studies at their very source. Hegel himself was already dead, but his tenets still enjoyed the utmost consideration.

Bakunin lived here for a time with the celebrated novelist, Ivan Tourgeneff; but he soon frightened all his Russian friends by the wild fanaticism with which he sought to adapt Hegel's theories to every-day life. In 1843 we find him at Dresden, writing the most rabid articles for a socialistic review, under the pseudonym of Jules Elizard. A year later he went to Paris, informing his friends that there was nothing more to learn in Germany.

Paris was then regarded as the spot whence the social reorganization of the world would originate; and Proudhon and Louis Blanc were then at their height of influence. The Russian Government, however, which had begun to look upon Bakunin with suspicion, now thought fit to request his return to Russia, and refused to renew his passports. Disregarding his recall, he

spent the next five years of his life partly in France and partly in Switzerland, dependent to a certain extent on the good will and pleasure of the police, owing to his being without papers. In 1847, however, he was formally expelled from French territory at the request of the Emperor Nicholas, in consequence of his having made a speech at a banquet on the anniversary of the Warsaw insurrection, urging the overthrow of the Czar's Government, and the establishment of a confederate republic in its place. Tracked everywhere and constantly watched by the police agents of the Russian Government, which had offered a reward of ten thousand rubles for his capture, he was forced to wander about from one place to another, until the Revolution of 1848 rendered his return to Paris possible. But he was greatly disappointed when the Provisional Government turned a deaf ear to his tempting proposals that France should take the lead in revolutionizing all Europe; and he soon received significant hints which caused him to leave France again toward the end of the year.

Proceeding to Prague he made an abortive attempt to incite the youth of that city to revolt against the Government. Pursued by the Austrian police, he escaped to Dresden, where he arrived just in time to take a very prominent part in the serious disturbances of 1849. The insurgents were in possession of the city, and only surrendered after a three days' siege to the Prussian and Saxon regular troops. Bakunin, whose proposal to set fire to the city when its defense was no longer possible had exasperated even the insurgents against him, was captured on the 10th of May, 1849, at a short distance from Chemnitz. After a year's imprisonment he was condemned to death by the Saxon court-martial. However, before the sentence could be carried into effect, the Austrian Government demanded, and obtained, his extradition. Sentenced to death a second time by the Austrian judges for his doings at Prague, he again escaped the penalty, in consequence of a request made by the Emperor Nicholas that he should be transferred to the Russian Government for punishment. From 1851 to 1856 he remained a close prisoner in the dungeons of the St. Peter and St. Paul fortress at St. Petersburg.

Owing to powerful intercession made in his behalf, Alexander, on the occasion of his coronation, commuted his punishment to banishment for life to the eastern part of Siberia. Being nearly related to Count Mouravieff, the Governor-General of the province, he was treated with comparative leniency, and even allowed a certain amount of liberty on parole. In 1861 he managed to escape in an American trading schooner to Yokohama, whence he traveled through the United States to England. Here he was received with open arms by his former friends, Alexander Herzen, Ogareff, and the little Russian colony of political refugees established in London.

Herzen was at that time engaged in editing a Russian newspaper, called the "Kolokol" (the Bell), directed against the despotism of the Government. The illegitimate son of a Prince Jakowleff, and possessing a large fortune, he was at all times much more moderate in his political views than Bakunin, whose twelve years of prison had only had the effect of developing more thoroughly his doctrine of universal chaos. Herzen, although what we should call an ultra-radical, was never at any time of his life an adherent to Nihilism. Notwithstanding the fact that his paper was strictly forbidden in Russia, it was extensively read and appreciated throughout the empire until the time of Bakunin's arrival in London. The coöperation of the latter in the editorship had a most injurious effect upon it. The comparatively moderate views which it had until then professed were discarded, and Nihilism and universal anarchy preached in every number. In consequence it speedily lost the consideration and influence which it had enjoyed. After taking a prominent part in the organization of the Polish insurrection of 1863, Herzen and Bakunin transferred their quarters to Geneva, where the "Kolokol" shortly afterward died a natural death. Soon after their arrival in Switzerland, Bakunin separated from his friend Herzen (who died in 1870, leaving behind him several works of much interest, which are being published by his son), and lost no time in actively interesting himself in the various European revolutionary organizations. In 1867 we find him not only a prominent member of the "Internationale," but also on the permanent committee of the "League of Universal Peace" in Switzerland. The attempts which he made to convert these two organizations to his views met with but little success, and in 1868 he was formally expelled from both associations. Thereupon he founded the "Alliance Internationale de la Révolution européenne," in connection with the Nihilist party in Russia, of which he now became the acknowledged chief. A year later we find him in personal communication with the notorious Netchaïeff, whom he ended by sending back to Russia accredited as the emissary of the chief committee of the Nihilists.

In 1870, after the fall of the empire in France, he published a pamphlet entitled "L'Empire Knouto-Germanique et la Révolution sociale," in which he summons the proletarian classes of all Europe to assist France in bringing about a social revolution, and to free her from the government which German bayonets had imposed on

her. It also advocates the dismissal of all officials, the imprisonment of all landed proprietors, capitalists, and priests, the distribution of government and private property, and concludes by recommending that all Bonapartists should be transported for life. After the publication of this piece of literature, he betook himself to Lyons, hearing that the Commune had been proclaimed in that city. He arrived there on the morning of the 20th of September, and, after having been most warmly received by Cluseret, Richard, and other Communists, assisted at the storming of the Hôtel de Ville by the insurgents.

Twenty-four hours later the National Guards had recaptured the Hôtel de Ville and dispersed the provisional government established there. Bakunin himself was conducted to the railway-station and seated in a train which brought him back direct to Geneva. The remaining years of his life were spent between Berne, Zurich, and Geneva, and actively employed in directing the revolutionary work in Russia. He died a few months ago at Geneva, and has been succeeded, as leader of the Nihilist party, by a M. Drogomonow, who resides in the same city.

Netchaïeff, whom we have referred to in connection with Bakunin, was a *déclassé* student of the St. Petersburg University. In 1869 he came to Geneva, saw Bakunin, and obtained from him a card bearing the following mystic words: "Alliance révolutionnaire européene; le Comité Général, 12 mai, 1869." Armed with this document, he returned to St. Petersburg and spent the next four years in comparative ease, living at the expense of others. Russians still retain much of the Asiatic weakness for conspiracies, and Netchaïeff had only to show the card in order to be received with the utmost enthusiasm by students and the discontented youth of both sexes, who regarded him almost in the light of a supernatural being, and were ready to obey his slightest behest.

He greatly impressed them by frequently talking about his "secret chief," and succeeded in swindling many people out of large sums of money, which he demanded in the name of the revolutionary committee. Whenever there was the slightest hesitation about complying with any of his demands, he dropped hints about the deadly vengeance of the committee. In 1873 a young man of the name of Ivanoff, having declined to submit any longer to his extortions, and threatened to betray him to the police, Netchaïeff stabbed him in the back, wounding him mortally. Although he managed to escape to Zurich, the Swiss Government made no difficulty about surrendering him to the Russian authorities as a common murderer, and in 1874 he was tried with closed doors at Moscow. In consideration of the important revelations which he was good enough to make, his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life in the mines of Siberia.

According to a preconcerted arrangement, the one hundred and eighty-three persons implicated by his confessions were all seized on the same day, the 20th of May, 1875. They consisted chiefly of the sons and daughters of priests, tradespeople, Jews, and small officials, and were accused of having sought to propagate Nihilism among the lower classes of the people. Some very curious facts came to light during the trial. One of the accused, a girl named Idalia Polheim, acknowledged that she had received orders from the central committee to become the paramour of a wealthy old landed proprietor, and then to poison and rob him of his riches in favor of the cause. On another occasion the same girl had been instructed by the committee to become the mistress of a certain Larinoff, who had threatened to desert the revolutionary party. A student of the name of Ituschin also confessed that a boy at Moscow had been persuaded to murder and rob his own father, and to hand over the plunder to the committee. Some astonishment has been expressed at the large number of young girls implicated in all these Nihilist conspiricies, who seek to emulate the conduct of M. Tschernyschewsky's Vera. We would, however, remark that in Russia, as elsewhere, women are apt to rush to extremes in politics as well as in religion; with them the heart is stronger than the head.

It is greatly to be regretted that this monster trial, which lasted over eighteen months, should have taken place with open doors, for the conduct of the judges who presided was so weak, and even unseemly, that the dignity of the Court must have suffered in the eyes of the auditors.

The most extraordinary scenes were of daily occurrence. The accused were not only allowed to address the Court, but even to preach the most rampant Nihilism from the prisoners' dock. The lawyers for the defense not only seized every opportunity to vituperate the Government, and to hold up the accused as martyrs to its despotism, but also to excite the popular feeling against the *gendarmerie* and police, who, after all, had only obeyed orders in arresting the prisoners. On one occasion some of the counsel were even allowed to go so far as to insist on the withdrawal of an officer of the *gendarmerie* from the court, on the ground that "the sight of his hated uniform excited the public." The proceedings were not terminated until the month of December, 1877, when ninety-nine of the accused were sentenced to penal servitude in Siberia, thirty-six subjected to police supervision for a certain number of years, and the remainder acquitted.

The great trial was scarcely over, when the

Government was dismayed by the attempted assassination of General Trepoff, the chief of that Third Section of the Imperial Chancellerie which has the control of the *gendarmerie* of the empire. On the 5th of February, 1878, he was shot down in the streets of St. Petersburg by a young woman, formerly a medical student, and named Vera Sassoulitch. In consequence of her acquaintance with Netchaïeff she had been subjected to a constant supervision by the police, and goaded almost to desperation by their persecutions. The "Committee" had, therefore, but little difficulty in persuading her to avenge a flogging which Bogobjuloff, a Nihilist, had been subjected to for some infraction of prison discipline. It should be added that Bogobjuloff was a perfect stranger to her, and that she had never even seen him. The Government was advised not to treat her as a political offender, but rather as an ordinary criminal, and to have her case decided by a jury. Her trial, which took place at St. Petersburg, caused an immense sensation throughout Russia. Here again the presiding judges behaved in a most unaccountable manner, and allowed the proceedings to be carried on as if General Trepoff were the accused and Vera Sassoulitch the injured party. The consequence was, that the jury brought in a verdict acquitting the prisoner of a crime to which she herself had pleaded guilty, and the judges directed that she should be set at liberty. The verdict was received with the most frantic applause, not only by the persons present in the court, but also by a large crowd of students and others who filled the street. One young student present appears to have completely lost his head on receiving the news. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he suddenly fired a first shot at a policeman, with a second he seriously wounded a poor woman who was standing next to him, while with a third he blew his own brains out. Vera Sassoulitch managed to escape from the supervision of the police officials of the Third Section, and is at the present moment living near Geneva.

The baneful effects of her trial soon became perceptible—political assassinations grew to be quite the fashion. On the 17th of August of the same year General Menzentsoff, who had succeeded General Trepoff as chief of the Third Section, was shot in the streets of St. Petersburg by a young man who managed to effect his escape. Baron Heyking, commanding the *gendarmerie* at Kiev, and Prince Krapotkin, the Governor of Kharkov, were also murdered in the course of the summer. General Drenteln, who had undertaken the direction of the Third Section after the assassination of General Menzentsoff, was shot in the early part of 1879, and matters have culminated in the recent attempt to murder the Czar with which the world is even now ringing. Of late, however, the Nihilists appear to have changed their tactics to some extent, and to have adopted the famous prescription of Hippocrates, according to which, when medicines and the knife are powerless to heal, fire should be tried ("Quod medicamina et ferrum non sanant, ignis sanat"). Arson has become the order of the day, and conflagrations have increased to an enormous extent. During the month of last June alone thirty-five hundred fires broke out in St. Petersburg, Orenburg, Koslow, Irkutsk, and Uralsk, destroying property to the amount of twelve million rubles; only nine hundred of these fires could be properly accounted for, the remaining twenty-six hundred being attributed to Nihilistic incendiaries. There is no doubt but that the Committee has considerable funds at its disposal. Agencies are maintained at Berlin, Paris, and London, where traveling Nihilists are fraternally received and provided with money and the necessaries of life. However, when their resources are too heavily taxed, they have no hesitation about levying black-mail. Thus, for instance, during the past summer, two wealthy St. Petersburg merchants received anonymous letters from the Committee requesting sums of twenty thousand and thirty thousand rubles respectively, and threatening them with a violent death in case of refusal. The merchants in question lost no time in complying with the demands made upon their purses, and, when blamed for not having sought the protection of the Government, replied with some justice, "If the chief of the police is unable to protect his own person from attacks, how can we possibly expect efficient protection?"

The attempt on the Emperor's life in April last caused such consternation that the Government thought it necessary to proclaim martial law in the greater part of European Russia. Six military Governor-Generals have been appointed with the fullest powers to suspend, when they think it expedient, any of the ordinary police and judicial proceedings. Nihilists are now tried by courts-martial, which are conducted in a more dignified and expeditious manner than the civil tribunals.

While referring to the latter, we would avail ourselves of the opportunity to offer a word of explanation concerning the astonishing conduct of the judges, to which we have before referred. When trial by jury and the West-European mode of judicial proceedings were first adopted in Russia in the year 1865, great fear was expressed as to the difficulty which there would be in obtaining judges sufficiently independent of any influence on the part of the Government and the aristocracy to administer justice equitably.

The new judges, who were not chosen from the highest social grades, accordingly imagined that it was their duty to give both to the Government and to the aristocracy every proof of their independence, and, in fact, rather overdid the matter. Whenever the lower classes came into conflict with either the aristocracy or the Government, the judges invariably decided in favor of the former, no matter how unjustly. Little by little they grew accustomed to look upon themselves as the representatives of the people, and as their protectors against the oppressions of the Government. It is, indeed, difficult to understand how the Russian Government can ever have hoped that men of real talent and conscience would consent to take any part in so half-hearted a concern as the new judicial system in Russia. On the one hand we have the open courts of justice with their juries and freedom of discussion, while on the other we find the notorious Third Section of the Imperial Chancellerie with its army of gendarmes, and with its power without trial to imprison, and to punish with penal servitude or exile to Siberia, at its pleasure. The newly instituted judicial system is comparatively useless, since, even when the judge and jury acquit an offender, he is liable to be immediately seized and punished by the Section for *state reasons*.

With the exception of the emancipation of the serfs, almost all of the well-intentioned reforms of Alexander II. have been nullified by the action of this Third Section, the chief of which has often been nicknamed the "Vice-Emperor." For instance, the municipal district and provincial assemblies are powerless to adopt any measure until they have obtained not only the approval of the Minister of the Interior and of the Governor of the province, but also the consent of the commandant of the *gendarmerie* of the place who represents the Third Section. It is deeply to be regretted that, when the Czar determined to institute these municipal district and provincial assemblies, he did not go one step further and institute a national assemby; a House of Representatives chosen by the nation is the only possible remedy in the present state of things. By his somewhat too hasty reforms in the early part of his reign, the Emperor gave his people a taste of liberty, and allowed them to acquire a taste for self-government, until then unknown in Russia. They now demand that this concession should be more fully developed. There are at the present moment many loyal and devoted subjects of the Czar, who would be horrified at the bare idea of becoming Nihilists themselves, and who yet regard the proceedings of these destructives with a certain degree of complacency, hoping that it will force the Government to concede that which even the Mikado of Japan has granted to his people—namely, a Constitution. A Parliament controlling the national expenditure, protecting individual liberty, and demanding of the Third Section an account of its actions, would not only have the effect of restoring the financial credit of Russia, but would, by admitting the people to a share of the sovereignty, rally to the side of the Government many excellent and liberal-minded men who are increasingly dissatisfied with the present state of affairs.

Nihilism deprived of the larger portion of its *raison d'être*—namely, stifled discontent—would quickly lose the most capable of its adherents, and would probably prove as fleeting and unstable as are most of the impulses and ideas of the Russian mind.

FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN (*The Nineteenth Century*).

POEMS BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

[Now that De Musset, Gautier, Baudelaire, and others of the choir of French poets are gone, and Victor Hugo, the Nestor and primate among them all, is drawing near the end of his long career, the question naturally presents itself, Who are to take the places which they have left vacant in French literature? To the worshipers of M. Hugo, the suggestion that any one can fill the "portentous void" which his death must create will savor of irreverence; but even to these worshipers at an exclusive shrine, however, the idea that the lesser gods may be replaced will not seem irrational; and one turns with interest and hope to those newly-arisen singers whose notes are beginning to make themselves heard above the confused murmur of the general choir.

A high, if not the highest, rank among this younger generation of French poets must be assigned to M. François Coppée, the quality and character of whose song will be at least indicated by the selected poems which these sentences are intended to introduce. M. Coppée (christened François-Edouard-Joachim) was born at Paris in the year 1842, his father being an employee in the office of the Minister of War. He commenced at the Lycée Saint-Louis studies which his feeble health did not allow him to finish there, but which he completed later by the aid of those lyceum lectures which Mat-

thew Arnold regards as so valuable a part of the French machinery of education. At a very early period of his life he devoted himself to the vocation of poetry; but his first efforts were so unsuccessful that in a moment of discouragement he threw the whole of them into the fire, and it was not until the first volume of his poems appeared, in 1866, that his choice of a career was vindicated to himself and to the public at large. Some of the poems in this volume (which was entitled "Le Reliquaire") were afterward published in "Le Parnasse Contemporain," and their author was very cordially praised for the freshness of the inspiration which they exhibited, for their spirit, vivacity, and good taste, and for "the delicate and engaging character of that note of truth and sincerity which is perceptible in them." M. Coppée now began to contribute freely to various periodicals, and in 1867 his "Hymn to Peace" was sent to the Lyceum and obtained the prize. His works and his name, however, still remained known to only a small literary coterie, when one of his poems, "The Benediction," published in "L'Artiste," obtained an immense success. It was publicly recited with great applause by Anatole Lionnet, and also by Mlle. Agar, of the Odéon. For this latter artist he wrote a comedy in one act and in verse ("Le Passant") which was played at the second Théâtre Français, on January 14, 1869. The press unanimously praised it for its freshness, elegance, passion, wit, and those other qualities which the French are so quick to admire in compositions of this kind. In this same year, 1869, he published another collection of verse, entitled "Modern Poems," which contained his masterpiece, "The Angelus" (a poem of a thousand lines), and other shorter pieces; and in March he was awarded the Lambert Prize by the French Academy. His most recent volume, "Récits et Elégies," was published in 1878. One of these later poems, "The Night-Watch," narrates an incident of the Franco-German war, and is nearly as remarkable as "The Benediction" for dramatic situation and intensity of feeling. These qualities, it will be observed, are found in an eminent degree in each of the poems that we have selected; and it will also be observed that M. Coppée disdains to woo that meretricious muse which has inspired so much of the contemporary verse of his countrymen.

The spirited translations of these poems are reproduced from a little volume entitled "Gottlob et Cetera," by William Young, whose connection with the "New York Albion," though it terminated long since, has rendered his name familiar to a numerous circle of readers in this country.]

GOTTLOB.

FROM "LE JUSTICIER."

ONE month since Easter, on St. Philip's Day,
The fifteenth century being three years old,
The very high and very puissant Gottlob
Surnamed the Brutal, Count of Schnepfenthal,
Baron of Hilburghausen, of Elbenau
Grand Bailiff, and hereditary Margrave
Of Schlotemsdorff, by water and by land
Lord, chief and oldest among Saxon knights,
And of a proud, despotic race the last,
Having—despite the rain-storm and his age,
For he was ninety-four—been forth to see
Three peasants hanged, at the hour of Angelus,
After his supper, calmly, with the host
Laid to his lip and his lean hands outspread
Upon the crucifix, gave up the ghost,
At his stronghold of Ruhn upon the Elbe.
Seeing the black flag, the whole country breathed;
For civil war raged. Drunken Wenceslas
Bartered his towns for gold. The rulers ruled,
Each as he listed. Law and rights were none.
Grasping and cruel ever had he been,
The wellnigh centenarian lying there
All pale, his outlined form beneath the sheet
Drawn to its full length. He had reimposed
All the old imposts—on the vintage, tax;
Tax on the harvest; tax on mills, fish, game;
Poll-tax on pilgrims even. Halberdiers,
Demons of violence, with blows enforced
Reluctant dues. Death was the penalty
Paid for refusal. Various in its form
Was the grim Margrave's vengeance. Clad, gloved, visored,
In iron all, he came upon the spot
Girt with his pikemen, waved his hand, and straight
The barren gibbets budded. Vassals died
By steel, or cord, or rod. Youth donned perforce
His archers' harness; for the old and weak
There was naught left, save in their leprous rags
Wearily, after vespers, to besiege
The convent-doors and clamor for a crust
Of hard black bread. Along the broad highway
Beggars in troops laid bare their hideous sores.
Burying their coin in the earth, the citizens
Thought, at the outset, to protest. They chose
One of their number, gray-haired and discreet,
Sending him secretly to Trèves, to plead
Their cause with the Archbishop and set forth
Their grievances; but Gottlob, having wind
Of their intention, in advance dispatched
To the Elector-Primate two fine mules
With golden pyxes and with velvet copes
Heavily charged. The saint-like Patriarch,
Zealous in serving God, received the gifts,
And hanged the townsmen's delegate. No more
Was said about the matter.
Now was woe
Redoubled, Gottlob bidding fair to touch
His hundredth year. Apparent was no term
To all this desolation. Beldames called him
Satan's accomplice. One and all despaired,

Wailing for mercy. In the end he died.
He was dead, certès. Then, as in a wood
The little nests are resonant of joy
When down the wind fierce squalls have swept the hawk,
So the poor people this departure hailed
With shouted plaudits. Bonfires were lit up;
And round about the gallows hand in hand
Danced the glad peasants. In the castle-walls
The soldiers listened to the festive din
Borne on the night wind, or with anxious watch
Pried through the loopholes. Fronting the dead man
A solitary Monk, in leathern chair
Seated, was musing. As the corpse laid out
Lent to the shroud its profile, fancy showed him
How in the marble of the Margrave's tomb
The self-same outlines would be reproduced;
Or, when the lights flared in the gusty draught,
His eye went wandering to the tapestry,
Whereon in dim confusion cavaliers
Swayed to and fro; or, with unconscious stare,
Traced the receding pillars of the room.
He was alone. At times, in hardy jet,
The bonfires' glow flamed on the window-panes;
And louder, clearer, rose upon the air
The vassals' voices lifted in great glee.
Anon, still motionless and rapt in thought,
Psalms and the Miserere in low tone
Fell from his lips. Sudden, his countenance
Took on a ghostly pallor, and his eyes
In fear and blank amazement opened wide,
And his lank fingers tightly clutched his chair.
Awe-struck he was and petrified, for, lo!
The dead man sitting up, veiled, all in white,
Wrestling, with frantic gestures, from his head
To throw the overwrapping sheet—the corpse,
That had been counted on as food for worms,
Alive, and gazing with bewildered look
On Monk, and lights, and ebony crucifix,
And holy-water vessel! Speech at length
The Margrave found:
"Where am I? Did I dream?
Or was I dead? Monk! have my nephews laid,
Already laid, rash hands on my demesne,
Tearing the red flag from the belfry down?
Am I defunct, or am I master yet
Under mine own roof? Answer me! and then,
As my wits wander still, on yonder press
Look for my chiseled cup, and pour me out
A brimming draught of wine!"
"Almighty God!"
Murmured the Monk, "he has come back to life!"

"Come back to life! Then was I truly dead!
But by my ancestors I swear, at dawn
I'll have the windows all decked out with flags,
And stepping forth upon the balcony
I'll greet my nephews as they gather here,
Weeping, to take part in my obsequies,
And bid them fly my falcons for their sport.
Then I'll regale them with a luscious feast
Worthy your bishops, and dismiss them all
Rollicking drunk!"
Thrice the Monk crossed himself—
On breast, mouth, forehead. Then he slowly rose,
And, drawing nearer the depraved old man,
In voice still trembling with emotion, said:
"List to me, Margrave! Scarce an hour ago,
I on my knees was praying by your corpse;
Praying, because 'tis terrible to see
One full of years and lord of high estate
Die, without leisure to repent himself.
For, absolution by the priest conferred
Needs must the awful peradventure bide;
Nor can the Oremus hurriedly intoned,
Without contrition, sin's foul ulcer heal.
Thus was it that with fervor and apart
I prayed. We are living in an age, my lord,
Gloomy and harsh. The times are all awry.
Rulers, alas! are ignorant of the ills
Endured by those beneath them. Men-at-arms
Have trampled under foot this German soil
So long, so deeply, that not any crop
Rests on its surface. For the reaper's hand
There is no work. Soon will the smith alone
Be called to labor. Piteous 'tis to see
The corn down-trodden and the rotted rye.
Eagles and vultures gather to their feasts—
They, and they only, feeding now on flesh.
Beggars around the monasteries throng.
Bread is high-priced. Hamlet and town alike
Hunger; and milk in mothers' breasts is dry!
Care for all this you know not, nor remorse,
You puissant lords. And I, who here below
Ought to be chiefly praying for the dead,
Pray rather for the mighty and the rich,
Seeing around me vassals all in tears,
Fields all awaste, and swinging in the breeze,
Pendent from forest-branches, human forms.
Then I remember, Margrave, the decrees
Of everlasting Justice, and how souls
Are in strict balance weighed; and to mine ear
Comes the exulting crackle of the fire
Stirred by the devil with his monstrous fork!"
Peals of loud laughter from the Margrave broke.
"Truly your sermon," said he, "is sublime!
And you conclude—"
"That, if tenacious death
Spares you, the awful menace yet remains,
The Almighty's warning; that ere many days
Your coffin o'er the threshold must be borne;
And that God grants you, Gottlob, a brief spell
Meet for repentance!"
"You perceive," said Gottlob,
"That I have listened with attentive ear
To your discourse, being merry and well pleased

Not to be wearing now, by way of shirt,
Four oaken boards. But think not to prolong it!
And bear in mind, too, that if so I willed
Two of my valets might eject you hence,
Setting my bloodhounds on your flying heels.
Meantime, I bid you, preacher, pour me out
A stoup of wine. Quick! Bring it here!"
The Monk,
Who had resumed his seat, stood up. His gown
In stately folds enwrapped him. From his sleeves
Outstretched, his hands went trembling in the air;
While from the overshadowing cowl his eyes
Peering transfixed the Margrave.
"Oh, repent,
Old man!" he answered; "and, ere going down
Into thy grave, soil thy white hair with ashes!
Put on, like us, the hair-cloth and the frock!
Bruise thy weak knees upon the altar-steps!
Chant the responses! kiss the cloister-stones!
And in a coffin lay thee down at night!
The scourge with knotted points that eat the flesh,
The greasy, grimy stairway, the long fast,
Black bread, with water from the pitcher gulped—
These, for a sinner who so tardily
Repents him, are most sweet."
"Hold!" Gottlob cried,
"Preposterous quack! and, in the first place, know
That one garb only fits me, and that one
Is my fine coat of mail, forged ring by ring,
Wherein nor kings nor princes punched a hole,
When with the Duke Rudolph the Third I served,
Holding the lists for the good Emperor Charles,
I, Gottlob, Lord of Ruhn, with whom you speak!
Know furthermore that knights who bear great names,
And carry on their pennons Latin words
'Broidered in gold that valor breathe and pride,
Can not beneath an organ bawl out psalms.
Their music is the jingle of their spurs,
The clarion's shrill and spirit-stirring note,
The roll of drum, the joyous clash of sword
Hammering on brazen armor. Furthermore,
Know that I hate all priestlings and poltroons
Who in dull cloisters hide themselves away,
Nor ever wash their hands, save when they dip
Fingers in holy-water. Thus, good brother,
Silence; and do my bidding quick!"
The Monk
Advanced two steps nearer the old man's bed.
"Bow down before the God who passeth now,
But passeth nevermore! Still is there time
To save thy soul. Margrave, thou hast been vile,
Inhuman, infamous; and of thy crimes
Thou hast to-day, it seems, no thought; but God,
Who punisheth them all, the record keeps.
When the sack followed Schnepfenthal's revolt,
Thou, senseless murderer, at a single blow
Didst kill the burgrave as he bent him down
Kissing thy stirrup, and didst have his body
Hewn into pieces and hung up on hooks
Over the portal of thy donjon-keep,
As in the market bleeding tripes are hung!
Hunting, one day, a poacher was surprised.
They ripped his belly open; and therein
Thou thy cold feet didst warm! Thy lances made
Black silence round thee; but whoever sought
To follow in thy footsteps might have tracked
Thy course in blood, while peasants clinched their fists
In desolate homesteads! Thou didst doom to death
Thy pregnant sister! By thy men-at-arms,
Even in the suburbs, was the traveler robbed;
And, when a citizen held back his tithe,
Thou didst parade him on a hog, astride,
Facing the tail! I pass by much. At last
Thou diest, stained with all these crimes; and when
The Almighty, as it were amazed to meet
Such monster, deems thee all too black for hell,
And spurns thee with his foot to earth again,
And grants thee time forgiveness to implore,
Proud and defiant, thou dost still rebel!
Now learn the plain truth! Ah, thou holdest cheap
The priest as judge! Look, then, at yonder glow
Flushing the windows! Hark, what shouts of joy!
List! recollecting how, from times remote,
When wolf or bear or any noxious beast
Makes havoc in our woods, but in the end
Is by the boar-spear slain, on the hillsides
Bonfires at night are lighted, and around them
Huntsmen and peasants all rejoicing dance.
Thus to this day our Saxon usage holds.
Margrave, 'tis thus upon thy dying day!
Thou, too, art rated as some noxious beast!"

"Peace! peace!" cried Gottlob, with a fearful laugh.
Then from his pillow on his hands upheld,
Livid with scorn and rage, he hissed aloud:
"Yes, wretches, yes, the wood-piles are alight!
You are burning up my maples and my pines,
Wherewith your gibbets I was wont to frame.
Had I not waked, to-morrow might, perchance,
For the diversion of your rabble rout,
Have seen a Margrave's effigy in straw
Amid my gray elms blazing! Ha! in sport
You for your fagots cut my old oaks down
That the Goths planted! Well, well; be it so!

Since my good people love a fire that flares,
This very night, I'll presently decide—
Casque on my head and lance upon my thigh—
If it is vivid and intense enough,
When fed on bumpkins' grease. Flame and live coal—
I would compare them!"
"Gottlob! Satan, too,
Makes hot his furnaces. Think of the flame
Reddening volcanic mouths! Think of the damned
Writhing and suffocating in the pit,
Or under horrid portals burning ever,
As though eternal torches! Marquis, think
That above us there is a God! Remember
That thou wilt die soon; that thy gibbets all,
With single arms outstretched, are pointing thee
The downward road! Ay, Margrave! after death,
Thou, who wert brave and well born, and for crest
Didst bear a hydra blazoned, thou wilt be
Naked and helpless as a dunghill worm!
Then to the fire that dies not hurried on,
Bleeding from prick of demons' pointed wings,
Hands bound, feet chained, and prodded by their forks,
Vainly thy crippled limbs would hold thee back;
Hell gapeth for thee! Thou art forward thrust,
Thy white beard singed in the all-devouring heat!"
"Amen!" replied the Margrave. "Monk, go forth,
Offering thy keys of paradise, I tell thee,
To yonder boors so busy with their chants;
Thanks to the sword, there's more than one of them
Will need anon that heaven its gates unclose!
As to my own account—Satan is prince,
I marquis; and on equal terms alone
Will I confront him, seeing that we are
Gentlemen both of us, of lineage both
Most ancient and most lofty. Also, there
Down in his hell shall I again encounter
Comrades, my best and bravest of old days,
Who in the battle's whirlwind fell by steel;
And tourneys will we interchange and *fêtes!*
Meantime for you, my minions, you who dance
And light up bonfires and are all elate,
I have imagined such a jubilee—
Such rich repast for my pet carrion-birds—
That, centuries hence, your sons will doff their hats,
Passing within the shadow of my tomb!"
And Gottlob, panting as the maniac pants,
Turned his black looks to a panoply of arms,
Where swords a score in iron posy ranged
Blossomed portentous, shimmering hard and bright,
With spiders' webs inwoven. But it hung
Beyond his grasp; so, rising, put he forth
His old man's shanks, shriveled and horrible.
Haggard before him stood the Monk. "Then perish,
Impenitent blasphemer, in thy sins!"
He spoke; and, covering at a single bound
The intervening space, with eyes that burned,
Gleaming deep-set below his tonsured crown
As coals upon a forge, cool, resolute,
Grappling the Margrave by the throat, despite
His shrieks of "Help" and "Murder!" and despite
His white locks o'er the pillow streaming loose,
Strangled him—these the only added words:
"Die, Margrave, die! this time without reprieve!"

Then, calm and grave, he reverently bends
Over the corpse, and readjusts the sheet,
As might a mother o'er her sleeping babe;
Lifts and relights a lamp thrown down; and, kneeling
As was his wont in hallowed precinct, folds
His hands, and meekly mutters, "Before God
Do I confess myself!"

THE BENEDICTION.

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,
That we took Saragossa. What a day
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.
"'Tis the priests' doing!" was the word passed round;
So that although since daybreak under arms—
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends—piff! paff!
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,
If shovel-hat and long black cloak were seen
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street
My company worked on. I kept an eye
On every house-top right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth
Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound
In such a dangerous defile not to leave
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,
No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it—black demons with shaved crowns,
The Cross in white embroidered on their frocks,
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing, we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done—
And, the thick smoke rolling away, we noted
Under the huddled masses of the dead
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;
While in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar as though unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak, it comes before me now—
The convent built in old times by the Moors;
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.

I, certès, in those days
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe
At a wax-candle burning on the altar.
This time, however, I was awed—so blanched
Was that old man.

"Shoot him!" our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard, but as though he heard not. Turning round,
He faced us, with the elevated host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the Cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,
The words came to us—

"*Vos benedicat*
Deus Omnipotens!"

The captain's order
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him down,
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours, a dastard,
Leveled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look
Set upward, and indomitably stern.

"*Pater et Filius!*"

Came the words. What frenzy,
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.

The monk with one hand on the altar's ledge
Held himself up; and, strenuous to complete
His benediction, in the other raised
The consecrated host. For the third time
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,
But in the general hush distinctly heard—

"*Et Sanctus Spiritus!*"

he said; and, ending
His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then, as we stood,
Even the old troopers, with our muskets grounded,
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight
Of such a shameless murder and at sight
Of such a martyr, with a chuckling laugh—

"*Amen!*"

Drawled out a drummer-boy.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

FROM "LA VEILLEE."

I.

SOON as her lover to the war had gone,
Without or tears or commonplace despair,
Irene de Grandfief, a maiden pure
And noble-minded, reassumed the garb
That at the convent she had worn—black dress
With narrow pelerine—and the small cross

In silver at her breast. Her piano closed,
Her jewels put away—all save one ring,
Gift of the Viscount Roger on that eve
In the past spring-time when with tremulous joy
She had pledged her life—in quiet corner, mindless
Of what was done, unheeding what was said,
Pale, stoical, she waited.
When he learned
Our first defeat, the Viscount, as a man
Smitten when joyous at high festival,
Groaned; but his action gallant was and prompt.
Bidding farewell, and from Irene's brow
Culling one silken tress, that he might wear it
In gold medallion close upon his heart,
Without delay or hindrance, in the ranks
He took a private's place. What that war was
Too well is known.
Impassible, and speaking
Seldom as might be of her absent lover,
Irene daily, at a certain hour,
Watched at her window till the postman came
Down o'er the hill along the public road,
His mail-bag at his back. If he passed by,
Nor any letter left, she turned away,
Stifling a long-drawn sigh; and that was all.

But Roger wrote; nor were Irene's fears,
Up to mid-August, unendurable.
He with the army was in fact at Metz
Blocked in. Then, gathering from a fugitive
Who had fled thence that Roger had survived
The earlier battles, she in sight of all
Held back her rebel tears, and bravely strove
To live debarred of tidings. She became
More pious, passing many an hour at church.
Often she visited the village poor,
Freest of converse, liberal most, in homes
Whence by the war the sons had been withdrawn.

Then came the siege of Paris—hideous time!
Spreading through France as gangrene spreads, invasion
Drew near Irene's château. Uhlans foraged
The country round. But all in vain the priest
And the old doctor, in their evening talk
Grouped with the family around the hearth,
Death for their constant theme before her took.
No sad foreboding could that young heart know.
Roger at Metz was with his regiment, safe,
At the last date unwounded. He was living;
He must be living; she was sure of that.
Thus by her faith in faithful love sustained,
Counting her beads, she waited, waited on.

II.

Wakened, one morning, with a start, she heard
In the far copses of the park shots fired
In quick succession. 'Twas the enemy!
She would be brave as Roger. So she blushed
At her own momentary fear; then, calm
As though the incident a trifle were,
Her toilet made; and, having duly said
Her daily prayer, not leaving out one Ave,
Down to the drawing-room as usual went,
A smile upon her lips.
It had indeed
Been a mere skirmish—that, and nothing more.
Thrown out as scouts, a few Bavarian soldiers
Had been abruptly by our Franc-Tireurs
Surprised and driven off. The distant glades
Resumed their wonted silence.
"'Twould be well,"
Remarked Irene, "that an ambulance
Were posted here."
In fact, they had picked up
Just at that moment, where the fight had been,
A wounded officer—Bavarian was he—
Shot through the neck. And, when they brought him in,
That tall young man, all pale, eyes closed, and bleeding,
Stretched on a mattress, without sigh or shudder
Irene had him carefully borne up
Into the room by Roger occupied
When he came wooing there. Then, while they put
The wounded man to bed, she carried out
Herself his vest and cloak all black with blood;
Bade the old valet wear an air less glum,
And stir himself with more alacrity;
And, when the doctor dressed the wound, lent aid,
As of the Sisterhood of Charity,
With her own hands. The officer at last,
Wonder and gratitude upon his face,
Sank down among the pillows deftly laid.
Then by that drowsy head she took a seat,
Asked for what linen rags might be at hand,
And wrought them into lint. Irene thus
Interpreted her duty.
Evening came,
Bringing the doctor. When he saw his patient,
A strange expression flitted o'er his face,
As to himself he muttered: "Yes; flushed cheek;
Pulse beating much too high. Phew! a bad night;
Fever, delirium, and the rest that follows!"—
"But will he die?" with tremor on her lip
Irene asked.
"Who knows? If possible,
I must arrest the fever. This prescription
Often succeeds. But some one must take note
Of the oncoming fits; must watch till morn,
And tend him closely."
"Doctor, I am here."

"Not you, young lady! Service such as this
One of your valets can—"

"No, doctor, no!
Roger perchance may be a prisoner yonder,
Hurt, ill. If he such tending should require
As does this officer, I would he had
A German woman for his nurse."
"So be it,"
Answered the doctor, offering her his hand.
"You will keep watch, then, through the night.
The fever
Must not take hold, or he will straightway die.
Give him the potion four times every hour.
I will return to judge of its effects
At daylight." Then he went his way, and left
Irene to her office self-imposed.

III.

Scarcely a minute had she been in charge,
When the Bavarian, to Irene turning,
With eye half opened looked at her and spoke.
"This doctor," said he, "thought I was asleep;
But I heard every word. I thank you, lady;
I thank you from my very inmost heart—
Less for myself than for her sake, to whom
You would restore me, and who there at home
Awaits me."
"Hush!" she said. "Sleep if you can.
Do not excite yourself. Your life depends
On perfect quiet.
"No," he answered—"no!
I must at once unload me of a secret
That weighs upon me. I a promise made;
And I would keep it. Death may be at hand."

"Speak, then," Irene said, "and ease your soul."

"The war oh, what an infamy is war!
It was last month, by Metz; 'twas my ill fate
To kill a Frenchman."
She turned pale, and lowered
The lamp-light to conceal it. He continued:

"We were sent forward to surprise a cottage
Strengthened and held by some of yours. We did
As hunters do when stalking game. The night
Was clouded. Silent, arms in hand, in force,
Along the poplar-bordered path we crept
Up to the French post. I, first, drove my saber
Into the soldier's back who sentry stood
Before the door. He fell; nor gave the alarm.
We took the cottage, putting to the sword
Every soul there."
Irene with her hands
Covered her eyes.
"Disgusted with such carnage,
Loathing such scene, I stepped into the air.
Just then the moon broke through the clouds and
showed me
There at my feet a soldier on the ground
Writhing, the rattle in his throat. 'Twas he,
The sentry whom my saber had transpierced.
Touched with compassion sudden and supreme,
I stooped, to offer him a helping hand;
But, with choked voice, 'It is too late,' he said.
'I must needs die. . . . You are an officer—
A gentleman perchance.' 'Yes; tell me, quick;
What can I for you?' 'Promise—only promise
To forward this,' he said, his fingers clutching
A gold medallion hanging at his breast,
Dabbled in blood, 'to—' Then his latest thought
Passed with his latest breath. The loved one's
name,
Mistress or bride affianced, was not told
By that poor Frenchman. Seeing blazoned arms
On the medallion, I took charge of it,
Hoping to trace her at some future day
Among the old nobility of France,
To whom reverts the dying soldier's gift.
Here it is. Take it. But, I pray you, swear
That, if death spares me not, you will fulfill
This pious duty in my place."
Therewith
He the medallion handed her; and on it
Irene saw the Viscount's blazoned arms.
Then—her heart agonized with mortal woe—
"I swear it, sir!" she murmured. "Sleep in
peace!"

IV.

Solaced by having this disclosure made,
The wounded man sank down in sleep. Irene,
Her bosom heaving, and with eyes aflame
Though tearless all, stood rooted by his side.
Yes, he is dead, her lover! Those his arms;
His blazon that, no less renowned than ancient;
The very blood-stains his! Nor was his death
Heroic, soldier-like. Struck from behind,
Without or cry or call for comrades' help,
Roger was murdered. And there, sleeping, lies
The man who murdered him! Yes; he has
boasted
How in the back the traitorous blow was dealt.
And now he sleeps with drowsiness oppressed,
Roger's assassin; and 'twas she, Irene,
Who bade him sleep in peace! And then, again,
With what cruel mockery, cruel and supreme—
She from this brow must wipe away the sweat!
She by this couch must watch till dawn of day,
As loving mother by a suffering child!
She must at briefest intervals to him
Administer the remedy prescribed,
So that he die not! And the man himself
Counting on this in quiet, sheltered, housed
Under the roof of hospitality!
And there the flask upon the table stands
Charged with his life. He waits it! Is not this
Beyond imagination horrible?

What! while she feels creeping and growing
on her

All that is awful in the one word "hate"!
While in her breast the ominous anger seethes
That nerved, in Holy Scripture, Jael's arm
To drive the nail through Sisera's head!—she save
The accursèd German! Oh, away! such point
Forbearance reaches not. What!—while it glitters
There in the corner, the brass-pommeled sword
Wherewith the murderer struck, and fell desire,
Fierce impulse, bids it from the scabbard leap—
Shall she, in deference to vague prejudice,
To some fantastic notion that affects
Human respect and duty, shall she put
Repose and sleep and antidote and life
Into the horrible hand by which all joy
Is ravished from her? Never! She will break
The assuaging flask. . . . But no! 'Twere needless that.
She needs but leave Fate to work out its end.
Fate, to avenge her, seems to be at one
With her resolve. 'Twere but to let him die!
Yes; there the life-preserving potion stands;
But for one hour might she not fall asleep?

Then, all in tears, she murmured, "Infamy!"

And still the struggle lasted, till the German,
Roused by her deep groans from his wandering dreams,
Moved, ill at ease, and, feverish, begged for drink.

Up toward the antique Christ in ivory
At the bed's head suspended on the wall
Irene raised the martyr's look sublime;
Then, ashen pale, but ever with her eyes
Turned to the God of Calvary, poured out
The soothing draught, and with a delicate hand
Gave to the wounded man the drink he asked.

Thou, Lord, and thou alone, didst see what passed
Beside that couch in those funereal hours.
When in that gloom the Evil Spirit spoke,
Thou, who by Satan to the desert led
Couldst only at the last find strength to say,
"Get thee behind me!" thou, O Lord! didst pardon
That tempted soul. And when she bowed her head
Before the final anguish, thou alone
Wert witness, and alone thou didst approve.
Remembering then that on the Mount of Olives
Thou didst recoil from thy impending doom,
And meekly pray, "O Father, let this cup
Pass from me!" thou with pity didst behold
That heart too sorely smitten. Who can doubt,
Lord, that thy blessing was on her vouchsafed?

V.

But when the doctor in the morning came,
And saw her still beside the officer,
Tending him still and giving him his drink
With trembling fingers, he was much amazed.
Irene had white hair!

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

"I WAS born to travel and to make verses," sighed Théophile Gautier, thinking of the number of columns in a daily newspaper which he was bound to fill up somehow or other, for the sad consideration of so many *centimes* a line—a moral slavery more galling than the whip and the chain of the debased South African. For the indignant journalist, who had to hatch up improbabilities, scurrilities, and rubbish of any kind to furnish "copy" for a penny periodical, and expend his time and his brain-power on something which brought him neither fame nor fortune, but simply a dinner and a lodging, was a poet of rare genius. And, like all poets, he loved his ease and the ever-changeful aspect of nature, and burned to behold the fabled marvels of far-off lands. And, like all poets again, or at least a great many of them, he had fewer bank-notes than illusions—which are unfortunately a kind of *lettre de change* that bankers can not be found to honor, and with which one does not get far upon one's travels in these degenerate days, when troubadours are at a mournful discount, and when even Geoffrey Rudel might bawl himself hoarse without getting so much as a supper of bread and cheese, if his purse were minus a silver lining!

The Fates, however, were more propitious to this poet pining for the sandal-shoon and the cockle-shell of the roving pilgrim than to many others of his gifted brotherhood, who seldom obtain what they most sigh for until the desire of it has passed away, and its possession can no longer bring the happiness it might have done had it come when it was wanted. Théophile Gautier not only found leisure by and by to make the verses for whose especial fabrication he was first introduced into an unromantic world (and what

charming verses they are every man of taste and culture is ready to attest), but he wandered north, south, east, and west, with no more irksome guide than his own erratic fancy; wrote delightful gossiping books about his travels; worked very hard occasionally, and occasionally did not work at all—in fact, had things generally very much his own way, like the spoiled creature that he was. A devoted worshiper of beauty, whether animate or inanimate, he was free to follow the undulations of a *mantilla* or the flutterings of a fan, as the graceful *madrileña* glided by him on the Prada, a poem in petticoats. The red rose of tradition nestling in her lustrous tresses, the warm southern blood petulant in her clear, dark cheek, love lying in ambush under the heavy fringes of her long, curved eyelids, or to while away a summer's afternoon in that dreamy old Italian palace where "stands the statue which enchants the world." The Nevsky Prospect, the snow, the sledges, the comfortable caftans, the stupid, high-booted *moujiks*, were as familiar to him as the Bay of Naples and the red-bonneted *lazzaroni*, and the donkeys laden with peaches and pomegranates, and melons as big as cart-wheels. He had floated as often in a gondola or felucca or caique as in a Seine steamboat, and this is saying a great deal of a Parisian, who is perhaps the most untraveled individual in the universe—it may be for the very good reason that, having perfection at home, he has no need to go abroad and look for it elsewhere.

M. Théophile Gautier, art-critic, romancist, and poet-cosmopolitan, was the very last person under the sun whom you would have accused of being a petted child of the Muses, had you met him accidentally some sunny afternoon taking his walks abroad upon the boulevards. If your cicerone had told you that the queer figure, recognized by some, stared after with blank astonishment by others, saluted everywhere by smiles either of derision or kindliness, according as the passer-by happened to be a stranger or a friend, was that of a great poet, a great writer, a subtile appreciator of art, and a man destined to immortality, you would have been as much surprised as your good-breeding would have permitted you to be.

Imagine to yourself a tall, massively framed individual, who treads the asphalte with appalling composure, attired in yellow leather slippers and a black velvet waistcoat; his long, dark hair waving over his shoulders down to his waist, like Charlemagne or a pet of the ballet; his bare head shaded by a broad umbrella, and this at the most fashionable hour of the day, on the most fashionable promenade of Europe! Imagine to yourself, also, that this singular personage has a magnificent head, a majestic presence, and an air of simple good-nature, which is quite captivating—that being both grandiose and affable, he does not disdain to pass the time of day either with *blouse* or cotton *bonnet*—that he stands and stares at the shop-fronts with a manifest curiosity and enjoyment, as though he were some overgrown baby, and you have the portrait of Théophile Gautier, the cherished "Theo" of Balzac, the intimate friend of Delphine Gay and Delacroix and Louis Boulanger, and a host of other great names, the disciple and the contemporary of Victor Hugo.

At Tarbes, the old druidical city, and the birthplace of the *conventionnel* Barrère, Théophile Gautier first saw the light in 1808. He came to Paris with his family when very young, and completed his studies at the Collége Charlemagne, where he had for companion and bosom friend the ill-starred Gérard de Nerval—one of the most elegant writers that ever held a pen; one of the most wretched beings that ever drew the breath of life.

Like Honoré de Balzac, Master Théophile was an idle, good-for-nothing scholar, always at the bottom of the class; always being sneered and sniggered at by the good little dull boys who had got their lessons by heart; always making the professor's hair stand on end by his blunders and his fearfully false quantities. He was in very truth a deplorable scapegrace, who hated Homer and Virgil and Cicero with a malignant hatred, and would have jumped for joy if he could have made a bonfire of every classical volume that was ever printed. And no doubt he would have witnessed the *auto da fé* with as much holy delight as Torquemada took in watching the flames curl and crackle about the miserable heretics whose bodies he burned for the good of their souls.

When Gautier finally quitted the unloved groves of Acadême, and bade adieu for ever to the cane and the class-room, he took to dreaming away his days in the public museums and picture-galleries. There, motionless for hours before this *chef-d'œuvre* of painting, or that marvel of sculpture, his innate love of beauty—the sensuous beauty of form and color—insensibly grew from an untutored instinct into a veritable passion. All the ideas, dreams, desires, aspirations of the young man narrowed themselves into one groove—a frenzied adoration of the beautiful: good, evil, vice, virtue, religion, impiety—these were comprised in, and extenuated by, the possession of a perfect outward and visible shape, a perfection which was material and palpable, which could be seen and touched. He recognized neither the beauty of mind nor the beauty of soul nor the comeliness of chastity. These were abstract things, which could not be

touched or beheld, and might therefore be said to be non-existent. Corporeal loveliness, and that alone, was the mother of all the virtues, and Venus was a greater saint than Veronica. The smiling, seductive Aphrodite, flaxen-haired, vermilion-lipped, prone in a pearly sea-shell, surrounded by adoring *amorini*, was more than St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins, missals and all—the sweet, serious brow and the voluptuous waving lip of a Greek Antinous were worth all the good actions and the noble deeds that had ever been achieved since the days of the "bon roi Dagobert."

The boyish enthusiast burned with an ever-increasing ardor to give his sublime visions of beauty a concrete form. Stimulated by the example of the great old masters, whose works he might be said to have lived upon, men who in their day must have dreamed dreams akin to his, and been visited in the watches of the night by shapes as beautiful and as indistinct—he, too, resolved to become a painter. It was high time to choose a profession, if he ever meant to have one. Other youths might make themselves doctors, lawyers, soldiers, bankers, what-not; but Théophile Gautier has made up his mind to be an artist!

Ardent, impetuous, hopeful, this embryo Raphael enters the studio of Rioult with the airs of a conqueror. But, alas! once there, he is not long in finding out that to dream you are an artist and to prove yourself one are two very different things. Monsieur Théophile is forced to allow that the mere knowledge of blue and yellow making green when mixed together is hardly sufficient to qualify for the "Prix de Rome," or give any serious uneasiness to Horace Vernet. The visions of bewildering beauty that glided before his mind's eye come out anything but visions of bewildering beauty when they have passed by a hog's-hair brush and a tube of oil-paint. Disgusted with the difficulties which lie before him, too eager and too impatient to contemplate sacrificing years to mastering the rudiments of his profession, he throws away the mahl-stick, and turns the canvas with its face to the wall. In despair he owns to himself that many a better painter than he can ever hope to be is glad to copy pictures in the Louvre for forty francs a square yard. Those first moments of anger at his own incapacity must have been very humiliating and painful to this ardent spirit.

But after a while he bethinks himself that there is more than one road to Rome. To fail in art may be to succeed in literature. It does not follow as a matter of course that a bad draughtsman must be a witless writer. He feels that there is something within him which *must* come out, no matter how. The "Beauty Arts" have turned their backs on him. *Soit.* It remains to knock at the door of the "Belles-Lettres," and see what sort of reception awaits him *there.*

Now the pen takes the place of the pencil; incessant study of the old French classical writers the place of dreamy communion with the shade of a Phidias or a Guercino. Dictionaries multiply upon his book-shelves, for, animated by the example of Victor Hugo, the unfledged *littérateur* seeks to create a style of his own. With this object he rescues from oblivion all the obsolete words he can hit upon, drags them up into the light of day, and rehabilitates them, as it were. He fills his vocabulary with hundreds of quaint *bizarre* expressions, which, manipulated with peculiar skill, give an original, unhackneyed turn to his outpoured thoughts. He writes poetry after a while, and pleases himself so well that he determines to emerge from his shell, and see what success he has in pleasing other people.

So this young *effronté*, with all the audacity of his twenty years, knocks at the door of no less sanctified a study than that of the great Sainte-Beuve, the prince of critics, both past, present, and to come.

Hat in hand, Monsieur Théophile Gautier begs leave to introduce himself to the notice of Monsieur de Sainte-Beuve, and craves permission to read him a little manuscript poem entitled "La Tête de Mort."

"Oh, oh," murmurs the illustrious presence, "a very somber title! *N'importe.* Let us hear it!" and the kindly listener settles down in his easy-chair, keenly regarding the young lion with his long, tawny mane and intelligent, dark eyes, summing up the total of that strong, satyr-like physiognomy, favorably impressed by it, doubtless, as all were.

At the third strophe the critic makes a gesture of arrestation.

"Who has been your model?" he asks. "It is not by studying Lamartine that you have written such verses." Lamartine was to the young French rhymers what Byron was to the English. "You must have read Clément, Marat, Saint-Gelais, and Ronsard."

"Yes," replies the poet roundly, "and if you have no objection you may add Baïf, Desportes, Passerat, Bertaut, Duperron, and Malherbe!"

Sainte-Beuve is interested, and a little amused. "The whole constellation!" he exclaims. "Marvelous young man! You are keeping up the old traditions! I understand now why the hemistich is so clear, the turn so exact, the rhyme so smooth and so perfect. Conclude, I beg you."

When the "Tête de Mort" is finished, Sainte-Beuve rises from his easy-chair (one must remember he is a Frenchman even before he is a

great personage), embraces the young poet, and cries out rapturously:

"Excellent! Very good! Courage—this is true poetry! I have found a man who carves in granite, and not in smoke. To-morrow I shall present you to Victor Hugo!"

Happy Théophile! At that moment he must have been the proudest man in France. What joyous emotions must have overwhelmed his anxious heart! How his hands must have trembled as he returned the precious manuscript to his breast-pocket! How difficult it must perhaps have been to keep the tears back! Somehow this little anecdote about Monsieur de Sainte-Beuve fills us with respectful love and admiration for his character. Greatness and generosity are not so often found hand-in-hand as one might imagine them to be.

Théophile Gautier's first book of poems appeared without any great *éclat*. It had the misfortune to make its *début* when all Paris was convulsed by grave political events, and men thought more of priming a musket than commenting upon a felicitous dithyramb. So the applause with which it was hailed was drowned in the thunder of cannon and the rattle of the rifle, and the poet remained comparatively unknown.

In 1835 (the poet by this time is nearly twenty-seven years old) we find him living in the *impasse* of the Doyenné, in a house which has now ceased altogether to exist. Ah, that ever-to-be-remembered house in the blind alley of the Doyenné, with its harum-scarum, devil-may-care lodgers, who were at once the terror and the admiration of the *quartier!* Never were there so many choice spirits brought together under one roof, since the days of "Little Alsatia," and the merry masquerades of his graceless Majesty, Charles Stuart! It was Bohemia in miniature—swarming from loft to cellar with embryonic poets, painters, musicians, sculptors, authors, and other lawless profligates. There was Edouard Ourliac and Arsène Houssaye, Camille Rogier and Murilhat, Camille Roqueplan and Célestin Nanteuil, Laurent Jan and Gérard de Nerval—all young, enthusiastic, with unlimited confidence in the golden future, hard-working—utterly reckless! What jovial scenes must the old walls of that rickety tenement have been a witness to! With what boisterous peals of laughter they must have reëchoed! To what vows of eternal brotherly love must they have listened unmoved! To what prodigalities of wit! To what outbreaks of cynical wisdom from smooth lips upon which the down had not yet come! The landlord, honest soul, dared not set foot in this pandemonium to collect his rents. Once, and once only, he had the indelicacy to appear in the *impasse*, receipt in hand—when he was hustled and jostled into one of the principal *salons* by a gang of his indignant lodgers. "See," they cried, pointing to the old wooden panels which were freshly covered with superb paintings by one of the wild fraternity—"see these frescoes! Some day they will make your fortune. It is *you* who owe *us* money!" And the poor man, amazed at the beauty of the pictures, retired without further ado, murmuring as he went, "It is just!" And thenceforward the landlord was as a legend in the alley of Doyenné, for he came back no more, whereat the Bohemians rejoiced exceedingly.

It is during the time that he occupies two little closets of rooms in this select mansion that Théophile Gautier writes "Mademoiselle de Maupin." The success of this work is prodigious and immediate, falling, as it does, like a thunderbolt in the midst of Parisian society. Everybody is shocked, in consternation, scandalized—enchanted. The preface is about the most audacious *déclaration de foi* that ever issued from the press. The book itself is an *olla podrida* of all the seven capital crimes mixed up together, and spiced by a cynical profligacy, compared to which the experiences of the Emperor Nero were but those of a lisping babe—the whole impressed with the stamp of an exquisite genius, and written in such an incomparably enchanting manner that it is next to impossible to prevent one's self being beguiled by the charm of the magician, and applauding *à chaudes mains* where one should turn aside with a cry of indignation. The public who judges this remarkable romance is a French public—and a French public pardons everything in a man excepting stupidity—so Monsieur Théophile Gautier, who is not only not stupid, but a creature of most rare gifts, wakes up one fine morning and finds, like Lord Byron, that he has become famous.

Soon after the publication of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" a young and elegant stranger makes his appearance in the territory of Bohemia. It is Jules Sandeau, the sprightly *cher ami* of Georges Sand, who comes as an emissary from Monsieur de Balzac to retain the new writer for "La Chronique de Paris." The great author, now in the brilliant morning of his fame, has read with delight the work of Monsieur Gautier, whose acquaintance he desires to make, and whom he begs will breakfast with him—Rue Cassini, près l'Observatoire.

M. Gautier is a little nervous about this first visit to so distinguished a host. He remembers Heine and his interview with Goethe, and how the sweet song-writer could find nothing more interesting to say than that "the pears fallen down on the road between Jena and Weimar are

very good for thirst." However, it is to be supposed that he acquitted himself a little better than this, and aired his conversational powers to the full satisfaction of his entertainer, for from this first interview dates a friendship which was destined only to be sundered by death.

That breakfast was a thing to be remembered ever afterward. The marvelous spontaneous wit of De Balzac, his bursts of boisterous laughter, his unflagging gayety, his extreme kindliness of manner, made an uneffaceable impression upon his wondering guest. Their intimacy henceforth became close and continuous. The white dressing-gown fraternized with the yellow *babouches*. It was a friendship between two crowned heads, for these were a royal pair.

In his "Souvenirs" of Honoré de Balzac, Théophile Gautier, writing in a spirit of reverential love, gives us some admirably graphic pictures of that eccentric genius. He exults in showing us what a charming companion he was, what a jovial host, what a splendid boon companion—how well the monk-like robe of white cashmere became him (not whiter, though, than the massive throat, pure colored as Carrara marble)—how, although habitually the most abstemious of men, he did not object from time to time to a "tronçon de chière lie," and could polish off four bottles of the white wine of Vouvray as though it were Vichy water. And does it not betray the whole nature of the man to sit down to a banquet supplied by Chevet, and worthy to be graced by the presence of Apicius or Brillat-Savarin, at which there was actually *no bread?* All this intimate detail, this delightful gossip of one great man about another, how *piquant* it is, how full of charm and interest!

Théophile Gautier has only to say "open sesame," and backward flies the door of every *salon* in Paris. Great ladies caress him, and duchesses rap him familiarly with their fans. He is a more honored personage than the field-marshal whose breast is hung with medals, or the minister whose black coat is blazing with diamond stars. For he is one of the elect, a child of genius, the possessor of the "sacred fire."

Into one of these *salons* he carries us, and we are more proud of entering there with him than if we were taken into the presence of royalty itself—royalty, with the pear-shaped head and the plum-colored coat, and the stupid tradesman-like air, taking snuff in the Tuileries over yonder. There are only three personages present, but one is called Madame de Girardin, another Honoré de Balzac, and the third—Théophile Gautier.

M. de Balzac is searching in his mind for proverbs which he can transpose for "Léon de Lora"—a sort of masculine Mrs. Malaprop—such as "Les bons comtes font les bons tamis," "Il est comme un âne en plaine."

"A discovery of this sort," writes Gautier, "puts him in such high good humor that he makes playful gambols like an amiable elephant, all round the drawing-room furniture. On her side Madame de Girardin is searching after witty sayings for her famous 'Dame aux sept petites chaises.' . . . If a stranger had come in, to see this beautiful Delphine combing the waves of her golden hair with her white fingers, taking a profoundly abstracted air; Balzac, his head buried in his shoulders, sitting in a big arm-chair in which Monsieur de Girardin usually took his nap, his hands doubled up in his wristbands, his waistcoat pushed up over his stomach, shaking one leg with a monotonous rhythm, betraying by the contracted muscles of his brow an extraordinary preoccupation of mind; we ourselves doubled up between two cushions of the divan, like a *theriaki* in a state of hallucination—verily he would have been at a loss to know what we were all about. . . . What happy evenings, that will come back no more! We were far from foreseeing that that stately and beautiful woman carved in pure antique marble, that robust, vivacious man who united in himself the vigor of the bull and the wild boar, half Hercules, half a satyr, made to outlive a hundred years—would so soon pass away out of sight, one to Père La Chaise, the other to Montmartre."

The name of Théophile Gautier after a while became indissolubly linked with journalism. All the time that he was writing plays, ballets, poems, and romances, he was keeping up his contributions to the papers, and must have found it a very profitable concern, now that his name was a tower of strength among the *literati*. From "La Presse" alone he received twelve thousand francs a year for sixty articles, either of musical, dramatic, or fine-art criticism. His contributions to literature were of the most miscellaneous character, from a glowing description of Fanny Elssler turning the heads of all Paris as she danced the *cachucha* in a crimson satin petticoat, to an elaborate treatise on the art of engraving. He supplied the text to a collection of Gavarni's inimitable caricatures; he went into raptures over Victor Hugo's weird little landscapes and machicolated castles of the middle ages, which the poet used to make out of drops of ink on the blotting-pad, as he chatted idly with his friends; in fact, he wrote about everything and everybody that was worthy of admiration. And then, when he was tired of hard work, he would go off to the Continent—to Spain, where he would don a *sombrero* and a *capa;* or to Russia, where he would come out in a fur pelisse and high jack-boats, as good a boyard as anybody.

It was Stamboul, however, and the barbaric luxury and enervating habits of the East that

took the firmest hold on Gautier's sensuous poet-soul. To loll all day long on a divan, with a turban on to assist the illusion, smoking a *chibouque*, and inhaling the sweet perfume of the aloes and the burned sandal-wood, watching the dancing Almehs writhe their half-nude bodies into a thousand graceful postures—ah! that was enjoying the *dolce far niente* with a vengeance.

Gautier Pasha took to this sort of thing so very kindly that he lingered beside the blue Bosporus rather too long for M. de Girardin, who happened just then to be the proprietor of a newspaper of which the Turcophile was supposed to be the editor—so, finding that he could not bring him back either by cajolery or menaces, he hit upon the expedient of sending no more money eastward. And this proved to be quite successful; the disgusted Mohammedan-elect soon laid down the turban and took up the *gibus*, and, throwing himself on board the first packet bound for Marseilles, returned to society—and to slavery.

Théophile Gautier, like most authors, was occasionally hard up, though he did not suffer from the chronic impecuniosity of De Balzac and Dumas, both of whom would have been at a loss for a five-pound note if they had owned ten bonanza silver mines. Once he was very hard pressed by Buloz, the mean, avaricious editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes"—Buloz, whom everybody hated, and whom nobody could do without—Buloz, so abhorred by Alexandre Dumas that when that witty writer ever got away from Paris he would head all his letters, "Fifty leagues from that imbecile Buloz," "A hundred leagues from that animal Buloz," according to the distance at which he found himself from the abominated editor. This Buloz, then, of opprobrious memory, pursued poor Théophile for a debt of several thousand francs, on account of "Le Capitaine Fracasse"; sent greasy sheriffs' officers to dog the steps of the unfortunate poet, and threatened him with incarceration within the walls of Clichy, that cage which has sheltered many a sweet singing-bird, and across whose bars Béranger, ever gay in sunshine or storm, in palace or prison, wafted some of his cheeriest notes. But when Mirès, the great millionaire, who had read "Mademoiselle de Maupin," and worshiped the genius of the author, heard of his distress, he telegraphed to his cashier to pay the poet's debt, so that the dignity of the "Belles-Lettres" might no more suffer in his person. It must be conceded that it is a very fine thing to be a genius, and write whatever passes through your brain, and defy the world, and play at ninepins with the commandments, and then have banker millionaires to pay your creditors, and consider themselves under an obligation to you for allowing them to do it!

It was a brilliant social epoch in which Théophile Gautier lived as a young man. He had an opportunity of seeing and hearing all those gifted creatures who, for us, the younger generation, are but as a legend of time forgotten: Mdlle. Mars, and Talma, and Rachel—the marvelous, unhappy Rachel, with her liquid luminous eyes redeeming the plain, mean face, her superhuman genius, and all her fierce wickedness that made her perhaps the most immoral woman since the days of the wife of Claudius. And Carlotta Grisi, the blonde Italian, with laughing eyes as blue as forget-me-nots, skimming over the stage in the ballet of "Giselle," a spirit of grace and loveliness—still so fresh and blooming at twenty-two as to use her pot of rouge to brighten up her dancing-shoes instead of her cheeks. And Taglioni, a dream, a vision, floating, literally *floating*, before one's eyes as the "Sylphide," nor seeming even to brush the ground with the tips of her fairy feet. Ah! it must be allowed that the Fates were indeed propitious to M. Théophile Gautier when they permitted him to see these poems in flesh and blood.

Everything that was harmonious and graceful, and poetic and lovely, intoxicated him and set his brain on fire. He turned from one enchantment to another, and in that fabulous and inexhaustible Paris, in the *salon*, in society, in the sculptor's *atelier*, before the footlights of the Opera House, he found something to animate, to ravish, to inspire. Now it was the divine Grisi singing the "Casta Diva" as none had ever sung it before, as none will ever sing it again—a golden sickle in her hand, a crown of mistletoe on her white, imperial brow—her bare arms so exquisitely modeled they might be the lost members of the Milesian Venus—Tragedy personified, deified if you will. Anon it was the airy shape of Cerito, flitting hither and thither in the moonlight, beside the hushed lake and its water-lilies, leaping high in the air, waving her white arms, advancing, receding—the mystical Undine dancing with her shadow. Or again it was Diaz, or Clésinger, or one or another of the younger generation of painters who had surpassed himself, given a new grace to the walls of the yearly *Salon*, added a fresher and brighter leaf to his chaplet of fame.

The criticism of Théophile Gautier, whether upon a picture, a dancer, a singer, a statue, was always elaborate, intensely intelligent, appreciative to the sublimest degree. The whole nature of the man was imbued with such an intense love of the beautiful, such an instant and subtile apprehension of its presence, that his opinion upon anything, from a cameo to a cathedral,

could not fail to be more correct than that of all the so-called *cognoscenti* of Europe put together.

His physique was splendid. In Théophile Gautier was to be found a rare blending of the animal and the intellectual—the thews of a gladiator and the brain of an angel. Much of his reckless defiance of social laws may be attributed to an excess of vitality, which would have made it as easy to chain up a lion with a rope of roses as to restrain such an exuberant passionate nature by mere conventional forms. In France his errors are pardoned and condoned, his frailties are forgotten, and a generous people remembers him only as a beautiful poet, who has shed an additional luster on her name.

The closing hours of his life were overshadowed by a premature gloom, the forerunner of darkness eternal. He grew somber and silent—he, the gay *blagueur*; the life and soul of every assembly in which he set foot! The jest died on his lips, the laughter in his eyes; he was no longer the animated creature of old, but a wan and weary specter of himself. His friend Ernest Feydeau brought one day to him his little daughter, to distract the poet, who was passionately fond of children. Gautier played a little while with the child's lovely flaxen ringlets, and then fell into a reverie, seemingly oblivious of everything. Then, without apparent cause, he began a bitter tirade against life and society, and the folly of humankind.

"And what is the reason of all this?" inquires his astonished friend.

The poet answers, with his mournful gaze fixed on vacancy:

"Your little daughter, who is exquisite, and who enters the world at a moment when intelligent beings esteem themselves happy to get out of it!"

Hamlet has taken up the skull and begun to moralize over it. "For to this favor we must all come." King, kaiser, plowman, politician—we must all pass through the Valley of the Shadow. The poet has caught from afar the sound of his summons. He is aware by instinct of whom the gay world of Paris will next say, sighing a moment between two peals of laughter, "Que la terre lui soit légère!"

He died on the 23d of October, 1872—only seven years ago. With him they may almost all be said to have departed, the gifted men and women of letters who formed a glittering constellation of stars upon the horizon of society in France some twenty or thirty years back. De Balzac, Béranger, De Musset, Henri Murger, Sainte-Beuve, Jules Janin, Dumas, Georges Sand, Lamartine, Delphine Gay—the earth has closed over them all. Only the great head of their world, the master to whom each turned with reverence and respect—Victor Hugo—still survives.

There was never yet, perhaps, a poet's death that was more sincerely mourned by his brother poets than that of Théophile Gautier. Hundreds of elegiac verses in honor of his dead memory have been gathered together in one handsome volume by Alphonse Lemerre, and this forms the most graceful and abiding monument of his fame. From our own green isle to the sunny shores of Italy has been heard the voice of mourning and lamentation—the song of sorrow, for one who, perchance, often unknown, was yet as a brother and a kindred spirit. "Plus d'œillets de jasmin, ô Vénus! plus de rose!" cries Jules Janin, passionately, in a charming classic epilogue called "The Death of Daphnis." The river and the stream are obscured by shadows; the oxen forsake the limpid water and the dewy grass; everything languishes upon the desolate horizon; Echo repeats to the woods and forests words of lamentation alone—for Daphnis, the beloved shepherd, is no more.

Algernon Swinburne has written a magnificent ode to the memory of Gautier, gorgeous as the sunset, sweet as the notes of the dying swan, and a few verses of this may perhaps be the fittest conclusion for this short paper on an adorable poet, some of whose verses may be reckoned among the glories of French literature:

"Here, where the sunset of our year is red,
Men think of thee, as on the summer dead,
Gone forth before the snows, before thy day,
With unshod feet, with brows unchapleted.

"Couldst thou not wait till age had wound, they say,
Round those wreathed brows his snow-white blossoms? Nay,
Why shouldst thou vex thy soul with this harsh air,
Thy bright-winged soul, once free to take its way?

"Nor for men's reverence hadst thou need to wear
The holy flower of gray time-honored hair;
Nor were it fit that aught of thee grew old,
Fair lover all thy days of all things fair. . . .

"Mixed with the mask of death's old comedy,
Though thou too pass, have here our flowers, that we,
For all the flowers thou gav'st, upon thee shed,
And pass not crownless to Persephone.

"Blue lotus-blooms, and white, and rosy-red,
We wind with poppies for thy silent head,
And on the margin of the sundering sea,
Leave thy sweet light to rise upon the dead!"

Temple Bar.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW YOUNG NICK KEPT HIS SECRET.

THE consciousness of possessing all to himself so great a secret gave young Nick a sense of superior importance most enjoyable. He hugged it to his bosom, took it to bed with him, dreamed of it, never let it go out of his thoughts. His mother observed with some alarm that her son was changed during those days. He was sobered; he carried himself responsibly; his white eyebrows were charged with a burden of duty.

The change was certainly for the better, but she looked for some physical cause to account for his sudden abandonment of those impish moods which had once kept her in continual alarm. It might be impending measles; in fact, the boy was completely weighed down by his knowledge. The writing-master of Jubilee Road was too much in his mind. Whenever he saw Alison he thought of him; if he went out of the town he reflected that the Clapham Road, followed due north, leads to London Bridge, and that from London Bridge to Jubilee Road is but a step; if he came home, he passed the door of his uncle's study, and involuntarily compared the mean lodging at the East End with that stately room; if he heard his mother lamenting the wickedness of Stephen, he chuckled, thinking how that wicked man would be, and should be, some day brought to shame, and his wiles defeated; if he heard Alison whispering despondently that nothing had been as yet discovered, he rubbed his hands together and laughed inwardly, winking both eyes alternately, as he thought of what he himself had discovered; if he contemplated his own future prospects, his thoughs turned to the refugee whose return was to mark the commencement of his own fortunes.

The thing was overwhelming. All day he pondered over it, now with exultation, now with anxiety. His performances at school grew every day more lamentable; the subjunctive mood ceased to interest him, and he neglected the past participle; even the things which would certainly become of real use to him when he had his desk in Great St. Simon Apostle, his arithmetic, his French, his handwriting, became irksome. For, as the weary hours of work crept on, his mind was always away in that dingy house of Jubilee Road, and his thoughts were always turning to the Great Secret.

How was it to be disclosed in the most useful and, at the same time, the most striking manner? Suppose some one else, a clerk in the house, for instance, should find out the writing-master of Jubilee Road. His uncle, Nicolas reflected with severity, was extremely thoughtless; he might even, on a Saturday half-holiday, stroll as far west as the entrance to the docks, and there be observed by the policemen at the doors, and then all his own share in the discovery would be actually fooled away.

These were difficult and interesting problems, but they were too much for the young brain. While Nicolas thought them over, which was all day long, in school and out, the book before him became a blank page; the common he wandered over, as lonely as any Robinson Crusoe, was as if it did not exist; the shouts of the boys at play, or the hum of the boys at work, fell on deaf ears. His school performances during this period were in the monthly report described as disgraceful. He cared nothing about Cæsar's triumphs in Gaul; he could not be roused to any interest in any subject whatever; the ceaseless admonitions of his masters produced no more effect than the lowing of distant cattle; if Cridland was called, Cridland had to be jogged by his nearest neighbor; if Cridland was asked a question, his reply betrayed not only ignorance of the subject, but gross inattention. The consequences were inevitable.

Must one go on? At that school they caned, but only in cases of continued inattention and idleness.

When the patience of the authorities was quite exhausted, Cridland received orders to remain after twelve o'clock. It need scarcely be observed that the fact of such a boy as young Nick, the crafty, the subtle, the hitherto successful evader of rules, being about to undergo the last extremity of the law, excited an interest so lively as to be akin to joy. In fact, it was joy—rapturous joy. When the hour of fate struck, the boys, instead of rushing off to play as usual, congregated about the door, listening in silence. Would young Nick take it plucky, or would young Nick funk? Would he cry out, or would he be silent?

They watched him march, with pale face, but head erect, into the operating-room; they listened while, after a pause, during which, as the more experienced knew, the head-master was delivering himself of the preliminary jaw. At last, the sound of the Instrument was heard: swish! swish! swish! No other sound, no cry, no trampling of feet.

"I always run round and round," said young

Featherbrain, who was caned once a fortnight regularly.

"Nine cuts," said Lackwit secundus; "two more than I got last time."

But, throughout, a dignified silence.

Then the door opened, and young Nick came out. His head was as erect as usual, though his cheek was a little flushed, and his eyes brighter, perhaps. The boys made a lane. Young Nick looked neither to the right nor to the left, though a murmur of sympathetic admiration greeted him as he emerged; but, taking his hat from the peg, he walked away with pride, capping the head-master at the gate with a dignified smile, which seemed to say:

"You have done your duty; I forgive you. Let us agree in forgetting the late deplorable scene."

Then the boys fell to discussing their own experiences, and the punishment of young Nick served for the rest of the day as a fillip or stimulus to the activity of the school life.

That night, after dark, any curious passer-by might have noticed a small, thin figure creep through the iron railings, and flit rapidly across the gravel to the back of the school. There was a window at that part of the building which might be opened from the outside, did one know the secret. Through that window the thin figure crept,

The next day, which was Wednesday, and a half-holiday, was a day of rebuke. The masters were late at prayers, and a general feeling rapidly spread that something was going to happen. In fact, it had been discovered that the gowns had been sewed together with such great artfulness that they could not be separated without much labor and time. The masters appeared, therefore, without them. The head-master was observed to put less heart than usual into the petition for forgiveness. After prayers he announced that an outrage had been committed on the sacred magisterial robes, and that he would give the offender until twelve to confess. The eyes of all involuntarily turned to young Nick, who only gazed upward thoughtfully, and shook his head with sadness. Worse things happened: it was immediately afterward found that the masters' seats had been plentifully studded with small pieces of cobbler's wax; that the ink for all the desks had been powdered with chalk, that the nibs of all the pens had been cut or broken off; that butter, or some such foreign substance, had been rubbed upon the blackboards; that mark-books had been shamefully treated, and the records of impositions mutilated.

Three boys were caned, for minor offenses, at twelve; no confessor appeared at that hour; the whole school was detained till one; the whole school was also deprived of its half-holiday; three more were caned at five. Young Nick continued grave and sad, he shook his head from time to time; but in the afternoon he recovered his spirits, showed a cheerfulness strange to the rest, and displayed the greatest alacrity in his work. At five o'clock, when they were dismissed, he laughed. This episode cheered him for the moment, but he relapsed, and became mysteriously preoccupied again. His thoughts were not with his studies: he lost the good opinion of his masters—a consequence of sin, the true awfulness of which has been revealed by the author of "Eric"—he made his fellows think he was going silly, because a young Nick who had no more mischief in him, who never said or did anything worthy of his former reputation, who had gone quite silent and sluggish, was not the young Nick whom they had formerly admired. That boy had gone, vanished into the *Ewigkeit*. There was left in his place a quiet lad with white hair and eyebrows, pink face, and downcast look, who moved among them as speechless as a ghost, who never listened, who was always dreaming or asleep, who made no fuss, played no pranks, and took no notice. Quite a stupid and commonplace boy. Indeed, the secret was too much for him. Had its exclusive possession been much longer prolonged, I believe the boy would have suffered some kind of brain affection.

There were moments when the story presented itself to him in its comic aspect. The reflection that the man for whom so many tears had been shed, whose death had caused so much unexpected trouble, was really alive and well, stimulated Nicolas to dance and sing, to utter dark sayings, to construct enigmas, and to behave in Puck-like fashion toward Alison. She had no suspicion of his meaning, but she began to feel every day that the boy had some secret, and meant something real. And what did he mean by his constant allusions to the writing-master?

In those days he made a "Ballad of the Writing-master," of which I only venture to quote the first two verses; would that all poets were content with publishing only the first two verses!—

"The Writing-master sings, upon his way,
Of Gillott, J., soft nib, and pliant quill;
His Round and Text like twins together play;
His frolic Small-hand keeps him happy still.
He sings all day about his merry task:
He dances on the curbstone when he's free;
Give me his lot, should you the question ask—
A writing-master's is the life for me.

"He loves his boys—their master they adore;
He rolls in wealth, his reputation's such:

At five o'clock, when he can work no more,
Often the Lord Mayor asks him out, and much.
'There goes the Writing-master!' cry the girls,
'Oh! great, and grand, and rich, and proud is he.
Let others wed for rings and things and pearls:
'Tis, oh! a writing-master's wife to be.'"

There were many more verses hammered out by this young poet on the same subject; but I refrain from quoting those which followed. He sang the whole right through one afternoon for Alison's pleasure, pretending he did not know she was in the room. He was, indeed, very crafty in those minor pretenses which deceived no one.

"Will you tell me, you tiresome boy," asked Alison, worried by his iteration, "what you mean by perpetually talking about writing-masters?"

"If you chose a profession," the boy replied, with another question, "wouldn't you like that?"

"Certainly not," said Alison. "I would prefer anything, almost, to such a profession. What *do* you mean?"

"Not be a writing-master? Why, of all the unreasonable girls! If you only knew—consider, Alison."

He began to sing his song again.

The boy would give no fuller explanation.

Another remarkable circumstance. He took to coming home late for tea on Saturdays, and sometimes did not appear until supper was the only meal possible. And, although he grew absolutely grasping after pocket-money, he never spent any on "tuck," and yet never seemed to have any.

One Sunday—it was the first Sunday after they put up the tablet to the memory of Anthony Hamblin in the parish church—he disgraced the family altogether, for at sight of the tablet this ill-behaved and unfeeling boy began to laugh. That was at the commencement of the service; he laughed again when they stood up for the Psalms, he choked loudly several times during the sermon, and he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks all the way home across the common. Alison had never been so angry with him. Why he laughed the boy would not or could not tell. But he refused to go to church for the evening service, on the ground that he felt it coming on again.

The reason why he came home late on Saturdays, and had no pocket-money, was—first, that he spent that afternoon with his uncle; and, secondly, that he used all his pocket-money in purchasing little presents to cheer his solitude and poverty. And I declare that, although the boy was as selfish as most boys of fourteen, and although he looked to his uncle's return for the foundation of his own fortune, he was in this respect entirely disinterested. He could never think of those shabby boots, that worn coat, without a choking at the throat, and something like a tear in his eye, signs of emotion which he was fain to hide or efface as speedily as might be.

For his own part, Anthony, having quickly learned to trust the boy, looked forward to his weekly visit as to a break in the desolate monotony in his new existence. He sat at home and waited for him, growing anxious if he was late, and when he arrived there was a formal sort of catechism to be gone through.

"How is Alison?" asked her father.

"Chirpy," said young Nick; "takes her meals hearty."

"Have they made any discovery yet?"

"Not yet," replied the boy; "and I hope they never will."

That meant that the search, so far as he could tell, was as yet unsuccessful; so far, therefore, the chances were in favor of Stephen. This was just what the boy wanted.

Then they would sit down and talk about other things, the possibility of return being always in both their minds. The old relations between them were a great deal changed. The man and the boy thus thrown together under changed conditions were on the same level, in conversation. Young Nick never let his uncle forget that his secret gave him authority, so to speak; nor could Anthony ever forget that his present work and position afforded a striking contrast to his former. Indeed, Anthony's reverses might be compared with those of Hecuba, Crœsus, and other fallen monarchs, some of whom taught in schools. Louis Philippe and Dionysius, for instance. But then Louis Philippe went back again. He might, had he chosen, have taken a high moral line, and pointed out to Nicolas that the misfortunes of one man should be taken as a warning to other men. He omitted the opportunity, however, and the moral lesson was lost.

"Tell me how you like your work, Uncle Anthony," said the boy with a grin. "Your work! —ho, ho!"

It was the one disagreeable thing to Anthony about these interviews that young Nick would persist in alluding to his occupation.

Anthony grunted.

"Do you find your principal always—ahem! —what a gentlemanly principal ought to be?"

Anthony preserved silence.

"Do you like your boys? Are they a pleasant lot of fellows with a good tone and above meanness or falsehood?"

Anthony shook his head.

"Well, then, tell me what you do."

"You mean the day's routine?" He blushed

almost like a boy, this man of fifty and more, while he related the daily duties of an usher in a commercial academy. "We begin at nine: there are two assistants, Mr. Merkin and myself. The principal takes the senior class, which does Latin. I do the writing, drawing (which is an extra—for the principal), and the geography and English. Mr. Merkin, who is young, and will probably succeed the principal, takes the French and the book-keeping, the history, the lower Latin, and the mathematics. There are sixty boys in the school, and they pay six pounds a year each for their education without extras, which are French, drawing, and book-keeping—a guinea a year each for those."

"I see," said young Nick. "Boss pockets extras. Go on."

"We work from nine to twelve, and from two to five. In the morning there is punishment-school from twelve to one, and on Wednesday afternoons."

"And what do they pay you for all this?"

"Seventy-five pounds a year, non-resident. You see, Nicolas, I have been used to live pretty much as I liked, and I preferred to be free in the evening. Then I have to look over exercises; but at least I can go to bed when I like, and smoke a pipe if I please."

This poor dole of independence, this limited portion of freedom, produced a great wave of pity in the heart of the boy.

"As for the boys," Anthony continued with a sigh, "I must own that they are wearying. Unfortunately, one can not expect the ideas of gentlemen in the—the East End of London. However, all boys are alike, I dare say. One tries to inspire them with something like principle and morality—"

"Might as well teach an oyster to climb a tree," said young Nick, speaking from his own experience of boys; "clout 'em and cuff 'em. Go on, uncle."

"But it is up-hill work. As for the teaching, there are, I think, some boys who really want to learn."

"They know it pays," observed Nick the sagacious. "I'm one of those boys. Teach me what will pay, and I will learn. Not past participles—yah!"

"Then there are the punishments. The principal conducts them personally."

"Like Cook and Gaze," said Nicolas poetically. "I should like to conduct *him* personally, and one or two more principals that I know."

This dark and unintelligible reflection was probably due to the still fresh—too fresh—recollection of his own recent sufferings.

"I wish," continued Anthony sadly, "that there were more judgment shown in inflicting the punishments, and perhaps more dignity in the manner of operation. But one has no right to talk openly of the conduct of one's employers. You will forget, Nicolas, that I mentioned these things. It might do me serious injury if you talked."

"All right, uncle," said Nicolas, grinning. "I won't mention it. Keep steaming ahead."

"There is nothing more to be said. We are having a little difference just now, the principal and myself, because he wants me to undertake some of the canings. And I, well, I would rather not."

"Naturally," said Nicolas, wagging his head. "Uncle Stephen might be told off to do that. Of course, you couldn't."

Anthony, reminded, by mention of his brother's name, that he was not by deliberate choice and training a writing-master, relapsed into silence.

This was the kind of conversation which they held with each other every Saturday, varied by the latest talk about Clapham, and the views of Nicolas on things universal.

One day, about a month after the discovery, Anthony confessed to the boy that he had a burning desire to see the old place again, and his daughter.

"Take me down with you to-night," he said. "Place me so that I can see without being seen, and then bring out Alison, so that I may, if only for the last time, look upon her face."

"As for its being the last time," said Nicolas, "that's gammon, and you know it. I am going to bring you home in triumph, while the bells do ring and the drums do beat. As for trotting her out for you to look at her, that's easy done. As for putting you where she can't see you, that's not so easy. Let me think!"

He reflected seriously for a few moments.

"To-day," he said, "is Saturday. Gilbert Yorke will very likely turn up to-night, with his pocket-book full of no news. You must not come to-night. But on Monday he will be off again. He travels about the country and finds nothing, while Alderney Codd goes round the town and finds nothing. Now, if they had only come to Me in the first place, I could have shown them how to go to work. See what I've found—YOU!"

He spoke as if his discovery was entirely due to his superior intelligence and forethought.

"Well—Monday. Shall I venture to Clapham on Monday evening?"

"On Monday evening you be about the place. Let me see—you mustn't be in the gardens or in the front of the house. It's awfully dangerous. Buy a false nose and a mustache—put on the green goggles—tie a red comforter round your

throat. Lord! suppose anybody was to see you! Why, where would my credit be? Be outside the house, in the road, or on the common in front, but not far off, as the clock strikes nine. I will do what I can for you, but I can't promise."

On the following Monday evening, which was fortunately fine, Anthony, observing every possible precaution in the way of disguise, walked once more over the old familiar Clapham Common. He felt terribly guilty and was full of apprehensions. Every passer-by seemed to scrutinize him with suspicion; the policeman turned his lantern upon him; the men whom he met edged away from him; in fact, the effect of the green spectacles, the red handkerchief, and the slouched hat was theatrically suggestive. No brigand in a burlesque looked more ostentatiously disguised.

It was nine o'clock as he drew near the old house.

For a moment he felt as if the past four months was all a delusion and a dream. He was going to walk in as of old. He would find the study fire lit, his slippers in their old place, his box of cigars ready to hand, his book upon the table, and Alison to talk to him. Involuntarily he drew himself up, stepped out quickly, and gained the garden-gate. There he was arrested by the boy, whose white locks gleamed in the twilight.

"Hush!" whispered young Nick, looking about him with jealousy, though he greatly enjoyed the intrigue; "no one is about now, but there's precious little safety. William, the groom, keeps company with Anne, the kitchen-maid; sometimes they're in the scullery, and sometimes they're about the stables, and they may be prowling round, as they were last night, in the road; there's no telling. You walk very gently to the other gate, while I look round again. I'll meet you there."

The boy made a rapid reconnaissance. While he examined the shrubs in the front garden, Anthony stood outside the railings, and looked upon what had been his own. The front door was wide open, and the blaze of light looked to the hungry exile like an invitation to return to home, and love, and Alison.

"Come," said Nicolas, catching him by the wrist, "you stand behind the trunk of the cedar, that's the blackest place in the garden. You can see into the drawing-room from there. I'll bring Alison to the window; you wait quiet and don't move. If William and Anne come spooning here to-night, interrupting things, I'll give them cold pig or something worse, see if I don't."

The boy left his uncle planted by the tree, and retreated to the house. Alison was sitting with his mother, reading by the light of a single small lamp; there was a small fire on the hearth, and no other light in the place. Nicolas immediately mounted on a chair, and lit up all the burners nearest the window.

"More light," he said; "I want to tackle the subjunctive mood. It's what the novelists call a dark mood, a moody mood, a melancholy mood, that wants all the light we can get."

Then he opened the shutters, drew back the curtains, and threw up the window.

"More air," he said; "that's for the past participle." Presently he whispered — it was rather a loud whisper—"Alison!"

"What is it, Nicolas?"

She laid down the book and lifted her head.

"Come here."

"I am too comfortable, thank you. Pray shut the window. And you can not want all that glare of light."

"You would come—I think—if you knew who was outside, and wanted to see you. But don't come unless you like; *he* won't care really, whether he sees you to-night or not. It's nothing to him; oh no!"

"Don't be silly, Nicolas."

But she smiled and listened.

"G—i—l. There you are with your Gil."

Alison sprang from her chair and ran to the window. The light was full upon her face as she stood there looking out into the garden, right before the branches of the great dark cedar, so that a man beneath the tree could almost reach out his hand and touch her.

"Gllbert is not there," she said to young Nick, drawing back disappointed.

"I didn't say he was," replied the boy, shutting the window and the shutters; "I only said G—i—l, Gil. That's all. You made up the rest."

"You are a mischievous little imp," she said, "and you ought to have your ears boxed."

She went back to her book. Nicolas turned down some of the lights and went out of the room. No one ever ventured to interfere with his movements.

He found his uncle Anthony still under the cedar.

"Come," whispered the boy, "you mustn't be found here. It is not only William and Anne, it's Robert the gardener, and Eliza the cook, as well. Lord! what I've had to look after since you ran away! You ought to have thought of me before you did it. Now, then; you've seen Alison, and I can't have you loitering about here, getting caught, and you had better get away back to Jubilee Road as fast as you can."

Anthony touched the boy's cheek with his

finger, and said nothing. By the light of the gas in the hall, Nicolas saw that his eyes were heavy with tears.

"She looks more beautiful than ever," he replied.

"Now you see what you've given up, uncle, and I hope you're properly sorry," said Nicolas, with severity. "You've just chucked away and lost the most scrumptious girl in all Clapham—your own daughter, too; the best house in the place, the best cellar of wine, and my society."

"Yes, yes," Anthony replied; "I know, I know."

"There's still a door open. Come back to us. I, for one, will never say a word to reproach you, or recall the past. Remember, uncle, there's always a knife and fork ready for you."

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW JACK BAKER PROPOSED AN AGREEABLE COMPROMISE.

ALISON returned home with greater lightness of heart than she had felt since her father's death. It was far more to her than to other girls to have stood beside her mother's grave. She had received an assurance which would at once stay the hand of her enemy, and stop the tongues of those who maligned her father's memory; her lover was come back to her, and again the ring of engagement decorated the third finger of her left hand. Her pride, her self-respect, returned to her, and when she ran up the steps of the old house it was with a step as elastic and a face as bright as any that had ever rejoiced the face of her father.

"Dear old house," she cried, "I shall not have to leave you, after all."

"Then," said young Nick, who was there to welcome her, "I suppose you have squared it at last with Uncle Stephen. A very sensible thing too. Mind, I always offered to square it for you, but you were so uncommonly taken up with that fellow Yorke. Now, I suppose, he's come round to my opinion, and pretends it is his own idea. What's the figure?"

"You are a horrid boy!" Alison would tell him no more.

Said Nicolas, bursting into song:

"Let others wed for rings and things and pearls,
'Tis oh! a Writing-master's wife to be—ee—ee—ee;
A Writing-master's wife—or daughter—or female relation of some kind—to be."

"You want the writing-master, Alison, my dear? Wait a little—wait a little; he's coming."

But she was not to be allured into asking any questions, even about the writing-master. She was too happy to feel curious.

Her manner excited the boy's liveliest curiosity. At dinner he listened for information, but none was given. After dinner he made haste to spread out all his volumes and dictionaries, and pretended rapt absorption in his studies, hoping that Alison would be betrayed by his assumed concentration of thought into dropping some hint of what had happened. But she did not. She made no mention whatever of her journey and its results. Only she was happy again, happy as a child; and Mrs. Cridland waited patiently to hear the cause. She was told, but not before her son went to bed.

Nicolas was greatly disgusted with this want of confidence; and next day, too, a half-holiday, when he might have told the secret to the writing-master. As it was, he contented himself with a letter in which he merely wrote these words:

"Something up. They've found it out, but they haven't told me yet. Keep up pecker.—N. C."

The situation—had Mr. Bunter Baker realized what it meant—was unpromising for him to reopen those negotiations which had already been entered upon. They had, however, with one or two other matters, been greatly in his mind for some time. Stephen Hamblin, growing gloomy over the threatened delay, and perhaps suspicious about the movements of the other side, was dogged, and even violent, in his assertions of confidence."

"I tell you," said Jack, "they've found out something. She went into the country the other day mysteriously. What did she go for?"

"For change of air, perhaps," said Stephen. "What do I care what she went for? Man, there's nothing to find out."

"I don't know." Jack shook his head sagaciously. "I met Alderney Codd the other day. He said that you were going to be crumpled up."

"Alderney Codd be hanged! Mind, Jack, I know very well what I am doing. I tell you again that Anthony couldn't have been married."

Stephen looked worried, but his manner was defiant. In fact, the more uncertain of his own position he became, the more positively he asserted it.

"Ah! well," Jack went on, "there are several ways of 'crumpling up.' If they do not find out the proof of the marriage they may induce you to retire from the contest; they may buy you out; or they may—" he hesitated a moment, but delicacy of feeling was not one of his strong points—"they may threaten you out."

"What the devil do you mean?" cried Ste-

phen, his face ablaze. "Threaten out? Threaten *me* out?"

"Don't fly into a rage." Jack spoke in his usual loud yet leisurely fashion. "I learn a good deal as I go about. For instance, things are being discussed by the clerks at Hamblins' just now, and your name seems to be taken pretty free. Of course I don't know what they say. If I hear I forget. Most likely they are lies. At the same time, Hamblin"—he turned and faced him, looking him straight in the eyes—"I suppose there are few men who have hung about town so long as you who can't have something raked up."

"Well?" asked Stephen, sullenly, "and what then?"

"Oh, nothing; only these things don't look well if you have got to go into a witness-box, do they?"

"It depends upon the things," Stephen replied, restlessly pacing the room; "they may rake what they like, so far as I am concerned."

"That's all right then, and you need not fear. By the way, why did you leave the house when you might have staid in it and become a partner?"

Stephen's face became darker.

"We had a quarrel," he said; "a family quarrel."

"Ah, very likely; only that is not what they say."

"Confound it, man, let them say what they like! Tell me if it is anything outrageous, and I will have them up for libel." Stephen looked, however, as if he cared a great deal. "Of course," he said, stopping in his walk, "I should not like my whole life trotted out for public inspection. No man would. Fortunately, however, nobody knows all the shady places except myself. Who knows yours?"

"Nobody at all," said Jack Baker; "thank goodness, nobody. I keep the seamy side in. Now you, old fellow, I am afraid, have kept your seamy side a good deal exposed to view. You've gambled, you've gone on the turf, you've been a man about town, you've been a speculator, you've dabbled in finance, you've been mixed up with companies in which the shareholders don't bless the names of the promoters—all these things stick to a fellow. Now I, my dear friend, with the deepest sympathy for your pursuits, have done the same thing but more quietly; and I'm ten years younger than you, so that I haven't had the time to commit so much wickedness as you. My game has always been to show up as the steady City merchant, respectable and substantial."

"Well, well, what are we talking about?"

"I have been thinking," Jack went on in his business-like way, "that my thou. looks devilish like being lost. Excuse me disbelieving your statement, Hamblin, which seems to me as if it rested on your own unsupported opinion. I don't see my way to getting that thou. back again; and, as for your affairs getting into a more satisfactory state, I have reason to believe, my dear boy, that they ceased to be in any state at all a good while ago. Don't swear and fly into a rage, because I'm not going to round on you, and I'm not going to say anything a bit nastier than I can help; but, if that money is to be paid back out of this Hamblin estate, I think I shall have to whistle for it. Mind, I don't precisely know what Alderney Codd means, but I do know that, though he is an ass, he is not a liar. If he says you are going to be crumpled up, the crumpling will take place as sure as eggs is eggs. Besides, in any case, the judge may keep you waiting for seven years. How are you to live for seven years?"

"You seem determined to drive me mad between you," said Stephen. "What does it matter what that infernal ass, Alderney Codd, says or thinks? That won't hurt. As for seven years, of course it is nonsense. Next year we make another application, win the case, and pocket the money. Marriage? That be hanged!"

"I wish I could share your confidence, Hamblin." Jack's tone became very serious. "Now, I have been turning this over, and I am anxious to see a compromise."

Stephen groaned.

"A compromise, I say. Listen a moment. That niece of yours is a very pretty girl; she's the finest, prettiest, pluckiest girl I ever set eyes on, or dreamed of. It's a shame that she should be kicked out because she can't find her mother; a shame, by Gad! And yet, of course, old man," he added, with a touch of the City common sense, "one can't blame you. Go she must, unless— However, what I propose is this: You shall withdraw your claim altogether; you shall, in point of fact, acknowledge her legitimacy; you shall abandon all right to the estate. In return, you shall receive half the personal property—half, you see: that is a hundred and fifty thousand pounds—good Heavens! what a pile!—and I—"

"Oh! you are to come in, are you?"

Stephen sat down in a kind of desperation, and turned his dark face upon his friend.

"Of course I am. Do you think I ever interest myself for nothing? J. Double B. is going to romp in gayly. My share in the business is to marry the girl, and take the other half of the pile."

"Oh," said Stephen, "this is a very pretty sort of proposal. I am to give you half of my estate, am I?"

"It isn't yours yet. Very likely it never will be yours. You are to exchange quarreling and fighting for friendship, doubt for certainty, claim for possession. Why, I think it is too much that I offer you. We should say a third, not a half—and J. Double B. takes the girl off your hands, marries her, gives out that you've behaved noble, and sets your character up for life. Think of that, now!"

"Perhaps she won't have you," said Stephen, evidently softening.

"Ha—h'm!" Jack replied with a sweet smile, stroking his chin and smoothing his mustache, which was a fine, full growth. "We shall see. If a man is not absolutely repulsive, he always has a chance. Hang it, Hamblin, you ought to know the sex."

Evidently Jack Baker thought he knew it himself. He looked so irresistible, with his confident pose and his air as of a peacock brandishing an enormous tail, that Stephen laughed aloud.

"Go in and win, if you can," he said. "Get engaged to the girl, and then make your terms with me. You may, if you like, feel your way to a compromise. I don't want to be unreasonable. Give me three fourths or so, and let the thing slide."

"Yes," said Jack, "I should think you *would* let the thing slide for three fourths. That means over two hundred thousand. Why, there's spending in that for forty years if you managed it properly. You'll be under the turf in twenty. If Alderney meant anything, it is not three fourths nor one fourth either that you'll get."

As a matter of fact, Alderney meant nothing except an expression of profound conviction. Gilbert had not told any one, as yet, the nature and extent of his discoveries. Even Alison only knew that she had stood by the grave of her mother, for whom she might shed tears of sorrow unmixed with shame.

A second time, therefore, Jack Baker drove to the house on Clapham Common. On this occasion, however, he had a secret and private purpose of his own, which made him rather nervous.

Miss Hamblin received him with less frigidity than before. In fact, the girl was so happy that she felt benevolent even to an emissary of her uncle.

On the previous visit her eyes had been heavy with tears and her cheek pale from insulted pride. Now she felt herself once more her father's very daughter, the rightful heiress. A softer light glowed in her face, the light of sunshine; her cheek was rosy, her lips were smiling, her dark eyes were soft and limpid when she lifted them to greet her visitor.

Jack Baker thought he saw the light of welcome in those eyes, and took courage. He was more splendidly attired than on his former visit. The season of early summer admitted the gorgeousness of white waistcoat, light dust-coat, scarlet tie, lavender gloves, white hat. His coarsely handsome face, marred by the tokens of indulgence, was not unpleasant. To be sure, Alison thought, comparing him mentally with her own lover, the man can not help not being a gentleman; that is his misfortune, not his fault. But she thought he looked good-tempered, *d'un bon naturel.*

"I come again, Miss Hamblin," said Jack, with the sunniest of smiles and an airy wave of his hand, "as an ambassador from your uncle, who still, I need hardly tell you, deplores the contest in which he has become unavoidably engaged."

"Really," said Alison, "I am surprised to learn it. To be sure, he can always retire from it."

"I am here to make another proposal, or rather to sound you as to your own views, if you will honor me by confiding them to me." Jack dropped his voice, and tried to look insinuating.

The man, thought Alison, looks like a draper's assistant offering a shawl.

"Had you not better sit down and make the proposal in comfort, Mr. Baker?" she said, smiling. It was really pleasant to think of receiving proposals for a compromise when everything was settled and proved.

"Thank you, Miss Hamblin," said Jack, taking a chair. It was more encouraging to be asked to sit down, but somehow he felt less at his ease. The room overpowered him: it was so full of flowers, dainty pictures, embroidery, and all the little things with which a young lady who need not consider cost loves to surround herself.

"Mr. Stephen Hamblin has never, I beg you to believe, been indifferent to your feelings in this matter," Jack began. "He has often lamented to me the hard position to which you might be reduced if—"

"Thank you," said Alison. "Never mind my hard position. Let us come to the offer. Do not you think, however, that it would be best to make it in writing to my guardians?"

"No; certainly not. Mr. Hamblin would wish to deal with you direct," said the ambassador. "It is with his niece, not with his cousins, that he wishes to restore a good understanding."

"Very well. Pray let me hear his proposal."

"It is hardly a proposal; only a suggestion. What do you think of his withdrawing his claim, not because it is an unjust claim, but in your

own interests, and out of consideration to yourself? In withdrawing it, he would naturally look to compensation."

"Yes," said Alison, smiling. "Yes; I suppose compensation for having set up an unjust claim."

"One would say a half of the whole estate—something of that sort."

"I see," said Alison. "I should have to give him half in order to get anything."

"Quite so," said Jack. "Should you consider that proposal a liberal one?"

"What did I tell you when you came here last, Mr. Baker?" she asked quietly. "Let me remind you. I said that I would hear nothing of any compromise until my father's name was vindicated. That must be my answer again. My uncle was the only man who dared to assail the memory of that most honorable and upright man. Nothing would make me surrender my right to defend it. I will have all, or nothing."

"Is that your determination, Miss Hamblin?"

"It is, and I am sorry you have taken the trouble to come here on a fruitless errand."

"My own trouble, Miss Hamblin," said Jack, "in your cause is nothing, absolutely nothing."

"I think," said Alison, "that if my uncle had asked me in January last, as he had so little and I so much, to give him money, I should have given it. Now, however, the case is altered. I have been publicly branded in an open court; I go about the world with a stain upon my birth. I have been charged with having no right or title to my father's estate. Do not you see what a difference that makes?"

"But," said Jack, "think of the money. Think of the tremendous pile of money you are throwing away."

"You can not understand," said Alison. "You can not, unfortunately, see that it has always been impossible for me to make any kind of compromise. If I said that three months ago, in my shame and despair, I must surely say it again and all the more, now that—"

She stopped suddenly.

"They *have* found something," thought Jack.

"But will you credit him with good intentions?" he asked softly and sweetly.

"Certainly not," said Alison, in a hard voice. "Certainly not; his intentions have always, from the very first, been as bad as they could be. I wish never to see my uncle again, never to hear from him. However," she rose, and her face changed with a smile, "that is nothing to you, Mr. Baker. Our business is over, I think."

Now here was his chance. It came and found him unprepared, because he had not expected that it would take this form. All the way down in the cab he had been thinking how he could best open the business. He had encouraged himself by little exhortations, such as, "Go in and win, J. Double B. . . . Don't be afraid—she is but a woman. All women are alike. You're not so bad-looking, my boy; you've got a manner of your own with them; you've got the dibs; lots of girls would give their back-hair to get J. Double B.," and so on, little epigrammatic sentences of encouragement thus delicately and feelingly put.

Now the time was come, and he hardly seemed equal to the occasion. Only a woman before him—all women are alike; yet Miss Hamblin, somehow, was not quite the same as Lotty, and Polly, and Topsy, who had, as previously stated, been called to the Inner bar, and "taken silk"; and it came upon him with rather a crushing force, that he had never seen any woman like Miss Hamblin before. But he was not without pluck, and he began to stammer, turning very red, and looking uncomfortable.

"I could hope, Miss Hamblin, that so far as I am personally concerned, the—the intimacy of myself and Mr. Stephen Hamblin may be no bar to my—my—friendship with yourself."

"Your friendship, Mr. Baker?" What *could* the man mean? "Why, I was not aware that we were even acquaintances."

"I mean, that is," said Jack, getting more hot in the nose—"that, when we meet in society, you will allow me—"

"It is not at all likely that we shall ever meet in society," said Alison quickly. Then she thought she had said a rude thing, and added, "Because I go so little into any kind of society."

"But if we were to meet, Miss Hamblin—and besides, I will try to meet you—people who have the will, you know." Here he smiled, and looked so knowing, that Alison longed to box his ears. "After church, say—I'm not much of a hand at church myself—but I could turn up when the sermon was over, you know."

Alison began to grow indignant.

"I think I would rather not meet you 'when the sermon is over,'" she said quietly.

"If you would let me call upon you," Jack went on, thinking he was progressing famously, "I should like it best. We could talk here, you know, or in the gardens and conservatories. I dare say you are pretty dull in this great house all by yourself. I could cheer you up, perhaps. Let me try, Miss Hamblin."

"Cheer her up?" She looked in amazement.

"I'm not a bad sort," he continued, warming to his work. "Come to know me, I am rather a good sort; at least they tell me so." He assumed a smile of satisfaction which made her shudder. "I may have my faults like most men. To begin with, I am not come, like you, of a

great City House. I had my own business to make, and I've made it. The dibs are all of my own piling"—he thought this might sound vulgar—"and when I say 'dibs,' of course I mean the money; because I began as nothing but a clerk. You wouldn't think that, Miss Hamblin, would you, to look at me now? However, here I am—just as you see me. I've got a big business in tea; really, a big business. There's my cab at the door for you to see the kind of hack I can afford—cheap at a hundred; and I'm quite a young man still, Miss Hamblin, and perhaps not so bad-looking as some—eh? Handsome Jack I have been called. We should run well together; and the long and the short is that, if you will let me pay my attentions to you, I am ready, money or no money."

Alison burst out laughing. She was so happy in her mind that she was amused rather than offended. The man's vulgarity, his impudence, his mock humility, his personal conceit, his intense belief in himself, amused her. She clapped her hands together as delighted as any schoolgirl at a joke, and burst into merry peals of laughter, which utterly routed and discomfited the wooer.

"Pay your attentions to me, Mr. Baker?" she cried; "oh, I am so sorry, because I am obliged to decline that delicate offer, so delicately made. Another girl, Mr. Baker, must have the happiness of receiving your attentions. And oh! I really feel what I am giving up: the big business in tea, and the cheap hack, and the—the dibs, and the young man, still young, called Handsome Jack. But there are many other girls, I am sure, who take a deep interest in tea, and expensive hacks, and dibs, and Handsome Jacks. You will have better luck with them, no doubt. Good morning, Mr. Bunter Baker."

She laughed in his face, and left him there standing, hot and flushed. His knees felt shaky, and monosyllables trembled on his lips.

He wiped his forehead, and asked himself if she meant it. For really, this derisive way of receiving his suit had not presented itself to his mind as a possibility. She might refuse him, he thought; that was possible, but not probable, considering his big business, and his—well, his handsome person—why not acknowledge the truth? Often persons of the opposite sex called him Handsome Jack—all women are alike—why not Miss Hamblin?

Hang it! was there anything ridiculous in him? Couldn't the girl say "no" without laughing in his face? Perhaps, after all, she was only egging him on. How if he were to try the very next Sunday morning and hang about the doors of the church when the congregation were coming out?

She was gone; the door stood open. As he gathered up his hat and gloves he became aware that in the doorway stood a boy, with white hair and pink cheeks, who appeared to be enjoying some excellent joke. That is, he was laughing from ear to ear when Jack turned round, and, on being observed, he pulled out a pocket-handkerchief, and went through a pantomime of sorrow, which inspired Mr. J. Bunter Baker with a strong desire of horsewhipping that boy. Had he been listening?

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the pink boy, retreating warily in the direction of the pantry. "Oh! oh! what a dreadful thing! She won't have him; she throws away his dibs and despises his tea: our full-flavored at two-and-four, and our really choice at three-and-two. She won't have him, even though they call him Handsome Jack. Ho! ho! Handsome Jack!"

Mr. Baker rushed at the boy. Young Nick threw himself into the pantry and locked the door. He heard his baffled enemy immediately afterward retreating, and, opening the door, began a prolonged and most unearthly yell as of agony, at which Mr. Baker fled hurriedly, and all the household rushed to see what was the matter, headed by Mrs. Cridland.

"It's all right, old lady," said her son, tranquilly; "he's gone, I perceive."

"Who?" asked his mother.

"Handsome Jack. O Alison!" he went on, "what a pity! You've thrown him away! He's gone for good."

"'Let others wed for rings and things and pearls,
'Tis oh! a Writing-master's wife to be—ee—ee—ee.'"

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW STEPHEN STILL HAD DREAMS.

A LITTLE cloud in the sky, no bigger than a man's hand. Stephen saw it in the heavens when Jack Baker quoted Alderney Codd's words. If Jack, who never looked skyward, had seen it, it would have spread over the whole horizon, and obscured the sun long before he returned from his embassy. He sought his friend immediately.

"It is all up," he reported; "I am certain they have found out everything."

"What have they found out?" asked Stephen.

"I don't know. She didn't tell me. But I am certain—"

"Hang it, man! be reasonable," Stephen said. "What makes you certain?"

"Look here, Hamblin. I find the young lady happy, radiant, not cast down at all. She is all

smiles and happiness; she isn't the least afraid of you. When I suggested a compromise, she first laughed and then she smiled. You know their cunning way when they have got a secret all to themselves and like to hug it; and then she became grave, and tried to work herself into a rage, but couldn't see her way, even though she talked about you. But what she said afterward was more important still."

"What was that?"

"'Tell my uncle,' she said, 'that if I refused any compromise three months ago, when I was in doubt and despair, ten times as much would I refuse to make any now, when—' And then she broke off short. Make what you like out of that, Hamblin. To me it means fighting, with plenty of evidence in the background. And I wish I saw my way clear to that thou.—that I fooled away on your representations."

"Come, Jack," said Stephen, trying to make a show of confidence which he did not feel—"come, don't be alarmed about your little venture. It's as safe as the bank; I tell you for the hundredth time that they *can not* have found anything, because there is nothing to find. My brother *never married.* Let them do their worst. And, as for the money, it doesn't matter to you how long you wait."

"Doesn't it?" said Jack. "I can tell you, then, that's nonsense. Why, there's scarcely a House in London that can let an outstanding thousand go like that. Hang it! it takes long enough to make. And one never knows what may happen. I've got the biggest thing on at the present moment—but never mind that."

So the great speculator in tea had his personal anxieties, a revelation which brought some comfort to Stephen's soul.

"Another thing," Jack went on, smoothing his mustache, and speaking with a little hesitation; "you may attach no importance to it, but I do. When a girl who is going to be a pauper gets an offer of marriage from a man—well, a man like myself—she don't, as a rule, burst out laughing in his face."

"Was that what happened to you, Jack?" Stephen asked, smiling.

"Yes, it was. I don't mind, to you, owning that it was. She laughed in my face. Yet I actually proposed to her, although she may not have a penny. What do you think of that, Hamblin?"

"Think of your proposal? Why, I suppose it was on the same principle as that on which you lent me the thousand pounds. You thought there was money behind—eh? From me or my niece, one or the other, you would stand to win."

"Very likely," said Jack; "but why did she laugh? that's what I want to know. I'm not a man accustomed to be laughed at. What there ridiculous about me? Isn't a Bunter B ker as good as a Hamblin?"

"Can't say, I am sure," replied Stephen. " you attach any importance to the whims a fancies of a girl like that, you had better ask h for a reason. So she wouldn't have you. A you see, my boy, it is very well to talk about girl going to be a pauper; but Alison isn't pauper yet, and she doesn't quite understar what poverty means. Go and ask her this tin next year."

"You think you will have the estate, then?

"I am sure I shall. And I need not tell yo Jack Baker, that unless that little—"

"Stop!" cried Jack; "I tell you again that won't have that magnificent creature—who oug to be on the boards, by Gad! in black velv and she'd outshine the lot—called a little devil.

"Very good," said Stephen, "call her wh you like. What I mean is, that, unless she su mits and eats humble pie, she shall not have o brass farthing out of me, whether you marry h or whether you do not."

Stephen, alternating between fits of despo dency and elation, was now in the latter stag He was confident, he was ready to mete out pu ishment or reward to his enemies or friends, they deserved it.

Jack Baker went away to the City. Steph continued in this hot fit of confidence. No ha could come to him; his case was strong a sound; yet a little while, and the enemy wou give in. Everybody knows the state of mi which, as superstitious folk hold, precedes so great calamity. The victim is foolishly, childis ly, recklessly confident and happy; he disregar those warnings which used to play so large a pa in the lives of our ancestors: magpies, black-ca crows, hares, run across his path unheede screech-owls hoot and he hears them not; bri dled cats mew and he only laughs; knives a crossed, salt is spilled, dreams are told befo breakfast, and he recks not; the visions of t night have brought him squalling babies, and forgets them; he stumbles at the threshold a thinks nothing of it; the day is Friday, the th teenth, and he regards it not; every kind of m raculous warning is lavished upon that man, a he goes on to his doom, laughing and carele Stephen was that reckless man; his dream h but one more day to run, and, as if anxious make the most of it, he reveled, and lolled, a hugged himself in the contemplation and imag nation of his coming wealth.

"They have been searching, advertising, ru ning here and there for six months," he said himself; "nothing has come of it, because the has been nothing to come. Why, I *know* th

Anthony was never married. As for Alison's mother, they must find one for her, and I dare say they will. And, as Anthony was never in Scotland, I am not afraid of any attempt being made to prove a marriage. Old Billiter hates me, but then old Billiter is not a common rogue. That is very certain."

It was a fine afternoon in June. From his chambers in Pall Mall he looked up and down that street, and rejoined in the sight of the rich, who enjoyed, though they hardly appeared to enjoy, the wealth which was about to be his.

"They were born to it," he murmured, sitting in an easy-chair at the open window, and watching the *jeunesse dorée*, as, splendid in raiment, knightly in bearing, they went up and down the steps of the clubs, or sauntered along the pavement—"they were born to it, they never knew anything else, I suppose. Why the devil do they look so melancholy? They should have been hungry after unattainable pleasures, like me, to know what money can bring, what it is worth, even at five-and-forty. They should have been sons of a methodical and frugal London merchant, who would keep them to a starvation allowance of pocket-money, would look on every little outburst as a mortal sin, would inculcate the most rigid views of religion, and then leave almost everything to an elder brother, who didn't know how to spend, and hadn't a spirit above his indigo-bags. Then they would look more contented than they do now.

"I had some spending out of those few thousands; they lasted a couple of years, I think, if I remember right. Then came my mother's little fortune, all her savings; not much, but something to give a man another little fling. There was no occasion to save it, because Anthony himself told me he had promised my mother never to give me up. Why, it would have been unchristian not to have accepted that most sacred trust. I did accept it. I said to myself: 'Stephen, old boy, you are your brother's charge; you are the desolate orphan for whom he has pledged himself to find the comforts and the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life.' And I must say that Anthony behaved like a trump in every way except one—he had no business to bring that girl home.

"She's done all the mischief. If it had not been for her, I should have stepped without a question into the property. And her impudence! no compromise, if you please. Why, I only meant to bring her to an offer, and then to throw it back in her face. Sorry she refused Jack Baker, though. That young man thinks I am likely to let her have half, does he? Ho! ho! what a sell for him when he had got her, when it was too late, when he had found out her temper, and when he really knew that she wasn't going to have a penny. You, Miss Alison Hamblin, or whatever you may choose to call yourself, may go to the devil. As for making you an allowance, I'd rather chuck the money into the Thames. I shall have her here on her knees before long.

"The partners, too; I wonder how much of Anthony's money was locked up in the House? Sure to be a very large sum. Well, I shall get them here on *their* knees too. And then I shall withdraw it all, and smash the House. What do I care for the House? I've got the money, and I'm going to spend it. Time that the Hamblins left off saving.

"There is Alderney Codd, what shall I do with him? Let him go on his knees, too, and I will see. He is a useful sort of man, one of those who go up and down and talk; I think I shall forgive Alderney, and lend him money occasionally. A man is better for a jackal or two to run about at his bidding."

Then he closed his eyes, and went off into a vision of impossible joys which the money was to purchase him. They were chiefly the joys which come from watching other people's envy and admiration, because, as a matter of fact, Stephen had all his life enjoyed almost everything that a rich man can command. One thing, however, was wanting; he could not boast of possession. He was always dependent.

Well, that was over now, he was free: he was rich, or was going to be in a very little while: he was going to step before the world as the undoubted possessor of a princely fortune.

He was roused from his reverie by a modest knock at his door.

It was, to his amazement, no other than Alderney Codd himself, who had abstained from calling since the day of his joining the side of the enemy.

"You, Alderney!"

"Yes, Stephen," replied Alderney, meekly. "May I come in?"

"Come in, man, come in," said Stephen. "Why, your new friends seem to treat you better than your old ones. When you and I went about together, you never could afford such coats and hats. How do you do it, Alderney?"

Stephen spoke quite pleasantly. This encouraged Alderney.

"I have been engaged in regular work," he said, "for the partners in the House."

"He speaks as if there was only one House in the world."

"There is but one for me," replied Alderney, simply. "I have been engaged in making researches in parish-registers."

"And what have you found?"

"Nothing," said Alderney.

"Of course you have not found anything. And you never will. Are you going to give up a wild-goose chase and come back to your old friends? I forgive you, old boy, and you may return whenever you like."

"Thank you, Stephen," said Alderney, with great humility; "that is very good of you. And I always said you had a good heart. I have found nothing. And I fear I can not much longer venture to draw upon the House for time spent in reading registers. But, if I have found nothing, Gilbert Yorke has."

Stephen started and turned pale, for Alderney looked round the room and whispered these words.

"What do you mean, Alderney?"

"I do not know. They haven't told me yet. They will tell me, of course, presently; but I know nothing except that Alison is happy, and that Gilbert Yorke has written letters which have put your cousins Augustus and William in excellent spirits."

"What have they found?"

"I tell you I do not know. One thing only I heard. The last words which Augustus said to his partner were these: 'So, then, after all, Alison need not blush for her mother.' This morning another letter came from him, the purport of which I do not know. And he has now arrived at the office and is closeted with the chiefs."

Stephen sprang to his feet.

"'So, then, Alison need not blush for her mother'? That was what you heard. 'Need not blush'? What construction do you put upon those words, Alderney?"

"What can be put? Stephen, for the sake of old times, give in. There is yet time. No one knows that I have called here; no one will ever suspect that I heard those words, or that I came here to warn you. There is time; sit down. For Heaven's sake, don't stare at me in that way! Sit down, and write to Augustus. Withdraw your claim: say that you are sorry; say that you will not stand between Alison and her father's fortune. Stephen, if you do this, all may yet be well."

Stephen's lips were parched, and his throat was dry.

"Don't chatter, Alderney," he said. "Let me think. 'She need not—' Why, it may mean anything. You have no reason for believing it to bear the construction that you want me to put upon it."

"No. Yet I am certain, from the satisfaction of both, that the words do bear that construction."

Stephen laughed; yet his laughter had no mirth in it.

"You are not a bad fellow, Alderney, though you have gone over to the wrong side. But you are not, in this instance, particularly wise. You believe, I dare say, that there is something found out at last."

"I am sure of it."

"And you come to warn us. Very good. I am obliged to you, Alderney; but I shall remain as I am. No surrender: my whole claim, or nothing."

"Then, Stephen," said Alderney, sighing, "it will be nothing."

"That is my lookout."

"Stephen, think how the whole matter may be amicably arranged before it is too late. You have made your cousins, your niece, the whole family, your enemies. When they triumph, you will have no mercy shown you. Out of your brother's estate you will have nothing. I do not know the extent of your own fortune, but I do know that it is very heavily dipped, and I doubt whether you can live as you have been accustomed to live upon your private resources."

"That too, Alderney, is my lookout."

"Another thing," persisted Alderney, "your brother Anthony intended — there can be no doubt whatever that he intended to leave the bulk of his estate to his daughter; you can not deny that."

"On the contrary, I do not know what my brother's intentions were. He never confided them to me."

"He was so good a fellow, Stephen, that you ought to respect his wishes. What do you honestly think he meant to do?"

"I believe that he proposed leaving me, not Alison, the fortune which should be mine by law, and making an adequate provision for his daughter. Acting on this belief, I have twice sent an ambassador to Alison, offering a compromise. Twice my message has been received with scorn, and my messenger insulted."

"Then I can say no more," said Alderney. "As we say with the classic, 'Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.' Your brain is turned, Stephen."

"Come, Alderney, I will not discuss the thing with you any more. It is absurd; I shall not surrender anything; and I will bring that girl to submission before I have done."

"You will not do that, Stephen, if I know Alison Hamblin. She is as determined as yourself."

"We shall try," said Stephen, smiling unpleasantly.

Alderney withdrew. He had done his best, and things must take their own course. But he was troubled. There would now be no such pleasant family reconciliation as he had looked forward to.

He returned to the City, and sought his cousin Augustus.

"Tell me," he said, "if you have found anything."

Augustus got up, and shut the door carefully.

"Alderney," he said, "I thought this morning that we had got out of the mess. I find now, after an interview with Gilbert Yorke, that we have only got into one."

"A mess!—what kind of a mess?"

"I wish we had never looked into the thing at all. I almost wish we had let Stephen have the estate and do what he liked with it."

"But what is it?"

"I can not tell you till to-morrow. I can only say that the greatest surprise, the greatest consternation, has fallen upon us."

"But I overheard you this morning saying that Alison need not blush for her mother."

"I did say so. That was in consequence of a letter from Gilbert. Her mother's marriage is clearly established."

"Then I do not understand."

"Never mind now, Alderney," said Augustus, "we have to consider what is best to be done. You had better leave us now. Say nothing, guess nothing. Come here if you like to-morrow at twelve—we have invited Stephen to confer with us at that time—then you will learn all."

He quietly pushed Alderney out of the room, and returned to his desk, where he sat with his paper before him, puzzled and bewildered.

Presently his partner, Wiliam the Silent, came into the room, and sat on the other side of the table. Both shook their heads without speaking.

"Augustus," said William.

"William," said Augustus.

Both shook their heads again, and then William got up and went out again as silently as he had entered.

Stephen's golden dream was disturbed; tranquillity, which is a necessary for golden dreams, had deserted him. He left his chambers and wandered to his club; he tried to play billiards, but his hand shook. Three old fogies who played whist every afternoon asked him to take a hand; he did: he revoked, and saw no Blue-Peters, and trumped his partner's trick, and forgot the cards, and committed every atrocity that a whist-player can commit: he broke the whole code of Cavendish. After seeing a double bumper fooled away, his partner rose in silent dignity and left the house.

Then Stephen tried to read the papers, and found no interest in any. He wandered about the streets, torn by a doubt whether he had not better even now agree with his adversary quickly.

At dinner-time he expected Jack Baker, but that worthy did not appear. He dined alone: he sat in the smoking-room with a magazine before him, which he did not read, thinking over what might happen, and taking a gloomy view of things which even the claret had not been able to remove. At nine he went home to his chambers.

Two letters were on his table. The first was from Jack Baker, and said:

"MY DEAR HAMBLIN: Send me over at once as much as you can spare of the thousand pounds I lent you; or raise money somehow, and let me have it all. I suppose you have heard what has happened? There has not been so sudden a fall in prices in the memory of man. I am hit, but I shall weather the storm somehow, I dare say. Let me have the money to-morrow. Yours ever,

"J. B. B."

"He's smashed," said Stephen, putting down the letter; "smash is the meaning of that letter. Well, he has had his day. As for the rest of the thousand, I had better stick to it."

He opened the other letter. It was from his cousin, Augustus Hamblin:

"MY DEAR COUSIN" (Stephen laughed): "We shall be glad if you will call upon us in Great St. Simon Apostle, at twelve o'clock to-morrow morning. We have a *most* important communication to make to you: a discovery which we have only this morning learned. Yours sincerely,

"AUGUSTUS ANTHONY HAMBLIN."

Stephen put the letter down, and began to think what it might mean. Presently he extinguished the light and sat beside the window. The prospect was gloomy now, indeed. An important discovery: what could this mean? The ground was slipping away from under his feet. As he had been confident in the morning, so he was despairing now. He saw before him a vagabond and poverty-stricken old man, subsisting on the alms of his cousins, wandering from place to place, hungering after the enjoyments which he could not afford, sinking lower and lower, becoming daily more and more pinched, more wretched, more dependent. A miserable outlook: a wretched dream.

(*Conclusion next month.*)

A TURKISH EFFENDI ON CHRISTENDOM AND ISLAM.

IN the suburb of one of the most romantically situated towns in Asia Minor, there lives the most remarkable Oriental whom it has ever been my fortune to meet. Traveling through that interesting country a few months ago, with the view of assisting the British Government to introduce some much-needed reforms, I arrived at ——. I purposely abstain from mentioning the name of the place, as my Eastern friend, to whom I am indebted for the following paper, desires his *incognito* to be observed, for reasons which the reader will easily understand on its perusal. I remained there some weeks examining the state of the surrounding country, at that time a good deal disturbed, and giving the local authorities the benefit of a little wholesome counsel and advice, which, I need scarcely say, they wholly disregarded. My officious interference in their affairs not unnaturally procured me some notoriety; and I received, in consequence, numerous visits from members of all classes of the community detailing their grievances, and anxious to know what chance there might be of a forcible intervention on the part of England by which these should be redressed. In my intercourse with them I was struck by their constant allusion to an apparently mysterious individual, who evidently enjoyed a reputation for an almost supernatural sagacity, and whose name they never mentioned except in terms of the greatest reverence, and indeed, I might almost say, of awe. My curiosity at last became excited, and I made special inquiries in regard to this unknown sage. I found that he lived about a mile and a half out of the town, on a farm which he had purchased about five years ago; that no one knew whence he had come; that he spoke both Turkish and Arabic as his native tongues; but that some supposed him to be a Frank, owing to his entire neglect of all the ceremonial observances of a good Moslem, and to a certain foreign mode of thought; while others maintained that no man who had not been born an Oriental could adapt himself so naturally to the domestic life of the East, and acquire its social habits with such ease and perfection. His erudition was said to be extraordinary, and his life seemed passed in studying the literature of many languages—his agent for the purchase and forwarding of such books and papers as he needed being a foreign merchant at the nearest seaport. He seemed possessed of considerable wealth, but his mode of life was simple in the extreme; and he employed large sums in relieving the distress by which he was surrounded, and in protecting by the necessary bribes those who were unable to protect themselves from oppression. The result was, that he was adored by the country people for miles round, while he was rather respected and feared than disliked by the Turkish officials—for he was extremely tolerant of their financial necessities, and quite understood that they were compelled to squeeze money out of the peasantry, because, as they received no pay, they would starve themselves unless they did.

To this gentleman I sent my card, with a note in French, stating that I was a traveling Englishman, with a seat in the House of Commons in immediate prospect at the coming election, consumed with a desire to reform Asia Minor, or, at all events, to enlighten my countrymen as to how it should be done. Perhaps I am wrong in saying that I actually put all this in my note, but it was couched in the usual tone of members of Parliament who are cramming political questions abroad which are likely to come up next session. I know the style, because I have been in the House myself. The note I received in reply was in English, and ran as follows:

"DEAR SIR: If you are not otherwise engaged, it will give me great pleasure if you will do me the honor of dining with me to-morrow evening at seven. I trust you will excuse the preliminary formality of a visit, but I have an appointment at some distance in the country, which will detain me until too late an hour to call.

"Believe me, yours very truly,

"—— EFFENDI.

"P. S.—As you may have some difficulty in finding your way, my servant will be with you at half-past six to serve as a guide."

"Dear me," I thought, as I read this civilized epistle with amazement, "I wonder whether he expects me to dress?" for I need scarcely say I had come utterly unprovided for any such contingency, my wearing apparel, out of regard for my baggage-mule, having been limited to the smallest allowance consistent with cleanliness. Punctually at the hour named, my dragoman informed me that —— Effendi's servant was in attendance; and, arrayed in the shooting-coat, knee-breeches, and riding-boots, which formed my only costume, I followed him on foot through

the narrow, winding streets of the town, until we emerged into its gardens, and, following a charming path between orchards of fruit-trees, gradually reached its extreme outskirts, when it turned into a narrow glen, down which foamed a brawling torrent. A steep ascent for about ten minutes brought us to a large gate in a wall. This was immediately opened by a porter who lived in a lodge outside, and I found myself in grounds that were half park, half flower-garden, in the center of which, on a terrace commanding a magnificent view, stood the house of my host—a Turkish mansion with projecting latticed windows, and a courtyard with a colonnade round it and a fountain in the middle. A broad flight of steps led to the principal entrance, and at the top of it stood a tall figure in the flowing Turkish costume of fifty years ago, now, alas! becoming very rare among the upper classes. I wondered whether this could be the writer of the invitation to dinner; but my doubts were speedily solved by the *empressement* with which this turbaned individual, who seemed a man of about fifty years of age, descended the steps, and with the most consummate ease and grace of manner advanced to shake hands and give me a welcome of unaffected cordiality. He spoke English with the greatest fluency, though with a slight accent, and in appearance was of the fair type not uncommonly seen in Turkey; the eyes dark blue, mild in repose, but, when animated, expanding and flashing with the brilliancy of the intelligence which lay behind them. The beard was silky and slightly auburn. The whole expression of the face was inexpressibly winning and attractive, and I instinctively felt that, if it only depended upon me, we should soon become fast friends. Such in fact proved to be the case. We had a perfect little dinner, cooked in Turkish style, but served in European fashion; and afterward talked so far into the night that my host would not hear of my returning, and put me into a bedroom as nicely furnished as if it had been in a country-house in England. Next morning I found that my dragoman and baggage had all been transferred from the house of the family with whom I had been lodging in town, and I was politely given to understand that I was forcibly taken possession of during the remainder of my stay at ——. At the expiration of a week I was so much struck by the entirely novel view, as it seemed to me, which my host took of the conflict between Christendom and Islam, and by the philosophic aspect under which he presented the Eastern Question generally, that I asked him whether he would object to putting his ideas in writing, and allowing me to publish them—prefacing his remarks by any explanation in regard to his own personality which he might feel disposed to give. He was extremely reluctant to comply with this request, his native modesty and shrinking from notoriety of any sort presenting an almost insurmountable obstacle to his rushing into print, even in the strictest *incognito*. However, by dint of persistent importunity, I at last succeeded in breaking through his reserve, and he consented to throw into the form of a personal communication addressed to me whatever he had to say, and to allow me to make any use of it I liked.

I confess that when I came to read his letter I was somewhat taken aback by the uncompromising manner in which the Effendi had stated his case; and I should have asked him to modify the language in which he had couched his views, but I felt convinced that had I done so he would have withdrawn it altogether. I was, moreover, ashamed to admit that I doubted whether I should find a magazine in England with sufficient courage to publish it. As, although my friend wrote English with extraordinary facility for an Oriental, the style was somewhat defective, I ventured to propose that I should rewrite it, retaining not merely the ideas, but the expressions as far as possible. To this he readily consented; and as I read it over to him afterward, and he approved of it in its present form, I can guarantee that his theory as to the origin and nature of the collision between the East and the West is accurately represented. I need not say that I differ from it entirely, and in our numerous conversations gave my reasons for doing so. I will not enter into them here, however, as they will at once occur to the intelligent reader; but, notwithstanding the many fallacies contained in the Effendi's line of argument, I have thought it well that it should, if possible, be made public in England, for many reasons. In the first place, the question of reform, especially in Asiatic Turkey, occupies a dominant position in English politics; and it is of great importance that we should know not only that many intelligent Turks consider a reform of the Government hopeless, but to what causes they attribute the present decrepit and corrupt condition of the empire. We can gather from the views here expressed, though stated in a most uncomplimentary manner, why many of the most enlightened Moslems, while lamenting the vices which have brought their country to ruin, refuse to coöperate in an attempt, on the part of the Western Powers, which, in their opinion, would only be going from bad to worse. However much we may differ from those whom we wish to benefit, it would be folly to shut our ears to their opinions in regard to ourselves or our religion, simply because they are distasteful to us. We can best achieve our end by candidly listening to what they may have to

say. And this must be my apology, as well as that of the magazine in which it appears, for the publication of a letter so hostile in tone to our cherished convictions and beliefs. At the same time I can not disguise from myself that, while many of its statements are prejudiced and highly colored, others are not altogether devoid of some foundation in truth; it never can do us any harm to see ourselves sometimes as others see us. The tendency of mankind, and perhaps especially of Englishmen, is so very much that of the ostrich, which is satisfied to keep its head in the sand and see nothing that is disturbing to its self-complacency, that a little rough handling occasionally does no harm.

These considerations have induced me to do my best to make "the bark of the distant Effendi" be heard, to use the fine imagery of Bon Gaultier; * and with these few words of introduction I will leave him to tell his own tale, and state his opinions on the burning questions of the day:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I proceed, in compliance with your request, to put in writing a *résumé* in a condensed form of the views which I have expressed in our various conversations together on the Eastern Question, premising only that I have yielded to it under strong pressure, because I fear that they may wound the sensibilities or shock the prejudices of your countrymen. As, however, you assure me that they are sufficiently tolerant to have the question in which they are so much interested presented to them from an Oriental point of view, I shall write with perfect frankness, and in the conviction that opinions, however unpalatable they may be, which are only offered to the public in the earnest desire to advance the cause of truth, will meet with some response in the breasts of those who are animated with an equally earnest desire to find it. In order to explain how I have come to form these opinions, I must, at the cost of seeming egoistic, make a few prefatory remarks about myself. My father was an official of high rank and old Turkish family, resident for some time in Constantinople, and afterward in an important seaport in the Levant. An unusually enlightened and well-educated man, he associated much with Europeans; and from early life I have been familiar with the Greek, French, and Italian languages. He died when I was about twenty years of age; and I determined to make use of the affluence to which I fell heir, by traveling in foreign countries. I had already read largely the literature of both France and Italy, and had to a certain extent become emancipated from the modes of thought, and I may even say from the religious ideas, prevalent among my countrymen. I went in the first instance to Rome, and, after a year's sojourn there, proceeded to England, where I assumed an Italian name, and devoted myself to the study of the language, institutions, literature, and religion of the country. I was at all times extremely fond of philosophical speculation, and this led me to a study of German. My pursuits were so engrossing that I saw little of society, and the few friends I made were among a comparatively humble class. I remained in England ten years, traveling occasionally on the Continent, and visiting Turkey twice during that time. I then proceeded to America, where I passed a year, and thence went to India by way of Japan and China. In India I remained two years, resuming during this period an Oriental garb, and living principally among my co-religionists. I was chiefly occupied, however, in studying the religious movement among the Hindoos known as the Bramo Somaj. From India I went to Ceylon, where I lived in great retirement, and became deeply immersed in the more occult knowledges of Buddhism. Indeed, these mystical studies so intensely interested me that it was with difficulty, after a stay of three years, that I succeeded in tearing myself away from them. I then passed, by way of the Persian Gulf, into Persia, remained a year in Teheran, whence I went to Damascus, where I lived for five years, during which time I performed the Hadj, more out of curiosity than as an act of devotion. Five years ago I arrived here on my way to Constantinople, and was so attracted by the beauty of the spot and the repose which it seemed to offer me that I determined to pitch my tent here for the remainder of my days, and to spend them in doing what I could to improve the lot of those amid whom Providence had thrown me.

"I am aware that this record of my travels will be received with considerable surprise by those acquainted with the habits of life of Turks generally. I have given it, however, to account for the train of thought into which I have been led, and the conclusions at which I have arrived, and to explain the exceptional and isolated position in which I find myself among my own countrymen, who, as a rule, have no sympathy with the motives which have actuated me through life, or with their results. I have hitherto observed, therefore, a complete reticence in regard to both. Should, however, these pages fall under the eye of any member of the Theosophic Society, either in America, Europe, or Asia, they will at once recognize the writer as one of their number, and will, I feel sure, respect that reserve as to my personality which I wish to maintain.

* "Say, is it the glance of the haughty Vizier,
Or the bark of the distant Effendi, you fear?"
—*Eastern Serenade*, Bon Gaultier's "Book of Ballads."

"I have already said that in early life I became thoroughly dissatisfied with the religion in which I was born and brought up; and, determined to discard all early prejudices, I resolved to travel over the world, visiting the various centers of religious thought, with the view of making a comparative study of the value of its religions, and of arriving at some conclusion as to the one I ought myself to adopt. As, however, they each claimed to be derived from an inspired source, I very soon became overwhelmed with the presumption of the task which I had undertaken; for I was not conscious of the possession of any verifying faculty which would warrant my deciding between the claims of different revelations, or of judging of the merits of rival forms of inspiration. Nor did it seem possible to me that any evidence, in favor of a revelation which was in all instances offered by human beings like myself, could be of such a nature that another human being should dare to assert that it could have none other than a divine origin; the more especially as the author of it was in all instances in external appearance also a human being. At the same time, I am far from being so daring as to maintain that no divine revelation, claiming to be such, is not pervaded with a divine afflatus. On the contrary, it would seem that to a greater or less extent they must all be so. Their relative values must depend, so far as our own earth is concerned, upon the amount of moral truth of a curative kind in regard to this world's moral disease which they contain, and upon their practical influence upon the lives and conduct of men. I was therefore led to institute a comparison between the objects which were proposed by various religions; and I found that, just in the degree in which they had been diverted from their original design of world regeneration, were the results unsatisfactory, so far as human righteousness was concerned; and that the concentration of the mind of the devotee upon a future state of life, and the salvation of his soul after he left this world, tended to produce an enlightened selfishness in his daily life, which has culminated in its extreme form under the influence of one religion, and finally resulted in what is commonly known as Western civilization. For it is only logical, if a man be taught to consider his highest religious duty to be the salvation of his own soul, while the salvation of his neighbor's occupies a secondary place, that he should instinctively feel his highest earthly duty is the welfare of his own human personality and those belonging to it in this world. It matters not whether this future salvation is to be attained by an act of faith, or by merit through good works—the effort is none the less a selfish one. The religion to which I am now referring will be at once recognized as the popular form of Christianity. After a careful study of the teaching of the great founder of this religion, I am amazed at the distorted character it has assumed under the influence of the three great sects into which it has become divided—to wit, the Greek, Catholic, and Protestant Christians. There is no teaching so thoroughly altruistic in its character, and which, if it could be literally applied, would, I believe, exercise so direct and beneficial an influence on the human race, as the teaching of Christ; but as there is no religious teacher whose moral standard, in regard to the duties of men toward each other in this world, was so lofty, so there is none, it seems to me, as an impartial student, the spirit of whose revelation has been more perverted and degraded by his followers of all denominations. The Buddhist, the Hindoo, and the Mohammedan, though they have all more or less lost the influence of the afflatus which pervades their sacred writings, have not actually constructed a theology based upon the inversion of the original principles of their religion. Their light, never so bright as that which illumined the teachings of Christ, has died away till but a faint flicker remains; but Christians have developed their social and political morality out of the very blackness of the shadow thrown by 'The Light of the World.' Hence it is that wherever modern Christendom—which I will, for the sake of distinguishing it from the Christendom proposed by Christ, style anti-Christendom*—comes into contact with the races who live under the dim religious light of their respective revelations, the feeble rays of the latter become extinguished by the gross darkness of this anti-Christendom, and they lie crushed and mangled under the iron heel of its organized and sanctified selfishness. The real God of anti-Christendom is Mammon: in Catholic anti-Christendom, tempered by a lust of spiritual and temporal power; in Greek anti-Christendom, tempered by a lust of race aggrandizement; but, in Protestant anti-Christendom, reigning supreme. The cultivation of the selfish instinct has unnaturally developed the purely intellectual

* I here remarked to the Effendi that there was something very offensive to Christians in the term *anti*-Christendom, as it possessed a peculiar signification in their religious belief; and I requested him to substitute for it some other word. This he declined to do most positively; and he pointed to passages in the Koran, in which Mohammed prophesies the coming of anti-Christ. As he said it was an article of his faith that the anti-Christ alluded to by the prophet was the culmination of the inverted Christianity professed in these latter days, he could not so far compromise with his conscience as to change the term, and rather than do so he would withdraw the letter. I have therefore been constrained to let it remain.

faculties at the expense of the moral; has stimulated competition; and has produced a combination of mechanical inventions, political institutions, and an individual force of character, against which so-called 'heathen' nations, whose cupidities and covetous propensities lie comparatively dormant, are utterly unable to prevail.

"This overpowering love of 'the root of all evil,' with the mechanical inventions in the shape of railroads, telegraphs, ironclads, and other appliances which it has discovered for the accumulation of wealth, and the destruction of those who impede its accumulation, constitutes what is called 'Western civilization.'

"Countries in which there are no gigantic swindling corporations, no financial crises by which millions are ruined, or Gatling guns by which they may be slain, are said to be in a state of barbarism. When the civilization of anti-Christendom comes into contact with barbarism of this sort, instead of lifting it out of its moral error, which would be the case if it were true Christendom, it almost invariably shivers it to pieces. The consequence of the arrival of the so-called Christian in a heathen country is, not to bring immortal life, but physical and moral death. Either the native races die out before him—as in the case of the Red Indian of America and the Australian and New-Zealander—or they save themselves from physical decay by worshiping, with all the ardor of perverts to a new religion, at the shrine of Mammon—as in the case of Japan—and fortify themselves against dissolution by such a rapid development of the mental faculties and the avaricious instincts as may enable them to cope successfully with the formidable invading influence of anti-Christendom. The disastrous moral tendencies and disintegrating effects of inverted Christianity upon a race professing a religion which was far inferior in its origin and conception, but which has been practiced by its professors with more fidelity and devotion, has been strikingly illustrated in the history of my own country. One of the most corrupt forms which Christianity has ever assumed was to be found organized in the Byzantine Empire at the time of its conquest by the Turks. Had the so-called Christian races which fell under their sway in Europe during their victorious progress westward been compelled, without exception, to adopt the faith of Islam, it is certain, to my mind, that their moral condition would have been immensely improved. Indeed, you who have traveled among the Moslem Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, who are the descendants of converts to Islam at that epoch, will bear testimony to the fact that they contrast most favorably in true Christian virtues with the descendants of their countrymen who remained Christians; and I fearlessly appeal to the Austrian authorities now governing those provinces to bear me out in this assertion. Unfortunately, a sufficiently large nominally Christian population was allowed by the Turks to remain in their newly-acquired possessions to taint the conquering race itself. The vices of Byzantinism speedily made themselves felt in the body politic of Turkey. The subservient races, intensely superstitious in the form of their religious belief, which had been degraded into a passport system, by which the believer in the efficacy of certain dogmas and ceremonials might attain heaven irrespective of his moral character on earth, were unrestrained by religious principle from giving free rein to their natural propensities, which were dishonest and covetous in the extreme. They thus revenged themselves on their conquerors, by undermining them financially, politically, and morally; they insidiously plundered those who were too indifferent to wealth to learn how to preserve it, and infected others with the contagion of their own cupidity, until these became as vicious and corrupt in their means of acquiring riches as they were themselves. This process has been going on for the last five hundred years, until the very fanaticism of the race, which was its best protection against inverted Christianity, has begun to die out, and the governing class of Turks has with rare exceptions become as dishonest and degraded as the Giaours they despise. Still they would have been able, for many years yet to come, to hold their own in Europe, but for the enormously increased facilities for the accumulation of wealth, and therefore for the gratification of covetous propensities, created within the last half-century by the discoveries of steam and electricity. Not only was Turkey protected formerly from the sordid and contaminating influence of anti-Christendom by the difficulties of communication, but the mania of developing the resources of foreign countries for the purpose of appropriating the wealth which they might contain became proportionately augmented with increased facilities of transport—so that now the very habits of thought in regard to countries styled barbarous have become changed. As an example of this, I would again refer to my own country. I can remember the day when British tourists visited it with a view to the gratification of their æsthetic tastes. They delighted to contrast what they were then pleased to term 'Oriental civilization' with their own. Our very backwardness in the mechanical arts was an attraction to them. They went home delighted with the picturesqueness and the indolence of the East. Its bazaars, its costumes, its primitive old-world *cachet*, invested it in their eyes with an indescribable charm; and books were

written which fascinated the Western reader with pictures of our manners and customs, because they were so different from those with which he was familiar. Now all this is changed: the modern traveler is in nine cases out of ten a railroad speculator, or a mining engineer, or a financial promoter, or a concession-hunter, or perchance a would-be member of Parliament like yourself, coming to see how pecuniary or political capital can be made out of us, and how he can best *exploiter* the resources of the country to his own profit. This he calls 'reforming' it. His idea is, not how to make the people morally better, but how best to develop their predatory instincts, and teach them to prey upon each other's pockets. For he knows that, by encouraging a rivalry in the pursuits of wealth among a people comparatively unskilled in the art of money-grubbing, his superior talent and experience in that occupation will enable him to turn their efforts to his own advantage. He disguises from himself the immorality of the proceeding by the reflection that the introduction of foreign capital will add to the wealth of the country and increase the material well-being and happiness of the people. But, apart from the fallacy that wealth and happiness are synonymous terms, reform of this kind rests on the assumption that natural temperament and religious tendencies of the race will lend themselves to a keen commercial rivalry of this description; and, if it does not, they, like the Australian and the Red Indian, must disappear before it. Already the process has begun in Europe. The Moslem is rapidly being reformed out of existence altogether. Between the upper and the nether millstone of Russian greed for territory and of British greed for money, and behind the mask of a prostituted Christianity, the Moslem in Europe has been ground to powder; hundreds of thousands of innocent men, women, and children have either perished by violence or starvation, or, driven from their homes, are now struggling to keep body and soul together as best they can in misery and desolation, crushed beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut of 'Progress'—their only crime, like that of the poor crossing-sweeper, I think, in one of your own novels, that they did not 'move on.' This is called in modern parlance 'the civilizing influence of Christianity.' At this moment the Russians are pushing roads through their newly acquired territory toward Kars. I am informed by an intelligent Moslem gentleman who has just arrived from that district that the effect of their 'civilizing' influence upon the inhabitants of the villages through which these roads pass is to convert the women into prostitutes and the men into drunkards. No wonder the Mohammedan population is flocking in thousands across the frontier into Turkish territory, abandoning their homes and landed possessions in order to escape the contamination of anti-Christendom.

"In these days of steam and electricity, not only has the traveler no eye for the moral virtues of a people, but his æsthetic faculties have become blunted; he regards them only as money-making machines, and he esteems them just in the degree in which they excel in the art of wealth-accumulation. Blinded by a selfish utilitarianism, he can now see only barbarism in a country where the landscape is not obscured by the black smoke of factory-chimneys, and the ear deafened by the scream of the locomotive. For him a people who cling to the manners and customs of a bygone epoch with which their own most glorious traditions are associated have no charm. He sees, in a race which still endeavors to follow the faith of their forefathers with simplicity and devotion, nothing but ignorant fanaticism, for he has long since substituted hypocrisy for sincerity in his own belief. He despises a peasantry whose instincts of submission and obedience induce them to suffer rather than rise in revolt against a government which oppresses them, because the head of it is invested in their eyes with a sacred character. He can no longer find anything to admire or to interest in the contrast between the East and West, but everything to condemn; and his only sympathy is with that section of the population in Turkey who, called Christians like himself, like him devote themselves to the study of how much can be made, by fair means or foul, out of their Moslem neighbors.

"While I observe that this change has come over the Western traveler of late years—a change which I attribute to the mechanical appliances of the age—a corresponding effect, owing to the same cause, has, I regret to say, been produced upon my own countrymen. A gradual assimilation has been for some time in progress in the East with the habits and customs of the rest of Europe. We are abandoning our distinctive costume, and adapting ourselves to a Western mode of life in many ways. We are becoming lax in the observances of our religion; and it is now the fashion for our women to get their high-heeled boots and bonnets from Paris, and for our youths of good family to go to that city of pleasure, or to one of the large capitals of Europe, for their education. Here they adopt all the vices of anti-Christendom, for the attractions of a civilization based upon enlightened selfishness are overpoweringly seductive, and they return without religion of any sort—shallow, skeptical, egoistical, and thoroughly demoralized. It is next to impossible for a Moslem youth, as I my-

self experienced, to come out of that fire uncontaminated. His religion fits him to live with simple and primitive races, and even to acquire a moral control over them; but he is fascinated and overpowered by the mighty influence of the glamour of the West. He returns to Turkey with his principles thoroughly undermined, and, if he has sufficient ability, adds one to the number of those who misgovern it.

"The two dominant vices which characterize anti-Christendom are cupidity and hypocrisy. That which chiefly revolts the Turk in this disguised attack upon the morals of his people, no less than upon the very existence of his empire, is that it should be made under the pretext of morality and behind the flimsy veil of humanitarianism. It is in the nature of the religious idea that just in proportion as it was originally penetrated with a divine truth, which has become perverted, does it engender hypocrisy. This was so true of Judaism that, when the founder of Christianity came, though himself a Jew, he scorchingly denounced the class which most loudly professed the religion which they profaned. But the Phariseeism which has made war upon Turkey is far more intense in degree than that which he attacked, for the religion which it profanes contains the most divine truth which the world ever received. Mohammed divided the nether world into seven hells, and in the lowest he placed the hypocrites of all religions. I have now carefully examined into many religions, but, as none of them demanded so high a standard from its followers as Christianity, there has not been any development of hypocrisy out of them at all corresponding to that which is peculiar to anti-Christianity. For that reason I am constrained to think that its contributions to the region assigned to hypocrites by the Prophet will be out of all proportion to the hypocrites of other religions.

"In illustration of this, see how the principles of morality and justice are at this moment being hypocritically outraged in Albania, where, on the moral ground that a nationality has an inherent right to the property of its neighbor, if it can make a claim of similarity of race, a southern district of the country is to be forcibly given to Greece; while, in violation of the same moral principle, a northern district is to be taken from the Albanian nationality, to which by right of race it belongs, and violently and against the will of the people, who are in no way consulted as to their fate, is to be handed over for annexation to the Montenegrins—a race whom the population to be annexed traditionally hate and detest.

"When anti-Christian nations, sitting in solemn congress, can be guilty of such a prostitution of the most sacred principles in the name of morality, and construct an international code of ethics to be applicable to Turkey alone, and which they would one and all refuse to admit or be controlled by themselves—when we know that the internal corruption, the administrative abuses, and the oppressive misgovernment of the power which has just made war against us in the name of humanity have driven the population to despair, and the authorities to the most cruel excesses in order to repress them—and when, in the face of all this most transparent humbug, these anti-Christian nations arrogate to themselves, on the ground of their superior civilization and morality, the right to impose reform upon Turkey—we neither admit their pretensions, covet their civilization, believe in their good faith, nor respect their morality.

"Thus it is that, from first to last, the woes of Turkey have been due to its contact with anti-Christendom. The race is now paying the penalty for that lust of dominion and power which tempted them in the first instance to cross the Bosporus. From the day on which the tree of empire was planted in Europe, the canker, in the shape of the opposing religion, began to gnaw at its roots. When the Christians within had thoroughly eaten out its vitals, they called on the Christians without for assistance; and it is morally impossible that the decayed trunk can much longer withstand their combined efforts. But, as I commenced by saying, had the invading Moslems in the first instance converted the entire population to their creed, Turkey might have even now withstood the assaults of 'progress.' Nay, more, it is not impossible that her victorious armies might have overrun Europe, and that the faith of Islam might have extended over the whole of what is now termed the civilized world. I have often thought how much happier it would have been for Europe, and unquestionably for the rest of the world, had such been the case. That wars and national antagonisms would have continued is doubtless true; but we should have been saved the violent political and social changes which have resulted from steam and electricity, and have continued to live the simple and primitive life which satisfied the aspirations of our ancestors, and in which they found contentment and happiness, while millions of barbarians would to this day have remained in ignorance of the gigantic vices peculiar to anti-Christian civilization. The West would then have been spared the terrible consequences which are even now impending, as the inevitable result of an intellectual progress to which there has been no corresponding moral advance. The persistent violation for eighteen centuries of the great altruistic law propounded and enjoined by the great founder

of the Christian religion must inevitably produce a corresponding catastrophe; and the day is not far distant when modern civilization will find that in its great scientific discoveries and inventions, devised for the purpose of ministering to its own extravagant necessities, it has forged the weapons by which it will itself be destroyed. No better evidence of the truth of this can be found than in the fact that anti-Christendom alone is menaced with the danger of a great class revolution: already in every so-called Christian country we hear the mutterings of the coming storm, when labor and capital will find themselves arrayed against each other—when rich and poor will meet in deadly antagonism, and the spoilers and the spoiled solve, by means of the most recently invented artillery, the economic problems of modern 'progress.' It is surely a remarkable fact that this struggle between rich and poor is specially reserved for those whose religion inculcates upon them, as the highest law, the love of their neighbor, and most strongly denounces the love of money. No country which does not bear the name of Christian is thus threatened. Even in Turkey, in spite of its bad government and the many Christians who live in it, socialism, communism, nihilism, internationalism, and all kindred forms of class revolution, are unknown, for the simple reason that Turkey has so far, at least, successfully resisted the influence of 'anti-Christian civilization.'

"In the degree in which the state depends, for its political, commercial, and social well-being and prosperity, not upon a moral but a mechanical basis, is its foundation perilous. When the life-blood of a nation is its wealth, and the existence of that wealth depends upon the regularity with which railroads and telegraphs perform their functions, it is in the power of a few skilled artisans, by means of a combined operation, to strangle it. Only the other day the engineers and firemen of a few railroads in the United States struck for a week; nearly a thousand men were killed and wounded before the trains could be set running again; millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed. The contagion spread to the mines and factories, and, had the movement been more skillfully organized, the whole country would have been in revolution, and it is impossible to tell what the results might have been. Combinations among the working classes are now rendered practicable by rail and wire, which formerly were impossible; and the facilities which exist for secret conspiracy have turned Europe into a slumbering volcano, an eruption of which is rapidly approaching.

"Thus it is that the laws of retribution run their course, and that the injuries that anti-Christendom has inflicted upon the more primitive and simple races of the world, which—under the pretext of civilizing them—it has explored to its own profit, will be amply avenged. Believe me, my dear friend, that it is under no vindictive impulse or spirit of religious intolerance that I write thus: on the contrary, though I consider Mussulmans generally to be far more religious than Christians, inasmuch as they practice more conscientiously the teaching of their Prophet, I feel that teaching from an ethical point of view to be infinitely inferior to that of Christ. I have written, therefore, without prejudice, in this attempt philosophically to analyze the nature and causes of the collision which has at last culminated between the East and the West, between so-called Christendom and Islam. And I should only be too thankful if it could be proved to me that I had done the form of religion you profess, or the nation to which you belong, an injustice. I am far from wishing to insinuate that among Christians, even as Christianity is at present professed and practiced, there are not as good men as among nations called heathen and barbarous. I am even prepared to admit there are better—for some struggle to practice the higher virtues of Christianity, not unsuccessfully, considering the manner in which these are conventionally travestied; while others, who reject the popular theology altogether, have risen higher than ordinary modern Christian practice by force of reaction against the hypocrisy and shams by which they are surrounded—but these are in a feeble minority, and unable to affect the popular standard. Such men existed among the Jews at the time of Christ, but they did not prevent him from denouncing the moral iniquities of his day, or the church which countenanced them. At the same time, I must remind you that I shrank from the task which you imposed upon me, and only consented at last to undertake it on your repeated assurances that by some, at all events, of your countrymen, the spirit by which I have been animated in writing thus frankly will not be misconceived.

"Believe me, my dear friend, yours very sincerely,

"A TURKISH EFFENDI."

Blackwood's Magazine.

FLESH-COLOR.

PAINTERS assure us that the object most difficult to imitate is the living human skin. There needs no artist come from the studio to tell us this. Humble critics though we be, we can easily distinguish between the work of nature and the work of art. There have been painted draperies whose folds we could probe, goblets we could place to our lips, perspective interiors we might walk into, water we could bathe in, flowers and fruits whose perfumes we might inhale; but no face or form depicted upon a canvas has ever so far deceived the eye as to be mistaken for the reality.

Perhaps the most successful thing in the way of pictorial illusion ever attempted is the famous diorama of the siege of Paris in the Champs Elysées of the French capital. In that interesting work the painter, assisted by the mechanist, has produced that which, to the most practiced eye, seems a natural landscape, in which a real sky, real trees and buildings, real earthworks, and real cannons appear. Figures of men, painted on the flat surface of the canvas—upon which every object is traced except that which constitutes the foreground—stand out in marvelous relief, and, but for their faces, might pass for human soldiers. Here, however, art has failed, as we are not long in discovering that the representations under our gaze are of paint and not of flesh and blood.

Apelles, from whom so many *ben trovato* anecdotes in connection with art are derived, is reported to have painted a basket of fruit so accurately that birds came and pecked at it. It is, however, somewhat doubtful whether this may be accepted as evidence of the artist's skill, when we consider how easily duped are those members of the feathered tribe who mistake a clumsily-constructed scarecrow for a live peasant, or a lump of chalk for a new-laid egg.

A far better instance of success in still-life painting is furnished by the story of George Morland, who, being unable to pay the reckoning at an inn, where the thriftless artist had halted during his vagrant wanderings, beat a hasty retreat by a low window. On the landlord entering the deserted chamber he beheld upon a table what appeared the untouched meal of his fraudulent visitor, but which was actually a painted representation of the food with its corresponding plates and dishes. The landlord, at first much aggrieved by the non-payment of his bill and the damage done to his furniture, was easily appeased when a certain connoisseur, who happened to call at the inn, offered to purchase the painted table for a price which more than compensated the owner.

Fiddles, flies, dead game, and other objects have been imitated with such fidelity as to be regarded by all persons beholding them as original or natural productions, and in a church on the Continent (I think at Genoa) there is a wall so cunningly painted as to lead the spectator to believe that he is gazing, not upon a flat surface, but upon a continuation of the sacred interior.

Several pages might be devoted to a record of similar art illusions in reference to inanimate subjects, but, of stories in which the representation of a human countenance has passed muster for the living reality, the majority are fabulous, while the best authenticated have usually been connected with certain external circumstances which have in some way assisted in the deception. It is related of Titian's portrait of Charles V. that, when viewed for the first time in a semi-darkened chamber near a table at which it was placed, the son of the Emperor began to converse with it, being under the impression that he was addressing his own father. Under similar circumstances did Cardinal Pescia kneel before Raffaele's likeness of Leo X. and present to it bulls for signature, believing the picture to be the Pope himself.

Sculptors have endeavored to give life and animation to their marble productions by the employment of paint, and by tinting the eyes and hair; waxworks have also done their best to deceive the eye in various ways; and a word might be said of that wonderful flesh-color which in our youth was intimately associated with our dolls, our toy theatres, our pantomimes, our Guy Fawkeses, and our silk stockings; but to these and other efforts to reproduce the human epidermis the moral saying, "Flesh is weak," might not unfitly be applied.

Since the time of Giotto and Cimabue the list of painters who have been remarkable as colorists is very small indeed. Michael Angelo, though a giant in all else that he attempted, was certainly not what is understood as a colorist, and since Michael Angelo lived there have been innumerable artists who have succeeded in every department of art except that of flesh-painting. Such striking exceptions as Titian, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Velasquez, Murillo, Paul Veronese, Giorgione, the Carracci, Correggio, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Etty, have been few and far between; and in more modern times, when art

competition has been greater than ever it was, painters of their rank have been even proportionately rarer.

Of those who have mastered the difficult department of color a distinction must again be made between the limner of youth and the limner of age; for there are many who fail in the one and yet succeed notably in the other. Thus it not unfrequently happens that a portrait-painter is far happier as a delineator of men than of women and children, and *vice versa*. Rembrandt himself is best known by his pictures of elderly people, belonging, for the most part, to the least comely class; though it might easily be presumed that so great a master of color and character was capable of accomplishing almost anything with the brush.

No subject is open to more controversy than that of flesh-painting, for every artist, unless he follow a particular school or master, has his own way of viewing nature. Give a dozen brothers of the brush the same model to copy from, and, though the result may in each case be satisfactory, no two will be found to resemble each other in point of tone, harmony, and *modus operandi*. To one the object before him has appeared somber and subdued; to another all is bright, vivid, and fresh; a third has been impressed by gray and pearly tones; a fourth has gazed as through a mist or a glass which is dimmed by frost; while a fifth has observed as if a magnifier interposed between him and the object he has striven to imitate.

Upon one canvas the colors will have been thickly and firmly laid, exhibiting such roughness and impasto that the picture can be adequately judged of only at a given distance. Upon another the hues have been placed lightly and thinly, displaying the utmost smoothness and delicacy. The flesh-tints belonging to this work have been secured only after many coats of paint have been applied, assisted by thin glazes of color and oil administered toward the finish; those appertaining to this have been accomplished at once without any preparatory groundwork or subsequent retouching.

To the first of these two opposite methods belong the Titian and Reynolds schools; to the last those of Velasquez, Vandyke, and the more modern painter Fortuny.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, after much study of his favorite masters and many studio experiments, arrived at the conclusion that the human epidermis, with its lights and shadows, its middle-tints and grays, could best be imitated with the fewest and simplest colors. He was in the habit of dissecting, as it were, the flesh-tints of his predecessors. Thus he would discover that a certain head by Correggio was painted in "dead-colored white, with black or ultramarine in the shadows; and over that is scumbled thinly and smooth a warmer tint." Similarly the Adonis of Titian in the Colonna Palace he describes as being composed of "dead-colored white, with the muscles marked bold; the second painting has scumbled a light-color over it; the lights a mellow flesh-color; the shadows in the light parts of a faint purple hue; at least, they were so at first. That purple hue seems occasioned by blackish shadows under, and the color scumbled over them. . . . I copied the Titian," he adds, "with white, umber, minio, cinnabar, and black; the shadows thin of color."

In a memorandum-book which the English portrait-painter kept in the year 1755, when he was receiving only five guineas for a head, is entered the following recipe for flesh-painting: "Black, blue-black, white, lake, carmine, orpiment, yellow ochre, ultramarine, and varnish." At a later period Reynolds altered his system, as it is pretty generally known that for his flesh he employed raw umber, Indian red, Vandyke brown, yellow ochre, raw sienna, vermilion, crimson lake, ivory-black, blue-black, and flake-white. Strange to say, some of these pigments are altogether avoided by more than one great colorist.

All colors were equally valuable to the late Spanish painter Mariano Fortuny, whose coloring was as brilliant and true to nature as his drawing was graceful and accurate. His method of work consisted, so to speak, in the absence of all conventional method. He was what is termed a "once" painter—that is, he endeavored to match the object before him at once, without any preliminary groundwork or subsequent retouching. His work was accomplished piecemeal, one portion being completed at a single sitting before a fresh portion was begun. It is well known that if a head or any part thereof did not "come right," as artists term it, before the day's labor was over, Fortuny would wipe or scrape it clean off the canvas and begin afresh on another occasion.

Fortuny was one of the few painters who have succeeded in producing work which will bear close inspection, and yet appear equally effective when viewed at a distance. This is generally admitted to be one of the most difficult things to accomplish in art, as it very frequently happens that a picture, however carefully executed and highly finished, will lose half its charm when a few yards interpose between it and the spectator, while a work which has been broadly treated, and can not possibly be approached, will, when inspected at a distance, seem smooth and sufficiently complete.

In one of the galleries at Florence there is a man's head painted with such extraordinary attention to detail that every hair, over as well as

under the brow, might be counted, and the shaven portion of the face, which is represented by innumerable dots corresponding with those observable in a man's beardless countenance, might be similarly reckoned. In the same manner are the pores of the skin so faithfully transcribed as to bear inspection through the most powerful magnifying-glass, and the eyes are treated in such a way that an oculist might study them with advantage.

After contemplating this remarkable production, the spectator wonders whether art has not achieved its completest triumph, and whether it is possible to match nature more accurately. But, with all its marvelous elaboration, and deceptive as the work actually is when closely examined, many of its merits disappear and give place to blemishes when the picture is observed at a given distance. For some reason, which a painter or a connoisseur might explain, the flesh appears as if composed of cream or wax.

Some artists have pet colors, so to speak, which they use more freely than any others, and thus it is that painters of reputation are easily recognized by the prevailing tone of their work. Here is one for whom brown seems an indispensable pigment; here is another who appears to accomplish nothing without a brick-dust red; a third luxuriates in cream color and buff; while, for a fourth, hues resembling brimstone and treacle seem to have a strange fascination. On the other hand, there are those who cherish a positive antipathy to certain colors, and who declare war to the (palette) knife, now to Vandyke brown, now to Indian red, to burnt sienna, to Antwerp blue or to crimson lake, pigments which to some are indispensable.

Most strange and varied are the hues employed by artists, and to the unlearned in such matters it seems incomprehensible how some of them should actually be required to do duty, especially in the portrayal of a human countenance. The very names are in many cases unfamiliar. It would perhaps never occur to the outsider that "mummy," which he had always associated with Egyptian embalmments, was a brown used by some artists for their shadows. He might well be puzzled to comprehend what difference there existed between this color and bone brown, or between the latter and Capphah brown, manganese brown, Prout's brown, Vandyke brown, Verona brown, madderine brown, and madder brown. As well might he be expected to distinguish between flake white, Chinese white, permanent white, silver white, barytes white; cremnitz white, white lead, and zinc white; or, to explain the precise nature of ceruleum, verdigris, cobalt, orpiment, cadmium, oxide of chromium, smalt, bistre, Cassel earth, verditer, aureolin, Italian pink, and Rubens's madder. It would scarcely be surprising if such a one were in doubt whether burnt sienna, mars orange, Chinese orange, lemon yellow, burnt brown ochre, warm sepia, sugar of lead, and dragon's blood were not connected with fruit and confectionery, or whether violet carmine and burnt carmine did not belong to heroines and martyrs of romance. Yet these and many equally strange names are perfectly comprehensible to artists—more particularly to those who follow the departments of landscape and water-colors.

Wilkie's favorite pigment was asphaltum, or bitumen, which at one period he used unsparingly not only in his flesh-shadows but in other portions of his work. This rich, transparent brown, which has a strange fascination for most artists, is, nevertheless, a most pernicious pigment, being far from permanent, with a tendency to crack and discolor, as is too clearly shown in many a *chef-d'œuvre* of our Scottish *genre* painter.

From the earliest periods there have been fashions in art as in everything else, and hence have arisen what are called schools of painting. An artist has but to make himself remarkable for some distinguishable feature in his art, and his manner will soon become popular.

Let him transcribe nature as if seen through a microscope, which his critics and admirers, for want of a better title, call pre-Raphaelitism, and soon there will gather a small army of enthusiasts, dubbing themselves pre-Raphaelites, who paint after the same pattern. In a few years the popular one alters his views and adopts the broad or slap-dash style, in direct opposition to that hitherto approved of. Then the pre-Raphaelites, dropping their microscopes, assume the white-wash-brush, and lay on their colors after the fashion of scene-painters.

Some one presently discovers that animate nature is best copied in the open air—an example previously set by Titian and other early masters—and forthwith a number of gentlemen of the brush, quitting their comfortable studios, betake themselves to the house-tops or to back-gardens, and pose their models *al fresco*; or the master may be impressed by the belief that human flesh shows to best advantage when more than half enveloped by shadow, in which case his enthusiastic followers place their subjects against the solitary window of a dimly lighted chamber and abandon themselves to somberness and gloom.

Most artists attach great importance to the backgrounds of their pictures. There are those who have a preference for a bright-blue sky or a cloudy and stormy firmament, while others show off their flesh-tints against a deep, rich crimson ground, a dark brown, or an invisible green.

Others again consider drab, yellow, or stone-color more becoming.

The painting of a head with its harmonious surroundings might not inappropriately be compared to a dramatic performance, in which the leading character is rendered more striking when well supported by those who fill subordinate parts and by the scenic accessories. Some painters will, however, sacrifice everything in their work which might otherwise tend to destroy the brilliancy and vividness of their flesh-tints, and hence portrait-painters are frequently careless in the matter of hands, dress, and other things.

The unfortunate artist who has not yet risen to eminence and consequent independence of action in his profession is often sadly restricted in this respect, when certain of his patrons insist upon the introduction or suppression of details which as frequently as not prove fatal to his fame. Queen Elizabeth, in sitting for her portrait, made it a condition that the artist should introduce no positive shadow in her royal countenance, and hence posterity is left with a flat as well as a flattered representation of her Majesty. The Chinese monarch who regarded the shaded side of Romney's portrait of George III. as so much dirt is another instance of the difficulties which an artist encounters in the matter of satisfying patrons.

Reynolds has left many stories in connection with fastidious sitters. One of these refers to a gentleman who desired to be painted with his hat on his head instead of in his hand, the latter position being more customary at the period when Sir Joshua chose conventional attitudes after the manner of his old master Hudson. It is said that when the likeness was sent home the wife of the sitter found to her surprise that her husband had not only one hat on his head but another under his arm!

Others besides Reynolds could doubtless supply innumerable stories of a similar character. What portrait-painter has not met with the double-chinned dowager who declines to have that superfluity of her face introduced in her picture on the score of unbecomingness, or the lady with the prominent teeth who will not be represented with an open mouth. How often have not gray hair been converted into raven black, green eyes into celestial blue, sallow skins into pink-and-white complexions, and corpulent busts into slim and graceful figures? What limner of faces has not been requested to be particular respecting the "pleasing" but artificial smirk of his sitter, and to bear in mind that there is actually no "tone" or "depth," as the artist would have it, on her fair countenance, but that it is white even unto chalkiness, just as her skin is smooth and highly polished, and not rough and thick with paint, as in the picture?

How many gaudy costumes, jewel-bedecked fingers, impossible accessories, have not been insisted upon by patron or patroness, who is indifferent whether the predominance of blue or any other vivid color does or does not spoil the general harmony of the picture?

With such difficulties to contend with, there is little wonder if a young and promising portrait-painter frequently fails in the matter of his flesh-color. With a slight paraphrase of the poet, one might say of him and his handiwork, "Let him paint an inch thick, to this complexion it must come."

All the Year Round.

LIFE AT HIGH PRESSURE.

HOW comes it that so many great men, men that have been great benefactors of their kind and have left great works behind them, have had to live under pressure, with strained energies, and the sense of having too much to do? It seems as if men could hardly become great under the conditions of a calm, leisurely life. A man can not run at his fastest, or swim his farthest, in ordinary circumstances; he must be running in an exciting race, or swimming for dear life, to do his best. It rarely appears what a man is capable of till he is put to his mettle. Necessity is a wonderful educator, a wonderful enlarger and quickener of men's faculties. We lately read an account of a printing-machine which from eight cylinders can print and fold about a hundred thousand newspapers in an hour. What but the pressure of necessity could ever have made machinery accomplish such wonders? It needs something of the same sort to take the most out of human faculties. Under the pressure, the faculties become enlarged and quickened, and are thus capable of producing results that calm leisure never attains.

Still it is true that overwork is an evil. It is more—it is often a murderer. Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Simpson, Dr. Norman Macleod, and many others certainly did not live to the end of their days, and it was overwork that robbed them of the residue. No doubt, as is often said, it is

not work but worry that does the mischief. But worry is the daughter of overwork; it is having too little time to be patient that gives the feeling of worry; it is having the nerves so stretched that the slightest opposition frets them. When a celebrated editor complained of being

> "Overworked, overworried,
> Over-Croker'd, over-Murray'd,"

the first word of his lamentation explained all the rest. Undoubtedly, then, overwork, while a means to good, is itself an evil. A distinguished man of our acquaintance used to say that the most desirable condition of life was to have just somewhat more to do than you could possibly accomplish. Not far too much, for that would crush you; but enough to check the tendency to laziness, enough to supply a perpetual spur. The evil is, that it is so difficult to realize this happy condition; men who are able to do much are usually pressed to do far too much; and the warning which so often comes in the form of paralysis or of heart-disease comes too late to admit of a remedy.

It must be accepted, we apprehend, as the true state of things that, while there are evils inseparable from high pressure and overwork, the best that a strong man is capable of can not be done without them. Let us observe, for example, how careful an overworked man is to make the most of his time. What an early riser he becomes! Can anything make a man start from the luxury of a half-waking, half-sleeping state in bed like the conviction that if he is not at work at a given minute the whole business of the day will be thrown into arrear and inevitable confusion? Dickens has a character somewhere who says he always goes to bed with regret and rises with disgust. The pressure of work removes both the regret and the disgust, for at bedtime bed is welcome to the busy worker, while in the morning it is a thief and a robber. How much more rapidly one runs through the newspaper when there is but ten minutes for it; or how much more quickly one transacts business, or makes inquiries, or goes through friendly greetings, when dozens are waiting in the anteroom, let doctors and lawyers say. "Don't go to men of leisure when you want anything done —go to busy men," was a saying of the late George Moore's, of Bow Churchyard, himself a busy man, the architect of a colossal business, and yet able to carry on his shoulders the interests of innumerable charities. In the United States they have a rule in some of their conventions that speakers shall not occupy more than two minutes. It seems to many as if a speaker would need that time at least to clear his throat; and yet it is wonderful what can be said in two minutes when neither love nor money can eke out the allowance.

Besides saving time, the pressure of work makes the mental machinery go faster. The mind comes under an excitement which quickens all its processes. The steam gets up, and the piston flies through the cylinder like lightning. Pieces of work have been done in these moods that would not or could not have been done under more still and quiet conditions. If St. Paul had not led so busy a life, his epistles would have borne a different character. They would not have the stimulating power they have. The rush and rapidity of the apostle's mind communicates itself to his readers. The same thing is true, in a sense, of the speeches of most great orators. Such things could not be produced in cold blood. Men must be on wings to do them. If the rocket were not discharged in a sort of frantic excitement, it would not describe the beautiful curve which it traces. It is certain that the leisure which busy men so naturally crave would greatly restrict and impair many of their greatest efforts. Their work might indeed be done with more finish and beauty of detail, but it would have far less of the living and quickening power to which, very probably, its chief value is due. No doubt, if sober thought be the chief thing needed in a piece of work, the slower it is done the better; a judge must be deliberate, and solemn, and slow; but, if the purpose be to illuminate, to quicken, to impel, the mind will be all the better of the excitement that comes from the pressure of too much to do.

When able men are urged on in this way, it is wonderful what they can do even in their *horæ subsecivæ*. Sometimes it seems as if they could never stop. They go on like the Flying Dutchman, as if they were embodiments of the perpetual motion. There is Mr. Gladstone, for example. No sooner is he relieved of the burden of the premiership than he is up to the neck in Homer. When people are wondering how he gets time to keep up his Greek, he is out with an elaborate pamphlet on Ultramontanism. Hardly is the ink dry when a publication is announced on the Turkish massacres. And, when people are thinking him fairly exhausted, he goes through an electioneering campaign like a meteor, and delivers a succession of speeches, that for every quality of powerful and brilliant oratory fill the whole world with astonishment. We suppose that in his best days a similar activity must have characterized Lord Brougham. When could he have written his papers for the Useful Knowledge Society, or studied and written his chapters on Paley's "Natural Theology"? The sparks from such men's anvils are equal to the chief products of ordinary craftsmen. But even these men

would probably have been eclipsed by the activity of the Spanish poet, Lope de Vega. It was calculated that twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines were actually printed, and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition acted upon the stage. "Were we to give credit to such accounts," says Lord Holland, "allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that on an average he wrote more than nine hundred lines a day; a fertility of imagination and a celerity of pen which, when we consider the occupations of his life as a soldier, a secretary, a master of a family, and a priest, his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese, and his reputation for erudition, become not only improbable, but absolutely, and one may say physically, impossible."

With such cases before us, we come more readily to understand the paradox that the busiest men are those who have most time, or at least most capacity, for extra work. The medical profession is full of instances. It is remarkable that the late Sir James Simpson, for instance, in the midst of an unprecedented professional practice should have been a keen antiquary, and should have found time to write so many antiquarian memoirs. It is said of the late Dr. Abercrombie, that his works on the "Intellectual and Moral Powers of Man" were composed in his carriage, as he was driving to see his patients. The instances of medical men in the height of practice writing papers for the medical journals, or preparing professional works for the press, are very numerous. The faculties of such men are so ready that in their moments of leisure they can do more than many another man who has no stated work at all. Even ordinary men understand quite well how irksome a very small bit of work, like the writing of letters, is in a holiday-time, when one is idle in the country; whereas, in the height of one's activity, a dozen letters could be dashed off in an hour, and not even counted in the hard work of the day. An able man, in the full swing of his manifold work, is like a machine that by belts and wheels can do all kinds of by-jobs, besides what engages the chief share of its activity.

Nor is such a life necessarily so oppressive as is often thought. Our Maker has so ordered it that one of our chief pleasures is derived from work successfully done. *Labor ipse voluptas.* There is always a gratification in "something accomplished, something done." Lope de Vega, writing his play in a single day, as he often did, had no doubt sufficient enjoyment in it to compensate him for all the confinement and toil. Rapid workers have not time to get disgusted with their work, as those are apt to do who brood over it. Disgust is usually the product of leisure and reflection, and comes at a second stage. If the work be somewhat varied, the pleasure in connection with its completion is varied too. Hence, perhaps, is the reason why the total and sudden giving up of work is often attended with evil results. The transition from a life full of activity and rich in the enjoyment of successful labor to a life of absolute idleness with no such vivid enjoyment has often proved fatal. There is too little activity in the new life, and too little of the pleasure of activity. Idleness, without the excitement and pleasure of work, becomes depressing. The vital forces droop and decay. On the other hand, to the busy worker, rest and recreation have a double relish. No holiday is so refreshing as that in which he runs away from his labors, and enjoys himself in quite a different scene. Swiss mountains and Swiss air have then a double charm. The interval is too short to produce the *ennui* that attends permanent separation from active pursuits. Few things live in the memory more vividly than the first month in Switzerland in the heart of a too busy life.

Too much to do, besides its direct effect on the busy worker, exposes him to certain inconveniences apt to escape the notice of others. One of these is the effect produced on his memory. One who leads a rushing life, who has to hurry from one thing to another, and from one person to another without a moment's interval, can not have a vivid remembrance of many things that happen in his experience. He is necessarily liable to forget, in a way that another can not understand. Many a busy physician has found himself at times in serious trouble from this cause. He has made a promise to a patient, but, before the promise had hardened in his memory, some exciting case has hurried him away, obliterated the impression, and the promise has been forgotten. Authors' memories have been known from a similar cause to play them strange tricks. We know an author who was engaged in writing a book amid many other absorbing occupations. For some weeks the book had to be laid aside. When leisure came, he resumed it, as he thought, at the point where he had broken it off, and got through a considerable chapter, when, to his mingled amazement and amusement, he found in his drawer another manuscript, almost precisely similar, the existence of which he had quite forgotten. So strange and incredible are these tricks of memory that sometimes the most honest of men, if examined in a court of justice, would hardly be believed. The *non mi ricordo* would hardly be accepted by those who have had little experience of the difficulty of carrying in the memory impressions

which have not had time to photograph themselves on its tablets, or have been blurred by other impressions following too quickly.

If a busy man is guilty of some neglect, leisurely people are apt to fancy an intentional slight where nothing of the kind was dreamed of. In the case of such a man, there is a twofold reason for applying the rule which Elizabeth Barrett, in one of her letters to Mr. Horne, thus gracefully acknowledged: "In one letter was something about neglect; you told me never to fancy a silence into a neglect. Was I likely to do it? Was there any room for even fancy to try? That would be still more surprising than the fact of your making room for a thought of me in the multitude of your occupations."

In the "Life of Charlotte Brontë," if we remember rightly, it is told how once, at the beginning of her literary life, she took it into her head that an eminent publisher was dissatisfied, because he did not at once acknowledge and answer a letter accompanying a manuscript. At Haworth it was not easy to understand the ways of Cornhill or Paternoster Row. We can fancy the grim smile on the face of the publisher, overwhelmed in all likelihood with letters, manuscripts, proofs, books, bills, and business of every sort, at the gentle impatience of the lady. Most publishers, and editors too, have doubtless had rather amusing experiences of the innocent impatience of correspondents. Letters to the editor often run as if the poor man had nothing whatever to do from morn to dewy eve but attend to their papers. He may be struggling, like a dray-horse in an overloaded wagon, to overtake the piles of crabbed handwriting in prose and verse that burden his table, ranging from essays in Chinese metaphysics to lines on a snowdrop, and possibly, in regard to a given paper, thinking of inserting it in the course of the season, when down comes a thundering epistle demanding why it did not appear in the last number. Well, the impatience of correspondents is not always innocent. Some have a spiteful pleasure in stinging the editor for "rejecting" what the unhappy man never asked. If he had only time, he might explain things, and perhaps pacify them; but perhaps not. Editors, we suppose, must submit to be counted tyrants, and probably fools to boot, by a large proportion of the ill-fated volunteers to whose surpassing merits they are so often inveterately blind.

More amusing are the strange fancies that some persons have as to what overworked men may be asked to do for them. In the very thick of the American war, there came to President Lincoln an Illinois farmer, in a great state of excitement about a pair of horses that one of Lincoln's generals had requisitioned for the war. The owner was, of course, entitled to compensation, but somehow it had not come. Going to the President, he told him his story, and was rather chagrined to be told that it did not lie with him to pay the money. "Then," says the farmer, "will you undertake to write to the General, and see that the matter is settled properly?" Poor Lincoln, who never wanted a story to help him in an emergency, was ready for his visitor. "When I was a rail-splitter," he said, "there lived near us a smart young fellow, the captain of a Mississippi boat, who could steer a vessel over the rapids with wonderful skill, as hardly any one else could. One day, when he was grasping the wheel with his utmost strength, at the most critical point of the rapids, a little boy came running up to him in great excitement and said, 'Cap'n, stop your ship, my apple has fallen overboard!'" In the "Life of Sir James Simpson" there are some curious notices of the extraordinary things that patients in the country would sometimes ask him to do. Once a gentleman wrote to him asking him to send him a copy of the prescription which he had given him some years before, when the doctor could hardly recall the man, much less the prescription. Others would ask him to go to Duncan and Flockhart's, and get them some particular medicine. A very busy clergyman of our acquaintance, when over head and ears with many things, once got a letter from a stranger in the United States, explaining that more than a century ago some one of the name of G—— owned a property near Edinburgh which was believed to have been destined by will in a particular way, so that the relatives in America thought they had some claim to it. He was requested to inquire into the matter, find out about the will, communicate with the present owners of the property, and put everything in train for a just settlement of the claim. It would have been reasonable for the writer to inclose a bill for five hundred dollars, but that, unfortunately, he omitted to do.

Unreasonable though it be to plague overworked men in this way, it is very interesting to find such men volunteering, in the midst of a hundred other things, to do some useful service to the friendless or the poor. Nothing could have been kinder, for example, than the act of Sir Walter Scott, writing out sermons for a young aspirant to the Scottish ministry, whose state of nerves made him unable to grapple with the task, and satisfy his presbytery. Similar, though in a quite different sphere, was the kindness shown by Vinet, at Lausanne, to a peasant-woman who invaded his solitude one Sunday morning. Overcome by toil and illness, Vinet had been obliged to forbid the visits of strangers, and his family were guarding him with all possible care. The

woman was an intelligent, God-fearing peasant, who had never succeeded in getting rest for her spirit; but, having fallen in with one of Vinet's books, she was persuaded that, if she could only see him, he would be able to give her the needed guidance. With much difficulty, she got admission to his room. We can fancy the anxious relatives enjoining her to detain him as short a time as possible. But Vinet, when he heard her story, was profoundly interested, and spent the whole day with her, up to the hour of the last stage-coach. The account which the woman gave to her own pastor, on returning home, was interesting. "Well," said the pastor, "have you been able to see him?" "Yes," she replied, "and at last I have found one who has humbled me." "Humbled you! M. Vinet is not the man to humble any one." "Yes, humbled me, and humbled me profoundly. In contact with his humility and goodness, I felt all my pride give way." Then she told how thoroughly he comprehended her case, how patiently he spent the whole day with her, and all in such a homely way that she felt as if he was her brother. A few days after, Vinet sent her a book newly published, as if she had been one of his chosen friends.

The anxiety of busy men to make up for any little want of attention to persons whom they ought to have known illustrates the same spirit of Christian chivalry. In the correspondence of Dr. Chalmers there is a characteristic letter to the daughter of the late Sir David Brewster, in the following terms:

"19 York Place, *May* 28, 1845.

"My Dear Miss Brewster: I can imagine nothing more monstrous than the stupidity into which I fear I must have fallen, if it was really you who sat near the moderator's chair this evening, and on whom I speculated in my own mind for hours as one I ought to have known. It is far the most mortifying instance, though many such have occurred, of my utter want of the organ of individuality; but I never could have fancied it possible that it ever could have happened in the case of one in whom (forgive me for saying it) I feel so much interest. It would comfort me effectually if you would have the goodness to let me know where and when it is that I may have the pleasure of waiting upon you. Ever believe me, my dear madam, yours most affectionately and truly,

"Thomas Chalmers."

Of all the instructive instances of busy lives we have, that of our Lord is far the most remarkable. It is only when we pay minute attention to the notices of his labors that we can understand what a crowded life he led. Galilee alone, through the whole of which he made several circuits, embraced, according to Josephus, two hundred and four towns and villages; and, besides Galilee, we read of his visiting the remote north, at Cæsarea Philippi, the remote northwest, in the coasts of Tyre and Sidon; we know of his passing through Samaria, of his being on the east of Jordan, and of his being often in and near Jerusalem. Throughout every part of this wide district, he not only preached, taught, and healed, but he had numberless collisions with opponents; he lived under a constant apprehension of attack; he carried on the training of the apostles, and in their slowness of heart, forgetfulness, want of faith, and personal strifes, he encountered a serious addition to his burdens, although it would be harsh to suppose that on the whole their company did not cheer and refresh him. The strain on the bodily energies in a life involving so much physical movement and labor must have been very great; the strain on the nervous system where there was so much excitement, and where such vital interests were at stake, must have been even greater. And yet he appears to have gone through all his labor with marvelous calmness and self-possession. From the narrative of his life, nothing is more remote than the air of bustle or hurry; it has, indeed, quite a wonderful aspect as of Oriental calm and leisure. Owing to his systematic way of working, he was always beforehand, always ready. His discourses have a marvelously finished air, as if they had been all matured before they were spoken. His very answers to casual objectors were marvelously clean-cut and finished. He never found himself in a situation in which he was disconcerted, or at a loss how to act. And, in his mind, one thing was never allowed to jostle another, however full it might be of projects, or however burdened with responsibility. The last scenes of his life exemplify this orderliness and business-like composure of mind in a wonderful way. And what we have already adverted to as so chivalrous in busy men, when turning aside to care for others—

> "The mind at leisure from itself,
> To soothe and sympathize,"

was singularly beautiful in him. The farewell discourse, the intercessory prayer, the healing of Malchus, the look turned on Peter, the word to the daughters of Jerusalem, the prayer for his murderers, the promise to the thief, the commending of his mother to the beloved disciple—what wonderful consideration for others did all these imply, in the midst of his own great agony? How well he knew how to conquer the snares of overwork, and turn everything to the highest ends of life! How wonderfully the divine shines

through the human, without overlaying it in that unexampled career!

We have glanced at some of the phenomena of that busy mode of life which seems to be more common in this age than in most that have gone before. It has its drawbacks and its dangers, but is not without compensations, and even blessings.

W. G. BLAIKIE (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

WE were told, a few days ago, that an old project had recently been revived at Constantinople, and that the Porte, despairing of raising money in any ordinary way, had offered to sell Palestine to the Jewish Alliance, of course for cash down, and to allow the restoration of the Jews as a people to their own land. The country would be declared a principality, with a Jewish prince or president, guaranteed against interference so long as a fixed tribute was regularly paid. We did not, and do not, believe the story, which would be most unacceptable to the religious party among Mohammedans, and probably owes its origin to the hopefulness of some students of prophecy among ourselves; but it is constantly revived, and most Englishmen seem unaware of the immense difficulties in the way of any such project. The Jews, it is said, are very rich; they have more than enough people for so small a country; and they would, of course, be most delighted to recover their nationality, and recommence in a revived temple the antique ritual of their worship. Why should they not buy Palestine? We rather doubt, we may remark, *en passant*, whether the Jews, as a people, are exceptionally rich; whether their six millions, as compared with any other small nation of six millions or less—say, even the Irish or the Belgians—are not exceptionally poor. They own no country, to begin with, and the fee-simple of a country is worth many millions a year. Take that away from the English rich, and what proportion of wealth would remain? Half? Then, though the Western Jews are well off and in many families of quite exceptional wealth, the Jewish millions in Poland, Hungary, Russia, and Southeastern Europe are very poor, own in purely agricultural countries scarcely any land, and are not allowed to exercise their remarkable gifts for the smaller commerce, for shopkeeping, and for money-dealing, with anything like sufficient freedom. There is hunger in Jewish Poland very often. The average income of the Jews of the world must be very small, and their savings wholly incommensurate with the popular notion in England and France of their abounding wealth. We may, however, let that pass. The richer Jews could, we doubt not, capitalize any revenue the Porte receives from Palestine, and guarantee a yearly backsheesh besides, but it may be strongly doubted whether they would be willing to do anything of the kind. Their leaders are the Jews of the West, and the Jews of the West are not very enthusiastic about anything but their own social claims, and perhaps art, and would, we believe, agree that the possession of their own country would be a great burden to them. They would at once become Judeans as well as Jews—that is, would be aliens in every other country in the world, an immense loss to them, politically and socially. At present, though still singularly separate in many of their feelings and ideas, they are regarded as citizens by the country in which they happen to be born, and can and do rise high in all departments of life; but with a separate nationality they would be regarded as foreigners, and would in no long time be treated as such. There is little prejudice in England and France against foreigners, Germans rising in the one country and Italians in the other. But it would be difficult in England for a foreigner to enter the government, as Sir G. Jessel might now do; or to become a minister in France, as M. Crémieux or M. Fould did; or to lead a great party in the state, as Herr Lasker has done for many years in Germany. The Jews would not be trusted as they are now, and their professions of patriotism, quite true in many countries, more especially in France and Germany, instead of being reckoned in their favor, would be accounted slightly discreditable, as indicating want of proper feeling toward their own land, with its unique history. People do not admire the Greeks very much, but a Greek who hated Greece would be detestable. The Jews even now feel the annoyance of their separateness, and always make it their first claim in any country to be treated as citizens of that country, even submitting to the conscription and accepting commissions without any obvious, or it may be any real, reluctance. To lose this position would be a serious loss, especially in Eastern Europe, for it might involve the loss of civil status altogether. The position of the race in Eastern Europe, broadly stated, is

this: that while the peoples are decidedly disposed to persecute the Jews, and the governments are more or less unfriendly, both are reluctant, owing to the intellectual influence of the West, to seem to persecute on religious grounds. They prefer to say that the Jews would absorb all national wealth. They could, however, and would, disable the Jews from sitting in the national assemblies, from holding many offices, and from entering some employments, on the ground that they were foreigners; and the West, which still keeps up the exclusion of foreigners in theory, though in practice, no doubt, the principle is waived, could not even seriously remonstrate. No country, it would be said, could be expected to allow a third of its representation, or of its military commissions, or of its magistracy, or even of its public-houses, to be occupied by foreigners, belonging to a state which possibly might be at war with them, or actively hostile to their policy. No doubt the anti-Jewish feeling might die away, but it also might not, and it is exceedingly probable that it would not. There are signs abroad which suggest that the Jews are by no means altogether safe. In America, society has quite recently displayed a sort of loathing for them. Eastern Europe bitterly resents their adhesion to the Mussulman, or rather the Asiatic, cause, and is inclined to rank them rather with the oppressors who are falling, than with the liberated classes who are rising into power. Their success in commerce creates jealousy, and their habit in the East of acting on certain occasions as corporations arouses both dislike and dread, which, in some places, such as Salonica, are not entirely unreasonable. To become aliens—citizens of a state quite separate, yet not European, and not strong enough to extort redress by fleets and armies—would decidedly not improve their position in the world.

But they would depart for their own land? We do not know why they should. They seem to like every country they enter, very rarely abandoning it, except under compulsion, and they are apparently independent of climate. It is probable that during the ages which the race has passed in Ghettos, Jewries, Jew quarters, and the obscure parts of cities and villages, certain liabilities to disease have been eliminated from the Jews, only the exceptionally strong families surviving chronic malaria. It is said they do not die of cholera, and, though that is an illusion, they do live under circumstances in which healthy Yorkshire laborers would die like flies. At all events, they are more independent of climate than any other people, and can live and flourish in the villages on the great Russian plain, which Scotchmen find cold; and in the marshes of Bengal, which many Asiatics pronounce unendurable from the heat. In the most wind-swept provinces of Russia there are Jews by thousands apparently quite acclimatized, while Jewish families of Calcutta have resided there—that is, under extreme conditions of heat—for a hundred years, and remain not only among the healthiest of the community, but exceptionally fair, far more fair than the Jews of Western Europe, who have grown darker and more sallow in the narrow and squalid quarters to which persecution confined them.

They would have little motive in going to Judea, where there are no cities, no business, and no attraction of climate for them; and, even if a strong religious or historic impulse drew them there, they would find endless difficulties. We suppose a government could be organized, though it is remarkable that the nation has no great family in its midst universally accepted as its representative house; and no aristocracy except the reputed descendants of the active section of the Levites. The two great houses of the Jews, in the political sense, the house of David and the Asmoneans, have perished utterly, the last Prince of the Captivity, who was by universal tradition Hebrew, and we think by evidence of the royal line, dying at Cadiz in the sixteenth century, and persecution to a great extent wore down all distinctions of grade, though Jewish families once great in Spain do, we believe, exist. Still a government could be formed, but the difficulty would be a people. Judea is a country which might be prosperous, beautiful, and fertile, if it were "improved" for half a century—that is, if the hills were replanted, if the water supply were renewed, and if the soil were resolutely cultivated and manured; but that is not work to which the modern Jews are adapted. They must number in out-of-the-way places many tillers of the soil, but they are not voluntarily peasants anywhere. We do not know that their writers have ever explained this remarkable change in the habits of a purely agricultural people, but they acknowledge and lament it; and we suppose the truth to be this, that, having no special aptitude for agriculture, and having a special aptitude for other occupations, they have by degrees come to dislike and abandon the one which, whatever we may say of its attractions, has in every country and every age fallen to the least intellectual and ambitious of the community. It is most honorable to plow, but all are more comfortable than the plowman. Be that as it may, the Jews would find the greatest difficulty in becoming a nation of cultivators, and would, we conceive, employ other hands, possibly under some system of semi-slavery, under which there would, in Palestine, be only room for a very small portion of their numbers, not so many, probably, as there are

Greeks in the present Greece. Even they would find maintenance very difficult, and the development of independent political strength nearly impossible. They might obtain Arab help, and gradually extend themselves, but in the existing circumstances of the world a Jewish kingdom or republic on the southeastern shore of the Mediterranean, with the desert behind it, and no carrying trade—for that trade will go by sea, if the Duke of Sutherland builds railways from now till A. D. 2000—would be a rather feeble and poverty-stricken affair, not half so attractive to the community as the great cities which the Northern barbarians, who were savages when the Maccabees were encouraging learning, have built up in the West. We fear the Jews of England will prefer London, even in this weather, to the delicious sky of Syria; and that it will not be given to this age, which has seen so many nations rise and fall, to witness the restoration of the Jews to Palestine, and the renewal of the daily sacrifice on Mount Moriah.

London Spectator.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A DANGEROUS CLASS IN AUTHORITY.

IT is unnecessary to say that in every community there ought to be on the part of the people a great respect for law and authority; but then law and authority should also entertain a proper respect for the people. While it is incumbent upon us all to uphold order, it is equally incumbent upon us to uphold the safeguards that protect the liberties of the citizen. We are equally in danger from the excesses of dangerous classes on the one hand and from usurpations of authority on the other; and hence, while right-minded people give support to all necessary regulations and restraints, they should take care that the authority which enforces these regulations and restraints does so within legal limits. In the light of these axioms let us look at an event that occurred in New York recently.

On Saturday evening, January 17th, a number of policemen made a sudden descent, or "raid," as it is called, upon a dance-house in Bleecker Street. All the occupants of the house—proprietor, attendants, dancers, spectators—numbering some three hundred persons, were marched off to various station-houses and locked up for the night. The next morning they were brought before a police-magistrate and most of them fined. It does not appear from the accounts that anything was going on in the dance-house of a turbulent or legally objectionable character. The house had been opened that evening just as it had been for many evenings successively before, and people had flocked in for the kind of amusement given there. The questions, therefore, that promptly arise are: Upon what ground was this place amenable to law on that particular evening more than upon any other? Upon what warrant or authority was this descent planned and the wholesale arrests made? Was this dance-house legally or illegally open to the public? If it was an illegal place of entertainment, the plain duty of the police would have been to have ordered it closed long before this particular evening, and to have quietly seen that their injunctions were respected. The whole question was between the proprietor and the police, and the law provides means for adequately and rightly dealing with it. To have permitted a place of illegal amusement to remain open a day after its real nature had been discovered was, of course, a gross dereliction of duty on the part of the police. If, however, it was legally open, what right, then, had the police to make a "raid" upon it? Did it by any process shift from legal to illegal ground on that particular night? No such affirmation is made. It is true the house had been complained of as disorderly. As a disorderly house it was certainly amenable to law—that is, on competent testimony a warrant should have been issued, the proprietor arrested, and upon sufficient evidence of the truth of the allegation his license canceled—for it seems that this illegal place had been legally licensed—and, if otherwise amenable to the law, he should have been prosecuted, tried in the court organized for jurisdiction over such offenses, and if found guilty punished according to the statute. Or, in case of a disturbance in the place, it would have been proper for the police to have forced an entrance and arrested all persons found breaking the peace. The means for legal remedy in the case were ample, straightforward, and as plain as day; but the police thought fit to adopt a method that was a greater violation of the law than anything alleged against the proprietor or the inmates. The whole transaction was a high-handed piece of despotism of a kind that should never be tolerated in any self-respecting community. In this wholesale capture every arrest was distinctly illegal, although it is very likely that under a legitimate process some persons could have been held. But the majority were nothing more than idle spectators, allured into a public place by bright lights and the promise of amusement, and some no doubt were ignorant of its reputation. It is doubtless very bad taste to visit a place of this character, but if exhibitions of bad taste are contrary to law some of our churches as well as

dance-houses will have to be closed. Some of the inmates of the Bleecker Street house were very likely no better than they should be—but it is not yet a principle of law that a roomful of people may be arrested and incarcerated because there is a pickpocket among them. As for the persons who fell victims to misused authority on that January night, the worst thing we know of them is their littleness of spirit. They did not seem to know their rights as citizens, but slunk away after paying their fines as if they had been really guilty of some offense.

The submission of the men arrested was deplorable, but the indifference of the general public was worse. Had this dance-house been a reputable place, there would no doubt have been a great explosion of wrath on the part of the people; but, as the principle is the same whether a dance-house or a fashionable club falls a victim to despotism, a lofty public sentiment would make no discrimination between them. We fear, indeed, that, while the public would exhibit indignation in one case, they are disposed to look upon the other as simply a good joke. Their feeling in the matter is wholly personal and social. It is possible, also, that petty acts of despotism on the part of the police do not seem of much importance to many persons. An act of usurpation on the part of the Federal or a State government would doubtless arouse all their spirit, especially if the act had been committed by their political opponents; but police affairs they consider undignified and insignificant, and affecting none but inferior people. And yet the police stand in very intimate relations to us all; and, although to be always living under the likelihood of arbitrary arrest and imprisonment for purely fictitious offenses would not be as serious a form of despotism as that which many communities have endured, it would be intensely galling, and should not be submitted to for a day. But there is a lack, we are sorry to say, of that high-spirited intelligence which resents the first encroachment of authority under whatever guise it may come. The cause of this, we suspect, lies in the fact that our people have always been too secure in their liberties to look with alarm upon the small beginnings of despotism. The English people, on the other hand, have wrested their liberties and privileges from unwilling hands after centuries of struggle; nearly every privilege they possess or liberty they enjoy has been won after resistance and by blood. We have had one fierce struggle for political independence; but even then our personal liberties were scarcely at stake, and since then they have seemed so founded on the rocks that, while we give an intellectual assent to the axioms and sentiments that warn us to guard these privileges well, we yet do not feel intensely and deeply in the matter. We are not watchful, jealous of encroachment, quick to insist that while the law must be obeyed the administrators of the law shall be bound by the law. Let us say that if this spirit does not rouse itself, we in the great cities, who have organized formidable means for restraining the dangerous classes, will find that we have built up a power that may become as dangerous as the evil it has overcome.

MEDICAL PRACTICE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

It is told of the late Dr. Magendie, the eminent physiologist, that, in closing a series of his lectures at the College of France, he addressed the students of the medical school in the following terms: "Gentlemen, you have learned from my disquisitions, if they have been of any benefit to you, that there is no such thing as a science of medicine, and that the practice of medicine—empirical at the best—must be based upon observation and experiments, many of which are as likely to injure as to help. No doubt, when you go out into the world and begin to practice for yourselves, you will find the recovery of patients apparently consequent upon your efforts; but let me tell you what the agencies really are that coöperate in the cure of disease: nature does much; careful nursing does much; doctors devilish little."

This can hardly have been regarded as encouraging by the young men who were about to enter upon their career as professors of the healing art; but even so scanty a measure of merit can scarcely be conceded to the medical practice of a century or two ago. In the memoirs of Mrs. Delany (reviewed on another page) there are many curious details of life and society in England during the eighteenth century, but none so startling and suggestive as those which reveal the methods and remedies then adopted in the treatment of disease. If these revelations are to be believed—and they are evidently entirely trustworthy—then it must be admitted that the physician should properly have been numbered among the perils of life at that unhappy period with plague, pestilence, and famine.

Mrs. Delany was a member of an ancient and opulent family, and among such families the troubles of an infant began with its birth, for it was the custom of the time not only for mothers not to nurse their own offspring, but to subject them to something which bore a close resemblance to what in our day is called "baby-farming." We read repeatedly of babies being delivered over to farmers' wives for nursing and "bringing up," and it appears from certain items in Mrs. Delany's narrative that even those who had the reputation of being remarkably good mothers would know hardly anything of their own children until the period of infancy was past. The kind of treatment which such infants received, even when placed under the most favorable conditions, may be inferred from a casual sentence in a letter from Mrs. Granville, mother of Mrs. Delany, which conveys the cheering news that her little grandchild (an infant not yet weaned) was "getting better of its sickness," in proof of which it had just eaten for dinner some "buttered turnips"!

That frequent illnesses should result from such a regimen might naturally be inferred, and, as a matter of fact, children seldom make their appearance in

Mrs. Delany's correspondence except to have some record made of their sicknesses or death. The "ague" seems to have been considered an inevitable ailment of childhood, precisely as whooping-cough and the measles are now; and no child of the period appears to have failed of its duty in this regard, though how either patient or disease survived the treatment to which it was subjected must always remain a mystery and a marvel. "Bark" was administered in quantities sufficient to have tanned the interior of their little stomachs, and when bark failed these two "infallible receipts" were recommended: "1. Pounded ginger, made into a paste with brandy, spread on sheep's leather, and a plaster of it laid over the navel. 2. A spider put into a goose-quill, well sealed and secured, and hung about the child's neck as low as the pit of the stomach."

Such children as were perverse enough to survive the ague and the bark sometimes had worms, but there was another "infallible receipt" for the cure of these, and it was confided (in italics) by Mrs. Delany to her sister, whose little boy was so troubled: "*A pound of quicksilver boiled in a gallon of water till half the water is consumed away; to be constantly drunk at his meals or whenever he is dry.*" To be effective, it is added, this remedy "must be continued constantly for a year." Nearly as inviting, and doubtless equally efficacious, was the remedy for coughs: "Does Mary cough in the night? Two or three snails boiled in her barley-water or tea-water, or whatever she drinks, might be of service to her: taken in time, they have done *wonderful cures*. *She* must know nothing of it—they give no manner of taste. It would be best nobody should know it but yourself, and I should imagine *six* or *eight* boiled in a quart of water strained off and put into a bottle would be a good way, adding a spoonful or two of that to *every liquid* she takes. They must be fresh done every two or three days, otherwise they grow *too thick*."

It may seem incredible that any children should have survived both the diseases and the remedies; nevertheless, we have testimony to the fact that some actually did, and those who were unlucky enough to do so were speedily introduced to the small-pox. This, like the ague, appears to have been numbered among the inevitable visitations of Providence, and, so far from any attempt being made to escape the infection, particular pains were taken when one member of a family was stricken down to give the rest an opportunity to enjoy the same distinction. Even in such a family as the Duke of Portland's, where, presumably, the best medical advice would be had, no attempt seems to have been made to keep the sick from the well; and, the eldest son being absent at college when his sisters were taken sick, he was allowed to come home and take his chances with the rest—the result in his case being an especially malignant attack of the disease.

People at all familiar with earlier medical practice are aware of the frightful amount of bloodshed to which sick and feeble folk were subjected. The correspondence of Mrs. Delany in this particular is as sanguinary at times as the gazette of a battle. There can be little doubt that the lancet was once a far deadlier weapon than the sword. People were bled before a fever, during a fever, and after a fever; they were bled as soon as the symptoms of disease presented themselves, and they were bled to help forward convalescence; sick or well, some pretext was found for bleeding them, and, whenever a doctor could think of nothing else to do, he bared his lancet and began to feel around for a vein. Sweet Anne Granville, the sister of Mrs. Delany—a pale, frail, delicate creature, who evidently stood in need of the most nourishing possible diet—was literally (as it is easy to see now) bled into a premature grave; and Lord Tichborne, a boy of seventeen, eldest son of the Duke of Portland, being sick with the small-pox, had *fifty-six ounces* of blood taken from him within *forty-eight hours!*

Some of the passages in Mrs. Delany's letters are really too monstrous and sickening to quote; and, in view of all we have cited, well may the editor of the correspondence say that "the constant agues which children suffered from in the last century and the incessant course of drugs which they imbibed inwardly and outwardly give cause for wonder that anybody survived *to be bled* when they were grown up, or that, having thus survived, any one ever arrived at old age!"

MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

THE large public of readers who are now enjoying the perusal of Madame de Rémusat's revelations of social and court life, under the Consulate and the First Empire, would doubtless be glad to know something of the rather remarkable woman who wrote these piquant and entertaining memoirs. Madame de Rémusat may be said to have been almost entirely unknown in this country previous to the publication of this work, and yet we find her included in the "Portraits of Celebrated Women," which Sainte-Beuve, the French essayist and critic, gave to the world years ago. From this sketch we learn that Madame de Rémusat had made essays in literature which attracted the attention of some of her contemporaries, but which are probably little known now. "She had written early with facility and grace," says Sainte-Beuve (we make our extracts from the translation of H. W. Preston, published by Roberts Brothers); "short essays of hers have been discovered, composed at the age of fifteen or sixteen, as well as novelettes and attempted translations of some of the odes of Horace. Every night for years she committed to paper a graphic narrative of the day's events. All her life she wrote many and long letters, the greater part of which have been preserved and may yet be collected." She wrote two romances: the first, entitled "Charles and Claire; or the Flute," was published in 1814, of which Sainte-Beuve says the plot was "graceful and peculiar"; the second, under the title of "The Spanish Letter; or the Minister," was begun in 1805, but not completed until 1820. Another work, published by her

son after her death, consisted of letters on Female Education. "I shall not examine in detail," remarks Sainte-Beuve, "a book which any reader will appreciate. The whole aim and spirit of the work are moral, earnest, graceful. We feel the presence in it of a peculiar inspiration, a kind of secret muse. One must be a mother to yearn thus tenderly over coming generations; and when she drew her ideal wife she was thinking of her son."

Madame de Rémusat was Claire Elisabeth Gravier de Vergennes, and was born in Paris in the year 1780. She was grand-niece to that minister of Louis XVI. who bore the same name. Her father, at the time of the breaking out of the Revolution, held at Paris an important post, amounting to a kind of general directorship. He took part in the administration of the Commune in 1789, but was soon set aside, and perished on the scaffold in 1794. Soon after, in her seventeenth year, Mademoiselle de Vergennes was married to M. de Rémusat, a former magistrate of the Supreme Court. "In this bridegroom of double her own age," says Sainte-Beuve, "she found an accomplished guide and friend; and with him, her mother, and her sister, she continued for some years after her marriage to live a life of retirement, quiet enjoyment, and intellectual culture." Madame de Rémusat's mother had long been acquainted with Madame Beauharnais, and their acquaintance continued after the latter became Madame Bonaparte. When the First Consul had firmly established the new government, Madame de Vergennes applied for a position for her son-in-law, and Madame Bonaparte then conceived the idea of taking Madame de Rémusat for one of her ladies in waiting, making M. de Rémusat Prefect of the Palace. The readers of the "Memoirs" know the rest. Madame de Rémusat was then twenty-two years of age, and Sainte-Beuve describes her as follows:

> Her classic face was animated most of all by the expression of her very beautiful black eyes. The rest of her features, though not striking at first, rather gained upon inspection, and her whole person seemed to improve the longer you regarded it. . . . I should have too much to say, and I should say too little, were I to follow Madame de Rémusat through that court-life into which she found herself thrust at twenty-two, after her sober and solitary youth. Gifted with prudence and maturity beyond her years, her upright soul avoided danger, and her vigorous mind gathered instruction from what she saw. . . . Madame de Rémusat was one of those who talked most with the Consul during these first years. To what did she owe this privilege? She herself has accounted for the fact in a half-bantering tone. She brought a frank simplicity and easy habits of conversation into that world of etiquette and watchwords, the greater number of whose denizens were at first both ignorant and timid. She admired Bonaparte, and had not yet learned to fear him. To the abrupt questions and rapid monologues with which he addressed them, the other women generally replied by monosyllables only, while she sometimes had a thought, and ventured to express it. At first this caused something very like scandal, and awakened extreme jealousy; and she was obliged to purchase forgiveness by silence on the morrow. But she could do better even than respond, when, as often happened, Bonaparte inadvertently thought aloud. She could hear, comprehend, and follow him. He was very quick to detect this sort of intelligence, and had an unbounded admiration for it, especially in a woman. . . . Different causes and circumstances soon checked the early communicativeness, and put a stop to the conversations of the hero with the woman of intelligence—first, her own realization of the uncertainty of her position, then the increasing stringency of imperial etiquette. Madame de Rémusat's was undoubtedly too free and active a mind for her to hear politics discussed without subsequent reflections. This the Emperor perceived, and it made him suspicious. She was attached by affection as well as position to the Empress Josephine, and she felt it to be her duty to follow the fortunes of the latter. M. de Rémusat continued near the Emperor, fulfilling the functions of his office with more of precision and conscientiousness than of ardor. After the divorce there was a marked and definite withdrawal of patronage, and their close connection with M. de Talleyrand during the last years of the Empire caused the shadow of his disgrace to fall upon them.

Sainte-Beuve published this essay in 1858, and Madame de Rémusat had even then long lain in the grave. She died in 1821, nearly sixty years before her descendants have thought fit to give her remarkable reminiscences to the world. The "Memoirs" must have been known in part at least to Sainte-Beuve, for he declared that he had not the right to appropriate them, and he describes the circumstances of her destruction of the first manuscript as follows: "In 1815, during the hundred days, some peculiar circumstances, which she doubtless exaggerated, excited her alarm on the score of these papers, teeming as they were with items and with names. Veracity is almost always terrible. She sallied forth to place them in the keeping of a friend, but, failing to find her, she returned in haste, and threw them into the fire. Before an hour had elapsed, she regretted what she had done. It was not until the publication of Madame de Staël's work on the French Revolution that she felt the courage to undertake once more the collection of her reminiscences. In default of the first incomparable narrative, those will be partially indemnified who shall one day read the second."

THE SPELLING REFORM.

AN article in the last "Princeton Review," by Professor Francis A. March, entitled "Spelling Reform," is noteworthy not so much because of its arguments as for the reason that it is printed in part in conformity with the theory it upholds. Alphabet is spelled *alfabet;* are is *ar*, have is *hav*, learn is *lern*, philosophy is *filosofy*, and so on. The arguments continually advanced by the spelling reformers are that many letters in English words are silent, and should therefore be excised; that it is possible in many instances to advantageously substitute one letter for another; that our system of spelling, which is now so conflicting, ought to be more uniform. There is no denying these assertions: there are silent let-

ters; there are instances where a word would be spelled nearer to the sound by the change of a letter; and there is irregularity in our system of orthography. But the extent of these evils is greatly exaggerated by spelling reformers; and certainly we should only add confusion to confusion if every writer may at his pleasure set up a system of spelling, and every printer print books according to his notion of a reformed orthography. Already there are differences in spelling between English and American books, and even between Boston and New York books, that are vexatious to scholarly readers, and doubtless perplexing to others; and one can but wonder what sort of spelling reform that is which begins by widening differences and intensifying the existing confusion. Reformers who prematurely force new divergences into common practice simply show that they are very much more enamored of their theories than intent upon rendering practical service in the cause they espouse. To our mind it is very desirable that the English-speaking world should unite upon a uniform method of spelling and pronunciation. Whether there are a few more or less silent letters in use, or whether an occasional word is spelled contrary to established analogies, seems to us unimportant beside the question of uniformity. American spelling is already so distasteful to English readers that they are repelled from our literature; and, if books are now to be printed in the manner of Professor March's article, our authors would be set down by English readers as writers in a barbaric tongue, and their books shut out altogether. And then a very large number of books read here are published in England, while in many instances those published here are printed from stereotype-plates made from the English originals, giving, of course, the English spelling. Inasmuch as readers thus fairly divide their attention between British and American books, it is almost imperative for a uniform system of spelling to be adopted. Whether men shall spell have *hav*, or philosophy *filosofy*, seems to us very much less urgent than for such co-operation between English and American printers as will render books from either land equally easy to comprehend and equally agreeable to read by English-speaking peoples everywhere. There ought to be prepared an international dictionary under the joint supervision of English and American scholars, having the sanction of the great seats of learning in both countries, which should be accepted as the final standard everywhere. If our spelling reformers would labor to bring this about, they would do the Anglo-Saxon world an immense service. But it is hopeless to expect this so long as people entertain an exaggerated idea of the defects of English spelling. We sometimes hear of the enormous saving to writers and printers the exclusion of silent letters would make, but, according to our estimate, these silent letters are not more than five per centum, which does not strike us as so great a matter. And it will be found that the words which perplex foreigners so greatly constitute but a very small group. The main obstacle to foreigners and pupils is the identity in sound of words that have different meaning, such as *hear*, *here*, *there*, *their*, and for this difficulty phonetic spelling provides no remedy. The notions that the present irregularity in our spelling is a fatal obstruction to learning to spell and that "one of the causes of excessive illiteracy among the English-speaking peoples is the difficulty of the English spelling" seem to us very absurd. In fact, all those people who habitually read and write know how to spell, and those whose habits are unliterary are very apt to be bad spellers; and the spelling reformers will never be able to invent a short road to orthography that will obliterate this distinction.

Books of the Day.

IN those minute details which furnish the raw material of a biographer's work, the existing records of the life of Hawthorne are singularly deficient. All the facts that are known about him might easily be compressed within the limits of a magazine article, and even these facts will be found for the most part curiously impersonal and inconclusive. Partly for this reason, and partly because the industry of Mr. Lathrop had already brought together all accessible details, Mr. James's little book on Hawthorne * has taken the form rather of a critical essay than of a biography. Mr. Lathrop's "Study of Hawthorne" is also chiefly critical, though Mr. James thinks that its tone "is not the truly critical one"; but the difference between the two essays is, that in Mr. Lathrop's the attention is mainly concentrated upon Hawthorne the man, while in Mr. James's the principal aim is to define the quality and measure the value of Hawthorne the author. In the one case, the writer is an ardent and enthusiastic devotee and hero-worshiper; in the other, he is a cool and impartial analyst and dissector.

The first definite impression that one gets in reading Mr. James's sketch is that of the peculiar attitude of separateness or dissociation which he assumes and maintains toward Hawthorne. The fact that the book was written for an English series explains such items as his always calling "The Marble Faun" by its English title of "Transformation,"

* English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Nathaniel Hawthorne. By Henry James, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 177.

and his saying that Hawthorne "*came* to Europe"; but the "foreign" tone, so to call it, is revealed in much more subtile and pervasive touches, and it is difficult to escape the suspicion that an ever-present motive in the author's mind was the fear of appearing "provincial" in English eyes—the word "provincial," by the way, fills a curiously conspicuous place in Mr. James's vocabulary. It may be conceded at once that Mr. James's European culture and cosmopolitan experiences give him a great advantage in defining Hawthorne's position as an artist, and it is hardly to be expected that he should be influenced by the patriotic bias in the same manner as Mr. Lathrop, for example; but there is something more than the mere aloofness of the critic in his work, and, if our senses do not deceive us, his air is slightly patronizing not only toward Hawthorne but toward everything American. No doubt it is essential in criticism that what M. Taine calls the *milieu* of the artist should be recognized and allowed for; but surely—leaving wholly out of consideration the circumstances and conditions under which they were produced, and regarding them as works of art pure and simple — Hawthorne's romances will compare favorably with anything of the kind produced in England either at the time or since. It is the consciousness of this that causes one to resent the slightly apologetic air with which Mr. James assures his readers that his praise of Hawthorne is to be construed in a "relative" (not to say "Pickwickian") sense. And, furthermore, it is difficult to avoid feeling that this cautious, mincing, grudging criticism is peculiarly out of place when exercised upon one who was the most modest and least exacting of authors; and of whom it can hardly be said that he was ever either over-praised or over-rewarded.

Another fault which results from what seems to us Mr. James's hypercritical method is that his portrait of Hawthorne has the precise defect which he complains of in Hawthorne's fictitious characters: it lacks reality—it does not bring a concrete and living person before us. The analysis is so subtile and exhaustive as to defeat its own object; for there is a mystery in personality which eludes the most resolute interpreter, and the attempt to lay it entirely bare is apt to dissolve it into a mere fortuitous aggregation of qualities.

It must be admitted, however, that criticism of a criticism is apt to degenerate into mere refining upon words; and, having indicated what appear to us to be the more noteworthy faults of Mr. James's otherwise admirable work, we can please our readers better by reproducing a few passages which shall serve to convey an idea of its merits. Here is one from the very beginning of the essay which defines very happily the limitations under which a biographer of Hawthorne must necessarily labor:

> Hawthorne's career was probably as tranquil and uneventful a one as ever fell to the lot of a man of letters; it was almost strikingly deficient in incident, in what may be called the dramatic quality. Few men of equal genius and of equal eminence can have led, on the whole, a simpler life. His six volumes of Note-Books illustrate this simplicity; they are a sort of monument to an unagitated fortune. Hawthorne's career had no vicissitudes or variations; it was passed, for the most part, in a small and homogeneous society, in a provincial, rural community; it had few perceptible points of contact with what is called the world, with public events, with the manners of his time, even with the life of his neighbors. Its literary incidents are not numerous. He produced, in quantity, but little. His works consist of four novels and the fragment of another, five volumes of short tales, a collection of sketches, and a couple of story-books for children. And yet some account of the man and the writer is well worth giving. Whatever may have been Hawthorne's private lot, he has the importance of being the most beautiful and most eminent representative of a literature. The importance of the literature may be questioned, but, at any rate, in the field of letters, Hawthorne is the most valuable example of the American genius. That genius has not, as a whole, been literary; but Hawthorne was in his limited scale a master of expression. He is the writer to whom his countrymen most confidently point when they wish to make a claim to have enriched the mother-tongue, and, judging from present appearances, he will long occupy this honorable position.

This is a cordial recognition of Hawthorne's pre-eminent position in our national literature, and there is a finely true and discriminating insight in Mr. James's suggestion that there was for Hawthorne in this very eminence something cheerless and dreary:

> He was so modest and delicate a genius that we may fancy him appealing from the lonely honor of a representative attitude—perceiving a painful incongruity between his imponderable literary baggage and the large conditions of American life. Hawthorne, on the one side, is so subtile and slender and unpretending, and the American world, on the other, is so vast and various and substantial, that it might seem to the author of "The Scarlet Letter" and the "Mosses from an Old Manse," that we render him a poor service in contrasting his proportions with those of a great civilization. But our author must accept the awkward as well as the graceful side of his fame; for he has the advantage of pointing a valuable moral. This moral is, that the flower of an art blooms only where the soil is deep, that it takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature, that it needs a complex social machinery to set a writer in motion. American civilization has hitherto had other things to do than to produce flowers, and before giving birth to writers it has wisely occupied itself with providing something for them to write about.

As the biographical portions of Mr. James's work are confessedly drawn solely from Mr. Lathrop's "Study" and from the published Note-Books, the reader will search it in vain for any novel discoveries or revelations; but Mr. James's estimates of Hawthorne's character and writings are always fresh and individual, and therefore interesting. We have seen no better analysis of Hawthorne's more prominent characteristics than is contained in the following passage:

> He was not expansive; he was not addicted to experiments and adventures of intercourse; he was not personally, in a word, what is called sociable. The general impression of this silence-loving and shade-seeking

side of his character is doubtless exaggerated, and, in so far as it points to him as a somber and sinister figure, is almost ludicrously at fault. He was silent, diffident, more inclined to hesitate—to watch, and wait, and meditate—than to produce himself, and fonder, on almost any occasion, of being absent than of being present. This quality betrays itself in all his writings. There is in all of them something cold, and light, and thin—something belonging to the imagination alone—which indicates a man but little disposed to multiply his relations, his points of contact, with society. If we read the six volumes of Note-Books with an eye to the evidence of this unsocial side of his life, we find it in sufficient abundance. But we find at the same time that there was nothing unamiable or invidious in his shyness, and, above all, that there was nothing preponderantly gloomy. The qualities to which the Note-Books most testify are, on the whole, his serenity and amenity of mind. They reveal those characteristics, indeed, in an almost phenomenal degree. The serenity, the simplicity, seem in certain portions almost childlike; of brilliant gayety, of high spirits, there is little; but the placidity and evenness of temper, the cheerful and contented view of the things he notes, never belie themselves. I know not what else he may have written in this copious record, and what passages of gloom and melancholy may have been suppressed; but, as his Diaries stand, they offer in a remarkable degree the reflection of a mind whose development was not in the direction of sadness.

Apropos of this latter remark, Mr. James refutes the too commonly received idea that Hawthorne was "a dusky and malarious genius," and takes a French critic (M. Emile Montégut) to task for calling him "Un Romancier Pessimiste":

As I have already intimated, his Note-Books are full of this simple and almost childlike serenity. That dusky preoccupation with the misery of human life and the wickedness of the human heart, which such a critic as M. Emile Montégut talks about, is totally absent from them; and if we may suppose a person to have read these Diaries before looking into the tales, we may be sure that such a reader would be greatly surprised to hear the author described as a disappointed, disdainful genius. "This marked love of cases of conscience," says M. Montégut; "this taciturn, scornful cast of mind; this habit of seeing sin everywhere, and hell always gaping open; this dusky gaze bent always upon a damned world, and a nature draped in mourning; these lonely conversations of the imagination with the conscience; this pitiless analysis resulting from a perpetual examination of one's self, and from the tortures of a heart closed before men and open before God—all these elements of the Puritan character have passed into Mr. Hawthorne, or, to speak more justly, have *filtered* into him, through a long succession of generations." This is a very pretty and very vivid account of Hawthorne, superficially considered; and it is just such a view of the case as would commend itself most easily and most naturally to a hasty critic. It is all true indeed, with a difference: Hawthorne was all that M. Montégut says, *minus* the conviction. The old Puritan moral sense, the consciousness of sin and hell, of the fearful nature of our responsibilities and the savage character of our Taskmaster—these things had been lodged in the mind of a man of fancy, whose fancy had straightway begun to take liberties and play tricks with them—to judge them (Heaven forgive him!) from the poetic and æsthetic point of view, the point of view of entertainment and irony. This absence of conviction marks the difference; but the difference is great.

Next to his delineation of Hawthorne's personality, the reader will probably be most interested in Mr. James's estimates of Hawthorne's writings; but these are detailed and elaborate, and we must content ourselves with mentioning his conclusions. "The Scarlet Letter," then, he regards as Hawthorne's masterpiece, and thinks that "it will continue to be, for other generations than ours, his most substantial title to fame." "The House of the Seven Gables," he says, "is a rich, delightful, imaginative work, larger and more various than its companions, and full of all sorts of deep intentions, of interwoven threads of suggestion. But it is not so rounded and complete as 'The Scarlet Letter'; it has always seemed to me more like the prologue to a great novel than a great novel itself." Of "The Blithedale Romance" he says that, in spite of "a certain want of substance and cohesion in the latter portions, . . . the book is a delightful and beautiful one"; and he had previously observed that it is "the lightest, the brightest, the liveliest of this company of unhumorous fictions." Of "The Marble Faun" he says: "It has a great deal of beauty, of interest, and grace; but it has, to my sense, a slighter value than its companions, and I am far from regarding it as the masterpiece of the author, a position to which we sometimes hear it assigned. The subject is admirable, and so are many of the details; but the whole thing is less simple and complete than either of the three tales of American life, and Hawthorne forfeited a precious advantage in ceasing to tread his native soil." And, finally, summing up the personal and literary qualities of Hawthorne in a single paragraph, he writes:

He was a beautiful, natural, and original genius, and his life had been singularly exempt from worldly preoccupations and vulgar efforts. It had been as pure, as simple, as unsophisticated as his work. He had lived primarily in his domestic affections, which were of the tenderest kind; and then—without eagerness, without pretension, but with a great deal of quiet devotion—in his charming art. His work will remain; it is too original and exquisite to pass away; among the men of imagination he will always have a niche. No one has had just that vision of life, and no one has had a literary form that more successfully expressed his vision. He was not a moralist, and he was not simply a poet. The moralists are weightier, denser, richer, in a sense; the poets are more purely inconclusive and irresponsible. He combined in a singular degree the spontaneity of the imagination with a haunting care for moral problems. Man's conscience was his theme: but he saw it in the light of a creative fancy which added, out of its own substance, an interest, and, I may almost say, an importance.

This is the concluding paragraph of the book, and, if all that the book contains had been as delicately discriminating and appreciative, we should have had nothing to say of it but praise.

AMONG those traveling Englishwomen whose adventures in various parts of the world are one of the most startling phenomena of the times, a high

rank must be assigned to Miss Isabella L. Bird. Her delightful book on the Sandwich Islands described performances and perils such as few ladies would care to encounter; but the collection of letters in which she narrates the incidents of "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains"* surpasses in picturesque adventurousness all we can remember that is recorded of the achievements of women. Lady Baker's walk through Africa and Lady Blount's rides with the Bedouins of the Euphrates were sufficiently surprising; but each of these ladies was accompanied by her husband and an escort, while Miss Bird rode and rambled absolutely alone through eight hundred miles of the most dangerous and difficult portion of Western America—crossing almost impassable mountain-ranges on "blind" trails, traversing vast reaches of desolate plain, defying the parching sun and death-bringing snow-storms of the Rocky Mountain climate, and passing unharmed and unafraid amid the worst ruffians and desperadoes of the frontier.

Her adventures began at Truckee, where she had "stopped over" in order to visit Lakes Tahoe and Donner. Leaving the train at midnight, she discovered on reaching the "hotel" that, as the accommodation of the town was inadequate to its population (almost exclusively male), the regular hours of sleep were not observed, the beds being occupied by relays of sleepers throughout the greater part of the twenty-four hours. Taking her chance with the rest, she found the bed and room assigned to her "quite tumbled-looking." "Men's coats and sticks were hanging up, miry boots were littered about, and a rifle was in one corner. There was no window to the outer air, but I slept soundly, being only once awakened by an increase of the same din (from the bar-room) in which I had fallen asleep, varied by three pistol-shots fired in rapid succession."

Next morning, having hired a horse (equipped with a Mexican saddle, she always riding astride in man-fashion), she set out for Lake Tahoe; and here is one of her experiences on the road:

> After I had ridden about ten miles the road went up a steep hill in the forest, turned abruptly, and through the blue gloom of the great pines which rose from the ravine in which the river was then hid came glimpses of two mountains, about eleven thousand feet in height, whose bald gray summits were crowned with pure snow. . . . The forest was thick, and had an undergrowth of dwarf spruce and brambles; but, as the horse had become fidgety and "scary" on the track, I turned off in the idea of taking a short cut, and was sitting carelessly, shortening my stirrup, when a great, dark, hairy beast rose, crashing and snorting, out of the jungle just in front of me. I had only a glimpse of him, and thought that my imagination had magnified a wild boar, but it was a bear. The horse snorted and plunged violently, as if he would go down to the river, and then turned, still plunging, up a steep bank, when, finding that I must come off, I threw myself off on the right side, where the ground rose considerably, so that I had not far to fall. I got up covered with dust, but neither shaken nor bruised. It was truly grotesque and humiliating. The bear ran in one direction, and the horse in another. I hurried after the latter, and twice he stopped until I was close to him, then turned round and cantered away. After walking about a mile in deep dust, I picked up first the saddle-blanket and next my bag, and soon came upon the horse standing facing me, and shaking all over. I thought I should catch him then, but when I went up to him he turned round, threw up his heels several times, rushed off the track, galloped in circles, bucking, kicking, and plunging for some time, and then, throwing up his heels as an act of final defiance, went off at full speed in the direction of Truckee, with the saddle over his shoulders and the great wooden stirrups thumping his sides, while I trudged ignominiously along in the dust, laboriously carrying the bag and saddle-blanket.
>
> I walked for nearly an hour, heated and hungry, when to my joy I saw the ox-team halted across the top of a gorge, and one of the teamsters leading the horse toward me. . . . He brought me some water to wash the dust from my face, and resaddled the horse, but the animal snorted and plunged for some time before he would let me mount, and then sidled along in such a nervous and scared way that the teamster walked for some distance by me to see that I was "all right." He said that the woods in the neighborhood of Tahoe had been full of brown and grizzly bears for some days, but that no one was in any danger from them. I took a long gallop beyond the scene of my tumble to quiet the horse, who was most restless and troublesome.

On the return next day, "in a deep part of the forest, the horse snorted and reared, and I saw a cinnamon-colored bear with two cubs cross the track ahead of me. I tried to keep the horse quiet that the mother might acquit me of any designs upon her lolloping children, but I was glad when the ungainly, long-haired party crossed the river."

This was an appropriate beginning of a tour every stage of which was marked by some equally exciting—often still more exciting—adventure. In spite of the above-described accident, Miss Bird was a remarkably skillful rider, and she tells later of some wonderful feats of cattle-driving in Estes Park, where she spent several weeks. She was among the first to ascend Long's Peak, which she did in the company of "Rocky Mountain Jim," who was the most notorious ruffian and desperado in all the West, but who was always chivalrous, as he said, "to good women." She rode six hundred miles in a single tour, entirely alone, from Estes Park by Denver and Colorado Springs, over the mountains of southern Colorado, and back through South Park—most of the distance over snow-covered trails which the hardiest mountaineers hesitated to venture upon. Several times she was lost; more than once she was caught in blinding snow-storms; on two or three occasions her boots and stockings were frozen on her feet, and her feet frozen to the stirrups. It is a truly feminine trait that, amid all these perils—and worse from the lawless men among whom she was necessarily thrown—the only thing that seems to have alarmed her was, when riding through forests, "the fear of being frightened at something which may appear from behind a tree."

* A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains. By Isabella L. Bird. With Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 296.

It is a creditable and noteworthy fact that, in all these journeys, made under conditions which might well have excited scandal, Miss Bird met with nothing but helpfulness and kindness—rough and unpolished, it is true, but none the less hearty and generous for that reason. She herself says that "womanly dignity and manly respect for women are the salt of society in this wild West"; and certainly the record of her experiences confirms it. The special reason in her peculiar case was perhaps explained by the pioneer who told her to go ahead and never fear, "for what we Westerners admire in women is *pluck*"; and surely in "pluck" Miss Bird was never deficient. Nor, it should be added, was she deficient in that womanly dignity and purity which are recognized and respected by the rudest and most lawless society of the frontier.

The letters of which the book is composed were addressed to the author's sister at home, and are written in the familiar manner of private correspondence, though no doubt the idea of publication was all the time in view. Miss Bird's style is probably a faithful reflex of her character, and is clear, decided, and vigorous, animated without being affectedly vivacious, and picturesque without any attempt at fine writing. All through there is a complete unconsciousness on the part of the author that she is doing anything very remarkable or extraordinary; and yet it would be difficult to imagine more interesting experiences told in a more interesting manner.

THE publication last year of the memoirs of Baroness Bunsen has suggested the republication of the "Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany,"* which was originally issued in England in 1861, but in so expensive and voluminous a form that it can hardly be said to have been published, in the sense of being rendered accessible to the general body of readers. Mrs. Delany (Mary Granville) was of the same illustrious family, three generations removed, as Baroness Bunsen, and long sustained the reputation of being the most elegant and accomplished woman of her time. She was indeed an admirable example of the best and highest type of the *grande dame*; and no less an authority than Edmund Burke said of her, "She is not only the woman of fashion in her own age, she is the highest-bred woman in the world, and the woman of fashion of all ages."

The editor of the American edition of the "Autobiography and Correspondence"—which has been "revised to reasonable limits"—thus enumerates the several features of interest which the volumes present: "The long life of Mrs. Delany comprised nearly a century of English history. Born in 1700, fourteen years before the death of Queen Anne, she lived far into the reign of George III., an interval comprising the successive coronations and burials of three British sovereigns. Her childhood caught echoes from the victories of the mighty Marlborough, Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet; later, she heard of Dettingen and Fontenoy, Culloden, Preston-Pans; later still, of the Declaration of Independence and the freedom of the American colonies. Her correspondence notes and chronicles in detail the changes, gradual but vast, which in that epoch of change were transforming the quaint England of the Stuarts and the Tudors into the England of our own times, and planting the germs of what we call modern usage, literature, and habits of thought. Original letters, written in the frankness of family intercourse, during the eighteenth century, could hardly fail to be interesting; but those of Mrs. Delany and her correspondents possess the special advantage of being written from the inner circle, and they comment upon the noteworthy personages of the day with all the detail and freshness of familiar acquaintance."

This description is in a measure true, but it conveys an idea of attractiveness and readableness on the part of the book which the book itself, we are afraid, will hardly be found to justify. With the utmost willingness to be pleased and entertained, we found the reading of the two stout volumes an undeniably tedious task, and long before the end was reached yielded to the irresistible inclination to "skip." The plain fact is that these memoirs of Mrs. Delany are characterized by precisely the merits and defects which we mentioned as pertaining to the memoirs of Baroness Bunsen. They are interesting and even edifying, for the intimate fidelity with which they portray a singularly fine and noble character; but the canvas is immeasurably too large for the subject, and the portrait itself is blurred and obscured by the vast mass of details. Nor are these details of sufficient intrinsic importance to justify the pains bestowed upon their reproduction. We cheerfully admit that "chops-and-tomato-sauce" revelations are sometimes more significant than any that are likely to be included in set compositions; but very much the larger part of the correspondence contained in these volumes differs in no respect from the hundreds of homely domestic epistles which are to-day exchanged between intimate family connections and friends, and which no one would ever dream of publishing. Even admitting that certain of the details which they contain are interesting as showing the changes which have come over the face of society between Mrs. Delany's time and our own; yet, even so, nothing can be gained by the incessant repetition of minutiæ which do not even possess the merit of presenting the same facts in a new or fresh aspect.

Miss Woolsey, the American editor, "begs leave to say" that in her revision she has omitted nothing of real interest or value to the narrative, "the excluded portions being in almost all cases letters of insignificant interest or small bearing on the biography, and foot-notes of a genealogical character, which possess little meaning or attraction to the more distant public for which this work is intended." A

* The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany. Revised from Lady Llanover's Edition, and edited by Sarah Chauncey Woolsey. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo, pp. 465, 499.

more appropriate apology would have been for not having exercised her editorial prerogative more discriminatingly. As they stand now, save for the small circle of family relations for which they were originally designed, the Memoirs are fully four times too long.

When called upon to describe Julian Hawthorne's new novel, "Sebastian Strome," * the word which rises most naturally to the lips is "power"; it is a work of remarkable power, force, and vigor, both in conception and in execution. While conscious of this, however, from the beginning to the end of the story, the reader will be apt to lay it aside with a feeling of disappointment—with a feeling that the power is misdirected and misapplied. Though a much more finished and artistic production, "Sebastian Strome" has very nearly the same faults as "Garth," Mr. Hawthorne's previous story. Each starts out with the promise of being a really great novel; each seems to secure a commanding outlook upon those infinite horizons of the mind which render the study of man so interesting to other men; and both, it must be confessed, fail signally to fulfill the promise of the beginning. "Garth" failed because the author was unable to fuse and smelt the rich but crude ore which he had heaped together for his use. "Sebastian Strome" fails, not because of any deficiency of artistic power on the author's part, but from a defect that is more radical still—a defect of taste. Mr. Hawthorne probably knew that the story, as planned, must necessarily prove a very painful one; but we doubt very much if he had any conception of the extreme repulsiveness which its latter half would have for the average mind and taste. We doubt this because the lesson and value of the story depend wholly upon our sympathies being retained for the leading characters in their truly tragic situation, and by the constant assumption on the part of the author that such sympathy exists; yet the incidents are so managed that we are gradually brought to distrust and dislike—almost to despise—the whole group of characters, and to lose our faith in the reality of feelings on our sympathy with which the whole effect of the situation depends. The story is deeply, intensely interesting from beginning to end—this is its conspicuous and great merit; but toward the last it is less the interest which comes from enlisted sympathies than the sort of reluctant fascination with which one contemplates the commission of a crime. The regeneration of man through sin is one of those mysterious problems which always have possessed and always will possess the profoundest interest; but the method by which it is to be worked out has seldom been rendered more dubious and forbidding than in "Sebastian Strome."

It should be added that none of these defects, radical as they are, destroy the impression of *power* which we mentioned at the outset as characterizing the book. If one should read the first half of it and then leave off, his feeling would be that the author had the power to do anything; and, after reading the whole of it, the feeling is that he would have the power to achieve the very highest in novel-writing if his taste and discretion were only equal to his imaginative grasp and vigor, and to his command of language.

In respect of style, and in a certain ease and confidence and grace of manner, "Sebastian Strome" is a marked advance upon any of Mr. Hawthorne's previous works. "Bressant" is still the most pleasing of his stories, and the promise of that remains as yet unfulfilled; but, in spite of all their faults, the later novels have shown a distinct growth in imaginative vigor and in technical mastery of the literary art.

* Sebastian Strome. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. (Appletons' Library of American Fiction.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. Pp. 195.

The little book of poems by William Young, from which the translations from the French of M. Coppée, given on a preceding page of this number, were taken, contains also some original verse of a very pleasing character. * The translated poems, it will have been observed, are mostly of a reflective, serious, and even tragic cast; but, when singing in his own proper voice, Mr. Young's preference seems to be for playful and whimsical poetic conceits, with a gayety and sparkle which bring them almost within the definition of *vers de société*. Here is a little poem which strikes us as very good, and which will serve to illustrate this feature of the volume's contents:

BOTH.

She was the laziest little woman
That ever set a mortal crazy;
'Twas marvelous how my erring spirit
Could be subdued by one so lazy.
To monosyllables addicted,
To use all else exceeding loath,
Asked which of two things she preferred,
She only murmured, "Both!"

It is no paradox to say so:
Her every movement was repose;
As on a summer day the ocean
Slumbers, the while it ebbs and flows.
Yet was there latent fire; her nature
That of the panther, not the sloth.
I asked her once, which she resembled:
She only murmured, "Both!"

Her person—well, 'twas simply perfect,
Matching the graces of her mind;
To perfect face and form she added
A keen perception, taste refined.
But when I challenged her to tell me,
What I knew not myself in troth,
Whether her wit or beauty charmed me,
She only murmured, "Both!"

Provoked at last at never hitting
This lazy little woman's point,

* Gottlob *et cetera*. By William Young. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 16mo. Pp. 128.

I scanned her armor, and discovered
Haply therein one open joint.
In careless tone I asked her, knowing
Her word was binding as an oath,
"Shall love, or friendship, be between us?"
She smiled, and murmured, "Both!"

In the great work of popularizing science, as it is called, perhaps no book has rendered more effective service in times past than Johnston's "Chemistry of Common Life," and a still longer career of usefulness will doubtless be secured to it by the preparation of a new edition, revised and brought down to the present time.* Written at a period when chemical science was almost in its infancy, and before the general public had been prepared for the elaborate expositions which are greedily devoured now, the original work deliberately ignored many important and interesting topics, while the progress of discovery has rendered obsolete much of what it did contain. In spite of these defects, however, it has as yet found no equal among the many books of a similar character which its success called forth, and it steadily maintains its preëminence in the popular scientific literature of the day. For this reason, no changes would be likely to be acceptable which radically altered the character of the work; and it is gratifying to know that, in preparing the new edition for the press, the editor has scrupulously respected Professor Johnston's matter, method, and style. "Only such corrections," he says, "and such omissions have been made as the progress of science demanded, while the additions which I have introduced are confined to subjects congenial to the original plan of the book, and such as will, I hope, prove useful in filling up a few blanks in the sketch." In making his changes and additions, the editor has had the opportunity of consulting Professor Johnston's private and corrected copy of his book, and also of incorporating many fresh details which the Professor had gathered; and there can be no doubt that the result of his revision has greatly enhanced the usefulness of a work which well deserves to be kept up to the most advanced stages of the science which it expounds.

. . . . Another book which is, in a sense, a new edition of a well-known and highly valued scientific treatise, is Dr. Henry Maudsley's "Pathology of Mind";† but in this case the changes introduced are so great that the new edition is practically a new work. The relation which the present work bears to the original upon which it is based is thus explained by Dr. Maudsley in his preface: "The first edition of the 'Physiology and Pathology of Mind,' was published in the year 1867, and the second edition in the year following. A third edition of the first part was published in the year 1876 as a separate treatise on the "Physiology of Mind." In the order of time and development this volume on the 'Pathology of Mind' is therefore a third edition of the second part; but in substance it is a new work, having been recast throughout, largely added to, and almost entirely rewritten." Among the new material added are chapters on "Dreaming" and on "Somnambulism and its Allied States," covering those abnormal mental phenomena which are exhibited in dreams, hypnotism, ecstasy, catalepsy, and like states. The valuable chapters on the "Causation and Prevention of Insanity" are also to a great extent new, while those on the symptoms and treatment of mental disease have been largely expanded and improved. The book has been from its earliest publication a standard and authority in its field; and in its present shape its value has been very greatly increased.

. . . . The repertory of amateur actors will be considerably increased by the collection of "Comedies for Amateur Acting," which Mr. J. Brander Matthews has edited, with a prefatory note, for Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. There are six pieces in the collection, each in one act, and all except one translated or adapted from the French, with such changes as will render them better fitted to please an American audience. The excepted play is an entirely original little comedietta, by Julian Magnus and H. C. Bunner, who have also assisted in translating the other plays. Mr. Matthews's prefatory note is pungent as well as practical, though it is hardly adapted, we should imagine, to increase the enthusiasm for "amateur theatricals."

. . . . The practice, long familiar with us, of writing "campaign biographies" of political leaders on the eve of any great political struggle seems to be gaining a foothold even in conservative England. Several "lives" of Lord Beaconsfield have recently appeared, and now a voluminous record of Mr. Gladstone's services is opportunely placed before the public just at the moment when voters are about to be called upon to decide the respective claims of him and his rival. It is only just to say, however, that Mr. Barnett Smith's "Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone"* is of far higher quality than the average of political biography with us. Save for the constraint which an author must necessarily place upon himself when writing of a living man, the work is adequate and trustworthy as well as useful; and, being based largely upon the speeches and writings of Mr. Gladstone, it has enough of personal flavor to make it interesting. One point worthy of special recognition is that it is written in a praiseworthy spirit of fairness and decorum. Mr. Smith is a Liberal and an admirer of Mr. Gladstone; but he is not so blinded by political bigotry that he can not perceive the ability or good faith of his opponents.

* The Chemistry of Common Life. By the late James F. W. Johnston, M. A., F. R. S. S. A New Edition, revised and brought down to the Present Time. By Arthur Herbert Church, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. Pp. 592.

† The Pathology of Mind. Being the Third Edition of the Second Part of "The Physiology and Pathology of Mind," recast, enlarged, and rewritten. By Henry Maudsley, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 580.

* The Life of the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M. P. By George Barnett Smith. With Portraits. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 516.



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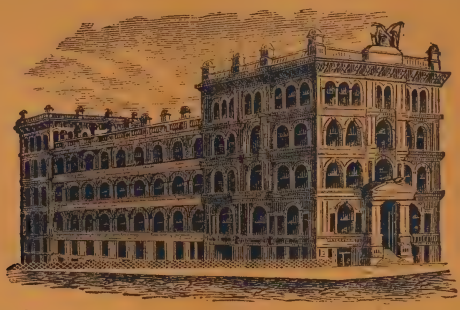
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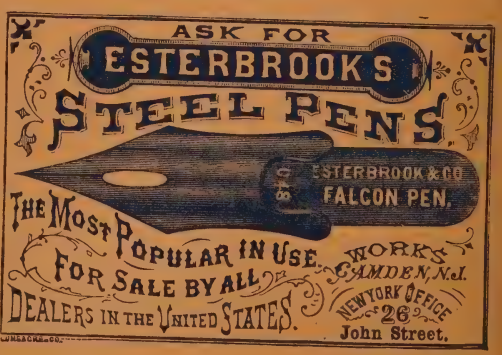


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THE RETURN OF THE PRINCESS.

PART SECOND.

X.

WELL! yes! My romance was folly. You do not imagine, I suppose, my terrible preacher, that I am not ready to own it, and that the wicked turn of my volatile nature does not appear to me now as a very imprudent trick. I am still alarmed; but, luckily, Prince Charming is in ignorance. I was so well concealed that a perfect *incognito* protects me. What suspicion could a solitary promenader have but that it was one of those accidents the cause of which could not be fathomed? As he passed, a sprig of jasmine fell at his feet—that was all. The walled window, a whisper of the wind among the palm-trees, will waft him an adieu. As for me, I have enough on hand, I assure you, with this great marriage question, to occupy all my thoughts. A Turkish wedding, my dear; only think of it! Before it, in view of my bad education, my father, contrary to all precedent, will grant me the inestimable satisfaction of a previous interview, when I shall hear—extreme happiness!—the voice of my intended husband before the wedding day. After that all will be concluded. You can conceive that this alluring perspective makes me ponder, and I will venture a word with my father to hasten his great scheme. Here—"what is written is written"—I await—yielding, in spite of myself, to the idea of fatality, which seems to impregnate the air of the harem like some subtile perfume—the slavery to which we are compelled to submit. This bondage takes you, annihilates you—I know not by what strange power, swallows up your volition, and makes you live indifferent to the present hour, which is precisely like that of yesterday, and will be the same to-morrow. I am still troubled by a thought which savors of remorse, at the foolish act of which the memory remains. If I should be the cause of having this unhappy man, who doubtless believes himself in safety, denounced! Discreet as Ali is, to wall up the window he had to send people; perhaps they have seen him! It is so easy to lodge information! If my fatal imprudence has betrayed him! For three days I have not been to Adilah's, and horrible apprehensions besiege me momently. I tremble, as at the approach of a crisis. I could never be consoled if I should be the cause of misfortune to him.

What I dreaded has happened. Yesterday my brother came to see me, and you may suppose that, though I was quaking, I concealed my alarm, and tried to question him with as much indifference as I could command. The return of Hassan is no longer a secret: they know he is in concealment in Cairo. I was distracted. My brother has a heart, but he belongs to this Arab court, where a man dreads compromising himself. I can not, then, depend upon him to warn the unhappy exile. Besides, will Hassan, if he is the rash, proud man Ali considers him, ever consent to obey an order or yield to fear?

A wild idea flashed into my brain; I would write, and send it to him immediately. Write to a man—a stranger—one unknown! Yet should I not pay for my heedless mistake by performing one of those duties which, though the laws do not make binding, are none the less sacred to an upright, honest conscience? Alas! what could I do? Powerless as I am, was I not compelled to let things work their own accomplishment? Yet, when discouraged I tried to be resigned, a rebellious feeling prevented me. It seemed to me that I was guilty—guilty of not doing anything; guilty in being silent! The struggle was a long one. At one moment my pity conquered my scruples; at another, my scruples deadened my

pity. To write! I decided to do that, for seek as I might it was the only method. At one time I thought of sending a message to him; but what slave could I send on such an unusual errand? I can not tell what inner consciousness convinced me that I alone would be listened to, and obeyed. Ten times did I take up my pen, and ten times did I throw it down. After much indecision, and with terror, I resolved. Only an anonymous warning was necessary, so I wrote these simple lines:

"A friend knows that you are in peril: your presence in Cairo is known. Fly immediately!"

Then I called Nazly, and, trusting to her fidelity, obtained a promise that she would get her sister to take it to Hassan's house. For the sake of safety, and to keep my secret better, we agreed that Zourah should not know who sent the message, and thus she could not question or answer. I felt relieved from a heavy responsibility. Buried in his imprudent seclusion, Hassan would at least learn that he must be on the alert. I impatiently awaited Nazly's return. She soon came back with the tidings that Zourah had accomplished her mission.

XI.

He has gone; God be praised! . . . This has a little lightened this importunate care which I so idly caused myself. The day after the delivery of my mysterious advice the house was fastened, and Nazly's sister is convinced that the exile had flown. I have saved this unhappy man; and now I owe him nothing. I will now relate an incident to you which presages storms and tempests.

My sister Hosnah has returned, and I went to make my first visit to her, which I must describe in all its details, because it will prove all the life and happiness which are in store for me through this superb marriage of which the secret has never been divulged to me up to this hour.

It is now three days since, in my elegant costume of a sultana, and in a beautiful carriage, I left Chimilah, accompanied by Saïda, as richly appareled as myself. During the drive she again instructed me upon the ordained etiquette at such an important interview; and gave me a final lesson on ceremonial and bearing which was to be very complicated, for this time I was going to encounter the severest traditions of Islam. My little step-mother gave me information about the members of the family, whom I have never seen, and of the various wives of my brother-in-law Mustapha, whom I was to meet. Four of these wives are as legitimate as my sister Hosnah, in consequence of which I owe them a certain respect.

We had soon crossed the town.

Situated in a street so narrow that the carriage appeared to enter it with difficulty, the palace of my sister Hosnah is a marvel of antiquity. The family of her husband, a descendant of green turbans, inhabited it for eight centuries, during which time nothing has been done to alter the primitive architecture, nor has more been done in the interior than to make requisite repairs. It is the only monument of this sort in this country where palaces, houses, and *gourbis*, all date from yesterday. When the carriage stopped, my little step-mother ceased her prattling, and became very serious under her *bourko*. The very door even of this secular palace has a formidable and imposing appearance. The first court was empty —a double barrier for all Mussulman houses; then a second court, immense, without trees, and with a very high wall, with a well, the marble basin of which is green and worn by time. I was delighted by the elegant originality, the exquisite variety, the fantastic and delicate art of the windows, those jewels of Arab chiseling, those laces in wood, fine as a woman's veil, where the imagination and patience of the artist display according to caprice the most extravagant and the most wonderful execution. The immense wall at the rear is bare and flat, without windows or the least ornamentation. A single door is cut there, closed by a heavy curtain of white cloth covered with inscriptions, cut out of scraps of various colored silks. It is impossible to picture the effect of this brilliant drapery upon the discolored gray-stone. This was the entrance to the harem. Saïda pointed out to the left the *Selamlik*, a separate building where my brother-in-law Mustapha lives. On account of this vicinity, the windows of the harem open on the gardens on the other side. The curtain is lowered when the *hanums* are at home, and raised when they are out; it is also the custom not only for strangers, but even for the domestics, to make a long *détour* when they have occasion to pass this mysterious altar. On our arrival, about twelve young girls, who were drawing water, took flight as swiftly as a flock of pigeons. The *boabs*, who had hastened to the carriage, flew as soon as the steps were let down; it seemed a general *sauve qui peut*, and one would have supposed we brought the plague in our garments. In a few minutes the court was empty. Four eunuchs then came to meet us, and raised the terrible curtain for us. A large granite staircase, lighted by colored lanterns, until it was as bright as the daylight outside, led to the apartments. At the door I stopped amazed. It seemed as if one only could know my sister Hosnah when she was seen at home. I do not know if her apparel was the result of her instinct or her skill. In the midst of her slaves, standing in a circle around

her, lying on a divan, the mouth-piece of a nargile between her lips, dressed in a robe of cherry satin covered with gems, she appeared to me still more imposing than at our first interview. The resolution of a fanatic betrayed itself, mingled with the gaze of a sphinx. Yet her eyes are very beautiful, bordered by a deep circle of kohl under their heavy brows, which meet in a black line. They fascinate by their magnetic power. She took her time to rise; her favorites dashing forward to support her. Slowly, with her exceptional majesty, she came toward me.

On the part of an eldest sister this reception was a distinguished proof of consideration and kindly feeling. I answered in my best style, bending to kiss the hem of her robe. While the slaves took off my *féredjé*, she said, examining my costume:

"This is well; you are a thorough Arab."

I took a place on the divan beside her. The windows of the harem, as I said, overlook the gardens on three sides; they are at an ordinary height, but seem very low, the ceiling being very lofty, formed like a dome, and decorated in squares of porcelain in the most ingenious method that Arab art has invented. It is cool to the eye, of a refined tone, and deliciously harmonious. A gallery in filigree silver runs around the sides of the room, with its sides of cedar-wood inlaid in pearl and ivory. Here and there on the walls were old *appliques*, where turquoise was sown; in little niches were *étagères* holding priceless pottery. All around the room was a divan of Persian silk, with piles of cushions scattered over the carpets. Nothing modern here. The single word Europe causes the eyes of my sister to flash. Never had a Christian sullied her doorsill; never had an infidel seen her face. Though I have profited by the instructions of Saïda so much, in the midst of a scene so different from Chimilah, I felt a little disconcerted. Sitting apart, each surrounded by her own group, in the midst of a little court, I soon recognized the *hanums*. They came up to me. My little stepmother named to me Fatma-Hanum, Khadouja-Hanum, Aïssá-Hanum; this last of very noble birth, and scarcely twelve years of age. At a glance I decided on the superiority of our recluses at Chimilah to these. Ours are great children—these have not even gayety. The atmosphere of the harem enwraps them in a smiling sort of idiocy. Have they souls—thoughts? With their large eyes blackened by kohl, they looked at me until their curiosity was gratified, then they returned to their divans, where, without troubling themselves more about me, they returned to their *far niente*. A superb creature, covered with diamonds, suddenly entered, followed by a group of slaves. Saïda whispered in my ear that she was the present favorite, and I should have suspected it from the airs of indolent superiority with which she received the adulation paid her. She came up and examined me as a rare object, asked me some amiable questions, then, carrying her finger to her lips, went and seated herself with crossed legs upon the cushions carefully arranged for her by the attendant eunuchs. Arousing me from my astonishment, Hosnah presented me to some distinguished visitors, who appeared to have been invited in honor of me. While they were overwhelming me with compliments and attentions, my mind was absorbed in a study of this extraordinary household. These rival *hanums*, possessing the same rights and titles, concealing without doubt atrocious jealousies, and forced to yield to this favorite slave whom the caprice of their master had placed above them, filled me at the same time with shame and pity. My sister Hosnah thrones herself in the midst of this, and reconciles herself to it, as the most natural thing in the world.

Fashion required that pipes and coffee should be brought. I do not know if Hosnah had desired to dazzle me, or whether this was the usual ceremony of the house, but I never saw any such pomp nor such solemnity. Thirty slaves marched in two lines, clothed like houris, the negresses contrasting with the blondes, and bringing out their pure pallor; all were young, and of a beauty remarkable in its type. At their head, the smallest bearing the *arphs* (the cups), the largest following with the waiters, the nargiles, and pipes, then closing the procession two Smyrniotes with their long blonde plaits trailing on the floor, bearing the *cafetière* in the form of a censer. Diamonds glistened wherever they moved. Instructed by Saïda, I made a very good appearance. I accepted the *arph* and the pipe, saluting my sister in Arab fashion, and, drinking my coffee, buried in the cushions of the divan, I puffed some clouds from my chibouk. An hour passed thus. Some of the visitors having taken leave, my sister and myself remained together alone.

"Miriam," she said abruptly, "has not our father spoken to you of his great scheme?"

"What scheme?" I inquired, wishing to show discretion.

"A marriage."

"He has alluded to it," I replied; "but it is still a secret, I suppose?"

"Not to me," she replied, "for I was the one who conceived the idea of this great happiness for us all."

I could not tell why, but as my sister uttered these words I was struck with terror.

"Do you know the man whom my father

destines for me?" asked I, more agitated than I wished to appear.

"How should I not know Mohammed? He is my husband's brother."

This unexpected revelation had the effect of a thunder-clap. Her husband's brother! I foresaw for myself, as in a bad dream, this frightful life now before my eyes, with its humiliations, its immodesty, and revolts; this strange mingling of wives and slaves; this degrading servility from which even the title of princess would not be able to save me. Was this in reserve for me?

I returned to Chimilah a prey to the wildest terror. My father had scarcely entered the next morning when I cried out:

"It is not true! It is impossible! Hosnah has deceived me! Tell me quickly that it is not true!"

"First tell me what is not true."

"That you wish to marry me to her brother-in-law Mohammed."

"Hosnah is a tattler," he answered, smiling; "but, since she has told it, there is nothing more to hide. But why this look of consternation? You have never seen him. You do not know him."

"But what necessity is there for me to have known him? It was sufficient for me to have been in the household of his brother yesterday to terrify me at the idea of a harem like his."

"Allah! What know you of it?" calmly answered my father. "Mohammed has no harem, and if he marries you he will never have another wife."

Though there was much in these assurances to calm my liveliest alarm, I did not yield.

"But if I do not love him, father?"

"Be at ease," he answered with a smile. "Have I not promised that you shall know your husband before marriage? Yet more, I do not wish to compel you, my dear child. If Mohammed is disagreeable to you—absolutely—well, you shall not marry Mohammed. Are you reassured?"

What could I answer to words so tender and reasonable? He spoke then of the hopes he had built on this superb match—one of the finest in Egypt—and of the happiness that would be mine. Mohammed is thirty. Educated in Europe, he is civilized, which accounts for his not resembling his brother in anything. A friend of the Khédive, and with great influence over him, he occupies one of the highest positions at court, where his great political ability makes him a sort of vizier. My father did not conceal the fact that this marriage would be the height of the ambition of my family, and he dwelt at length on the wondrously influential position I should occupy, and the great wealth it would bring me.

XII.

I SOON perceived that this great secret of my marriage was no longer a secret from any of the family; from my step-mother, Zeinab, down to Saïda, they never stopped gossiping about the happiness in store for me. I discovered it was a concerted understanding to assure victory to Seigneur Mohammed. Bell even joined the party, and, from what Farideh told her, was everlastingly pointing out to me the magnificent life I should have with such a husband. Then, some days later, my father came one morning to inform me that at noon he would be awaiting me in a pavilion which almost joins the *Selamlik*. At this extraordinary departure from precedent, I realized that the first blow was struck.

"I shall have some one to present to you," he added, with a smile.

This news threw my entire house into confusion.

Though, in accordance with the inflexible rules, I could only appear at this presentation closely veiled, Nazly, naturally in their confidence, would deck me in my most beautiful toilet. Saïda would arrange my head with her own hands, placing first the *bourko*—you know the piece of stuff which is fastened below the eyes—and over all the *habarah*, hiding the head and forehead. In spite of their jests and laughter, I was somewhat agitated. I felt an unconquerable emotion, which all these preparations increased. A thousand thoughts struggled in my brain, now one, now another, gaining the mastery. At one time the picture of Hosnah's harem would make me shudder; at another the promise of my father would give me confidence.

I was ready. Saïda saw me go, nearly as agitated as if she were herself the victim. Nazly embraced me, so as to encourage me. Bell alone, very self-possessed under her veil, was to accompany me.

You know I am not brave, but I only tremble when the danger is in the distance. In an event like this, I arm myself with all my *sang-froid*. I would not allow myself to be swayed either by my anticipations nor by surrounding influences. I would refuse to take any part. Two eunuchs formed our escort; they ascended the steps before us, and introduced us. As I entered, my eyes rested on a person very elegantly dressed in European style, with a *tarbouch* on his head, who was sitting near my father. At my entrance he immediately rose.

Large, erect, with the profile of an antique medal, his long lashes soften the flash of a gaze very proud and at the same time a little hard; a brown beard conceals all the lower part of the face.

"My daughter, his Excellency Mohammed Pasha, who has solicited the honor of being presented to you."

I bowed slightly.

My father spoke in Arabic. As if through gallant deference, the young Pasha uttered in French some phrases of delicate courtesy, in which he expressed his gratitude for a favor which he so highly estimated.

Bell, book in hand, had discreetly retired to a little distance. I took a place on the divan beside my father. Seigneur Mohammed sat in front of us in a fauteuil.

This visit *à la Française* was the most extraordinary and original proceeding ever heard of. It had all the form of a meeting in the Faubourg St.-Germain; but here the veil added a new feature—something like an intrigue with a mask on, covering an interview of lovers. The conversation that ensued was somewhat ceremonious, and on general topics. Apart from the gravity, at the same time easy and dignified, of the man of state, Mohammed does not lack intellect. Yet, to be frank, his haughty coldness was not unbecoming. But his smile has an ironical *finesse* which betrays the consciousness of slightly haughty superiority. My father made a remark on some point of foreign policy, and, without knowing much about it, I ventured a timid observation. Mohammed's countenance expressed surprise; I had, it appeared, uttered a very subtile remark, which covered the point at issue between them.

"Eh! mon Dieu, mademoiselle," he said, "behold! we have you already a great politician."

My father laughed aloud. I lowered my eyes, blushing under my veil.

Mohammed did not pursue the subject, but gave the conversation a turn which restored it to its careless and indifferent tone. Emboldened by this strange situation, through his grave self-control, a certain tone of gallantry was perceptible. I can not explain how, in the most apropos manner, he found a way of slipping in some very graceful compliments. Once I considered his praises fulsome.

"Take care," I said with a slight dash of irony; "I may be very ugly."

"No, you are not," he replied in a tone of confidence, very flattering to my vanity.

My father gave one of his little malicious laughs.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Mademoiselle, I have my secrets."

"Doubtless the gift of second-sight."

"I do not think so."

"Then—"

"Then I assure you that you are charming."

Notwithstanding his boldness, this point-blank flattery did not cause me a blush. Convinced that he knew nothing, I pressed him to enlighten me as to his information. "Were it only by your eyes and your voice," he replied, "I would already have had sufficient reason to judge." I jestingly continued this skirmish, insisting that he should show me my portrait, and, after making me entreat him awhile—"

"Notwithstanding your great, severe eyes, he continued, "you have a smiling mouth with dazzling little teeth; your nose is straight and delicate, and low down on your left cheek is a slight little mole."

I fell from the clouds.

"What treachery! You have seen me in Paris."

He denied this.

"It is magic, then!"

He enjoyed my astonishment for a moment, then he took from his pocket-book a photograph which he showed me. I uttered a cry of amazement on recognizing myself. I gave my father a reproachful look, to which he seemed insensible, appearing to enjoy my defeat.

I had lost much of my assurance; for this veil, behind which I took refuge, no longer concealed me. The visit was soon ended, for, with a good taste for which I had not given him credit, as if he understood my embarrassment, Mohammed did not abuse his advantage over me. He rose, and, bowing very low, took his leave with a few graceful and respectful words. When he had left, I reproached my father with having so perfidiously betrayed me.

"You are an ingrate, Miriam," he answered. "To please you we set aside all established rules, and behold, you scold me for obeying you too well! Do you not see that Mohammed can not love you unless he knows you?" That was very true, and I was appeased. He inquired my impressions, and in daughterly confidence I owned that his *protégé* had made a very favorable impression on me. I criticised, though, something too searching in his gaze, an imperceptible shade of irony in his smile, a cold nature under the grave *hauteur* of his manner even in his gallant attentions; but, after all, these are the trifling defects suitable to a politician. My father then informed me, in addition to what he had told me before this meeting, and which with very natural discretion Mohammed had not touched on, how affairs now stood. Everything had been understood in advance. Mohammed, like many other young Mussulmen of rank, had pledged himself to have but one wife. The arrangement of our *ménage* would be the same as Ali's and Adilah's, and he only would require the ceremonial etiquette out of the house.

At all events, I am permitted to reflect on it

before I decide: there is nothing to hurry me. We have just commenced our *Ramadan*—a fast of forty days. We must wait until that is ended before we can dream of the celebration of a marriage. It is a month's respite. What do you say to my romance? As you see, it is a very important affair, dearest, and I can not decide without deepest reflection. Marriage in itself is something terrifying in its incomprehensibility. Seigneur Mohammed impresses me favorably, I own, though I do not feel for him that sympathy which reassures and encourages. A single interview, it is true, is not sufficient to form an opinion; still, I recognize in him the apparent possession of sterling qualities—an attraction, a bearing, an education, sentiments—which distinguish him from all others. In short, I could not be ambitious of a husband more desirable in this Mussulman world to which I belong. Love is sometimes more lasting for not being too sudden. Mohammed possesses gifts which must flatter the pride of any woman. The favorable impression he made on me has relieved me from my terrors, and that is much to begin with. Why should not affection be born later, when I have awakened a heart stifled perhaps by the cares of business? Time is the best of counselors. We shall see.

XIII.

My life has suddenly gained an extraordinary excitement. The news of the marriage has been spread abroad before it is even fully decided on. At Chimilah they all consider it a fixed fact. Since the visit of Mohammed, Hosnah has been seized with such a friendship for me that she gives me no respite. Scarcely a day passes that she does not come to see me, carrying me off in her coach to introduce me to her friends, inventing a thousand pretexts for driving and *fêtes*. I no longer belong to myself, but seem won over by her flatteries.

In the midst of this strife, I have not been able to find a moment to go and see my dear Adilah; Hosnah accompanies me whenever I go out. We go together to Choubrah, where we meet Mohammed. Behind the lowered shades the sphinx-eye of my sister perceives him with such unerring certainty that one must believe she was prepared for the encounter. From the looks he gives at our coach, of which I suppose he recognizes the livery, I am confident he knows I am there. Etiquette forbids him to bow to me; yet a few days since, when our *coupé* collided with his in a narrow passage, I perceived an imperceptible sign, a movement of his eyes and lowering of the lashes.

"Did you see that?" exclaimed Hosnah. "He almost committed an indiscretion. You certainly make him lose his head," she added; and she continued her jests about the mad passion I have inspired.

She knows about the interview and the portrait, and approves of everything. Great Heavens! What has become of her 'old principles'? I can not disguise the fact that there is, in these meetings and this mystery, a sort of romantic perfume, which almost reconciles me to the barbarous rigor which hides us from all eyes. A lover alone, my dear, invented this code of adoration and respect. What woman could dare to complain of this jealous precaution, or this vigilant care to secure her from all eyes? There certainly are no such scruples in the pale loves of Europe. A nature at the same time fervent and idolatrous is the only one which can feel ardent passion. Veiled to all, the Mussulwoman belongs but to one. Does not the woman who exposes herself to admiration and envy give away something of herself?

Circumstances are more defined, and your little princess seems rushing on to the fatal *dénoûment*. Two days ago a bitter grief fell to my poor Nazly's share. Her sister's son, enlisted a little while since, had deserted. His mother rushed to us in her despair. He was to be shot. I immediately went to Hosnah's house, and she agreed to help us. A *hanum* has the right of calling at the house of a public official; and this had not been the first time that Hosnah sought the aid of her brother-in-law. She started immediately to seek him, promising to obtain pardon for the condemned, and I returned to Chimilah very hopeful. An hour later she came to my house. A free pardon was granted, and Mohammed would bring it to me.

"How!" cried I; "that is impossible."

"Why?" she tranquilly inquired. "Has he not been here before?"

"That was very different; an interview authorized by my father."

"Well! This time it will be an interview authorized by me—that is all the difference."

"Where shall I receive him?"

"I will accompany you to the pavilion."

I looked at her in amazement, not being able to believe such a departure on the part of my sister. In truth, I had to let her do it. Mohammed was her near relation, and the authority she exercised over the family would excuse such hardihood. I did not think of dressing, for I was too much agitated in view of this new meeting, so unexpectedly improvised. I need not tell you she had not much trouble in convincing me. Half an hour later one of Hosnah's eunuchs came to inform her that Seigneur Mohammed had arrived, and we started for the famous pavilion.

Mohammed awaited us. We were both tightly veiled, of course. The magnificent *embonpoint*

of my sister filled the foreground. He advanced beaming, and held out a paper to me: it was the pardon. I expressed my gratitude.

"You have but to give me an order," he replied, "and it shall be immediately executed. I hope, in future, that you will exert your power without hesitation."

He then thanked me for this new and unhoped-for favor I had granted him. Hosnah replied for me. Seated near her on the divan, I thought that, though veiled, I was no longer the unknown of our first interview; I felt troubled. The familiar ease of the relationship of my sister to the young Pasha gave the conversation a tone nearly of intimacy. Obliged before her to speak in Arabic, we could not avoid *tutoyering* each other. Though we strove to use an impersonal formula, the moment came when we were compelled to pronounce the first '*tu*.' Hosnah seemed enchanted, and played with her amber beads. His reserve thrown aside, his amiable *abandon* and playful enjoyment showed me my suitor in a new light. In the course of our conversation, I was surprised to discover tokens of a very keen taste for beautiful works of art, and had the want of tact to express my astonishment.

"Own that you think me a barbarian," he said playfully.

"I will only own," I replied smilingly, "that I had never dreamed that politics would leave you leisure to become well informed and an artist."

I am not very sure that Hosnah did not take this remark for an impertinence, for she made a terrified sign. But this argument was so far above her ideas that, on seeing Seigneur Mohammed laugh, she was reassured, doubtless convinced that it was his indulgence on account of my bad education. I must tell you that, in spite of his great air of discreet reserve, with admirable quickness, without seeming to touch on it, the adroit diplomate found means of conveying to me the intelligence that it was his intention after a little time to make a sojourn in Paris. You may rest assured I shall not dissuade him. To be brief, after the interview had lasted an hour, Hosnah rose, and, while pretending to continue the conversation, led the way to the garden. I was forced to follow. At a turn of the path she stopped to gather a rose, and I was alone with the enemy.

"I recognized you at Choubrah," he said to me in French.

I attempted to jest, to conceal my embarrassment.

"And you failed to bow to me."

"Pardon me; I forgot everything."

Hosnah, with her rose in her belt, rejoined us with the most innocent air. We had reached the little door which communicates with the harem. She took leave of Mohammed. This time he held out his hand to me; I hesitated a moment, and then placed mine in it. It had the effect on me of an engagement that we thus sealed.

You may know that during the days which followed there was much talk of our betrothal. My father and Hosnah ridicule my doubts, which they believe to be insincere. Even Ali is in the plot. In truth, have not these doubts vanished? To what do I object? Urged by all, I have much fear I shall yield. Saïda is already busy over my toilets. The only question that seems to be considered is what a splendid wedding there shall be.

Tremble; behold me married!

XIV.

A CLOUD upon the azure of my skies. Hassan, that unhappy exile whom I wished to save, has not left Cairo. Discovered and menaced, the rash man has not believed my letter, so I am again tormented by the recollection of my foolish act. It is a long story, which I will tell you.

For more than a week I could not tear myself from the hands and the devotion of Hosnah, until yesterday, under a pretext of having something to do in town, I escaped. I found Adilah ready to go out for one of her solitary rides on the bank of the Nile.

"I will go with you," I cried, taking a seat beside her.

This excursion was a lively pleasure to both of us. What things to tell each other! How many questions about my marriage! We soon were on the road beyond the town, and rode along the side of the river, having at our left an undulating plain which lost itself in a golden line on the desert, and seemed to die at the foot of the Pyramids, as if stifled by those giant piles. No one was driving. From time to time some *fellah*, or *fellahine* with jar upon her head, or an ass trotting along with its load, was the only visible sign of life.

The sun, bathed in a crimson horizon, cast its shining rays on the tops of the palms; some *dahabiehs* dotted the river. White ibis with their long feet were in the stream, and flaming red ones flying among the weeds. It was near twilight, which dies so rapidly in this country, but the daylight still shone in softened hues, imprinting a melancholy grace upon the mysterious poesy of night. A light fog like gauze enveloped the distance; the first plains were visible, and the blue of the heavens became yet darker, as if to lend to the stars their bed of velvet.

In our intimate sympathy we yielded to the charm of this tranquillity, chattering incessantly

so as to make up for the time we had lost. Safe from meeting any one, or being seen on this isolated road, we had raised our veils. We had now reached a sort of creek, which was used as a little port. Upon some barks, moored in the river, some children, half naked in their blue rags, diverted themselves. Suddenly Adilah uttered a cry.

"What is the matter?" asked I.

"Down there, on one of the boats, a child has fallen into the Nile."

The terrified little monkeys ran upon the bank screaming. We got out, and Adilah distractedly implored her people for aid, but they only looked at us amazed. I repeated to them in Arabic that a child was drowning. Neither eunuchs nor *saïs* would stir. The screams increased; the poor little one instinctively struggled, but it was easy to foresee the frightful end, and no succor to look for, when happily at a turn of the road a horseman appeared. Attracted by our cries and gestures of despairing appeal, he pressed toward us.

"A child is drowning," said Adilah, pointing with her hand to the little *fellah* who was trying to keep himself above water.

Without taking time to answer, the rider dashed off and forced his horse into the river. We saw him seize the child, who clung to him with a convulsive clasp; but the current is so rapid at this point that the horse, drawn along by it, could not regain the bank. We had some minutes of agony, and then the unknown conquered the danger and placed the child at our feet.

The rider was Hassan!

Struck dumb by the sight, I let Adilah express her gratitude. With a voice shaken, no doubt, by the danger, he replied in French, his eyes fixed on us, and bowing very low.

His embarrassed manner increased my uneasiness. Suddenly, in the confusion caused by this accident, a word from one of the terrified eunuchs, who lifted his arms to heaven, reminded us that our veils were raised. I quickly lowered mine. After a deep reverence Hassan left us, and I remained in consternation at such a rash disregard of the warning I had sent him.

Still pale and trembling, astonished at our care of him, the child kept looking at us. At the noise, the mother came out of her hut—a large woman with a dark, energetic countenance, draped in the blue *sarrau* of the *fellahine*. She approached calm and indifferent, without any alarm or joy. ("What is written is written.") I was seized with regret at the idea of throwing back into his misery this poor little being who owed his life to us. I offered the *fellahine* money if she would give up her boy to me, and the bargain was concluded. We took him with us in the carriage.

Very much agitated by these events we regained the town, when, in driving close to the side-wall of the garden which joins my brother's palace, a branch of jasmine, thrown through the door, fell on my lap. Surprised, we looked at each other.

"It is our neighbor," said Adilah.

I was so irritated that my first impulse was to throw the flower through the window, but Adilah picked up the flower and handed it to me.

"It is justice, after all," she said. "He is repaying you."

This Oriental homage, crowning our adventure, seemed to be an acknowledgment, and I had not the cruelty to repulse it. I accepted the flower.

On my return to Chimilah I had to explain to my father the introduction of my adopted *fellah* into the palace. I owned my flight with Adilah, and related how he had been saved. He did not scold much. Be it understood that I passed over the incident of the veil, and the name of the cavalier.

The remembrance of this strange encounter haunted me. With the branch of jasmine before my eyes I was confounded.

"He repays himself," Adilah had said. I could no longer deceive myself: he knew the heroine of the beautiful prank at the window. But, how had he seen me? Through some opening, perhaps, that was hidden from me by the leaves. The inexplicable mystery haunts me continually.

To divert my mind from these awkward reflections, I made them bring the child, whom Nazly had already cleaned and dressed. He is a little fellow of about five years old, with bold wild eyes, quite beautiful in spite of his air like a little savage, and his shaved head. He is called Mansour, and I had some trouble in taming him. But he let himself be seduced by the gold in my costume, and I won a smile from him by the promise of the dress of an effendi.

Now, when I have exhausted all conjectures on this event so unlooked for, I can not avoid trembling. Has this unhappy, proscribed one ever received the note I sent? I am sure Zourah gave it to one of his people. A terrible anxiety assails me. Who knows? perhaps one of his own people betrayed him! Why, then, does he appear not to have been given up? I reflected on the puerile means I had employed. Men have the audacity which leads them to play with their lives in such a way that the peril increases the interest; why, then, should he have given credence to an anonymous message? Would a hidden friend be likely to avert a real danger from him?

Tormented by this idea, of which I could not get rid, that I perhaps still assisted in his danger, and feeling myself a coward to hesitate after his noble act, so simply performed, I resolved to attempt a last effort to save him, no longer recoiling before the miserable fear of letting him suspect whence came his safety. Was not this poor child, who owed his life to him, already a link between us? Could he scorn this debt of gratitude I had contracted? I immediately wrote a letter in an explicit manner, telling him that he had been seen and recognized, revealing to him in full all the danger I knew hanging over his head. For a signature, I slipped in my letter some jasmine-flowers.

Sure of Zourah, I ordered that this time she should put the letter in his own hands only. Under her *habarah* and veil, it was very easy for her to accomplish her mission without his people suspecting she was other than a slave. When the letter had gone I breathed freely, feeling confident of the success of my attempt, for the advice of a woman neither startles nor wounds; seeing me adopt such means, he could not doubt how imminent the danger was. An hour later Nazly returned. Judge of my amazement when she brought me this answer, which I read in terror:

"What! It was you! This adorable pity which trembles for my life, does it come from your heart? Ah! may you be blessed for this word, for those flowers, which like the Gulnare of dreams, you let fall at the feet of the poor poet Hafiz. Yes! I will be wary to preserve this sad life, which exile has rendered so bitter that for a long time I have not wished to prolong it, and I will obey you. But I can not leave here! Do not ask it more. How could I go now? I have seen you!—I know you! Ah! do not punish me for this cry which escapes from the depths of my soul! It only reaches you as the most humble gratitude—as toward a deity. I know you; I have seen you! I know who you are, and I would not trust my lips even to pronounce your name, but, in the midst of danger, I shall know that a good angel protects me. Blessed are you, for you have increased my courage and my faith!"

When I had finished the letter, I remained motionless, overwhelmed with astonishment. In writing my note I had yielded to an impulse of compassion. This unexpected answer caused me unspeakable terror. Under the humility of this respect and enthusiastic joy lurked an avowal which it was impossible for me to mistake. He loved me, and he dared to tell me he would not go away. On seeing this result of my imprudence, I asked myself by what madness I had been made guilty of it.

Yet I strove to struggle against these fears, which were possibly too great; perhaps his sentiments were only a poet's gratitude, decked in Oriental imagery, and the natural exaggeration of a service rendered by a woman. I read it over again, weighing each word, and scrutinizing each thought which had dictated it. Alas! I could not deceive myself—I could not doubt. Each word was a flame. This unhappy man loved me, and, in the confusion and terror into which I am thrown, I can accuse no one but myself. Did I not do it all? The folly with which I amused myself at the window he took for encouragement—a hope, perhaps. Great Heavens! what must he have suspected as the cause of my imprudence? But no, his love, so humble, so resigned, which from afar, in his retreat, would cause him to sacrifice even his life for me, is a love without hope. He says so. Must he not know, then, that I am to be married?—that he can never approach me? And yet he will not fly; he will not abandon the place I live in, the house which speaks to him of me. Poor boy!

XV.

EVENTS have so crowded on each other, at the very moment when I believed myself delivered from all cause of uneasiness, that I have not been able to find time even to write you. Happily, all is done well this time, and in the consciousness of having repaired my error I can efface it by forgetting it. Some days had passed since those idle terrors of which no trace remained, when one morning Ali came to see me. During our conversation, I perceived, in spite of his efforts to be amused, a certain preoccupied air. He had come from the palace, where they had just discovered that a conspiracy exists, and that a relation of the Viceroy—a bitter enemy of Mohammed—is at the head of it. The name of Hassan was mixed with these rumors. I could not help blushing.

"Is he in danger?" I inquired.

"At least he has a good deal to dread," replied he. "Mohammed is a man with brains and energy."

I felt myself shiver; with a faltering voice I questioned him, and learned that our family interests, closely connected with those of Mohammed, disturbed him more than he chose to own.

The entrance of my sister Hosnah prevented our continuing the subject. On perceiving Ali, she could not repress a movement of her brow, which recalled the Hosnah of old; but she immediately controlled herself, and came to me holding out both hands. When she was seated, conversation recommenced, with some constraint, on indifferent subjects. In regard to Ali, she affected that sort of ignoring which con-

veys the utmost contempt. My brother soon took leave of me. When he had gone—

"You seem to be very intimate," she said in a suspicious manner.

"Yes; is it not very natural?"

"Do you see him often?"

"Not as often as I should desire."

"And his wife?" she continued, fastening her eyes on mine.

The promise I had given my father forced me to evade her question. I was slightly embarrassed.

"You well know we must not receive her," replied I, smiling to hide my confusion.

But I was uneasy about what Ali had been telling me, and questioned Hosnah.

"Bah!" she said, shrugging her shoulders. "Do not make yourself uneasy about Mohammed; he has them in his grasp this moment, and, if he delays acting, it is only to crush them more completely when the right moment arrives."

I let her take me to Choubrah. We were returning from our drive when a battalion of weary soldiers, covered with dust, and who seemed to have arrived after a long march, passed us. With a sort of joyous curiosity, Hosnah lifted the blind softly, to see them pass.

"We shall have news to-morrow," she said.

Astonished, warned by a presentiment, I questioned her.

"Pshaw!" she replied, in a low tone, "it is a secret which concerns you. Mohammed will probably this night make away with enemies mad enough to dare to attack him."

I returned to Chimilah a prey to the most horrible pangs. In this lawless country, where an order is all that is requisite for an execution, they were going to take Hassan's life. Could I let them commit this crime, all the fault of which would be mine? It was no longer now a question of imprudence or rashness. I had a duty to fulfill, a reparation to make, which it would be cowardly to frustrate. I must speak to Hassan, must confess to him that I was the involuntary cause of the danger which hung over his head, show him his blind folly, and, if needful, implore him to fly for the sake of my future peace. After all, was I not convinced of his respect? Humble and resigned as he is, he would know how to suppress, in my presence, that adoration which he doubtless betrayed under a conviction that we should never meet. What had I to fear from a heart so grand, so strong in its abnegation? Does not my rank place me above suspicion? Besides, am I not already the wife of Mohammed? A soul like his could not mistake my interest, but would understand, in the dignity of an engagement, that any other sentiment would be an insult. Was I not encouraging my weakness by these scruples, which, at heart, I felt to be cowardly? It seemed by a providential chance that all obstacles smoothed their own way, as if to constrain my doubts and conquer my timidity. Did not Zourah's house offer a safe place of meeting? What would be the harm of meeting him there, under the protection of these two women, in whose devotion I could so entirely confide? Certain of the discretion of Nazly, veiled and disguised under the *habarah* of some slave, what chance was there that Zourah would recognize me at all? or would not rather suspect me to be a woman from Chimilah, some friend of her sister's? I had still to hesitate before deciding; but could I live with the thought that his life was in my hands, perhaps? Each hour which passed would increase his peril, yet still I hesitated and drew back. I could bear it no longer. I called Nazly.

"Are you not devoted to me?" I asked.

"My dear mistress, even unto death!"

"Well, you must assist me in saving an unhappy man, whom they intend to put to death this very night, for I have been the cause of his ruin."

I then revealed my project to her. She was terrified, and offered violent resistance; but, seeing me so desperate, and ready to commit any folly, she yielded. Time passed. I gave her this note, which Zourah was to carry immediately, without knowing, any more than the two previous times, who had sent it:

"*This woman will conduct you to where I await you.*"

A spray of jasmine still served me for a signature. When the time arrived, disguised with care, I started with Nazly, who often goes out thus, accompanied by some slave. A hackney-coach awaited us, and we got in. My decision had been made after many doubts and combatings, and yet I felt fears assail me anew. The sort of feverish energy which had sustained me in preparing for a departure so rash and dangerous abandoned me. I was amazed to have dared it. But did I not, after all, exaggerate the bearing of this interview? Could it have any other motive than a natural pity? A meeting for a moment, closely veiled, and in the presence of Nazly, had certainly nothing mysterious about it. Had I not already spoken to him in the presence of Adilah and her people? Enlightened as to his foolish enterprise, and told by me of its hopelessness, he could no longer hesitate to yield to the only course which could save him.

The coach stopped in a lonely road on the banks of the Nile, where the little white house

was half hidden from sight by the sycamores. I was in advance of the time. Nazly alone followed me into a little garden close in the rear of the house. Day began to fall, but there was still such a transparent light that I could even distinguish the outlines of the Pyramids commanding the horizon like great gray phantoms. It was a soft, balmy, azure twilight. I looked around, palpitating and oppressed; those moments of waiting seemed centuries. The little door opened suddenly, and Zourah appeared, followed by a man. When he reached me he knelt and kissed the hem of my mantle, while Nazly and her sister moved off to a distance.

There are sometimes strange sensations which abruptly take us by surprise, and defeat the most wisely calculated foresight. I had prepared for this interview, but in vain I called all my *sang-froid* to my aid; I could not think of a word to say. I stood perfectly still under my *bourko*—then I made him a sign to rise, and hesitatingly faltered a few embarrassed sentences in French, because my women did not understand that language. I alluded to the service he had rendered the child whom I had taken, and gave that as an excuse for my unusual proceeding, and revealed to him the design which was intended on this night.

"I bless the peril I passed through, since it has won me thanks from your lips," replied he, with a glance that betrayed all his repressed agitation. "I am proud and happy at this present danger, to which I owe your pity, and to which I owe the joy of seeing you to-day—a thing I have never dared to hope for."

I was alarmed at his calmness, and the accent in which he pronounced these words. I strove in vain to prevent my mind from understanding the sense of them; the recollection of his letter weighed on us both. His repressed passion, united to his respectful timidity, moved me much more than an avowal would have done. Could I take offense at the silent ecstasy that I read in his eyes?

By degrees I conquered my embarrassment, and spoke to him of his menaced life—that he must preserve it to give me peace, and I entreated him to fly.

"No," he said, when I ceased, in his deep, rich voice—"no, I shall not go; I do not wish to go."

"And if I order you?"

At this word, which escaped me, I felt myself crimson under my veil; for did not this reveal that I knew his love, and that I was not offended at the knowledge? He so understood it. His eyes sparkled, but he immediately cast them down.

"No! You could not order me to desert my cause," he said. "You would scorn me as a coward if I did fly."

And he enthusiastically painted the mission on which he had been sent to redeem his country from oppression and theft. He described the poor *fellahs* bending under the *courbash* of the masters, and to whom nothing belonged—not even the products of their fields.

While he spoke I looked at him. In the faint light his countenance softened, and appeared as if transfigured. I was astonished to find him no longer ugly. The fire in his eyes gave a strange brightness to his severe, dark expression.

"But," I answered with less assurance, "it is an idle struggle."

"What matters that, if duty forces it on me?"

He saw me shiver.

"Oh, do not tremble," he said eagerly. "Thanks to you, am I not saved until to-morrow? And to-morrow—who knows—?"

"Have you some hope, then?" I cried, moved by this answer.

He hesitated a moment, as if battling with the fear of betraying himself.

"Pardon me if I am silent on that point," he then replied, "but have confidence, and be tranquil. I wish to live, and have I not at this hour a talisman which protects me?"

And he placed before my eyes a sprig of dried jasmine. I did not answer. There was perfect silence, and I felt his gaze weigh upon me. He slightly leaned toward me, and in a low and troubled voice—

"I already owe too much happiness to you," he said softly. My heart beat so I did not dare to speak.

"I have had little joy in the world," he continued; "the liveliest has been the gift of this poor flower: there are moments which are worth an eternity."

Suddenly a dark shadow rose near us; it was the signal for departure given by Nazly.

For an instant we remained standing before each other.

"Adieu!" I murmured.

"Adieu!" he repeated.

It was only after my return home, alone in the silence, not having to tremble or to think, that I began to recover. With that sort of complacency which leads us to brood over all that has violently agitated and shaken us, I recalled the least incidents of my audacious escapade. My heart fluttered still with a thousand confused impressions. Certain that I had now acquitted myself toward him, I again saw myself in the garden, reading his eyes and divining his thoughts. Had I not let fall some imprudent words which revealed that I was aware of his passion? What

must he think of me? I calmed myself by the thought that I had disabused the mind of this poor madman. An adieu had ended his dream of a day.

Yet I could not sleep at night. If he went, could he escape them? I had opened a window of the veranda, not recollecting that the park at Chimilah cut off all noises, and depending on the rarity of the air to bring me some sound of what was taking place at that hour. Nothing! The sky, the stars with their mild light, illumined the parterres, whence rose odoriferous breathings. Daylight surprised me still up. I told myself then that this terrible adventure was unknown. As to Zourah—as I said before, she believed she carried a letter from some woman of the harem. From what passed at her house she can suspect nothing. Thus, then, no one will ever discover that the Princess Miriam protected this unfortunate, nor suspect that one evening she left her palace to speak with him, Now, deprived of all hope, the poor poet will live, and the remembrance of this incident will weaken in his mind with time, which effaces all things.

The next morning I had scarcely risen when Nazly entered, handing me a letter which bore no address.

"Where did this letter come from?" I asked in amazement.

"Zourah brought it to me. A slave carried it to her house and desired her to convey it immediately to the *hanum* who had come to visit her garden yesterday."

I tremblingly opened the paper. Some jasmine-flowers fell upon my knees. I read:

"This act of thanks will reach you to say that you have saved me. Alas! in leaving you I knew that the adieu from your lips was a final adieu, and that I should never see you more, but I bear in my heart the imperishable souvenir of that pity of an instant that you felt for me. From the retirement of the retreat which I have secured, I do not wish one cloud to still trouble the calm peace of your happy life. Know, then, that I am free; that the perils which made you tremble are now no more than idle shadows; and that I remember." When I had finished, an unspeakable sadness took possession of me. Tears of tenderness wet my eyes. The danger now removed, in spite of myself, I pity this love so full of abnegation, so respectful, so humble in its hopelessness that it does not even utter a complaint. This solicitude for my peace, which has made him no doubt brave danger to send me this note, touches me to the depths of my soul! Poor boy! I have repaired the evil that my imprudence might have caused him. I am quits with my conscience, and with him.

Such is the end of my prank.

XVI.

I RECOGNIZE you well there, Martha, and you have been truly idle to tremble for your adventurous Miriam as you call her. Of this romance, which makes you so uneasy, there only remains at this hour a withered sprig of jasmine. Your little princess is of a rank which sufficiently protects her from the scorn which might wound her pride. To put a seal on this secret for ever, I have written to this unhappy man a last reasonable letter, and I have again taken up my old course of life, so very busy, I assure you, with preparations for my marriage that it leaves no time to give way to that natural nonchalance of my race with which you have so often reproached me, In eight days the *Ramadan* will be over, and, urged by my father, I have pronounced the word which will accomplish my destiny. You can judge of the joy at Chimilah. Day before yesterday, departing more than ever from the established rules, there was a new visit to the famous pavilion, where Seigneur Mohammed came this time under the character of *fiancé*. Understand, I was still closely wrapped in my veils. Honestly, he did not utter his protestations badly. Timid and impassioned by turns, he yet had a certain hardness of glance which presages the master—h'm! Martha! He would have been perfect if he had not let me suspect that he treats me like a child.

Before this proud man, to whom I must one day humble myself, I could not prevent my thoughts from returning to the foolish dreams you know of. But, pshaw! all that has flown. The glory and fortune of our family are at stake! We have arranged the routine of my house. The gratings are newly gilded, as is suitable for one of the rarest of birds. Each morning magnificent baskets of presents are sent to the harem. I find among them unknown flowers which seem to have been forced expressly for me. Never was there more radiant happiness. . . . Do not pay any attention to these blistered lines. Without knowing why, I melted into tears; that is all, and they have washed them.

XVII.

MORE and more enchanted, Hosnah has put herself at the head of all the preparations for the important day. She desires that Cairo shall long remember such a *fête*. Owing to this diversion, I have gained some respite, which I have profited by to go and see Adilah. My father is so joyous that I do not despair of arriving at the great aim I have pursued in fancy—to make him acknowledge the poor, lonely girl. You know how indulgent he is to my escapades. He listens when I speak of her; and he no longer forbids

me to visit her, but feigns unconsciousness. I have already Saïda as an ally. Were she not afraid of being disagreeable to Hosnah, we would be sure of the zeal of my step-mother, on condition always that she remains hidden behind the curtain.

Mansour—my little savage—is a charming child; you can not imagine the affection this poor little fellow has for me: he only seems to live in my presence. Saïda is devoted to him, and we take him out to drive with us, which, the other day, was the cause of a curious incident. We had gone out in the coach. The weather was so beautiful that passing Choubrah we reached the banks of the Nile, when the idea occurred to me of taking the child to see his mother. The scene was the same as before: the same children —*yaoulets*, as they call them—were playing on the boats moored there, and startling the scarlet flamingoes. Some buffaloes dotted the blue water with great spots of black, while the little *fellahines*, slender and graceful in their cloth draperies, with jars upon their heads in the form of amphora vases, which each supports with the arm of a caryatid covered with glass bracelets, went and came with the easy, undulating grace of antique statues. Mansour, on seeing his old comrades, wished to get out and show himself in his dress of an effendi, and we permitted him to do so. We were soon surrounded, and you can imagine the cries of joy and wonder.

We followed the road on foot to reach a cluster of huts which were about a hundred yards off, when suddenly Mansour dropped my hand, and dashed off after a stranger who was crossing the road. The pedestrian turned round: it was Hassan. Letting the child lead him, he came toward us, but—withheld by respect—stopped. My gaze met his; he started—no doubt, discovering it was me—bowed his head in secret recognition, and smiling gently on the little *fellah*, as if I must take the smile to myself, went on without daring to proffer a word.

You may believe I was much exercised in answering Saïda's questions, for she was greatly puzzled with this by-play. When she learned that he was the man who saved Mansour—

"How ugly he is!" she cried.

I know not why, but this exclamation spread peace into my soul. Certainly the ugliness of the poor poet Hafiz absolves me for the secret bond so strangely formed between us, and of which chance seems to renew the remembrance. I told you, I think, that Mansour's mother is a fortune-teller. She was standing in the doorway, and, seeing me approach with the child, rushed to throw herself at my feet and kiss the hem of my *habarah* with great effusion of gratitude.

"Enter, *hanums*," she said, in the grave and dignified manner of a sibyl.

While she devoted herself to embracing her son, I examined with amazement the interior, which I had entered after much repugnance. In the place of that sordid poverty and dirt which are ordinarily to be found in the dwellings of the *fellahs*, there was a comparative cleanliness which almost testified to a certain ease. The cabin had only one room, lighted by the open door, so that the farther end was in darkness. We seated ourselves on a divan of red cotton cloth; on a mat before us were carefully arranged some little pottery cups, some shells, and some cheese; and on one side a writing-desk and some old books. Silent, and impressed by all this, Saïda looked around with curiosity.

Thin, bronzed, with strongly marked harsh features, the *guayari* has an air of savage energy which must inspire confidence and terror in her fortune-telling. Her eyes, shaded with kohl as far as the middle of her cheeks, have a savage glitter, which abash the gaze and seem to wrest one's secret thoughts involuntarily. She knelt at my feet, searching me with her dark orbs.

"Give me your hand," she said.

I refused, but Saïda timidly held hers out. The sorceress held the little hand in hers, and appeared to study the lines, then without saying a word she rose and returned with a stand upon which a live adder was crawling. Saïda screamed.

"Do not be afraid," she said. "It is a harmless reptile."

And, as if she wished to show us what was dangerous, she went and brought a little cage which she placed before our eyes. A serpent, rolled into a ring scarcely larger than a bracelet, seemed sleeping on a bed of sand. It was an asp, whose sting is mortal, and which is used only in the most terrible incantations.

Of course the fortune-teller only predicted happiness, fortune, power, and all smiling prophecies, until Saïda was beaming. Before going away I gave Salome permission to come and see her son at Chimilah.

XVIII.

I HAVE had an interview with my father, which was at the same time solemn and charming, in which he complimented me by treating me as a daughter with intelligence enough to understand things, and to be associated with the ambitious projects that he does not confide to the narrow minds of my elder sisters. He did not conceal from me the fact that, in the present ruined state of our family affairs, they depend solely on me to raise them up. Politics and caprice of the rulers being in this country the only source of wealth and favor, he unfolded to me the hopes arising

from this splendid marriage of mine, and he entered into the most confidential details. The influence that I appear to have gained already over Mohammed does not leave a doubt of the sovereign power I shall be able to wield. The harem, my dear, strange as it may seem, holds here a more important place than you may suppose in the control of the government. My *rôle* is admirable, and, in view of the high position I shall be called to fill, if I am to believe the style of the adulation of which I am the recipient in the innumerable visits I receive, behold me already the most envied *hanum* in Egypt. Hosnah and Farideh have introduced to me their most titled friends in Cairo. I am enthroned, and actually have almost a court, where the two parties mingle, and petitions are presented to me as if I were the wife of a vizier.

Two new interviews with my *fiancé* have now definitely settled our future, and, save that he only knows me by my eyes, the bond that unites our souls is firmly knitted. Workmen are in his palace arranging my harem in French style, and I learn through Hosnah that he is spending nearly a million dollars on it. Think if I am loved—and if I shall not be happy! . . .

To escape the fatigue of the visitors whom my happiness has already secured me, I drive out of town, where, alone with Bell, I can collect my thoughts. Nearly each time I have met the poor poet Hafiz at the same spot, who seems to come there and wait to see me pass. Perhaps he is in concealment in some hut in the neighborhood. Through precaution for him, though, I have for several days discontinued going there, hoping that when he does not see me any longer he will cease his painful attendance; but, some whim of Hosnah's leading us through the same road, I met him again more sad and paler than before. More touched than I cared to be by this patient devotion, which can only bring him suffering, I resolved to at least spare his poor, noble heart the torture of an effort so agonizing. The next morning, arming myself with all my courage, I went out alone with Bell, and, as my coach passed before him, I let fall a sprig of jasmine, to which I had fastened this cold, harsh farewell: "*I will return here no more.*"

The same evening Nazly's sister brought me this note:

"Pardon, pardon me for being so unhappy as to cause you annoyance. Alas! that it should be my fault that you should avoid that road because I was there! But now I recognize my error. Return—return; I will obey you. You shall not see me again."

Poor fellow! In receiving these lines, where not a word of complaint escapes his desolated heart, I realize how harsh I have been. This abnegation of self before his idol touches me to the depths of my soul. He has the strength of a lion, my dear, under this timid humility. I have again read his "Princess Gulnare." An Eastern poet alone could paint its burning passion. One of these days I will translate it for you.

XIX.

MARTHA! you are the only one to whom I can confide my most secret thoughts. Whether guilty or imprudent, I know that I shall always find in your heart the inextinguishable love of a sister. No! Do not say I have deceived you, if, in consequence of an idle act, which up to this hour troubles me, I have done injustice to myself. I will at least open my soul to you, and let you search there, like another conscience which forms part of my being. Yes! you had foreseen that, always pursuing chimeras, the imagination of your poor Miriam would stray beyond your advice and judgment. Led away by a miserable feeling of coquetry, perhaps, I have not kept my promise! I have written, I have answered his letters, which breathe such resigned, submissive love. I feel myself so exalted in this heart adoring me without hope or aim! Does he not know that we are utterly separated? Do not believe that I have encouraged him, Martha. His heart is deep and transparent as a beautiful lake which reflects the sky. All there is noble and sublime in its pleasures and its sorrows. Bereft of all hope, he loves me, and never dares even to pronounce my name. Resolved to give up all my dreams in consequence of the marriage required by my father, I have only given the poor poet a token of my sympathy for the horrible suffering of which I have been the involuntary cause. His respect so exalted me in my own eyes that I felt reassured, and rather proud to console him. Do not alarm yourself, then, like my unfortunate Bell, who, ignorant of my secret, torments me with a thousand questions about a change in me that she observes. I shall be married in a few days; I will obey my destiny. What more can they require? Must I give up my life also? Am I not dazzled by the splendor of an unequaled future? What is wanting in my fate? A very little thing, truly—only the happiness of loving, the union of two souls which makes marriage an enchantment. What is all this I dream of? I have a lover who adores me, and, whether with him or with another, I shall learn to have a master. That is all.

No, Martha, I can not pretend any more! I have lied to you: I feigned a stupid resignation; I am afraid—I am afraid. Possessed, in spite of myself, by a delirium stronger than my reason, I lose my senses. The bare thought of be-

ing the wife of Mohammed terrifies me. Is there not some hour in our lives when the heart awakens and, bursting all the trammels that our poor wisdom has invented to subjugate it, it speaks as a master, annulling the past, stifling everything, even the recollection of pledges made? Martha, I love Hassan! Do you understand? I should love to give him my life—my soul, and all that is mine! I have loved him from the first day, to that second supreme one when we met. I will love him until I die, and I shall be the wife of another! What is to become of me in that irrevocable future to which I thoughtlessly abandoned myself? I am lost! lost beyond recall—lost, without its being possible even for me to attempt to defend myself. I can not be the wife of Mohammed; I should die! It would be cowardly infamy. It would be a frightful torture to which they have no right to condemn me.

But what shall I do? Everything is decided upon; all is nearly accomplished. For three days I have thought of throwing myself at my father's feet, and imploring him to break off the marriage; but what pretext could I give? To own the truth, would be to betray Hassan—to loosen against him new and powerful hatreds. You see, I am utterly lost—only a miracle can save me!

From the French of JACQUES VINCENT (*Revue des Deux Mondes*).

(*Conclusion next month.*)

THE SUEZ CANAL.

A HISTORY.

WHEN Ismaïl Pasha ascended the vicegal throne of Egypt, he inherited from his predecessor, Saïd Pacha, a legacy which proved to be the cause of his troubles, his misfortunes, and his end. Saïd Pasha had granted to a French company the right to cut a ship-canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea.

It was a grand idea, no doubt. But, if we are to believe the records of the past, it was not a new one. Twice before the waters of the Mediterranean had been connected with the waters of the Red Sea, and it is generally credited that even the canal which now exists was projected long before the present company undertook to dig it. It was a gigantic undertaking, although not a very difficult one to accomplish. It does not require any great engineering skill to excavate in sand; and, as soon as it was ascertained that the sand would not return to the place from which it was taken, the problem was solved. As for the danger arising from the sides falling in, every one knows that wet sand is always hard, and that it has no tendency to "cave." Any one who walks upon a beach may observe it for himself. Still, it was a great undertaking. It has proved to all the world—Egypt alone excepted—of great advantage. For Egypt, however, it has turned out to have been a great commercial as well as a great political mistake. It has been the principal cause of her financial ruin, and led to the dethronement of her late Viceroy.

It has proved a great commercial mistake in this: that it has permitted all the travel and all the merchandise going to and coming from India to Europe to pass her by; whereas, before the canal was dug, everything and every person going to and coming from that direction, stopped at her ports, used her roads, and paid toll continually, thus profiting every one, from hotel-keeper to donkey-boy.

It was a political mistake because it has placed Egypt upon the highway to India, thus making her an object of jealous solicitude, and of great importance from a strategical point of view, to those nations whose power is supposed to be mainly derived from that country, or whose ambition lies in that direction; while the ruinous influence it has exercised over the finances of Egypt may be seen by a passing glance at the facts; and I venture the assertion that no one who will take the trouble to consider them—save only those who have profited thereby—will hesitate to say that a greater scheme of cruelty and plunder was never imagined, or, if imagined, was never before carried to such successful execution.

The first proposition which was made to the then Khedive (Saïd Pasha), by the projectors of the enterprise, was a very plain and simple one. If the Pasha would permit them to excavate a canal through his dominions, which would join the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, they would do all the work at their own cost. When the canal should be completed, they would pay him fifteen per cent. of the profits which the canal might earn. As there was no water in the country through which it was to be cut, except such as would come into it from the sea, and as a great number of workmen would be employed

upon it, and as the principal part of the grain of the country is grown in Upper Egypt, beyond Cairo, which then came to Alexandria for shipment, and which, it was hoped, would find its way to the sea through the canal, it was agreed that, should a sweet water canal be deemed necessary, the company were to be permitted to dig one, always at their own cost, from the Nile, starting from a point near to and above Cairo, to the ship-canal. They were to be the owners for ninety-nine years of all the government land, then unoccupied, which lay along the banks of the canal, and which might be irrigated from it, free of taxes for ten years. At the expiration of ninety-nine years, the entire works were to revert to the Government, upon the company being paid the value of their improvements. In case the charter should be renewed at the expiration of its term, the Government was to receive an increased share of the profits.

Nothing could be more business-like than this. The results which the enterprise promised were so great that its projectors could afford to do the entire work, at their own cost, and give to the grantor of the privilege fifteen per cent. of their profits. This percentage on the profits would compensate for the loss of traffic which the country then enjoyed from travelers and from merchandise in transit. But the grant was coupled with the express stipulation that the Khedive was not to be bound to anything regarding it unless the Sultan should approve of the scheme and give to it his assent. In point of fact, therefore, it was the Sultan who was to grant the necessary concessions. For this consent, however, the company did not wait, and they went to work.

Matters do not appear to have progressed very rapidly. The company had undertaken a great work, and, to perfect it, required a great deal of money. The money was not forthcoming. Subscription to the stock was slow. Capitalists were not eager to invest in such an undertaking. As usual, there were many croakers abroad. Every scheme of the sort finds many enemies. In England, particularly, it was looked upon with great disfavor, just as canals in that country were pronounced impracticable when they were first projected; in the United States, just as railroads were before they were built. Many people believed that the level of the Red Sea was so far below the level of the Mediterranean that, the canal once dug, all the waters of the latter would pour through it, leaving its bed dry. On the other hand, there were others who thought the level of the Mediterranean so far below the level of the Red Sea that the waters of the Indian Ocean would pour into it, and flood a great portion of the Continent of Europe. Capitalists were not eager to invest in an undertaking which threatened so great a disaster. Besides, the money, when it came, was to come from Europe, and those who had it did not fancy sending it so far away from home, under so many conditions of doubt and peril.

To place themselves upon a better footing, the company obtained further concessions from the Viceroy (always subject, however, to the approval of the Sultan). Among other things, they were to be permitted to dig a fresh-water canal, starting from the point where the first one was to touch the marine canal, extending to the south as far as Suez, and to the north as far as Port Saïd. All the unoccupied land lying along the route of this projected canal, and belonging to the Government, which might be irrigated from it (amounting to many thousands of acres, and which only needs the Nile-water to make it most productive), was to belong to the company for ninety-nine years, and was to be free of taxes for ten years. They were to be allowed to demand pay for the water which the canal might furnish the proprietors of land in its neighborhood. They were to be allowed to charge ten francs per ton on vessels which might use the ship-canal, and ten francs toll on each passenger who might pass through it.

One stipulation only was made in the interest of the people of the country. As it was evident that the construction of these immense works would require the employment of a great number of laborers, it was agreed by the company that *four fifths*, at least, of the workmen to be employed upon them should be Egyptians. These the Khedive agreed to furnish. They were to be paid as follows: Those who were under twelve years of age were to receive two and a half piasters (about twelve and a half cents) per diem; those over twelve years of age were to receive three piasters (about fifteen cents) per diem; they were also to receive rations of the value of one piaster (about five cents) per diem, without regard to age. Lodging was to be provided for them, also hospitals, and transportation was to be furnished them to the point at which they were to work. The Khedive little dreamed, when he made this stipulation, which was clearly intended should benefit his people, that he was consigning upward of twenty thousand human beings to their graves, and that he would, in the end, be called upon, and forced, to pay an immense sum of money for it.

Even with these vast grants in their favor, the company stood in the presence of many difficulties. Although the first concession was made in November, 1854, and the second one in January, 1856, the subscription-books were not opened until November, 1858. To secure 400,000,000 francs (the estimated cost of the work) to be in-

ERRATUM.—Page 304, second line from bottom of second column—"400,000,000 francs" should read "200,000,000 francs."

vested in an enterprise in a distant quarter of the globe, was found to be an impossibility. And in 1860 they were at the end of their resources. But the project was not to be abandoned. The company had already borrowed from the Khedive 2,394,914 francs. This money was all gone. Then they set to work upon him in earnest, and they persuaded him to subscribe for 177,662 shares of stock of the company. Now, the entire number of shares was only 400,000, so that, one may say, the canal which was to have been dug through Egyptian territory, not only at no cost to Egypt, but from which she was to receive fifteen per cent. of the profits derived therefrom, and four fifths of the cost of which were to be paid out to Egyptians, was now to be largely built with Egypt's money.

The Pasha did not have the money in hand with which to pay up his subscription. But this did not matter: the affair could easily be arranged, for at that time Egypt had no debt to speak of, and her credit was good. So it was agreed that he was to be charged on the company's books, *to date from* January 1, 1859, with the proportionate amount due on his stock—viz., 17,764,200 francs, from which was to be deducted the amount already advanced by him, 2,394,914 francs, with interest thereon (1,211,242 francs), so that his actual indebtedness on his called-in subscription was 15,248,042.88 francs; and, as he had no money, he was to, and did, give Treasury obligations, payable—2,305,175 francs on December 8, 1863, and the balance in three equal annual installments of 4,314,305.96 francs, all bearing interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum from January 1, 1860.

Therefore on the first amount he paid:

	Francs.
In principal.....	2,305,125
In interest.....	691,557.50
On the second:	
In principal.....	4,314,305.96
In interest.....	2,157,152.98
On the third:	
In principal.....	4,314,305.96
In interest.....	2,588,583.57
On the fourth:	
In principal.....	4,314,305.96
In interest.....	3,020,012.67
In all.....	24,705,734.60

for which he was to receive bonds amounting to 15,248,042 francs. In other words, he was to pay 24,705,734.60, and was to receive, in bonds, 15,248,042 francs—a difference between what he paid and the sum he was to receive of nearly 10,000,000 francs. The rest of his subscription was to be paid at other intervals.

The success of this negotiation gave to the company a new life, and they pressed forward the work, not only on the main canal, but also on the sweet-water canal, which was to start from the Nile.

Saïd Pasha died in January, 1863; Ismaïl Pasha succeeded him. The company now needed more money, and they pounced upon him at once. They represented to him that the supply of water in the canal from Cairo to Zagazig (on the way to the marine canal) would not be sufficient to supply the canal which was to be dug from the point where that canal was to touch the maritime canal to Suez with water. They persuaded him that the construction of this canal, particularly in respect of the appropriation of lands belonging to individuals, would give rise to questions of interior administration which might prove difficult and serious, and which it was important to the Government to have under its exclusive control. To prevent such an unhappy possibility, the company agreed to renounce the right to construct their canal from the Nile to the maritime canal; to make the canal from the point where it touched the maritime canal to Suez of sufficient dimensions not only to serve the purposes of irrigation, but also to answer the purposes of navigation. At the same time they retroceded to the Government the lands which had been given them. The plain English of which was, that they could not comply with their engagements, and that, notwithstanding all the assistance which they had received, they were unable to complete the work which they had agreed and had commenced to do. The ground upon which they placed their request to be freed from that part of their contract which is now under consideration was a mere pretext. It was simply ridiculous in them to say that they could not complete the sweet-water canal; and the idea that questions of "interior public policy" would have been seriously considered by the managers of the enterprise, if their private interests had not made it convenient for them to do so, will not certainly be entertained for a moment by those who have any knowledge of Egyptian affairs or the methods of Egyptian government. Still they were sufficiently clever to obtain from the Khedive a release from this part of their contract. This done, they commenced the attack upon him.

They had already excavated the sweet-water canal from Ouady (the point where the canal from the Nile was to touch the maritime canal) to Suez. In consideration of the retrocession above mentioned they compelled the Government to agree to complete the canal from the Nile to Ouady as it was to have been built by them, but

the work was to be done under the supervision of their own engineers. The canal was to be completed by the 1st of March, 1864; when completed, it was to be kept in repair by the company, but at the cost of the Government; it was to be properly supplied with water at all seasons; was to be subject to all the services which had been established upon it in their favor by the original contract, and its water was to belong to them!—that is, the Government was to build the canal, give it to the company, keep it in thorough repair, and always well supplied with water!

Let us consider for a moment what a grant this was. The company embarked upon their enterprise under the express stipulation that all the work was to be done at their own expense, with the further obligation to complete, also at their own expense, important works connected therewith. They were to allow the Egyptian Government fifteen per cent. of the profits which they might derive from the work, and four fifths at least of the laborers who were to be employed upon it were to have been Egyptians. See how completely, in a few years, the positions of the parties were changed! Instead of nothing, the Government had contributed £8,000,000 to the enterprise (exclusive of the interest heretofore alluded to); had agreed to construct important works and to keep them in repair, the company to derive the sole benefit therefrom. From being the beneficiary, the Government became the benefactor. It was to do the work; the work, when completed, was to belong to the company!

It would appear that the company had now obtained everything they could possibly have wished for. The Khedive could reasonably have hoped that the war was over, and that he would not be called upon for anything in addition to what had already been wrested from him. He does not appear to have known the extent to which engineering skill can be carried. The war which he thought at an end had scarcely begun!

We must bear in mind always that the *sine qua non* to give to the different concessions from the two Khedives to the company validity and vitality was that they should be approved by the Sultan; that the Sultan withheld it; and that, notwithstanding this, the work was commenced and prosecuted as rapidly as the company's capacity for raising money would permit.

In the mean while England had seen with great and natural concern that a short route was being opened to the Indies, over which she was not to have a controlling influence. She could not but feel apprehensive lest large French possessions in Egypt, situate as were the lands which had been ceded to the company, might result to her disadvantage. The work as it progressed was talked about the world over. The moral sense of the British people took offense at the character of the labor which was employed upon it, and the manner by which it was controlled. Accounts, not exaggerated, reached them of the "corvées" which were driven to the banks of the canal (for the Khedive, when he stipulated that Egyptians should be employed, also agreed to see that they should be forthcoming). The work was distasteful to them, not remunerative, and unhealthy. They were driven to it by force; they were perishing by thousands. Does the reader know how their tasks were performed? Those who carried the earth away from where it was dug were not furnished anything in which to carry it. They were required to stoop, to place their arms behind their backs, the left wrist clasped in the right hand, and then as much earth was placed in the hod thus made as it would hold. They were forced to walk away with it up a steep acclivity, and, when they reached the dumping-spot, they let go their hold, straightened up, and, shaking themselves like a spaniel who has just come out of the water, relieved themselves of their burden. A large proportion of them were under twelve years of age. Englishmen almost fancied they could hear the thud of the "courbash" as it fell upon the more than half-naked bodies of these wretched and defenseless people, as it forced them to and kept them at these dreary tasks. The Sultan was urged to withhold his consent, and it was a long time before it was finally obtained. "Backsheesh" at length prevailed, and his consent was given, but it was coupled with the express proviso that the work by the "corvées" should cease. It was time; for, as has already been said, thousands of these creatures had died miserably, and had been buried in the sand.

In the mean time, while diplomates were negotiating at Stamboul, excavating had been going on at the Isthmus, the parties in interest never seemingly having taken into consideration the possibility of any interference on the part of the Sultan. No one entertains the smallest idea that the Sultan's course in this regard was dictated by any humane consideration; whether twenty or a hundred thousand Arabs died mattered little to him; neither could he have supposed that suppressing the "corvées" would be anything but a benefit to the company, as it would enable them to use the machinery which they had already in readiness and were then employing; it was nothing more on his part than a concession to English public sentiment. He felt obliged to grant something to the British ambassador, and so he granted him this.

But, unhappily for the Khedive, when the decision of the Sultan was made known, the com-

pany's chronic state of greed had increased, and out of this simple modification made in their concession they invented a scheme which produced marvelous results. They had suffered a grievance! The Khedive had agreed to see that they were furnished with laborers. As the Sultan had prohibited him from carrying out his agreement in this regard, when without his consent nothing was binding, the Khedive must pay! And immediately they cried, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war upon him.

For the suppression of the "corvées" they demanded heavy damages; and, while they were about it, they claimed the amount which they had already expended on the canal which was intended to connect the Nile with the maritime canal, and which, as we have already seen, they had abandoned to the Government. Then they claimed the amount which they estimated it would cost to complete that canal; then the value which the canal would have been to them if it had been completed; then the value of the lands lying along the banks of the canal, and which were to be irrigated from it, which had been given to them, and which they had retroceded to the Government when they declared their inability to complete it; then the value of the water which the canal would have furnished them.

The Khedive protested against these demands. His protests availed him nothing. The claims were there, and they had to be settled. The more he protested, the more they insisted. He was threatened; he was not in a position to fight. He was negotiating with Constantinople to have the Mohammedan law of succession, by which the eldest of the family inherited, changed so that he might secure the viceregal throne to his own children; but these demands upon him were so unconscionable that he opposed them as far as he dared. Finally an arbitration was proposed, and to this proposition he, in an unlucky moment, consented.

The arbitrator called upon was Louis Napoleon. In his hands the Khedive considered himself safe—from oppression at least. Louis Napoleon was his *beau-idéal* of a man; he was his exemplar as a sovereign; he imitated him, as far as he could, in all things. His mode of life was fashioned after the French Emperor's; his soldiers were uniformed after the French pattern, and were drilled on the French system; his palaces were furnished with the product of French labor; his equipages were copied after those in use by the French Emperor; even the railings which inclosed his public buildings and the places of public resort were tipped with a golden tint in imitation of the Tuileries and the Bois. His capital was to be remodeled and rebuilt by another Haussmann; it was to be made to resemble Paris as much as possible. Life there was to be of the same character, and was to be kept up with the same display. In short, one of his many ambitions seems to have been that he should make Cairo the most beautiful capital in the Orient, as Louis Napoleon had made Paris the most beautiful capital in Europe; and that he, Ismaïl Pasha, should, in splendor and in power, be in his country what Napoleon III. was in France. Into the hands of such a model prince he could, he thought, safely intrust his interests. Napoleon's sense of justice would protect him from being despoiled; he was sufficiently powerful to do right without the fear of consequences; and, although the organizer of the raid upon him was a member of the Emperor's family, he consigned his interests into the Emperor's keeping without fear. In quick time came the award. It must have taken his breath away.

His Imperial Majesty decided that the stipulation contained in the second concession, to the effect that four fifths, at least, of the labor upon the canal were to be done by Egyptians, was a *contract* between the company and the Khedive, by which the latter bound himself to furnish the labor; the violation of which on the part of the Khedive made him liable in damages, notwithstanding that everything relating to the concession was subject to the approval of the Porte; and notwithstanding that the form of labor had been changed by the Porte—all of which the Emperor admitted.

Upon this item, however, he mulcted him in damages 33,000,000 francs for labor on the canal, and 5,000,000 francs for labor which should have been furnished for the completion of buildings which would be necessary to enable the company to carry on their works. Suppose the Sultan had refused his assent to the entire scheme, and, at the time his refusal was made known, the company had expended $50,000,000, or any other sum thereon, would Egypt have been responsible for the sums which had been expended, in the face of the express stipulation that the validity of the entire agreement depended upon the Sultan's consent thereto? If so, then Egypt would have been responsible, not only for the amounts which had been already expended, but also for the profits which the company might have hoped to make during the ninety-nine years of their charter! Apart from the absurdity of the proposition, from a legal point of view, what man, in his senses, could be made to believe that it is more economical to use hand-labor than to use steam, upon such a work as the excavating a ship-canal large enough and deep enough to float vessels of the greatest tonnage? But that was the conclusion, or rather the decis-

ion, to which the Emperor came! He said: "The Khedive bound himself to furnish the hands; he has not done so; the company are obliged to use machinery instead, and the cost of the work remaining to be done on the canal will be 33,000,000 francs more if done by machinery than if it had been done by hand; and on the works which were to be erected 5,000,000 francs more"!

In point of fact, the dredging-machines had already been constructed, and were at work, when the decision was made known. The hand-labor would necessarily have been abandoned. How could it have been otherwise? Egyptians are not beavers; they can't work with twenty-six feet of water over their heads. The water was pouring into the places from which the earth was being dug as fast as the earth was removed, and in such quantities that it was impossible to keep the places free. If the digging of the canal had depended upon manual labor, it would never have been accomplished. The Egyptians employed upon it would have been drowned again, and in about the same spot that they were when they went in pursuit of Moses.

In diminution of any demand against him upon this point, the Khedive claimed 4,500,000 francs that had been curtailed, to use a mild phrase, by the company from the laborers he had furnished. This, with great show of fairness, the arbitrator allowed. That is, he found that from the already miserable pay which these wretched people were promised, a large proportion of whom were children under twelve years of age, 4,500,000 francs had been filched! Fancy, if one can, a great company, presided over by barons and others wearing decorations on their breasts, deliberately setting themselves to work, and cent by cent, to rob a lot of helpless men and children, who were dying around them like flies! But inasmuch as the company claimed interest on the sums which they had paid to laborers, up to the time when their further employment was prohibited, amounting, as they stated the sum, to 9,000,000 francs, and as the Emperor considered that the change in the labor was not the result of the Viceroy's action, *although the arbitrator considered that the interest claimed was due*, still he thought that equity (!) required that this sum should be divided equally between the parties, and so he compensated the interest by the filching, and allowed the award to stand, on this point, at thirty-eight million francs—that is, the company had agreed to pay for the labor, but the Khedive must pay the company an interest on the sums they had expended upon it.

The arbitrator also found that the concession to the company of the right to excavate the sweet-water canal assured to them advantages which must have been considered by them as essential to the success of their enterprise; that these advantages were threefold—it assured to them the quantity of water which would be necessary to work the machines employed in dredging the maritime canal, and to furnish the laborers with water; it would furnish water to irrigate the lands which had been ceded to them; they could have expected benefits resulting from the tolls which they would have been entitled to levy upon those who would have used it when completed.

Therefore, in consideration of the retrocession of these supposititious benefits to the Government, the Government was to reimburse the company the amounts which they had expended upon the canal, represented to be 7,500,000 francs, with 3,750,000 besides for interest and the amount it would have required to complete it, so as to make a round figure of 10,000,000 francs!

He also found that the profits which the company *might* have expected to make from those who *might* have used the water of the canal for the purposes of irrigation should be estimated at 6,000,000 francs! In other words, a piece of land is given to me upon the condition that I shall erect a building thereon at my own cost. After the building is partly erected, I acknowledge my inability to complete it; I return the land, and must be reimbursed—1. The amount expended by me; 2. The interest thereon; 3. The amount which it would have cost me to complete it; 4. The profits which I might have hoped to derive from it had I completed it!

The arbitrator also found that the retrocession of the lands could not have been intended except with the reciprocal obligation of receiving and giving payment of their value; that the concession, although not expressing the number of acres, should be fixed at one hundred and twenty-six thousand acres, less six thousand acres necessary to the company to erect their works upon—a result obtained by surveys made in 1856 (which surveys had been, by mutual consent, set aside in 1858); that this land was worth one thousand francs (!) per acre; and that, as the company had given it back to the Khedive, he should pay them 30,000,000 francs! That is to say, the company were to have these lands upon the condition that they were to do a certain work upon them, without which work they were utterly worthless. They admitted their inability to comply with their contract; they were only too glad to get rid of it; and, because the Khedive annulled the gift at their own request, he was made to pay them 30,000,000 francs! These several sums aggregate 84,000,000 francs, which he was awarded to pay upon concessions which he had partly inherited, and not one penny of which was due!

Consider that, when these different changes in the concessions and retrocessions were made, not a word was said about compensation, and then say what are we to think of judgment by arbitration.

Certainly the French Emperor was enlightened upon the company's legal rights by very many French lawyers, who found no end of reasons to show that the company were entitled to a great deal more than they asked for. I have read them all—a volume—but the most conclusive argument in the batch is contained in one of five words: "Contre avanie Turc, justice française."

The Turkish affront consisted in the Khedive having given to a French company everything it asked; the French justice consisted in making him pay 84,000,000 francs for having done so!

But this was not all the decree contained. The 84,000,000 francs was cash, which was to be paid. In addition to the money, the exclusive use of the Ouady Canal, from Timseh to Suez, was declared to be in the company; no water was to be taken from it except with their consent (that is, Egypt was to furnish them with the water, and they were to sell it). Government was to complete the Zagazig Canal, joining it to the Ouady Canal, so as to insure to the latter a constant supply of water; Government was to complete the canal from Ouady to Suez, according to the original plan; the company were to keep this canal in perfect order, but Egypt was to pay the expenses thereof, either by giving them 300,000 francs per annum, or by refunding the actual cost, according to the bills which might be furnished by them, as Government might prefer, the indemnity for this work to be revised every ten years.

The height of the water in the canal was to be, at high Nile, about seven feet; at mid Nile, about six feet; and at low Nile, three feet; the company at all times to be furnished with three hundred and twenty thousand cubic feet of water per diem (a physical impossibility), thus opening out to them another boundless field in which to sow the seed of future damages, which they could cultivate and harvest at their leisure, and which they did not fail to set to work upon immediately.

For, as soon as the award was made known, the company discovered that their just demands had not all been included in their original claim. Several items had been omitted. It would be tedious and unprofitable to enumerate them all. One was the value which the take of fish from the sweet-water canal would have been to them. And these new claims they pressed with the vigor which springs from success. The Khedive resisted, protested, refused. Finally, the company suggested "arbitration."

It is related that on one occasion Voltaire had invited a number of the celebrities of Paris to dine with him. During the dinner a violent storm arose, which continued beyond the time when his guests should have taken leave of him. Drawn in a semicircle in front of the fireplace, it was suggested that each person present should recite some incident of a lugubrious character. He who related the most doleful one was to be awarded the palm. By chance Voltaire was the first upon whom the lot fell to speak. Rising, he said, "Gentlemen, once upon a time there was a tax-gatherer," and he resumed his seat. During the remainder of the evening there was kept a profound silence. There was not wit enough in that assembly of wits to banish the horror which the pronouncing of that one word "tax-gatherer" had conjured up.

So with the Khedive. The bare word "arbitration" was enough. Like Zaccheus of old, he came down from his tree, and surrendered. In his turn he sued for peace, and begged for mercy, and finally agreed to pay 30,000,000 francs if the company would go away and never come to him again for more. To this the company finally agreed, but they rounded him off by making him pay them 10,000,000 francs for a piece of property which they had purchased not a very great while before for 1,800,000 francs!

To pay this last amount, being without money, the Khedive gave the coupons which were attached to his canal bonds, running down to the year 1895, the face value of which runs up to 125,000,000 francs! These bonds his necessities compelled him subsequently to sell to England. He was obliged to assume the payment of the coupons which he had taken from them, which amounts to nearly £200,000 per annum! Add these different sums together, and it will be seen that (inclusive of the subscription to stock) the Suez Canal will have cost Egypt some 500,000,000 francs, or largely over what it was estimated the entire work would cost, and which it did cost! Now, if you reflect that when the Khedive, who first consented that the canal should be excavated, did so upon the express condition that the entire work was to be done at the cost of the company; that four fifths of this cost were to be expended upon Egyptians; that, when completed, fifteen per cent. of the profits which the work might produce was to go to the Egyptian Government, and that, instead of these benefits the result was over-expenditure, made and to be made, of upward of 500,000,000 francs, I think ample justification is to be found for the statement with which I started out, that the Suez Canal is the greatest scheme of plunder that was ever conceived, or, if conceived, that was ever carried to such successful execution.

Strange the places Fate chooses from which to fly her arrows! It was the country whose people had conceived and carried out this gigantic fraud (the foundation of Egypt's financial ruin) which pushed the late Viceroy from his stool and drove him, an exile, out of his country.

But the canal was completed at last. The pageant which inaugurated the opening of the great route to the use of the world is known to us all. How strangers flocked to see the triumph, as it was considered, of engineering skill; how the Empress came from France to grace the ceremony with her presence; how she was attended by princes and their trains; how, on the occasion of her going to Cairo, a road was made to the pyramids to enable her to ride out to them without fatigue; how a kiosk was erected near their base in which she was to repose after her journey, from the windows of which she might view those splendid monuments without being subjected to the sun's powerful rays; how *fêtes* were given; how presents were distributed, open-handed and on all sides, and all at the Viceroy's expense — how like, indeed, it was to a fairy pantomime in Eastern land, is known as well to those who kept themselves informed upon the current topics of the day as to those who participated in the splendid pageants.

In one sense, at least, the Khedive had cause for self-congratulation. Both as regards ancient and modern times, his country possessed the grandest monuments which have ever been erected by the hand of man, or spared by the hand of Time; and in respect of the first he had largely contributed, and his name will be associated with it for ever.

Practically, however, what was the result of the work to him? Nothing, except that he had made of Egypt a factor in the constantly recurring Eastern problem, about which no one understands anything except that it is a source of never-failing anxiety to European cabinets, which neither of them, nor all of them combined have ever been, or will ever be, able to solve; and the knowledge that the commerce which had been a profit to his people now passed them by, and the pleasure of looking at the flags of foreign nations waving in the breeze from the masts of their heavily freighted ships as they pass through his territory, borne up, as one might say, upon his river of molten gold; together with the more or less pleasant reflection that he had seen twenty thousand of his subjects perish miserably, to say nothing of his having spent some 500,000,000 francs of their money.

Certainly it can not be said that all of this money went into the hands of the canal company. A great deal of it was interest which the Egyptian Government had to pay in order to enable it to comply with its agreements, and with the Napoleonic award. But, in so far as Egypt is concerned, it matters not where it went: it is sufficient to know that Egypt had to pay it.

A last reflection:

M. de Lesseps started out with the proposition that he could join the two seas at an expense of 200,000,000 francs.

The canal cost the subscribers to its stock that amount. In addition it received from the Khedive:

	Francs.
In interest on his stock.....	8,457,306
From the Napoleonic award..	84,000,000
From his last bargain.....	30,000,000
	122,457,306
It owes.....	135,000,000
	257,457,306
Add original stock.....	200,000,000
	457,457,306

Assume that every franc of the money was spent on the canal, and M. de Lesseps was out in his calculations some 257,000,000 francs.

Remember that many miles of this canal were already dug for him. In former times there were lakes in the vicinity of Ismailia; the water in those lakes had disappeared; he found basins of considerable depth, and all he had to do was to let the water from the sea into them. Now, if under all these favorable circumstances, digging as he was nearly the whole time in sand, it cost him 457,000,000 francs to join the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, where on earth is the money to come from to enable him to cut through the Isthmus of Panama?

P. H. M.

HEALTH AT HOME.

PART FIRST.

THE old saying, "There is no place like home," has a singularly happy meaning, when it is applied to health and the benefits which spring from health that is good and beautiful. We who are engaged in forwarding sanitary work may labor our lives out, and still do little service, until we can get each home, however small it may be, included in the plan of our work. The river of national health must rise from the homes of the nation. Then it will be a great river on which every blessing will be borne.

When I, as a physician, enter a house where there is a contagious disease, my first care is to look at the surroundings. What are the customs of the people there? Are they wholesome? Are they unwholesome? If the answer be, "Wholesome and common sense," then I know that the better half of success in the way of treatment and prevention is secured. If the answer be, "Unwholesome, slovenly, disorderly, careless," then I know that all that may be advised for the best will be more than half useless, because there is no habit on which any dependence can be truthfully placed, and because habit in the wrong direction is so difficult to move that not even the strongest ties of affection are a match for it even in times of emergency.

If we could, then, get wives, mothers, and daughters to learn the habitual practice of all that tends to health, we should soon have an easy victory, and should ourselves cease to be known as the pioneers of sanitary work, the work itself being a recognized system and a recognized necessity to be practiced by everybody.

To me it always seems that no point in the warfare against disease is anything like so important as that of getting the women of the household to work heart and soul with us sanitarians. I am never tired of repeating this fact, and I never shall be until the fact is accomplished. We always look to women for the cleanliness and tidiness of home. We say a home is miserable if a good wife and mother be not at the head of it to direct the internal arrangements. We speak of slovenly women, so much importance do we attach to orderly women, twenty times to one more frequently than we do of slovenly men. A slovenly woman is a woman of mark for discredit, and there can be no doubt that the natural excellences of women in respect to order and cleanliness have, without any distinct system or mode of scientific education, saved us often from severe and fatal outbreaks of disease. In the cholera epidemics which I have twice witnessed, and in which I have taken visiting charge of affected districts, I have found the women by far the most useful and practical coadjutors. The men sat by the fire if they were at home; the women truly bestirred themselves. They saw that the water intended for drinking purposes was boiled before it was used for drinking purposes; they attended to details relating to ventilation and general cleansing; they washed the clothing and bedding of the affected persons; they attended in the sick-rooms; they prepared the food. In a sentence, they were acting forces for the suppression of the epidemics, and their devotion, and I say it faithfully, their readier and superior appreciation of details, were the great saving factors in relation both to preventive and curative art.

That which we sanitarians want, therefore, to see, is the scientific education of women to prepare them to meet emergencies at once, and not only so, but to prevent, by forethought and intelligent prevision, the necessity for emergencies. We wish them to understand the principles which suggest the details, instead of having to learn the details in moments of much excitement and anxiety and dread, when details, however important they may be, seem new, obscure, involved, and all but impossible, when habits which have been acquired have to be given up or much modified, and when new habits have to be, as it were, improvised and enforced with regularity at a moment's notice. For it is as true as it is simple that good health is after all, and bad health is after all, a matter of habit to an extent which few persons in the slightest degree acknowledge or comprehend.

To the domestic cleanliness which most women by habit learn to acquire, it should be easy to tack on many of the other forms of cleanliness which the physician wishes to enforce, but which the general public does not altogether or readily recognize. It is in relation to this further cleanliness, this more than commonplace cleanliness—but which should be commonplace for all intents and purposes—that I wish to draw attention, and the attention of the women of the nation particularly, in these papers on Health at Home. I promise to put forward not one suggestion that can not be carried out. I will, in these essays,

"Imagination's airy wing suppress,"

and give nothing more than plain rules for plain people of every grade of life.

SUNLIGHT AT HOME.

Whether your home be large or small, give it light. There is no house so likely to be unhealthy as a dark and gloomy house. In a dark and gloomy house you can never see the dirt that pollutes it. Dirt accumulates on dirt, and the mind soon learns to apologize for this condition because the gloom conceals it. "It is no credit to be clean in this hole of a place" is soon the sort of idea that the housewife gets into her mind; the "place is always dingy, do what you may," is another similar and common idea; and so in a dark house unwholesome things get stowed away and forgotten, and the air becomes impure, and when the air becomes impure the digestive organs become imperfect in action, and soon there is some shade of bad health engendered in those persons who live in that dark house. Flowers will not healthily bloom in a dark house, and flowers are, as a rule, good indices. We put the flowers in our windows that they may see the light. Are not our children worth many flowers? They are the choicest of flowers. Then again light is necessary in order that the animal spirits may be kept refreshed and invigorated. No one is truly happy who in waking hours is in a gloomy house or room. The gloom of the prison has ever been considered as a part of the punishment of the prison, and it is so. The mind is saddened in a home that is not flushed with light, and when the mind is saddened the whole physical powers soon suffer; the heart beats languidly, the blood flows slowly, the breathing is imperfect, the oxidation of the blood is reduced, and the conditions are laid for the development of many wearisome and unnecessary constitutional failures and sufferings.

Once again, light, sunlight I mean, is of itself useful to health in a direct manner. Sunlight favors nutrition; sunlight favors nervous function; sunlight sustains, chemically or physically, the healthy state of the blood. Children and older persons living in darkened places become blanched or pale; they have none of the ruddy, healthy bloom of those who live in light. We send a child that has lived in a dark court in London for a few days only into the sunlight, and how marked is the change! We hardly know the face again.

Let us keep, then, this word in our minds, light, light, light; *sun*light which feeds us with its influence and leaves no poisonous vapors in its train.

Before I leave this subject, I want to say a word about light in relation to the sick. A few hundred years ago it became a fashion, for reasons it is very hard to divine, to place sick people in dark and closely curtained bedrooms. The practice to some extent is continued to this day. When a person goes to bed with sickness it is often the first thing to pull down the blinds of the windows, to set up dark blinds, or if there be Venetian blinds to close them. On body and spirit alike this practice is simply pernicious. It may be well, if light is painful to the eyes of the sufferer, to shield the eyes from the light, or even shut the light off them altogether; but for the sake of this to shut it out of all the room, to cut off wholesale its precious influence, to make the sick-room a dark cell in which all kinds of impurities may be concealed day after day, is an offense to Nature which she ever rebukes in the sternest manner.

This remark presses with special force in cases where epidemic and contagious diseases are the affections from which the sufferers are suffering, for these affections, as they live on uncleanliness, require for their suppression the broadest light of day. Moreover, I once found by experiment that certain organic poisons, analogous to the poisons which propagate these diseases, are rendered innocuous by exposure to light. Thus, in every point of view, light stands forward as the agent of health. In sickness and in health, in infancy, youth, middle age, old age, in all seasons, for the benefit of the mind and for the welfare of the body, sunlight is a bearer and sustainer of health.

To secure the entrance of sunlight, every house should have a plentiful supply of large windows, and not an opportunity of any kind should be lost to let in light to every room. It is very easy to exclude light when it is too bright: it is very hard to let it in when by bad building it is systematically excluded. Lately, by an architectural perversity which is simply astounding, it has become a fashion to build houses like those which were built for our ancestors about two centuries ago, and which are called Queen Anne houses or mansions. Small windows, small panes, overhanging window-brows, sharp, long-roofs enclosing attics with small windows—these are the residences to which I refer; dull, red, dark, and gloomy. I am told that their excellence lies in their artistic beauty, to which many advantages that we sanitarian artists wish for must necessarily be sacrificed. I would be the last to oppose either the cultivation of art in design or of art in application, and I do not for one moment believe that such opposition is necessary. But these beetle-browed mansions are not so beautiful as health, and never can be. I am bound to protest against them on many sanitary grounds, and on none so much as on their interference with the work of the sun. They pro-

duce shade, and those who live in them live in shadow.

In many residences where there is plenty of window-space there is much neglect in keeping the windows clean. Windows should be cleaned once a week at least, and a great desideratum is to bring into general use a simple mechanical contrivance by which the window-sashes can be easily removed and turned into the room, so as to enable the cleaning to take place without the perilous process of standing outside on the window-sill. Among the poor who can not afford to have a professed window-cleaner the windows often become quite obscured, because the women of the household can not get at them, as they say, on both sides, and the men are not at home in the day to give them assistance. Baker's new ventilating window promises to answer best for the object here stated. The sashes of this window hang on centers instead of sliding up and down. When they are closed the sashes fit neatly and exclude draughts and wet effectually; and when they are opened they can be set at any required angle to admit air. The greatest advantage of all is that each window-sash can be turned over, so that it may be cleaned with equal facility on its inside and outside surfaces without exposing the cleaner to the risk of standing outside at any stage of the cleaning process.

The introduction of daylight reflectors has been, in late years, a very great and useful advance. The dark basements of town-houses can be so often completely lighted by these reflectors that I wonder they are not universally demanded in places where their action is effective. The light they afford is steady, often actually bright, and always pure.

SLEEP AT HOME.

I have been speaking about sunlight, and am led by this to refer to another and allied topic, I mean night and hours of sleep. If it be good to make all possible use of sunlight, it is equally good to make as little use as possible of artificial light. Artificial lights, so far, have been sources of waste, not only of the material out of which they are made, but of the air on which they burn. In the air of the closed room the present commonly used lamps, candles, and gaslights, rob the air of a part of its vital constituent, and supply in return products which are really injurious to life. Gaslight is in this respect most hurtful, but the others are bad when they are long kept burning in one confined space. The fewer hours after dark that are spent in artificial light the better; and this suggests, of itself, that within reasonable limits the sooner we go to rest after dark the better. We require in the cold season of winter, when the nights are long, much more of sleep than we do in the summer. On the longest day in the year, seven hours of sleep is sufficient for most men and women who are in the prime of life. On the shortest day, nine hours of sleep is not overmuch, and, for those who are weakly, ten or even twelve hours may be taken with real advantage. In winter, children should always have ten to twelve hours of sleep. It is not idleness to indulge to that extent, but an actual saving, a storing up of invigorated existence for the future. Such rest can only be obtained by going to bed very early, say at half-past eight o'clock or nine.

It is wrong as ever it can be that our legislators should often be sitting up, as we know they do, times after times, in the dead of night, trying against life to legislate for life. It is most foolish that public writers, who hold so many responsibilities in their hands, should be called upon to exercise their craft at a time when all their nature is calling out to them, "Rest, rest, rest!" It is said I am foolish for declaring these things. Is it so? I am standing by Nature, speaking under her direction, and, without a thought of dogmatism, I am driven to ask, May it not be the world that is foolish?—the world, I mean, of fashion and habit, which could, if it would, change the present systems as easily as it criticises the view that it ought to make the change. Anyway, this I know, and it is the truth I would here express, that in every man, woman, and child there is, at or about the early time I have named, a persistent periodical desire for sleep, which steals on determinately, which, taken at the flood, leads to a good sound night's rest, and which, resisted, never duly returns, but is replaced by a surreptitious sleep, broken by wearing dreams, restless limbs, and but partial restoration of vital power. I have said before, *make the sun your fellow workman.* I repeat the saying now. I do not say, go to bed at all seasons with the sun and rise with it, because in this climate that would not be, at all seasons, possible; but I say, as a general principle, as closely as you can, make the sun your fellow workman; follow him, as soon as you are able, to rest, and do not let him stare at you in bed many hours after he has commenced his daily course. Teach your children, moreover, this same lesson, and the practice of it, whereupon there will be, in a generation or two, even in this land of fogs and dullness, a race of children of the sun, who will stand, in matter of health, a head and shoulders above the children of the present generation.

BEDROOMS AND BEDS.

FROM the subject of sleep I am led by as easy and natural a transition to the subject of bedrooms and beds as I was before led from the

subject of light to the subject of sleep. But perhaps some one will say, Why, in speaking of a home and fireside topics, should you begin with bedrooms? There is the drawing-room, surely, first to be thought of; that room in which the company gathers when company comes together; that room in which the lady of the house takes the most pride, shows the most taste, feels most at home. There is also the dining-room, or sitting-room, or breakfast-room, or study. Again, there is the kitchen—of all rooms, surely, the most important in every sanitary point of view?

We will enter all these rooms in good time; but let us go into the bedroom first, and get that in order, because, after all, it is really the most important room in the house by far and far again. I know it is not commonly thought to be so. I am quite aware from my daily observations, for over thirty years, that this is one of the least popular notions about bedrooms. I often think, as I wend my way up ever so many different kinds of stairs daily, that a doctor's usual journey would be something like that on a treadwheel were it not for the fact that there is always some new ending to his ascents, and that on his mission of freedom and usefulness he is carrying the blessings of the services his brethren are giving to him, for dispensation, into the sanctuaries of sorrow. But one fact would lighten my heart very much more—I mean the fact, if it were as fully as it were easily realizable, that I should always find the bedrooms in sickness or in health befitting their office and the purpose to which they are assigned.

As a rule I regret to record that from want of appreciation of what is most healthy, in opposition to a keen appreciation of what is most fashionable, the bedroom is too often the part of the house that is least considered. It may be in any part of the house. There is no room too much out of the way or too little cared for that may not be a bedroom. "This is only a bedroom," is the commonest observation of the woman who is deputed to show you over an empty house that stands to be let. "We can turn the dressing-room into a bedroom whenever we like," is not unfrequently a housewife's, and even a good housewife's, expression. "Give me a shake-down somewhere," is the request of the unexpected traveler or visitor who wants to stay with you all night. "Anywhere will do, so long as it is a bed." "This is only an attic; but it is large enough for one servant, you know, and two have slept in it many a time before now." These are the kind of ordinary terms that are applied to bedrooms as apologies for something that is confessedly but observedly wrong about them. The language itself implies error; but it is far from expressing the whole of the error that really exists.

When we enter the bedroom we too often find it, though it may be a good-sized room, altogether unsuited as a sleeping-apartment. It may be situated either at the back or the front of the house; it may or may not have a fireplace, and, if it should have a fireplace, the register may or may not be open. The windows may be large or small, according to mere caprice of the builder, or of accident, or of necessity; and, whether the window will open or shut from the top or the bottom sash, or from both, is a matter of smallest consequence. As a rule the bedroom-windows that have a double sash open only from the bottom, and it is the most usual occurrence to find the sash-lines out of gear altogether, or the frames in a bad state, so that the sash has to be supported with care, or "humored," whenever it has to be opened or closed. Then to the window, that the room may look snug and comfortable, must be muslin blinds (half blinds), roller-blinds, and very often heavy curtains. When the window is opened the roller-blind blows out like the sail of a boat, or blows in, at the risk of knocking down the looking-glass. Sometimes Venetian blinds, which are never in order for two months together, take the place of roller-blinds, and it becomes quite an art to manage the laths, though these blinds are on the whole the best. Then the walls of bedrooms are in most instances covered with paper, and of all rooms in the house they are least frequently papered. "The lower rooms must be papered, they look so very dirty; the bedrooms are dingy, but they may stand over another year; nobody sees them." To carry out further the idea of snugness, the bedrooms are carpeted, it may be over their whole surface right up to the walls of the rooms, and the carpet is nailed down, so that it may be swept without being dragged out of its place.

Again, the bedroom is too often made a kind of half lumber-room—a place in which things that have to be concealed are carefully stowed away. "Under the bed" is a convenient hiding-place. It is the fact that once in a public institution for the sick which I inspected there existed an arrangement by which each new patient who came in to be cured had his every-day clothes, after they were taken off his body, put into a rickety old box and pushed under his bed, to remain there until he was able to put them on again when he "left the house" or until he died, if his disease ended fatally, and his relatives claimed them. I found eighteen of these boxes of clothes secreted systematically under eighteen beds in one insalubrious sick-room or ward of this establishment. In private houses this same plan of stowing away old clothes, old boots

and shoes, and the like, is too frequently put in practice.

I notice once again that the occurrence of damp or wet in the ceilings and walls of a bedroom is much more readily tolerated than it is elsewhere. If a pipe bursts and the drawing-room or dining-room ceiling is covered with a dark patch, ever so small, that must be at once attended to, it looks so very bad. But a patch of similar character, though it look like a map of the United Kingdom, with the Straits of Dover and the coast of France as an opposing outline, may remain on the ceiling of the bedroom until it dries, and then, being dry, may still remain, because if the water should come in again the condition will be as bad as ever.

I will say no more about bedrooms to their disparagement. The errors I have pointed out when they are present are unpardonable in regard to the healths of those who permit them, and, inasmuch as the health of these is of far greater moment than their equanimity of sentiment, I must run the risk of disturbing the temper that I may assist the health. I feel the less compunction on this head because what I am about to propose in the way of remedy means nothing but economy of reconstruction along the whole line. I will tender in a few rules what are the essentials of a healthy bedroom. If they can not all be carried out in every case, many of them can be without any serious difficulty.

The reason why I give these rules in respect to bedrooms the first place in domestic sanitation is obvious enough, if but a few moments' consideration be given to the importance of the bedroom as the center of the household. In this room, if a due proportion of sleep be taken, the third part of all the life is passed, thirty years out of a life that reaches to an age of ninety. In what other room in the house is so much of the life passed without change? In the sitting-rooms we move about, we have the doors frequently open, and in numerous ways we change the air, and change our own relations to it. In the bedroom we are shut up closely, we are unconscious of what is going on silently around us. If the air becomes close we do not notice it, and it may become positively poisonous without our knowledge. Moreover, during sleep we are most susceptible to influences which act detrimentally upon us. We are breathing slowly, and we are not casting off, or eliminating, freely the products of animal combustion.

RULES FOR BEDROOMS.

I.

THE bedroom should, by preference, have its window either on the southern side of the house, the southeastern, or the southwestern. Of the three positions, the bedroom that has a southwestern view is the most fortunate in our country. The winds from the southwest are the most frequent, and so the room can be most frequently ventilated by them, from the open window, during the day. These winds, moreover, are soft winds, and compare favorably with the eastern winds, from which it is always good to be protected as much as possible. The bedroom having a southwestern aspect gets the longest share of light during the day. The early morning light soon feeds it with a subdued and agreeable light, and in the evening it gets the later rays, almost the last rays of the life-giving sun.

II.

The bedroom should in all cases be shut off from the house during the time it is occupied, so that the emanations from the rooms may not enter into it. It should be ventilated, I mean, independently. In our present houses the bedrooms are actually the traps, or bell-jars, into which, in too many cases, the air of the lower rooms, charged with the gaseous or vaporous products made during the day, are laid up. In these instances the occupants retire to sleep in an atmosphere of their own emanations, to say nothing of what comes from the kitchen, from gas, and from other sources of impurity. It is most easy to ventilate the bedroom independently. Nothing more is wanted than to remove one or two bricks in the outer wall beneath the flooring, and to carry up a wooden tube four inches square for a room of very moderate size—say eighteen feet long, fourteen wide, and twelve high—into the room from that opening. This tube should ascend into the room six to eight feet. It may be covered at the top with a layer of gauze or muslin if the current of air is too strong. The tube should be six feet from the bed. The bed may be protected from a draught by a light curtain or screen placed between it and the tube.

In some houses it is not difficult to bring a four-inch wooden tube through the whole length of a partition from the top to the bottom floor of a house, and to let a supply of air enter that tube at the upper part, and distribute air to every room that lies in its course.

On rising in the morning the bedroom-windows should be opened at the top and bottom equally, and, except when the weather is very wet, they should remain open until the sun begins to go down. It is a bad practice to leave the windows open late in the day, and this especially in the winter. The air becomes charged with damp, and a damp air is really as dangerous as, if not more dangerous than, a close air. To sleep in damp air is quite as bad as to sleep in damp sheets, and is a most common cause of

rheumatism, neuralgia, and chronic cold or catarrh. When the windows of the bedroom are closed the door ought also to be closed, and the entrance of air into the room be allowed to take place only through the communication with the external air.

While provision is made for the entrance of air, an equal provision should also be made for the escape of air. This is best effected by an opening in the chimney-shaft near to the ceiling where there is, as there ought always to be, a fireplace and shaft. The opening for the exit of air up the shaft may be protected by an Arnott's valve.

The late Dr. Chowne invented a process of exit ventilation which answers well for bedrooms, and to which he gave the name of "siphon ventilation." The name was very unfortunate, because there is no siphon principle in it, and owing to this the plan received very severe handling by the late Dr. Neil Arnott. The plan nevertheless is very good and cleanly, and when from an Arnott valve smoke and dust issue, as they often will in rooms placed at the upper part of a house, the Chowne tube is excellent. A three- or four-inch piece of stove-piping is let into the wall from the ceiling down to the mantel-piece. Near the ceiling the tube opens into the room. At the mantel-shelf the tube is made to turn at a right angle into the chimney. At all times there is a current of air down this tube into the chimney, and when there is a fire in the grate the exit current is extremely sharp and effective, while there is always freedom from soot and smoke in the room, an advantage which recompenses for the extra friction and resistance caused by the tube. Chowne's plan is so effective and simple that I have often brought it temporarily into action in closed rooms by simply turning a piece of stove-piping into a chimney at the fireplace, and running a straight piece of tubing from the elbow up to near the ceiling, and temporarily fixing it against the wall.

When exit ventilation can not be carried out by a chimney-shaft owing to the circumstance that there is no fireplace or shaft, it is next best to carry it out into the staircase by a diaphragm opening made over the door of the room. An opening twelve inches long and four inches wide is made vertically through the wall, in the space over the door. Into this opening is placed a metal frame as wide as the thickness of the wall, with a partition or diaphragm of thin metal planted vertically in the center of it. When this metal frame is fixed in the wall a current of air will be found to pass, after the room is closed, into the room on one side the diaphragm, and out of the room on the other side. This secures an outer current, which is better by far than none at all, but it also admits a current into the room from the house, which to a certain extent is objectionable.

It has been recommended by some sanitarians to ventilate the bedroom from the window by the plan of costless ventilation of Dr. Peter Hinches Bird. In this plan the lower sash of the window is raised a few inches, the space between the window and the window-sill being filled up by a solid piece of wood. A space is in this way left between the two sashes up which flows a constant current of air. I have tried this method, and I have modified it by letting the upper sash down, and filling up the space between it and the top part of the window-frame with board, which is, I think, the better arrangement, and for staircases I do not think anything is so good. But in bedrooms, the windows of which are opened and closed so frequently, and which have blinds, the plan does not answer so well as the tube of which I have spoken. There are more frequent draughts from the window, and not, I think, so regular a supply of air.

III.

It is always a matter of great moment to maintain an equable temperature in the bedroom. A bedroom, the air of which is subject to great, and frequent, and rapid changes of temperature, is always a trap for danger. To persons who are in the prime of life, and who are in robust health, this danger is less pronounced, but to the young and the feeble it is a most serious danger. It is specially dangerous to aged people to sleep in a room that is easily lowered in warmth. When the great waves of cold come on in these islands, in the winter season, our old people begin to drop off with a rapidity that is perfectly startling. We take up the list of deaths published in the "Times" during these seasons, and the most marked of facts is the number of deceased aged persons. It is like an epidemic of death by old age. The public mind accepts this record as indicative of a general change of external conditions, and of a mortality therefore that is necessary as a result of that change. I would not myself dispute that there is a line of truth and sound common sense and common observation in this view; but when we descend from the general to the particular we find that much of the mortality, seen in such excess among the aged, is induced by mistakes on the subject of warmth in the bedroom.

The fatal event comes about somewhat in this way: The room in which the enfeebled person has been sitting before going to bed has been warmed probably up to summer heat; a light meal has been taken before retiring to rest, and then the bedroom is entered. The bedroom per-

chance has no fire in it, or if a fire be lighted provision is not made to keep it alight for more than an hour or two. The result is, that in the early part of the morning, from three to four o'clock, when the temperature of the air in all parts is lowest, the glow from the fire or stove which should warm the room has ceased, and the room is cold to an extreme degree. In country-houses the water will often be found frozen in the hand-basins or ewers under these conditions.

Meanwhile the sleeper lies unconscious of the great change which is taking place in the air around him. Slowly and surely there is a decline of temperature to the extent, it may be, of thirty or forty degrees on the Fahrenheit scale; and though he may be fairly covered with bedclothes he is receiving into his lungs this cold air, by which the circulation through the lungs is materially modified.

The condition of the body itself is at this very time unfavorable for meeting any emergency. In the period between midnight and six in the morning, the animal vital processes are at their lowest ebb. It is in these times that those who are enfeebled from any cause most frequently die. We physicians often consider these hours as critical, and forewarn anxious friends in respect to them. From time immemorial those who have been accustomed to wait and attend on the sick have noted these hours most anxiously, so that they have been called by one of our old writers "the hours of fate." In this space of time the influence of the life-giving sun has been longest withdrawn from man, and the hearts that are even the strongest beat then with subdued tone. Sleep is heaviest and death is nearest to us all in "the hours of fate."

The feeble, therefore, are most exposed to danger during this period of time, and they are most exposed to one particular danger, that of congestion of the lungs, for it is the bronchial surface of the lungs that is most exposed to the action of the chilled air; and, in the aged, that exposure is hazardous.

One of the ablest writers on the hygiene of old age, M. Reveillé-Parise, attaches so much importance to the function of the lungs in the aged that he comes to the conclusions, first, that old age commences in the lungs; and, secondly, that, as a rule, death commences in the lungs in the aged. He reasons in this manner: "If we reflect that it is from the blood that life derives the principles which maintain and repair it, that the more vigorous, plastic, and rich in nutritive principles the blood is, so much the more organic life increases and manifests itself, and that the organ of sanguinification is the organ of respiration, we shall be compelled to admit the opinion that the age of general decline commences with the decay of the lungs, and that the one is the result of the other."

Flourens, from whose work on "Human Longevity" I copy this extract, demurs to the conclusion drawn by Reveillé-Parise. He will admit it in part only. "Old age," he asserts, "does not commence in any organ. It is not a local but a general phenomenon. All our organs grow old, and it is not always at the same organ that we feel the first effects of age; it is sometimes one, sometimes another, according to the individual constitution."

I agree for my part with both these authors, because I think there is nothing in experience which is different or is in opposition to either of their views. Flourens is correct in saying that all the organs grow old together. Reveillé-Parise is correct in suggesting that the lungs more usually go first, because they are at one and the same time most exposed and most vital.

It is not in the least degree irrelevant to my present discourse to dwell on this argument. It shows better than any other argument could show how easily the depressing influence of cold tells on the vital organs, and specially on the lungs of the sleeper, whose vital capacity is already impaired by age. The minute vessels of the lung, in the pulmonary circuit of blood over the lung, are paralyzed by the cold so easily that congestion of blood in them is an almost natural result if they be long exposed to cold. And this, in truth, is the most common event in the aged, leading to that bronchial irritation and obstruction which is called congestive bronchitis, from which so many are recorded as having died when winter shows its face.

The practical question that comes out of this discussion is, How shall the danger of congestion of the lungs be avoided in the sleeping-apartments of the enfeebled?

Our forefathers replied to this question in a very plain and striking manner. They shut themselves up in a warm tent. The old four-posters and the old tent bedsteads are the still extant witnesses of the ways and means for keeping out the cold in the old times. In country-houses one sometimes finds still the massive four-post bedstead with its heavy damask curtains and snug inclosure. Advocate of fresh air as I am, I confess still to a lingering liking to this snug inclosure when I see it on a cold midwinter night. I met with it not very long ago, and I crept into it with a sort of quiet glee as if feeling unusually safe and comfortable in so cozy a retreat.

I won't let mere likings tempt me to say that the plan is a good one. It is really not commendable, or only so when nothing better is at hand. If in a large room with cold walls and floors on a cold night I were obliged to sleep in

a fireless room and had choice of two beds, one a curtained four-poster and the other a camp bedstead, I would no doubt, under the special circumstances, choose the four-poster, but not as a general principle by any means.

In our modern bedrooms, furnished according to modern taste and fashion, the best plan to adopt is that of admitting air freely to the sleeper, at the same time taking care that throughout the whole of the night the air shall be kept, within a few degrees, at the same temperature. I repeat, at the same temperature, for uniformity of warmth during all the hours of sleep is as essential as warmth. To have an overheated atmosphere at one time of the night and a low temperature at another is just the kind of change that is attended with most hazard. Indeed, I doubt whether an equable cold atmosphere is not on the whole safer than one in which there is frequent and marked fluctuation.

The safest method is to have the air of the room, a short time before it is occupied, brought up to a uniform temperature of from 60° to 65° Fahr. It should never fall five degrees below 60° and never rise above 65° under ordinary circumstances. In cases where the occupant of the room is extremely enfeebled it may be necessary to raise the temperature to a higher point, but I am thinking at this moment of sleepers who are in fair health, and for whom no such special provision is required.

A mistake is sometimes made in observing the temperature. The reading of the thermometer is taken in one part of the room only, perhaps in the warmest part, that is to say, over the fireplace or from the mantel-shelf. This is not a fair observation, for a room at that part may be very warm while it is very cold in other parts. The temperature should, properly, be taken at the bed's head, about two feet above the pillow, and that is the best position in which to keep the thermometer, with which every bedroom ought to be furnished. An ordinary thermometer suffices as a general index, but a registering instrument is most advantageous when particular care is demanded in observation.

I now come to consider what is the best mode of warming the bedroom, and of maintaining the equal warmth on which so much has been insisted.

The simplest of all plans with which I am acquainted is that which brings air from the outside through a small chamber or pipe that can be heated by a fire or by gas, and which allows the air, after it has been warmed, to diffuse steadily into the room.

A stove called the Calorigen, invented by Mr. Webb George, is, in my opinion, best adapted for use in the bedroom. It burns either with coal-gas or coal; or, more correctly speaking, a Calorigen stove can be obtained either for gas or for coal. The stove has this great advantage, that it warms and ventilates at one and the same time. The stove contains within its outer cylinder or case a spiral iron tube, which by its lower end communicates with the outer air, and by its upper end opens into the room. The heat generated in the stove communicates heat to the spiral tube, and the air in the spiral is heated and ascends into the room. The ascension of warm air causes a draught from below, and so a current of warm air is at all times diffusing through the room so long as the fire of gas or coal is burning. At the same time the products of combustion from the stove are conveyed away by another pipe into a flue or chimney.

When one of these stoves is in good action the air of an apartment may be kept pure and warm for any length of time, and the temperature can be maintained at the same uniform degree all the while. There is also about the method the immense advantage that it secures freedom from cold draughts from doors and from windows. The copious influx of warm air from the stove is, indeed, so effective that when the stove is heated to its full, and the room is of moderate size, there is a draught or current of air out of the room by the doors when they are opened a little way, unless there be a provision for a fixed ventilating outlet. Properly there ought always to be a ventilating outlet, even when the room is steadily charged with fresh and warm air, for a current is always desirable.

My friend Mr. Henry C. Stephens, in an excellent paper which he has written on ventilation, maintains, with much force, that no mode of ventilation is actually perfect unless by precise mechanical means air be actually drawn into an apartment in duly measured quantities. He suggests a system of supply of air by a mechanism moved and regulated by weight and balance, so that the air through a house may be systematically supplied with all the accuracy of good and effective clockwork; or, if this be not applicable, he favors the admirable water-wheel ventilation which has lately been brought out by Messrs. Verity, of Regent Street, London. There is much to be said in favor of Mr. Stephens's argument, and if I were constructing a house from the first I should introduce Verity's ventilating system into every room; but we have to deal with houses everywhere that were originally erected without the slightest regard to sanitary rules, and we must therefore adapt what is best and cheapest to improve if not to perfect. In the bedroom, the stove I refer to is of these adaptations the best I know of. It is really automatic in action when it is once started, and it can be

put up anywhere where there is a chimney for the exit-pipe for consumed air. Lastly, it is quite safe in the bedroom: the fire being inclosed, no sparks can fly from it, and the fuel makes no dust within the room.

In my laboratory I have had one of the Calorigen stoves in work for several years, and I have found it so manageable and good I can recommend it on the best of all recommendations, its practical value. In the Annerley Industrial Schools, which I visited at the time of the Sanitary Congress, held last October, at Croydon, I found that the stoves were in common use, and that they were as much approved of by the school authorities as they are by my own experience of them.

There is one precaution which I would suggest to those who are going to introduce a Calorigen into their bedroom. When the stove is fixed it is usual for the man who fixes it to push the air-feeding pipe through the floor of the room, so as to get the supply of air from under the floor. No arrangement can be better if due care be taken, but it is essential to make sure of three things in carrying out this plan: 1. It is essential to see that there is a free opening from the outer wall by a perforated brick or grating under the floor, so that the air-chamber beneath gets a due supply of fresh air from without; 2. It is well to see that there is no gas-pipe running beneath the floor, from the joints of which gas could escape and be drawn by the stove into the air of the room above; 3. It is important to have the space below the floor made quite free of old rubbish, and to have it made thoroughly dry. All these steps are really essential, for, if there be no admission of air beneath the floor from without, the stove will exhaust, and the space will be recharged with air from the room through openings and chinks in the flooring; if there be any escape of gas beneath the floor, the stove will diffuse the gas into the room; if there be decomposing matter or dust beneath the floor, the stove will also diffuse them, and if there be damp it will diffuse the damp.

I name these possible errors because I have seen them all made, and actually, in one instance, I saw removed from beneath the floor of a bedroom and dressing-room twenty barrow-loads of dust and *débris* which had been lying there for nearly a century. The workmen in building houses care little about leaving dust and rubbish on ceilings that are covered by floors. In this case the rubbish consisted of shavings, sawdust, and sundry other things, such as old slippers and shoes, which had been lying there ever since the house was built.

If it be impossible, or if it be too expensive, to lift up the floor-boards and clean the whole of the space beneath, the next best thing to do is to take up a floor-board and under it to carry a box one foot deep between the joists of the floor from the point where the air-pipe of the stove pierces the floor-board to the outlet in the wall in which the air-brick or grating is inserted. The floor-board will form as it were the lid of this box, and the air, drawn by the stove, will be through the box direct from the outside. The box should be made of pine wood, and neatly planed on its inner surface. That surface should be polished with beeswax and turpentine so soon as the box is laid in, and from time to time the floor-board should be removed and the polishing should be repeated. The air passing over the surface of wax and turpentine is made singularly healthy and pure. It is as if it had been subjected to ozone before entering the chamber, and, if it enter the chamber at a temperature of 60° to 65° Fahr., the fresh odor is distinguishable in the room after it has been for a short time unoccupied. These plans are all very simple to carry out when they are simply explained, and, as a bedroom that is well and easily warmed and well and easily ventilated is of priceless value, I make no apology for spending so much time on this one topic.

IV.

THE FLOOR-COVERINGS OF THE BEDROOM.

The bedroom can hardly have too good a floor, and after all no floor is so good as one of wood. If the wood is smooth and well planed it may be treated all over with wax and turpentine without being either stained or painted; or it may be stained all over and varnished; or, if it be rough and will not take stain well, as is not uncommon in cases where the floors are very old, the boards may be covered with a good layer of zinc—white paint, colored according to the taste of the owner, and afterward well varnished. My own predilection is for Stephens's wood-stain, when the boards will admit of the application, and taking it all in all a light oak stain is, I think, the best. The stain may be applied by any person who is at all deft at such artistic work. The floor is, in the first place, well cleansed by dry scrubbing with clean sawdust, and any great roughnesses and irregularities are planed or otherwise smoothed down. Then the whole surface is covered with a layer of thin size, which is allowed to dry. The stain is next prepared by mixing sufficient of it with water to get the required depth of tint, and sufficient is made to cover all the surface without recourse to a new solution. The stain is lightly and evenly laid on with a piece of sponge, and that also is left to dry. Finally, a good layer of varnish is laid on with a brush over the stained surface, and, when that is dry, the next best floor to a floor of real

and of polished oak has been obtained by the trouble and cost expended on the work. The floor prepared either by varnish simply, or by staining and varnishing, or by paint and varnish, should afterward be kept clean by dry rubbing, and by beeswax and turpentine. There is nothing really so clean, and nothing so healthy. After a short time the varnished floors take the wax very well, and by that firm and smooth surface nothing is absorbed to create bad air. The floor is easily dusted. Loose particles of dust, feathers, and woolen fluff are readily detected, and the fact that there is any collection of dust or dirt on the floor is at once made obvious. There are no crevices or rough places in which the dust and fluff can be concealed.

There can not, I think, be a doubt that for the bedroom-floor dry cleansing is always the best. Water destroys the varnish on stained and painted floors, making them patchy and dirty-looking; water destroys the evenness of surface; water makes the adoption of the waxed floor almost impossible; water when it is used often percolates into the joints of the floor-boards, causing them to separate and become holders of dirt; and, lastly, if water be used for cleansing the chances are many in the course of a year that the room will be left damp and chilly. The floor will be washed on some damp and foggy days, the boards will dry imperfectly, and, though at bedtime they may be to appearance dry, they will not be so entirely, while the air of the room will be still charged with moisture; so that, although the sleeper doe snot get into a damp bed, he does get into a damp bedroom, which in some respects is equally injurious.

I have seen such very bad results from damp sleeping-rooms, in which the dampness of the air has been caused by washing the floors, that I do not press the lesson I wish to enforce at all too forcibly or earnestly.

When from any circumstance the floor of the bedroom can not have given to it a varnished or waxed surface—when, for example, the floor is constructed simply of deal planks—it may seem to be absolutely necessary to clean the surface with water. These floors, moreover, are just the floors that hold water the longest, and for all reasons are least adapted for water-cleansing. How, then, it will be said, are such floors to be cleansed? They are most easily cleansed in one dry way, viz., by dry scrubbing with sawdust. The servant takes up a small pailful of clean, fresh sawdust, and, taking it out by handfuls, spreads it on the floor, and with a hard, short-bristled brush scrubs with the sawdust as if she were using water itself. When the whole surface has been scrubbed in this way, she sweeps up the sawdust, and finds beneath it a beautifully clean and dry floor: or, if there be left any part still dirty, she easily remedies the defect by an additional scrub at that part. When all is finished she carries the dirty sawdust away, and destroys it by burning it in the kitchen fire. White sand may be used instead of sawdust for this same purpose, but it is not so convenient, and is not so quick a cleanser as sawdust. The same sand, if sand be used, can be applied several times if it be cleansed, by washing and afterward heating it over the fire until it is quite dry.

I have to speak next about carpets in bedrooms. I need hardly insist on the fact that the old-fashioned plan of covering every part of the bedroom with carpet-stuff, so as to make the carpet hug the wall, is as bad a plan as can possibly be followed. In these days everybody is beginning to recognize this truth, and the change which has taken place within the last ten years, in the matter of carpets for bedrooms, is quite remarkable. In some instances I notice that an extreme change, which is neither wanted nor warranted, has been instituted; that is to say, instead of the carpet that at one time covered all the surface of the floor with the greatest nicety of adaptation, there is no carpet at all. This extreme change is not at all desirable. It is good to have carpets in every part of the room where the feet must regularly be placed. It is bad to have carpets in any part of the room where the feet are not regularly placed. These two rules govern the whole position, and the most inexperienced housewife can easily remember them. By these rules there should be carpet all round the bed, carpet opposite to the wardrobes or chests of drawers, carpet opposite the washing-stand, carpet opposite the dressing-table, but none under the beds, and none for a space of two or three feet around the room—that is to say, two or three feet from the walls of the room. The carpets that are laid down should be loose from each other, each one should be complete in itself, so that it can be taken up to be shaken with the least trouble, and each one should be arranged to lie close to the floor, so that dust may not easily get underneath.

Carpet-stuff for bedrooms should be made of fine material closely woven, and not fluffy on the surface. Felt carpet-stuff for bedrooms is what is commonly recommended in the shops for bedroom service, and after that Axminster. The first is all wrong; it never lies neatly, it very quickly accumulates dust, and it is really not in the end economical. Axminster is more free from these objections, but it is not so good as Brussels. There was a form of Brussels carpet called "tapestry," which some years ago was very largely used. It was as warm as the thickest blanket, and it was almost like wire in fiber; in fact, it

was tough enough to last half a lifetime, and it was the best carpeting for bedrooms I ever remember. Fluff adhered to it very slightly, it held an exceedingly small quantity of dust, and it was always in its place on the floor. As a matter of course, "tapestry" went out of fashion in due time and season.

The advantages of small carpets in the bedroom are many. They cause the footsteps to be noiseless, or comparatively noiseless, they prevent the feet from becoming cold while dressing and undressing, they make the room look pleasant, and when used in the limited manner above suggested they save trouble in cleansing, by preventing dust and dirt from being trodden into the floor.

And now, having seen to the lighting of the bedroom, to the position of it in regard to aspect, to the ventilation, to the warming, and to the construction and covering of the floor, I ought to pass on to the walls, and the curtains, and the beds. But I must ask the reader to wait until next article for the final installment on the bedroom.

B. W. RICHARDSON, M. D. (*Good Words*).

THE SEAMY SIDE.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW STEPHEN HEARD THE NEWS.

"I HAD almost forgotten Mr. Bragge," said Augustus, opening one of his letters the next morning.

This was a note from the private detective, stating that the last clew which promised remarkably well had terminated with no useful result; in fact, it ended with a laboring-man who was suffering from delirium tremens. He regretted that this research had turned out so badly, but, he added, another clew had been discovered, the nature of which he would for the moment keep secret. He proposed to follow this up vigorously; he had no doubt that it would end in a complete solution of the case. Meanwhile, he inclosed an account of his expenditure up to date, and would be obliged if Mr. Hamblin would send him another check for twenty pounds on account.

It was a dreadful blow for Mr. Theodore Bragge when he received a settlement in full of his account, with the information that the case was now closed, and his services would be no more required. He had long made up his mind that there was nothing to find out, and that he might go on, for the rest of his natural life, following up clews at a large salary with a percentage, so to speak, on his expenditure. Meat and drink—especially drink—the case had been to him. He will never, he owns with tears, again find employers so generous as the firm of Anthony Hamblin & Co.

The day was Wednesday, which was young Nick's half-holiday.

He resolved to spend it with the writing-master, but thought he would drop in at the office first. In fact, after taking a turn round Lower Thames Street, Idol Lane, Eastcheap, Rood Lane, and a few other places dear to a boy of imagination, where the stream of Pactolus runs with the deepest, strongest, and yellowest current, he found himself in the square of Great St. Simon Apostle, about half-past two in the afternoon. He exchanged a few compliments in whispers with the junior clerks, and then mounted the broad stairs, and began to ramble idly about the passages. He passed with reverence the doors of Mr. Augustus and Mr. William Hamblin, the partners, and presently stood before that on which was still to be read the name of Mr. Anthony Hamblin. He shook his head gravely at sight of this. Then his eyes lit up, and his white eyebrows lifted, and his pink face shone with mirth and mischief, and he laughed in silence, shaking all over in enjoyment of the imaginary situation.

"If they knew," he murmured; "if they only knew!"

Then he turned the handle softly, and looked into the room.

No one was there: the room had not been used since the death of its owner: the familiar furniture was there, the old-fashioned, heavy, oaken table, without cover, which had probably been built for the very first Anthony, remained in its old place, with the wooden chair in which the last Anthony had been wont to sit, and the blotting-pad which he had used, before it. In one corner stood a low screen of ancient workmanship, also a family heirloom. There were portraits of successive Anthonys on the wain-

scoted walls, and there was a cabinet in massive mahogany, with glass doors; but the contents of the cabinet were kept secret by means of curtains which had once been green.

In spite of the boy's possession of so great a secret, he felt a ghostly feeling creep on him as he softly closed the door behind him, and entered the room on tiptoe. He shuddered, as one shudders when reminded of a dead man. Then he recovered himself again, and began curiously to examine the room and its contents. First he opened the drawers: in the one immediately before the chair was a novel—"Ho! ho! that was the way in which Uncle Anthony spent his time in the City, was it?" in the other two he found an heterogeneous mass of things—cigar-cases, portraits of Alison, memorandum-books, letters, *menus* of dinners, cards of invitation to civic banquets, and so forth; things which the boy turned over with interest. Then he thought that he would at last discover the contents of the mysterious cabinet. He opened it; three of the shelves contained Indian curios, covered with dust: they had been brought home on one of the earlier voyages by the first Anthony, and had never left the office. But on one shelf stood a decanter, still half filled with sherry, and a box of biscuits.

When there was nothing more to see, the boy solemnly seated himself in Anthony's chair, and, after a silent but enjoyable laugh, proceeded to meditate.

His reflections turned naturally upon the importance of the secret which he carried about with him, and of the grandeur which would be his whenever he chose to disclose it. Grandeur unheard of, grandeur never before achieved by mortal boy; the part, indeed, played in history by boys, save and except the drummer-boy, the call-boy, the printer's devil, has always been ludicrously out of proportion to the number of boys existing at any period. Grandeur? Why it would be spread all over the House how he, Nicolas Cridland, had not only discovered the secret, alone and unaided, but also kept it until the right time came. When would that time come? Surely, soon. Would Uncle Anthony resolve upon continuing his disguise as a teacher of writing while he, Nicolas, was received as a clerk in the House? while he rose gradually higher and higher, even in the distant days when he should be received as a partner? Surely, the day must some time come when he should be able to stand proudly before the partners, Augustus and William, and lay his hand upon his heart and say: "Anthony Hamblin is not dead, but living. I alone have known it all along." Then Mr. Augustus would get up from that chair in which the boy was sitting—he rose from the chair himself, and acted it in dumb show—and say: "Young Nick—no, Nicholas Cridland, whom we are proud to call cousin—you have shown yourself so worthy of confidence, that we instantly appoint you principal buyer and manager at the dock-sales, for the firm. You will attend the next sale on Thursday afternoon, with the samples in your pocket."

The boy had got through this speech—always in dumb show—and was thinking how to reply with a compliment at once to the sagacity of the firm in selecting him for such responsible business, and to his own extraordinary discretion, prudence, and secrecy, when he heard steps outside. The room was at the end of a long passage, so that the persons to whom the feet belonged were clearly proposing to visit the room. The vision of greatness instantly vanished, and the boy rushed for shelter behind the screen. It was a low screen, about five feet three high, quite incapable of hiding Lady Teazle, had she been of the average height of Englishwomen, but high enough to shelter the boy, who, indeed, sat upon the floor with his hat off, and looked through the chinks where the screen folded.

The party which entered the room consisted of the two partners, Mr. Billiter, and Gilbert Yorke. To the boy's terror, the old lawyer, after looking about for a place to set down his hat, placed it on an angle of the screen. Fortunately, he did not look over. Then they all sat down, Augustus Hamblin at the head of the table. Gilbert Yorke placed before the chairman a bundle of papers. Everybody looked at his watch, and all wore an air of grave importance.

"Lord," said the boy to himself, "now, if I were only to jump up like Jack-in-the-box, and tell them who was teaching what, where he was teaching it, and for how much, and who was getting his boots downer at the heel every day, how they would stare! I've half a mind to do it, too."

But he did not, because just then his interest in the situation grew more absorbing; for the party was completed by the arrival of none other than Stephen Hamblin himself.

He arrived in the midst of an observation which was being made by Mr. Billiter, as if following up a conversation.

"Life," he said, "is a succession of blunders, chiefly committed through laziness, and a foolish desire to avoid present trouble.—Come in, Stephen, and sit down. I was saying that most crimes are the result of laziness. You are going to be told of a most amazing blunder which has led us all astray."

"He looks mighty black," young Nick murmured, gazing intently through the chink; "almost as black as when he was turned out of the

house. Lord! if *he* knew! *Shall* I jump up and tell them all? I would if I thought that Anthony wouldn't go mad."

"I am here," said Stephen, who did indeed look black, "without my solicitor. The course is unusual, but the interview must be considered privileged. One thing, however, before we begin: if Mr. Billiter is going to revive old stories in his usual pleasant manner, I shall go away at once."

"I have nothing to say at this interview," said the lawyer; "at least, I think I have nothing to say."

"The communication we have to make to you, Stephen," said Augustus, "is of so grave a nature, so important, and so unexpected, that we have invited Anthony's solicitor, your father's solicitor, to be present. You will acknowledge that we were right?"

"Important and unexpected? Then you have, I suppose, found out that Anthony was never married?"

These were brave words, but Stephen was evidently ill at ease. In fact, he had passed an uneasy time. Alderney Codd's warning, which he had met with bravado, came back to him in the dark hours. And after a sleepless night he kept his appointment with shaken nerves.

"We have decided," Augustus continued, "on at once telling you everything."

"That is so far candid. Probably you have concluded between you that it will be to your advantage to tell me everything?"

"You shall judge of that yourself, Cousin Stephen." Augustus was very grave, and spoke slowly. "We have known you all your life. It was in this room that you received dismissal from the House in which you might even have become a partner."

He spoke as if no higher honor, no greater earthly happiness could befall any man than to become a partner in the House of Anthony Hamblin and Company.

The boy, looking through the chink of the screen, shook his head solemnly.

"D— the partnership, and the House too!" said Stephen. "I told you that I would not listen to the revival of old stories. If that is all that you have to say—"

He rose and seized his hat.

"It is not all; pray sit down again. We have to go back twenty years. Carry your memory back for that time. Where are you?"

"I am waiting to hear," said Stephen, sullenly.

Then Augustus told Stephen the same story which Miss Nethersole had told Anthony; almost, too, in the same words. He told how two men had visited a little town when on a fishing excursion, how one of them eloped with a girl of eighteen, named Dora Nethersole, and how she had died deserted and neglected at Bournemouth.

Stephen listened with an unmoved countenance.

"This is the sort of information," he said, "which one gets from advertising, and church registers, and that sort of thing. How does it bear upon the case?"

"You shall hear immediately, Stephen. The man who eloped with the girl, who was married to her at Hungerford, who lived with her at Lulworth, and who deserted her there, leaving her to starve and die of neglect and sorrow, was not—Anthony at all. It was no other than yourself, Stephen."

"I allow you to put the case your own way," said Stephen, "because I am anxious for you to get to the point, if any, which bears upon present business."

"It was you, and not Anthony, who deserted Dora Hamblin; it was Anthony, and not you, who soothed her last moments, and consoled her in the hour of death. Here is a copy of her last journal, which you may take away and meditate upon."

"I know all about her death," said Stephen, callously; "Anthony told me of that. It is an old, old story; twenty years old, and forgotten. What has it to do with the business in hand, and the claims of that girl?"

"Everything; because you have been quite right all along—Anthony was never married—"

"Ah!" said Stephen, a sudden flush of joy and relief crossing his face.

"Was never married at all, and he left no will."

"Then I *am* the heir of all."

He raised himself upright, and looked round with an air of mastership.

"You are the heir of all," repeated Augustus, solemnly.

"Good. I give you notice that I will do nothing for the girl—nothing at all."

"Stop," said Augustus; "more remains to be told. When Anthony wrote to you that your wife was dead, he did not inform you of what he thought you unworthy to know—that she left a child."

"A child!"

"A girl. She became Anthony's care. He brought her up to consider herself his daughter. Alison Hamblin is the daughter of you, Stephen, and of Dora your wife."

"My gum!" This was the whispered utterance of the boy behind the screen.

Stephen's face became darker still. He gazed with hard eyes at the speaker.

"My daughter!" he said slowly. "Alison is my daughter? Have you proof of this?"

"We have—we have ample proof."

"Mind, I will not accept her as my daughter without it. I want no daughter. I shall require the most exact corroboration of this extraordinary statement."

"You shall have it," said Augustus.

"You are not worthy—" cried Gilbert, springing to his feet at the same moment.

"Sit down, young man," said Mr. Billiter; "there is more to say."

"There is something very much more serious to say," continued Augustus Hamblin. "Remember, Stephen, that Miss Nethersole, in answering your wife's letter, offered her an allowance of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, payable on the first day of every year. How often did you draw that money?"

Stephen started.

"How often? till she died."

"We have here," he went on very slowly, "copies—they are copies only, and you can have them to look at if you please—of eight receipts, all drawn by you. Two of them are signed by your wife; six of them are forgeries—by yourself."

"It's a lie!" shouted Stephen, bringing his fist down upon the table.

"You did not, then, receive the money?"

"Certainly not."

"Unfortunately," said Augustus, "the clerk who honored the draft every year knows you by sight, and is ready to swear to you; the experts who have examined the signatures swear that they are all in your writing; the lady who suffered the loss of the money is ready to prosecute criminally. You will be charged with the crime; you will be tried for the crime. You now know why I reminded you, at the outset, of the cause of your dismissal from the House."

Stephen said nothing. He looked round him stupidly. This was a blow, indeed, which he did not expect.

"We have anxiously considered whether we should communicate these things to Alison, your daughter. We would willingly have spared her all knowledge of them; but, out of respect for the memory of the man whom she will always regard as her father, we must tell her that it was not he who killed his young wife by neglect and ill-treatment. We shall have to let her know that it was the man who was always called her uncle who did this thing. As regards the forgeries, we think we have a simple means of keeping the matter in the background altogether."

"What is that?" asked Stephen, eagerly.

"It is this: Go away at once. Execute a deed of gift in favor of your daughter. Never return to England, and draw upon us for any reasonable amount of annuity."

Stephen was so dismayed by the prospect as presented by his cousin, that he made as if he would accede to these terms. His face was not pretty to look at.

"If I do not accede?" he asked.

"Then Miss Nethersole will find out—she must be told—who it was that robbed her of so much money; and she is a hard woman. It seems to me, Stephen, that the choice is one which does not admit of much consideration. Fourteen years in a convict's prison is not to any man's taste; you would get small enjoyment out of your wealth, if it were to be purchased at such a price. Disgrace and shame are before you on the one hand; on the other, safety and silence. If you care to think of such a thing in addition, you may consider that your daughter who would otherwise know nothing of this episode in your career, would begin her new relationship with the horror of such a crime, and the disgrace of such a conviction."

"My daughter," murmured the unhappy man "Yes, I had forgotten; that is, I had not thought about my daughter."

"It is in your daughter's interests that we have told you the whole truth. Otherwise we might have been tempted to let things take their own course, in which case you would probably have been arrested in a few days, without receiving the slightest warning."

"I should, however," said Mr. Billiter, sweetly, "suggest Spain. It is a country which, under all circumstances, is likely to prove attractive to you for a long time."

Stephen grunted a response.

"All this," murmured young Nick, behind the screen, "is real jam—blackberry jam. I wouldn't have missed this for pounds. Wonder if they will find me out? Wonder if I am going to sneeze?"

He held his nose tight to prevent such a fatal accident, and listened and peeped harder than ever.

"Mr. Augustus," he said, "has got him in a cleft stick. My! if he isn't the miserablest of sinners. Some sense in going to church if you are such a sinner as Uncle Stephen. Looks it too, all over: every inch a sinner."

"It is absurd," said Stephen, "to deny a thing which you declare you can prove. If the thing demanded it, if it were necessary, the charge would be met with a complete answer."

"But it is not necessary," said Mr. Billiter.

"As it is," said Stephen, trying to smile, "all I have to say is that—you have won. I retire. I am ready to renounce, in the interests of my

daughter—if she is my daughter—the—the—bulk of this fortune to which I am now the undoubted heir. When can the papers be signed?"

"You can come to my office to-morrow morning," said Mr. Billiter, cheerfully; "I will promise to make no allusions to the past, and you can draw a check in advance to meet and pay any outstanding liabilities before you go abroad."

"As I am going abroad," said Stephen, with a simplicity which did him great credit, "it would be quite absurd to pay any of my debts."

He put on his hat and walked out of the room; his shoulders were bent, and, though he tried to walk with his old swagger, he had something of the appearance of the whipped hound. This is inevitable under such disagreeable circumstances.

The other four, left alone, congratulated each other on the success of their diplomacy.

Then they broke up and went away. Mr. Billiter took up his hat without looking over the screen, and the boy was left alone.

He remained there, not daring to move, for five minutes; then he slowly got up, and danced a little double shuffle round the chair in which Stephen had sat.

"I'm the luckiest boy in all the world!" he cried, though his face was pale at the sudden shock of this discovery. "I know all their little secrets all round. But oh!"—he stopped dancing, and became very grave—"what an awful example, to a future partner in the House, is the history of Stephen Hamblin! If he wasn't Alison's father—and there's another start of the very rummiest—if he wasn't Alison's father, and so it had to be kept dark, I would write that history out fair for use in schools. It should be set to music—I mean, to Latin exercises—and it would be a great deal more useful than the doings of the impostor Balbus. "The Wicked Hamblin," it should be headed. Ahab and Ahaziah—both of them—were saints with rings round their heads, compared to Uncle Stephen. And even—" he hesitated for another historical example—"even Jehoram was an angel of light."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW STEPHEN DEFIED THEM ALL.

STEPHEN HAMBLIN went home to his chambers. The time was four o'clock. He bore with him the manuscript which his cousin had given him. His step was weary, and the lines in his dark face were heavily marked.

There was a note lying on his table: it was a second letter from Jack Baker, urging immediate repayment of the money. Stephen threw it aside impatiently: Baker's troubles mattered little to him: he had other things to think of.

He sat down presently, and tried to think.

He could not arrange his thoughts. He could not put things together in anything like sequence. They had discovered what he thought could never be found out—the forgeries of the receipts: they had found, too, what he never suspected or dreamed of—the existence of a daughter. Anthony told him that his wife was dead. Anthony told him with cold voice, but without a word of reproof, that his wife was buried in the cemetery of Bournemouth. Anthony had not told him, nor had he suspected, that there was a child.

Why had Dora kept that secret from him? Why had Anthony kept that secret? He laughed aloud as he recalled a thing long since forgotten—how Anthony had gone, himself, and spoken to Rachel Nethersole about her sister, while he and Dora were actually plotting and planning for their secret marriage at Hungerford. No doubt Anthony was in love, and remained in love long after he, Stephen, had come out of it; no doubt he kept this child as a sort of souvenir of that dead and hopeless passion. Poor old Anthony! he always was a soft-hearted sort of man: little better than a fool, when it came to the commoner emotions of humanity. Why, he himself could always get round Anthony.

A daughter.

Alison Hamblin, the girl whom he had been accustomed to hate, to plot against, and to curse, was his daughter; that was a very surprising circumstance. For his own part, he had never felt in the slightest degree a paternal instinct toward her—quite the contrary. He had always regarded her with sentiments of extreme dislike; he hated her like sin, he said, untruthfully, because he was not one of those who hate sin. She came between himself and a possible succession. How could he avoid hating her? Even now, when he was told with one breath that she was his daughter, he was ordered with the other to resign his rights in her favor, or else—

That was it—or else— He turned this alternative over and over in his mind. That, at least, was clear enough. The documents were forged: in his own chambers he could acknowledge so much; he had himself—being pressed for money, and being quite sure that his brother would never go to Newbury, where awkward inquiries might be made—written those papers, signed them, and—most fatal error!—presented them himself. Why, if only he had observed the common precaution of getting another man to hand them in

across the counter—if only he had sent a clerk or some other irresponsible person! But to go himself—to forget that his name belonged to a great city House, and was sure to attract attention—he must have been mad.

To be sure it was not wise to forge the things at all. But then he was so hard up at the time: he had private expenses which he could not well explain to Anthony; he had lost his own money: he wanted everything he could lay his hands on; that hundred and fifty every year seemed like a little windfall, providentially sent. We need not imagine that Stephen was at all repentant about the crime; he was only sorry that it had been found out. Hardened persons, habitual criminals, go off in two directions: they are very sorry when things are discovered, and they are angry when they think of the necessities of the moment which made the crime absolutely unavoidable. But neither state of mind is at all akin to what the good chaplain of the prison means by a heartfelt repentance.

"How much goes to a 'reasonable' annuity?" he thought, reflecting on the proposal; "the estate is worth twelve thousand a year, at the very least. I shall be reasonable on two. Yes, two thousand will do for me.

"As for that woman, Rachel Nethersole, she must be five-and-fifty. Perhaps she will go off suddenly: some of these old cats do when they are not too venomous. Then I could get back to England.

"Things might be worse. Considering what a tremendous pull they've got, things might be worse. I suppose that fighting is out of the question. A man can't fight, unless he is obliged, with the prospect of a—a—suit of yellow and gray, and no tobacco, and no drink, and no companionship. Hang it all!

"Gad!" he brightened up a little; "there are plenty of fellows knocking about the Continent under a cloud: good fellows, too, who have got hard up, and done something which has been found out. One pull for me that I shall know their little histories and they won't know mine. I know them all already. I shall meet the Honorable Major Guy Blackborde, who cheated at Monaco when I was there, and was turned out of the army: and Captain de Blewdeville, who got into the little mess at the Burleigh Club when I was a member, and had to go. By Gad! I shall enjoy it. And, with two thousand a year, one will be cock of the walk.

"Of course I shall not stay in Spain: the cookery is too disgusting. The old woman will forget all about me, or she will relent, or something, and then I shall go to Paris, and so back to London. And as to Alison, why—why—"

Here he stopped, then he went on to consider what he should start with. Two thousand a year, say. That means more than a hundred and fifty a month, five thousand francs a month; a great deal may be done with that. Then there was still seven hundred or so left out of Jack Baker's thousand. Of course he was not going to pay that away. Then there was the furniture of his chambers, which was good, with the pictures and statuettes, which were not good, having been taken chiefly with money advances: furniture and pictures could be sold by private contract; altogether, he would begin the new life, *outre mer*, with a thousand pounds of capital, in addition to two thousand a year income. That was better than in the old days. And, if things went wrong, there was always his daughter, he thought, to fall back upon.

Lastly, there was one thing more: he might marry. A man of his means was an eligible *parti;* there were plenty of widows with good incomes on the Continent; if their reputations were a little cracked, what matter? so was his.

It will be seen that this was the meditation of a perfectly selfish man. Stephen Hamblin rose to great heights of selfishness. He had divested himself as much, perhaps, as man can do so, who is not Cæsar, Kaiser, Czar, of any consideration for any other human being whatever. He was unto himself a god.

He laughed, thinking of matrimony. And then he remembered the manuscript which his cousin had placed in his hands. He opened it and read it.

"The Journal of a Deserted Wife."

We have read this tearful document. We have seen how it affected a man of middle age, and a very young man, both of whom carried their hearts ever in the right place. This man was not affected at all, although he was the person chiefly interested in it. He read it right through slowly and carefully, without betraying the slightest emotion. When he had quite finished it, he tossed the paper on the table.

"That's done with," he said. "Hang it! it was done with twenty years ago. Rachel seems to have developed a fine thirst for revenge. Luckily, she thought it was Anthony; luckier still, that Anthony got drowned. I suppose it was this document that he was going to communicate to me when he made that appointment which he never kept. It would have been deucedly unpleasant. I should have had to get away at once, while he informed the magistrate that it was not he, but his brother, who had married Dora Nethersole.

"So Anthony took the child; and I never knew there was a child at all. Just like Dora, not to tell me. A little mystery; something to

hide; something to make her important. How she *did* exasperate me! And what a relief it was to feel free! and what an almighty ass I was not to let Anthony marry her at the very beginning, when he wanted to! That was my infernal conceit. I wanted to cut out the model brother; and the end of it is that I've got a daughter who turns up, after twenty years, and cuts *me* out."

He took up the manuscript again, and read the concluding paragraph.

"She knew she was going to die, and she couldn't take the trouble to write and tell me so. Her husband wasn't to know it. Must needs write to Anthony. It's all of a piece. That is what she called wifely obedience. As for the letters she *did* write to me at that time, they were dismal enough, but not a word about dying.

"They hand me over this precious journal in order to soften the hardness of my heart, I suppose. Well, my heart is pretty tough by this time. The tears of a woman—especially if the tears are twenty years old—are not likely to trouble it. What does soften a man's heart is to be caught in a cleft stick, as I have been caught—to have the ball in my hands, and be compelled to drop it. Good Heavens! here I am, the undoubted owner of a quarter of a million of money, besides all the land and houses, and I've got to go away for life on an annuity, or else—or else—why, it seems almost worth fighting for. One might get off; these things are not easy to prove; the evidence would rest entirely on the clerk who knew me. But then there are the papers, they are in my handwriting; and it would be a deuced uncomfortable thing to stand in the dock under such a charge, and, more uncomfortable still, to get quodded—hang it! one might be in for fourteen—no—no—I can't fight. I must submit. I will go to-morrow."

The idea of the convict garb made his hands to tremble. He sought and found consolation in a small glass of brandy neat.

"My last appearance to-night in the club, I suppose, or anywhere else. I feel as if I were going to die and be buried. Well, there are one or two places I know of in Paris, and Naples, and Vienna. A man with a couple of thousand a year may get along anywhere."

He was interrupted by a knock at the door. It was his friend Jack Baker.

The honest Jack looked down on his luck. He showed it by a red cheek, a twitching lip, an anxious eye, an apparel slightly disordered. Stephen, on the contrary, showed few outward and visible signs of discomfiture. His cheek was paler than usual, his eyes were hard and glittering, but he was not dismayed nor cast down; he met the reverses of fortune with anger, not with despondency.

"Did you get any notes?" asked Jack.

"What notes?"

Stephen's mind was full of more important things.

"My notes of last night and this morning."

"Oh! yes—yes." He searched among the letters on the table. "Excuse me, I had forgotten them—ah! you asked me to pay into the bank the thousand pounds you advanced me, do you?"

"I did last night. This morning—Hamblin," breaking in with a sudden eagerness of manner, "you haven't paid it into my bank yet, have you?"

"No, certainly not; I have been busy all day."

"Good—don't; pay it to me in notes and gold."

"What is the matter, Jack?" For his voice and manner both betokened something disastrous.

Mr. Bunter Baker tried to laugh, but the effort was not successful.

"A check in the flow of prosperity," he said—"just a slight check. As I said in my letter, there has been a most unprecedented and most sudden fall. All my calculations were upset, and I had the biggest thing on, too. Hamblin, if it had turned up trumps, I might have gone out of business to-day with a hundred thousand pounds. As it is—well—as it is—all the trade know already, and all the world will know to-morrow. I am—for the moment only—compelled to suspend—"

"Oh!"

So here was another man come to grief. Stephen stared unsympathetically. It was as he thought. The thought crossed his mind that perhaps he might meet Mr. Bunter Baker on the Continent in an extreme condition of shabbiness.

"The Bank will have to meet the differences this time," Jack went on. "Well! they have had a very pretty penny out of me, one way and another,"

"And what will you do?"

The man of self-reliance tossed his head.

"A man like me," he said, "falls light. I shall lay by for a bit while the liquidators take hold of the estate and get what they can for themselves first, and the creditors next, out of it. When things have blown over, I shall come back again and carry on the same old game. That thousand will come in mighty handy. I saw the directors to-day, and had it out with them. They said nasty things, but, as I told them, they couldn't expect me to be a prophet. I wanted prices to go up. I always do. I did my little best to keep them up. And, after all, they've been paying sixteen per cent. for the last eight

years, and can afford a little loss. They take the risk and share the profits. I don't grumble, why should they?"

He sat down and hurled this question at Stephen as if he was personally concerned in the success of the Bank.

"I knew there would be a smash some day," he went on; "at least, I thought there might be. I went for big things, and they came off one after the other, beautiful; and for bigger, and they came off; and then I went for the very biggest thing possible, and it hasn't come off. Very well, then. You can let me have that thousand back, Hamblin, can you?"

"You remember, Jack, the conditions on which it was borrowed?"

"Hang the conditions!"

"By no means. You were to have three thousand when I came into the estate. Very good; I *have* come into the estate."

"Nonsense!" This was something like news.

"It has been ascertained that my brother never married. Do not ask me any questions, because the rest is family business. My brother never married, as I always told you. Therefore—"

"Therefore, the three thousand are mine," cried Jack with great delight, clapping Stephen on the shoulder. "When shall you be ready to part?"

"That I can not say. But I suppose there will be no further opposition to my raising money on the estate. Meantime, my dear boy, I can not let you have your original thousand back, because it is all spent." Stephen looked quite youthful and expansive as he uttered this genial string of falsehoods. "However, as I suppose a little ready money would be handy just now—"

"It would," said Jack; "lend me what you can."

"I will give you," replied Stephen, taking his check-book, "seventy-five. That will be something for you to go on with. Another hundred, if you want it, in a week or two. You can depend upon me, my dear fellow. Stephen Hamblin never forgets a friend."

They shook hands warmly. That was the sort of sentiment which went home to the heart of Jack.

"No more," he said, "does J. Double B., especially," pocketing the check, "when he's got some of the ready to remember him by."

Fully satisfied with the advance, and the assurance of further help, Jack took his leave. After all, he had done pretty well with his venture. Three thousand to come in *after* he had made his composition with creditors was not a bad sum to begin again upon. And he always had his reputation for luck to fall back upon.

As he went out he passed, in the door, Miss Hamblin. He took off his hat as she passed up the stairs to her uncle's chambers. Her face was pale and anxious.

"Ah," thought Jack, "she has found out by this time, and she's going to make things square with her uncle. Well, she'll find him in good temper. And now I think she'll begin to be sorry that she didn't have *me!* Laughed at *me*, by Gad!"

He turned as he passed through the door, to look once more at the tall and graceful figure of the most splendid girl he had ever known.

Alison mounted the stairs, and found herself for the first time knocking at Stephen Hamblin's door.

He had lit a cigar, and was making a few calculations in pencil, when she opened the door and timidly stole in.

He put down the cigar, and rose with surprise, and a feeling of pain and shame, Before him, with crossed hands and down-dropped eyes, stood—his daughter.

"You here, Alison, of all places in the world? I thought at least I should have been spared this."

"I have just now learned the truth," she said, with trembling voice; "my cousin Augustus told me—what you know—what they have found out."

"Did they invite you to come here and see me?"

"No; I thought you would like to see me, and say something—if only that you may forgive me for the hard things I have said and thought about you."

"Oh, come, Alison!" cried the man, impatiently, "we do not want sentiment, you and I. Be reasonable. You don't suppose I jump for joy because you are my daughter. You don't suppose that I expect you to fly into my arms because they say I am your father. Don't let us be fools."

The tears came into the girl's eyes. She had been a fool; she had deluded herself into the belief, as she drove into town, that he would be touched by the discovery; she thought they would exchange words of regret and reconciliation; she looked for some words of endearment; and this was the way in which she was met.

"Sit down, then, and talk. But don't begin to cry, and don't talk sentiment. First of all, what did Augustus tell you?"

"That you are my father, and that you did not know that you had a child at all."

"Good—that is true. What else did he tell you?"

"Nothing else—yes: he said that you had renounced your claim to the estate and were going away. I came to ask you—"

"He did not tell you why?" Stephen interrupted.

"No."

"Since he did not, I shall not," he said, with the air of a man who had been doing good by stealth. "Sufficient that it is so. I am going to travel, and to forget in travel, if possible, all the annoyances I have had in this business. I hardly blame you, Alison. It would be absurd to blame you, altogether, for the attitude you assumed. When I became quite certain that my brother had never married, I resolved to befriend you. I made two distinct offers to you, which you refused with scorn and contumely. You remember that—I do not, I say, reproach you; that is all over. Now that I learn the truth, I recognize the fact that my brother desired that you should never find it out, and that he wished you to inherit his property. Therefore, I retire."

This was very grand, and Alison was greatly affected.

"But it is all yours," she said.

"It is all mine, until I have signed a deed of transfer—to you," he replied, waving his hand as one who confers a kingdom.

She could not reply.

"I will tell you more," her father went on. "I believe the reason why my brother kept this thing a secret was, that I married the girl with whom he was in love. He spoke to her sister, Miss Nethersole, about her: I, meantime, spoke to the young lady herself. As Miss Nethersole refused to listen to the match proposed by the elder brother, on some religious ground, I believe, the younger brother thought it was no use for him to try that way. So he persuaded the girl into a secret marriage, and the day after they were married they eloped.

"Well"—he went on, carefully folding up the "Journal of a Deserted Wife," and putting it into his breast-pocket, to prevent the chance of her seeing it—"we were not suited to each other. Put it, if you please, that I was too young to be married—that I have never been what is called a marrying man: we were unhappy together. I said that it would be well to part for a time: I left her—it was by her own wish and choice—at the seaside: you were born: she told me nothing about it: she fell ill: she wrote to my brother when she became worse: she died: he told me of the death, but not of the birth: I forgot all about my marriage: it was just exactly as if I had never been married at all."

This was a rendering of the history which had, somehow, a false ring about it; it was too smooth and specious. But Alison tried to believe it.

"Mind," he said, "I do not attach any blame to my wife; I should be unwilling for you to think that she was to blame. Let all the blame, if there is any, fall on me. Some, perhaps, on my brother, but not much. No doubt, poor Anthony acted for the best, and persuaded himself that the wisest thing for you was to bring you up in ignorance of your parentage; later on, he became fond of you, and grew more unwilling still to part with you. So he invented the fiction of your being his daughter. It was clever of him, but it has led us all into strange paths. Things would have been different with me, and with you, too, if we had known all along what we were to each other."

"And now," asked Alison, "can there never be anything between us but formal friendship?"

"Never," said Stephen, shaking his head and putting his hands into his pockets, as if he was afraid that his daughter might offer to fondle them. "Never. Do not let us pretend to try. Why, we could not begin all at once to bill and coo to each other. I could never endure, for instance, such endearments as you used to lavish on your supposed father."

"No," said Alison, sadly, "that would be impossible. But kindness of thought—"

"Rubbish, Alison! You will marry some day, I suppose—"

"I am going to marry Gilbert Yorke."

"Ah!" He started. Gilbert Yorke was the young man who had been present at the family council. "Ah! you will marry him! That makes it doubly impossible for us ever to be friends. You are going to marry a man—well, never mind. No more sentiment, Alison. You have got a father, and I have got a daughter. It is a relationship which begins to-day. Let it end to-day."

It was harsh, but Alison, somehow, felt a little relieved. She would have liked a few words of sympathy, of hope, of kindness. She could not contemplate without a shudder the simple operation of kissing her "uncle," Stephen the Black. And she was humiliated to find that one whom she had always regarded as the Awful Example was actually her father.

"By the way," he went on pleasantly, "I think I have got one or two things here which you might like to have." He opened a desk and began to rummage among the papers. "I know that Anthony sent the things to me when Dora died. I put them away, and I haven't looked at them since. Ah! here they are."

He handed to Alison a small packet containing a portrait of a sweet-faced girl, with light hair and blue eyes, very different from her own; and another containing one or two books of devotion: this was all that remained of Dora Hamblin.

"Now go, Alison," said Stephen. "You may cry over them at home if you like. Good-by.

You will not see me again for a very long time—perhaps never."

Alison took them tearfully.

"Now go, Alison," repeated Stephen, in his harshest voice—"go, I say; cry over them at home as much as you please. Have you anything more to tell me?"

"No," she replied. "Stay, I have a message from my aunt Rachel."

"From Rachel Nethersole?" Stephen became suddenly and deeply interested. "She is with you, is she? She knows? What does that excellent lady say? What did she tell you?"

"When I told her what I had learned, she cried, and said that she wanted nothing now but to ask pardon of my father—I mean, your brother. When I said I was coming here, she kissed me, and bade me tell you that for my sake she would forgive you all. 'All,' she told me to say."

"Did she?" cried Stephen, as a new light came into his eyes. "Did she? She will forgive all, will she? A brave old girl. That is right—and—and—Alison, I think I shall reconsider that question of the transfer." He looked his daughter in the face with a sudden change of manner which startled and terrified her. "Perhaps it will be best to arrange things differently. I shall see. I shall think things over. Go now."

He almost pushed her out of his room.

Then, left quite alone, he gave way to every external sign of joy. These signs were undignified, and we therefore pass them over.

"I've done them again!" he cried. "By Gad! I've done them again! And I shall have the handling, all to myself, of the whole big pile."

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW YOUNG NICK FETCHED THE WRITING-MASTER.

THE boy remained behind the screen, as we have seen, until the footsteps in the passage were silent. Then he emerged from his hiding-place. His face was scared, though his movements, as we have seen, indicated joy. The occasion had come, then, at last. This was the day, the very day, for which he had so longed—the day of greatness. On no other occasion could Anthony Hamblin be so dramatically, so *usefully* restored to his own people; in no other way could the discomfiture of Stephen be so complète. He had been proved to be a forger; that would be a blow to Alison, should the fact be told her: by Anthony's intervention the thing might be hidden. He was to be the heir to the whole estate; he was to go away on a large annuity: very good, he would have to go on nothing.

He rapidly reviewed the arguments for immediate action, and then, resolved to lose no time, he slipped cautiously out of the room, passed with noiseless step by the doors of the two partners, and ran down the broad staircase.

In the doorway he found Gilbert Yorke, who was waiting for a cab to take him to Clapham.

"Well?" asked young Nick, with his usual twinkle, "have you found anything? Have you got the marriage?"

Gilbert laughed, and nodded.

"You shall hear all about it," he said, "in good time."

"Ah!" replied the boy, "now you think you've been mighty deep, I suppose. Mark my words, Gilbert Yorke. You'll own, before long, that there's one who has been deeper. Where are you going now?"

"I am going to Clapham, to tell Alison something."

"Oh, very good. Yes; your exertions have been creditable, I'm sure. But my turn will come later on, and then, if you find your nose out of joint, don't say I did not warn you."

Gilbert laughed again.

"What did I say once?" the boy went on, folding his arms, and leaning against the doorpost; "'Just when you think everything is cleared up, you turn to me and I will astonish you.' That is what I said. Now, *is* everything cleared up?"

"It is. I can tell you so much. Alison will learn all from me in half an hour. This evening there is going to be a sort of family council at the House."

"Ah! Please tell the partners, with my compliments—Mr. Nicolas Cridland's compliments—that, if they think everything is cleared up, they are mightily mistaken. And as for Alison, remind her that the writing-master leads a happy life. Now don't botch that message, young man. Give it her in full, just as I have told you." He began to look positively demoniac, dancing on the pavement, and twinkling with his pink eyes under his white eyebrows. "Oh, ah! Yes; all cleared up. Ha! ha! ho! ho! what a jolly game it will be, to be sure!"

Gilbert began to think young Nick was off his head. There could be nothing more to know.

"I'm the man in the play who turns up at the last moment, and pardons the conspirator for love of the lady he wants to marry. I'm the man who comes home with a pocket full of money, and pays off the wicked lawyer. I'm the man who draws aside the curtain with a 'Houp-la! Hooray! There-you-are-and-who'd-a-thought-it?'"

Then the cab came up.

"If you want to see larks—if you want to be taken aback as you never were so taken aback in

all your born days before—if you want to see ME in the proudest moment of my life—you turn up at the house to-night about nine o'clock or thereabouts. Oh! and if you are going there now, you may tell the old lady that I've got important business in the City, and shall not come home to tea—that's all. Tata!"

He pulled his hat farther over his forehead and strode out of Great Saint Simon Apostle with as much noise and importance as boots at fourteen can produce. When he got to the end of Carmel Friars, he turned to see if by any chance Gilbert was following him. He was not.

Then he pursued his way as rapidly as possible down Gracechurch Street, Eastcheap, to Tower Hill, past the entrance to the docks, through Cable Street to Jubilee Road, where he knocked at the door of the house in whose window was the advertisement of Mr. Hampton, Writing-master.

Mr. Hampton was not in. He would return, perhaps, at five or so, but the woman could not tell.

This was extremely annoying, because, all the way along, Nicolas had been arranging in his own head a little drama between himself and Anthony. He was to assume the Grand Style which Mr. Matthew Arnold so much admires; he was to be calmly, impressively judicial: he was not to argue, but to command. And Anthony was not to argue either, but to obey the superior will of the boy. Young Nick possessed a lively imagination, and really worked up a very fine scene, something on the lines of a well-known situation in "Athalie," which he had been reading lately at school.

All this was completely spoiled, because the drama was incomplete without two performers, and one of them was away.

Nicolas haunted the hot street all the afternoon, growing every moment more impatient, and continually losing more of the Grand Style, till at last there was none of it left at all.

At five o'clock the writing-master had not returned. Then the boy went to the coffee-house where he had first made his wonderful discovery, and ordered tea, with shrimps and watercresses. He had great joy in the independence of this meal, but he was anxious to bring off his grand coup, and could not linger. After it he went again to the house, and, being tired of walking up and down on the shady side of the pavement, asked permission to wait in Mr. Hampton's room.

He sat down in Anthony's arm-chair, and presently, being tired, went fast asleep. When he awoke it was nearly eight o'clock, and already in the badly-lighted room it was growing dark. Before him stood his uncle.

Young Nick sprang to his feet, and clutched him by the arm.

"I've been waiting for you all the afternoon,' he cried, reproachfully. "Where have you been idling about?"

"I've been keeping punishment school," said Anthony humbly; "my turn comes once a month."

"O Lord!" the boy ejaculated, with infinite disgust; "he's been keeping punishment school, while I've been looking for him. However, you've come at last—sit down. Have you had your tea?"

"I've had some tea and bread and butter with the boys," replied his uncle.

"Well! you shall have some champagne and grilled chicken for your supper," the boy told him encouragingly. "A spread eagle and champagne for supper you shall have, or I'll know the reason why."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say. The game's finished; it is all found out, and you may put on your hat and come home with me as soon as ever you like."

"All found out?"

"Part ferreted out, part made out. Gilbert Yorke had a lot of things told him by Miss Nethersole, and fished up the rest. He's not a bad sort, that young man, if he didn't fancy himself too much. I suppose I ought not to grumble because he's cut me out with Alison. What a donkey you've been, Uncle Anthony, to be sure! What a donkey! Fancy wanting to screen Uncle Stephen! You see I know the whole story—forged receipts, runaway marriage—all. So don't pretend any more. WHAT A DONKEY!"

"It was for Alison's sake," pleaded the donkey. "I wanted to save her."

"And the end of it is, that you haven't saved her. She knows who her father is by this time, and might just as well have known before. A pretty father for a young woman who respects the fifth commandment!" He looked at his watch. "A quarter-past eight," he said; "plenty of time. I told him about nine o'clock."

"You told whom?"

"Gilbert Yorke. Told him to look out for games of a most surprising kind at nine o'clock. Now, just you listen, and don't say a word till I tell you to speak." If it was not the Grand Style, it was the Cocky style, which has been overlooked by critics, and is yet sometimes extremely effective. "All you've got to do is to listen to me, and behave accordingly. Sit down."

The writing-master humbly took a chair. By this time he had got disreputably shabby, and it was not so dark but that the condition of his boots was apparent, though the shininess of his coat-sleeves was partly hidden. The heels had long been down. Now they were gone at the

toes, and chinks in the leather revealed on either foot a patch of white.

"You don't look as if your salary was paid regularly" said the boy sternly, pointing to the boots.

"It's such a very small salary," replied the poor man; "and eating costs such a lot. One must eat, you know. It is not altogether the profession one would choose for a son, that of writing-master in a private academy."

"No," said Nicolas, with severity; "it certainly is not. However, you can get your hat, and come away to Clapham with me, because that fooling is all over."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Hampton; "what should I do that for? Clapham? I never heard of that place. All that to me is gone and forgotten. I am nothing now but a half-starved usher, and I shall never be anything else."

"And Alison, is she forgotten too? What you did for her sake, Uncle Anthony, five months ago, you will have to undo for her sake."

"Boy! tell me what has happened!"

Young Nick laughed. He was entire master of the whole situation. It belonged to him. He held the strings of Destiny. He was the *Deus ex machinâ* whose functions he had that very morning, with contempt for the mercantile uselessness of Latin, painfully construed.

He looked at his watch again.

"We've got a few minutes to spare." Then he began his narrative, of which he delivered himself slowly and with importance, reflecting that this would certainly be regarded ever after as the greatest day of his life, and desirous of leaving nothing to regret in its history, no shortcoming, no failure, no lack of power to rise to the dignity of the situation.

"It began last week, when Alison took Mrs. Duncombe—"

"Mrs. Duncombe?"

"Oh, yes! she's been staying with us since we found her out. But she was no good, and knew nothing; you took care of that. Your craft and subtlety about that baby, Uncle Anthony, astonished every one. Nobody more than myself, I must own, though perhaps I ought to know the world by this time.

"However," he went on, after a little pause, during which he shook his head in a modest depreciation of himself, "that is nothing. Alison and Mrs. Duncombe went off to Bournemouth. Of course, Gilbert Yorke went with them. I was not invited to go, so I staid at home and took care of the old lady. We had Normandy pippins. Of course I suspected that something was up, and when Alison came back, two days later, crying and laughing both together, I was quite certain. Well, I listened, and I made out. They'd found out where Alison's mother was buried, and taken her to see the grave. That was why she was crying. The reason why she laughed was because Gilbert Yorke had begun the kissing all over again. However, as Alison wouldn't wait for me, I can't object. There's a mighty lot of kissing going on now, down at the House. The old lady and Alison are at it all the morning, with a—'Oh, my dear! how glad I am!' and 'O auntie! how happy I am!' And in the afternoon it's Aunt Rachel's turn; I shouldn't care much about kissing Aunt Rachel myself, but girls will kiss anything."

"Aunt Rachel?"

Anthony Hamblin began to feel in a dream.

"Why, of course, Miss Nethersole. It's raining uncles and aunts. Do be quiet, and don't interrupt; time's getting very short." The boy considered a minute—"Oh! about the kissing. Aunt Rachel meets Alison and takes her hand gingerly, as if she was something that must be handled, for fear of breaking, like a Richmond maid-of-honor. 'My niece,' she says—that's all—and kisses her on the forehead. In the evening Gilbert arrives, and Alison and he go into the garden and kiss each other in the conservatories. I know where I can stand and see them, and they don't know. Then they come back and pretend they haven't had their arms round each other. And to think of the way that girl used to pound away about truth and fibs, when I was a boy!"

"I suppose," said Anthony, presently, "that we shall get something coherent in time."

"It's coming," replied Nick; "where shall I begin? After the Bournemouth expedition, letters and telegrams came thick from Gilbert, and Alison carried on in a most agitating way. Meals went anyhow. Several times I had to order the pudding myself. We knew she'd got a new aunt, and we made as much fuss over her as if it was a new baby.

"Very good. Gilbert came back, and there was a tremendous talking. It was then that kissing set in with such vigor. And one evening I heard him tell Alison that he had kept back part of the story, and would tell her afterward. He has told her, I suppose, by this time, for I left him on his way to Clapham Common—in a hansom cab, if you please! I've got to travel on the knife-board. The day after, he came back; it was in the evening. Alison was playing, and Gilbert was sitting by her whispering soft things in her ear: my mother was asleep: I was beginning one of those exercises: 'The letters which I have received. The letters which my cousin (feminine) says she has burned'—you know—when the door opened, and a lady appeared. She just marched in, without being announced.

She was in black, and she had a black bag with her—a lady with sharp chin, and a mouth that looked a little bit like the useful end of a pair of scissors. She set eyes on me first, and stared. It isn't manners, but I don't mind it much, because it isn't every day that people get a chance of seeing an albino. So I nodded to encourage her, and then she looked at the old lady, who was fast asleep with her mouth open; then she saw Alison, who rose to meet her. 'You are Alison Hamblin?' she asked; 'you are more like your uncle than your father. I am your aunt, Rachel Nethersole, Let us try to be friends.' Then kissing set in, and I was introduced, and Gilbert did a lot of talking."

"Poor Alison!" said Anthony, hoarsely.

The boy was glad to see these signs of emotion, and turned his head.

"You see, uncle, Miss Nethersole didn't know everything. You and I know better than that."

"How do you know? What do you know?"

"I know now as much as you do," replied the boy. "I wish I had known it five months ago. You and your writing-mastering!"

"Does anybody else know?"

"We all know everything—except that one thing that you and I know. And you've got to tell that to-night. Let me go on.

"Miss Nethersole agreed to stay, and they fetched in her things. Presently we had something hot—a kidney it was—for supper. I needed it. Evenings like that tell upon the strongest man. Three women to be comforted all at once is a large order."

Nicolas shook his white locks *en philosophe*, and went on:

"After supper—Aunt Rachel did pretty well with the kidneys, but I had to lead the way, as usual—we all sat round, while Alison held her new relation's hand—you know their silly way—and we began to talk about you. The new aunt does not like you, uncle, and I saw her make faces while Alison and the old lady went on about your having been such a good man. I crammed my handkerchief in my mouth. O Jiminy!

"That was yesterday. And, as if there wasn't enough to tell you, something else more important still happened to-day. Now, then, listen with all your might. As it was a half-holiday I came up to town after dinner to see what news there was in the City. Mighty little doing, as I found out from a little conversation with the senior clerks. However, as I was coming on to see you, I thought I would just drop in and look at your old room. Nobody has ever used it; your name is on the door; the furniture is untouched; there's your old blotting-pad, covered all over with heads in ink, in front of your own old chair. And there's the cabinet with the glass doors; I always wondered what you kept in that cabinet, uncle. Once I thought it was piles of money; then I thought it must be skeletons; then I thought very likely it was specimens of indigo. Well, to make quite sure, I opened the doors and found what it is you do keep there. Fie, uncle! I thought better of you. A decanter full of sherry and a couple of glasses! also a box of cigars, and half a dozen boxes of cigarettes. Call that business? When I had satisfied myself upon that point, I went and sat down in your chair, just to feel what it was like to be a rich man; and then I made myself a little speech, nobody being there to hear. I was getting along first rate, thinking what a clever sort of a man I was going to turn out, when I heard footsteps, and, as I didn't wish to be caught, and look as much like a fool as it is possible for this young man to look, I nipped behind your old screen—you remember it, uncle—and sat down and listened. Mean, wasn't it? Wait till you hear what I found out, then you will jump for joy—and—oh! Jerusalem!

"There was Mr. Augustus first, and then Mr. William—he's had his wig put into black on your account—and then Mr. Billiter. Last came Gilbert Yorke, looking mighty important. A regular procesh, only they didn't sing a hymn. While they were disposing themselves in attitudes round the table like head-masters before a caning, or like ambassadors and plenipotentates at least, in marches Uncle Stephen."

"What did they want with him?"

"Now, uncle, do not interrupt. That spoils every man's style. Cæsar, when he was writing his 'Commentaries' for the Third Form, would never allow any interruption; nor would Cornelius Nepos when he hammered out his biographies for the Second. Mr. Augustus it was who went for him. 'It's all found out,' he says; 'there was never any marriage, and you are the heir to the whole estate!' 'Oh, my gum!' said Uncle Stephen, turning very red; 'then I suppose you are all going to apologize, are you?' 'Devil a bit,' said Mr. Augustus. Are you interested now, uncle?"

"Go on, boy—go on."

Anthony Hamblin was pacing the little room, showing every sign of agitation.

"Then Uncle Stephen looked surprised. 'You hardened villain!' says your cousin, looking like a judge on the bench, 'there was no marriage of your brother, but there was of yourself. And who was your wife? and where is your daughter?' 'What daughter?' says Stephen. 'Alison,' says Augustus. Well, Stephen was a bit staggered at that, as you may suppose. 'And don't you think,' says Augustus, 'that we are going to sit down quietly and see you chuck the

money. Quite the other way about and contrariwise. You've got to give it up, and go away on a pound a week for the rest of your life.' 'Am I?' says Stephen. 'You are,' says Augustus. 'Don't you wish you may get it?' says Stephen. 'I do,' says Augustus, 'or else—' 'Else what?' says Stephen. 'Else,' says Augustus, 'we shall have to remind you of six little bits of paper bearing a dead woman's signature. Her sister will prosecute for forgery—for-ge-ry, Stephen; and it means fourteen years' quod, with skilly and cold water. How will you like that, Cousin Stephen?' Then they all chimed in, like a chorus in a play, 'How will you like that, Cousin Stephen?' I thought of joining in myself, but didn't. Stephen took it quite comfortably. He's a desperate wicked chap, that Stephen. Fancy going about with six forgeries on your conscience—a most awful wicked chap. He never said he was sorry; never said he wished he hadn't done it—not at all. He only growled; and then he said something about going abroad on a pension; and then he put on his hat and walked out of the room."

"Is it possible?"

"So now you see. You ran away: you left me, your little comforts, and your home, in order to save Alison from finding that her father wasn't you at all, but the other fellow, and from learning what a desperate bad lot he is. And now she will learn it all, and there will be the most terrific row that ever was heard of. Stephen Hamblin will very likely be charged with forgery—that's a very pretty thing to happen in the family—and Alison Hamblin will learn that he is her father. That's what has been brought about by your running away, to say nothing of the awful expense in crape."

Anthony stood irresolute.

"What shall I do?" he cried. "The very worst has come to pass—the very thing that most I dreaded. I thought to avert this blow. I thought that my own death would do it. I thought that sorrow was better than disgrace; and Alison has had the sorrow, and now will have the disgrace."

"She need not, if you will return, because then Uncle Stephen will be coopered, and Aunt Rachel can be squared. You can stop the prosecution. Come, Uncle Anthony; they won't mind your boots."

"It isn't the boots I am thinking of," said Anthony, gravely.

"Is it the feeling that you will look such an ass?" asked the boy with ready sympathy. "No one *could* look a bigger donkey—that's true—if he was to try with all his might. But never mind that; the servants are all in mourning still—ho! ho!—and the old lady's got a new cap trimmed with crape home yesterday—ho! ho!—and there's the black band round my hat—ho! ho! ho!—and there's the tablet in the church—ho! ho! ho! ho! What a game it will be! You'll have to pay the bill for everything but your own funeral. I wish we could hire a mourning-coach for us to go home in—I wonder if my pocket-money would run to it?"

The boy, who was half hysterical by this time, broke into inextinguishable laughter, which naturally led to choking and to tears.

"Come, Uncle Anthony." He wiped his eyes, and put his uncle's hat on for him. "What a shocking bad hat!" He took him by the hand and led him unresisting into the street. "I've got three shillings in my pocket, that will take us to Clapham Common. We will walk up to the door. I will smuggle you into the study. Then I will go away and bring you—" His voice broke again into a sob. "Poor Alison!" he cried; then he brushed away his tears. "First thing you must do, is to put on a pair of new boots. Any other man but myself would be ashamed to be seen walking in company with such beasts of boots. I always used to keep you respectable in the old time, and I mean to again, remember that."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW YOUNG NICK ACHIEVED GREATNESS.

WHEN Stephen Hamblin saw his daughter fairly out of the room, and got through those manifestations of joy of which we have spoken, he began, once more, to reconsider everything. Now, the message which Miss Nethersole sent him, by means of his daughter, was nothing short of an evangel, a blessed gospel, to him. It relieved him, at one stroke, of all anxiety on the one side where his armor was weak; and, even while he thought of the opportuneness of this truly Christian message, a way occurred to him by which he might, even without it, face the world and challenge his enemies to do their worst.

"Augustus and the crew," he thought, "rejoiced to have that trump card in reserve. They knew that I did not suspect its existence, and was not prepared to answer it. They played it fairly well, considering. But not so well—no, not so well as I mean to play *my* trump card, presently. It is not only forgiveness, but justification."

This message of Rachel's, too, showed him how wrong he had been in his treatment of Alison. He should not have met her approaches with coldness: he should not have received her timid advances with a snub: he should have

welcomed her: held out his arms: tried, at least, to kiss her: and, without a murmur, should have submitted to any endearments which the girl might offer. To be sure, the style and title of daughter no more commanded his affection than that of niece: his heart, which had long since ceased to feel any warmth toward Alison's mother, by no means leaped up at the meeting with Dora's daughter. Quite the reverse. He felt that the whole thing was a *gêne;* he would very much have preferred Alison to have continued Anthony's daughter.

You can not, however, by wishing, reverse the current of affairs. That is an axiom in the First Book of Fate; and the wise man makes the best of materials in his hands. The materials in Stephen's hands were a girl ready to acknowledge him as her father, and do her best to enact the part of Christian daughter; a sister-in-law who had been deeply wronged, and who, for the sake of that daughter, was ready to forgive and forget the past; a little knot of conspirators, eager to get rid of him, to push him off the scene, to land him, once and for all, across the Channel.

Very good: but one thing they had forgotten. Not only did Miss Nethersole forgive, which they either did not know or took care not to mention, but in striking at him they *would strike at Alison.* Yes, and at themselves; at the family name, at everything held dear by the Hamblins.

The more he turned the matter over in his mind, the more he became convinced that to strike the flag at once was impolitic and—still more—useless. A change of front was not only possible, but advisable.

"Why," asked this just man, "should I abandon what is mine because they threaten? What can they do? What can they prove? Would they dare to try it? And since the woman sends me that message, why, there is nothing more to be feared. I will stay."

After dinner he thought the thing over again, and became so convinced that his best course was to take advantage of Rachel Nethersole's forgiving disposition that he sent for a cab and drove to Clapham, to "my own place," he said to himself. "And I dare say," he continued, being now very cheerful over the new prospects—"I dare say that the time will come when I may endure the girl's affectionate ways as Anthony used to. Pretend to like them, too. It's awkward becoming a father when you least expect it. A grown-up girl, too, with a temper of her own, one with whom you have had rows; it is a very embarrassing position, and requires a great deal of presence of mind. This afternoon I was a fool. I've been a fool all day, I think. Things came upon me too unexpectedly. A man can't stand a big fortune, *and* a grown-up daughter, *and* threatenings of criminal proceedings all at once. However, I have cooled down, and shall play my next card very much better, as my dear friends and cousins will shortly discover."

It was somewhat unfortunate that he chose that evening to carry out his purpose, because it was the time which the partners, accompanied by Mr. Billiter, had chosen for their family council.

Gilbert Yorke, Alderney Codd, Mrs. Cridland, and Miss Nethersole all assisted on this occasion, the importance of which was realized by no one so much as by Alderney Codd. The fur coat was necessarily discarded owing to the return of summer, but its place was worthily taken by broadcloth of the best and newest, while the condition of wristbands, front, and collar showed what an excellent thing a little steady occupation is for a man. True, his work was over; there was no more employment for him in rummaging among registers; but he had not yet realized that the suspension of work meant cessation of income. At present he was entirely filled with a sort of holy joy on account of Anthony's rehabilitation, and he had thought of a beautiful verse from Horace which he intended to quote as soon as he could find an opportunity. It was not entirely novel, but then Alderney's scholarship was not entirely fresh—overripe, perhaps. The effort to lug in the lines somehow proved unsuccessful for the first half-hour or so, during which Augustus was explaining the new position of affairs, how Stephen had resolved on leaving his daughter in undisputed possession—taking only an annuity out of the estate. These dry details gave no opportunity for Horatian sentiment.

Augustus Hamblin took the opportunity of reminding Alison—this was a precautionary measure, in case she should allow herself to fall in love, so to speak, with her father, and then find out about the receipts, and be humiliated—that the discovery of her parent need not lead to any alteration in her own feelings concerning him, because he was going away for good. The observance of the fifth commandment, he explained, binding upon all Christians, would in her case be effected by the pious memory of the man who had stood *in loco parentis,* in the place of a parent to her. Here Alderney thought he saw his chance and struck in, "*Quis desiderio,*" but was interrupted by a gesture from his cousin, who went on to set forth that in her real father Alison had before her an example which her friends would not advise her to follow, and, although filial piety would not dwell upon his faults, it was impossible to hide them altogether; and, in fact, it had always been a thorn in the side of the family generally that this member of it had turned out so ill.

"Things being so," Augustus concluded, "we could not but feel that for you and your fortune to be at the mercy of a man who has never shown even the most common prudence in money matters would be a very disastrous thing. And it was with the greatest joy that we received from him an assurance that he was willing to accept an annuity, and not to take upon himself the responsibilities of paternity. In other words, my dear child, you will be in exactly the same position as if you were really Anthony's daughter."

"I have seen him," said Alison, quietly. "He has told me that he does not want a daughter. He can never feel any affection for me; it is better that we should part."

"Much better," said Augustus.

"I confess that it would be impossible for me to practice the same respect and obedience toward him as to my dear fath—I mean my uncle Anthony—"

"Always your father, Alison," said Gilbert.

"*Quis desiderio*," by Alderney again, when the door was thrown open, and the new father appeared.

He was acting elaborately; he had thrown aside the dark and down look with which he received Alison in the afternoon; he had assumed an expression of candor mixed with some kind of sorrowful surprise, as if he was thinking of the past; his dark eyes were full, as if charged with repentance.

"Alison," he said, looking about the room, "I see you are with my cousins, my very good friends, and Mr. Billiter, my well-wisher from youth upward. I have disturbed a family gathering. May I ask, my child, what poison concerning your father they have poured into your ears? Miss Nethersole! Is it possible?"

Aunt Rachel shook her head violently, and pushed her chair back. But Stephen thought of the message.

Alison sprang to her feet, but was silent. She tried to speak, but could not. Gilbert held her hand.

"Stephen," cried Augustus, "what is the meaning of this language? You have already forgotten the interview of this morning. Must we tell your daughter all?"

"All that you please," said Stephen, airily; "you are free to tell Alison whatever you like." He took her hand and drew her gently from Gilbert. "Alison, my daughter, let me repeat your own words: 'We have thought hard things, we have said hard things of each other. That was because we did not know the truth. Now we know it, let us not be separated.'

"I was wrong this afternoon, because I had not yet realized what it meant to me, this gift of a daughter. I have thought it over since, and have resolved that it will be better for me, and for you too, if I renounce my scheme of living abroad, and instead, become your father, guardian, and best friend. As for my former life, it has been, I admit, devoted to pleasure; that is all finished. I was then a man without ties, and therefore, to a certain extent, a selfish man. Now I have you, my daughter, I have some one else in the world to live for. My brother Anthony acted, no doubt, for the best, but he acted wrongly toward me. Had I known, had I suspected, that you were my child, my course would have been different indeed; perhaps it would have been as blameless as that of my cousin, Alderney Codd."

Alderney jumped in his chair and changed color. It was to be hoped that Stephen was not going to begin revelations at this inconvenient time.

"I say so much, Alison," Stephen went on, while Mrs. Cridland sat clutching Miss Nethersole's hand in affright, and the partners with the old lawyer stood grouped together—Gilbert retained his position behind Alison—"I say so much because you ought to know both sides. It matters little, now, why my cousins have become my enemies. You see that they are. I come here to-night proposing new relations. I take blame for the things I said this afternoon, Forgive me, my child. Your father asks for his daughter's forgiveness."

"Oh!" cried Alison, moved to tears by this speech of the *père prodigue*, "do not speak so. Do not talk of forgiveness. There is nothing to forgive."

"Together, my dear, we can face our enemies, and bid them do their worst."

He drew her to his side and laid her hand on his arm, in a manner as paternal and as true to nature as an amateur heavy father at private theatricals.

"This is truly wonderful," said Mr. Billiter.

"Let them do their worst," continued Stephen.

"Why, in Heaven's name—" began Augustus, but was stopped by Stephen, who went on without taking the least notice of him.

"Miss Nethersole," he said, "I owe to you an explanation of a very important kind. I have read to-day the journal of my late wife, with feelings of the deepest sorrow. My neglect was not willful, but accidental; the reduction of my wife's allowance was due to a heavy pecuniary loss; our separation was by mutual consent; I never received any letters from her at all. I concluded that she had carried her threat into execution and left me. When I had my remittances returned from Lulworth, I concluded that she had gone away from me altogether."

"But, man," said Rachel Nethersole, puzzled

with this glib show of explanation, "you went on drawing her allowance from me."

"I did," said Stephen, frankly—"I did; and the hardest, the most cruel, the most unjust accusation ever made against any man was made against me this morning by my own cousin. —Alison, you shall hear it, unless, indeed, they have already told you."

"What we have spared your daughter," said Augustus, solemnly, "you, too, would do well to spare her."

"Spare her!" Stephen repeated. "It was out of no consideration for me. Rachel Nethersole, I drew that hundred and fifty pounds a year for six years after my wife's death. She could not, poor thing, receive any of it. But how was I to know that? Who told me of her death? What did I know?"

"This is truly wonderful!" said Mr. Billiter again.

"Dora, before we parted to meet no more, signed a number of receipts. It was understood that she was not to be troubled in the matter. I heard no more. I went on presenting the receipts. I drew the money. That money, Rachel Nethersole, has been strictly and honorably laid up ever since, to be returned to you when occasion should serve. I first laid it up for Dora, but, after six years, I heard from Anthony that she was dead, and then resolved to hand it over to you. But my life has been, as I said before, a selfish one. The money was there, but the occasion never came. At the same time, Rachel, I thank you most heartily for the message of forgiveness sent me by Alison. Although there was nothing to forgive, I accept the message as a token of good will."

Rachel stared at him, as one dumfounded.

"Am I," she asked, "out of my senses? Is this true?"

Mr. Billiter laughed in his hard, dry way.

"Quite as true, madame," he said, "as any other of the statements you have heard. Pray go on, Stephen."

"No; I shall not go on. I have said all I had to say to Alison, my daughter, and to Miss Nethersole, my sister-in-law. To them explanations were due. To you, my cousins, and to you, lawyer of the devil, I have nothing to say except that, as this is my house, you will best please me, its owner, by getting out of it at once."

The position was ludicrous. They who had come to tell Alison gently how her father, having been such a very bad specimen of father or citizen, had acquiesced in their proposal and was going to the Continent for life, never again to trouble anybody, stood looking at each other foolishly, the tables turned upon them. They were quite powerless. The master of the situation was Stephen. He was quite certainly the heir to the great estate; everything, including his daughter, was his, and in his power. The difficulty about the Letters of Administration could not any longer stand in his way; the crime was forgiven for the daughter's sake; and what, in Heaven's name, would be the end of the great Hamblin estate, grown up and increased through so many generations, developed by patient industry and carefulness to its present goodly proportions, fallen into the hands of a profligate, a black sheep, a prodigal son, who would waste, dissipate, lavish, squander, and scatter in a few years what it had cost so many to produce?

"It is a sad pity," said Mr. Billiter, speaking the thoughts of all.

"Stephen," said Alderney, "if you are really going to take over the whole estate for yourself—"

"I certainly am," Stephen replied with a short laugh.

"Then there are one or two things that you *must* do. As a man of honor and generosity, you *must* do them. There is Flora Cridland, for instance; you must continue to behave toward her as Anthony did."

"Go on, Alderney."

"Here is Gilbert Yorke, engaged to Alison."

"Go on."

His face expressed no generous determination to do anything at all.

"Well," said Alderney, his nose becoming suffused with a pretty blush, "if you can not understand what you have to do, I can not tell you."

"I know what you mean. I am to continue to give my cousin, Flora Cridland, a lavish allowance for doing nothing. Flora, you know my sentiments. I am to take, with my daughter, all the hangers on and lovers who may have hoped to catch an heiress. Mr. Yorke, at some future time you may have an interview with me, in order to explain your pretensions. Lastly, Alderney, I am to lend you as much money as Anthony did, am I?"

"I was not thinking of myself," said Alderney meekly. "I only thought, as the poet says, '*Suave est ex magno tollere acervo.*' It is delightful to help yourself from a big pile. However—"

But Alison broke away from her father's arm, and caught the protective hands of Gilbert.

"No," she said, with brightening eyes, "Gilbert will not need to ask your permission; he has my promise. And he had the encouragement of my—my uncle Anthony."

"Right, girl," said Rachel Nethersole; "you are right. If he turns you out, you shall come to me." She too crossed over to her niece, and

a pretty group was formed of Alison in the middle, Gilbert at her right, and Rachel at her left.

Stephen's face darkened; but he forced himself to be genial.

"Well," he said, with a smile, "one can not expect daughters like mine to become obedient in a moment. Marry whom you please, Alison. Your husband, however, must look to please me before any settlements are arranged. Rachel Nethersole, I am sorry to see that your usual common sense has failed you on this occasion."

Rachel shook her head. She mistrusted the man by instinct.

"If I could believe you," she murmured—"if only I could believe you—"

There happened, then, a strange sound in the hall outside—shuffling steps—a woman's shriek—the voice of young Nick, shrill and strident, ordering unknown persons to be silent; in fact, they were William the under-gardener, and Phœbe the under-housemaid, and he was entering the house with his captive when they rushed up the steps and Phœbe screamed, thinking in the twilight of the June night that she was looking upon the face of a ghost.

"Silence, all of you!" cried young Nick, excitedly, trying not to speak too loud; "you chattering, clattering, jabbering bundle of rags, hold your confounded tongue! Take her away, William, stop her mouth with the handle of the spade—choke her, if you can! Now, then."

They hardly noticed the noise in the study. It happened just when Miss Nethersole was expressing her doubts as to Stephen's perfect veracity. Everybody was discomfited. Mrs. Cridland was miserably wiping her eyes, thinking of the days of fatness, gone for ever: Miss Nethersole was uncomfortably suspicious that the man had not told her anything like the truth: the two partners were silent and abashed—they felt like conspirators who had been found out: Gilbert was hot and angry, yet for Alison's sake he was keeping control of his temper. Stephen himself was uncomfortable, trying to devise some method of restoring confidence, cursing Alderney for forcing his hand. Alderney was ready to sit down and cry: Mr. Billiter was apparently saying to himself for the third time:

"This is truly wonderful!"

And then Alison broke from Gilbert and Rachel, and, standing like a startled deer, cried:

"I hear a step—I hear a step!" And for a moment she stood with her hands outspread, listening.

Stephen took no notice of his daughter's extraordinary gesture. He addressed himself to Rachel, having his back to the door.

"I repeat, Rachel," he said "that you have nothing to suspect or to disbelieve. I did not know for six years and more of the death of my wife—"

He did not hear the door open behind him: he hardly observed how Alison, with panting breast and parted lips, sprang past him: he did not hear the cry of astonishment from all, but he felt his dead brother's hand upon his shoulder: he turned and met his dead brother face to face, and he heard him say: "Stephen, that is not true; you knew it a week after her death."

All the pretense went out of him: all the confidence: all the boastfulness; he shrunk together: his cheek became pallid: his shoulders fell and were round: his features became mean: he trembled.

"Go," said Anthony, pointing to the door—"go! I know all that you have done and said—go; let me never see you more, lest I forget the promise which I made by the death-bed of our mother."

Stephen passed through them all without a word.

In the general confusion, no one noticed Alderney.

He waited a moment and then crept furtively out, and caught Stephen at the door.

"Courage," he said; "Anthony will come round. All is not yet lost."

"You stand by a fallen friend, Alderney?" said Stephen, bitterly. "Nay, man, go back and get what you can. I am ruined."

"*Dives eram dudum*," replied the Fellow of the College. "Once I was rich. *Fecerunt me tria nudum* — three things made me naked: *Alea, vina, Venus.* You are no worse off, Stephen, than you were."

As Stephen walked rapidly away across the common, it was some consolation to think that at this, the darkest moment of his life, he could reckon on the friendship of one man in the world—and on the promise made at a death-bed by another. As for the game—he had played for a high stake—he stood to win by long odds—and he lost.

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" cried Alison, forgetting her father altogether, as she clung to Anthony, and kissed him a thousand times. "Oh, my dear! I said you would come back to me some time — somehow. I said you would come back."

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Ten minutes later, when the confusion was over, young Nick touched his uncle on the arm, and whispered:

"It's all right about that desk in the office, of course? Very good. And now, if I was you, I

would sneak up stairs and change my boots, and put on another coat. I'll amuse Alison while you are gone. . . . Old lady," he stood in the full light of the gas, with his right hand modestly thrust into his bosom, and his left hand on his thigh—"old lady, and everybody here present, I give notice that I am about to change my name. Henceforth I mean to be known as Nicolas Cridland-Hamblin, Esquire, about to become, as soon as I leave school, a clerk in the firm of Anthony Hamblin and Company, Indigo Merchants, Great St. Simon Apostle, City."

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.*

MR. BUCKLE'S reputation is unique in more ways than one; after a long preparation he burst upon the world with a masterpiece, and this masterpiece was received with instant acclamation by the public, and depreciated so far as possible by most of those to whom the public generally looks for guidance. The most singular thing of all is that during the period of preparation he deliberately abstained from any partial or tentative work, and that he entered upon the work of preparation with an utterly undisciplined, not to say unexercised intelligence. He was a very delicate child, and had hardly mastered his letters at eight, and was quite indifferent to childish games. Dr. Birkbeck was of opinion that he ought to be spared in every possible way, and never made to do anything but what he chose. His great delight was to sit for hours by the side of his mother to hear the Scriptures read. Up to the age of eighteen he read hardly anything but the "Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," Bunyan, and Shakespeare, whom he began at fifteen. He was sent to school for a short time to give him a change from home, with strict directions that he was never to be punished or forced to learn; nevertheless, out of curiosity, he learned enough to bring home the first prize for mathematics before he was fourteen. Being asked what reward he would have for this feat, he chose to be taken away from school. He knew hardly anything, and was proud of showing off what he knew. He would stand on the kitchen-table, and recite the Creed and the Lord's Prayer in Latin and French, translating sentence by sentence. He would play with his cousin at "Parson and Clerk," always preaching himself, according to his mother, with extraordinary eloquence for a child. This is more like a precocious child of four than a clever and backward child of fourteen. The same may be said of his less intellectual amusements. "On one occasion, for instance, he turned every chair and table in the kitchen over, gave his nurse's daughter a pea-shooter, and had shooting-matches with her; and on another occasion, when he went to call on his old nurse, turned everything there topsy-turvy, romped about, threw the daughter's cat out of the window, and, finally, walking with them down the street, sang and was generally uproarious, seizing fruit from the open shops, and behaving so as to make them quite afraid that he would get into trouble." He was sent again to a private tutor's, and there, though he never seemed to learn his lessons, he was always foremost. His health, however, failed, and again he had to be taken home. In the latter part of this time his father's conversation gave him an interest in politics and political economy, and by the time he was seventeen he had composed a letter to Sir Robert Peel on free trade. His father, a cultivated man who had been at Cambridge, and used to recite Shakespeare to his family, wished his son to be an East India merchant like himself. Buckle entered the office much against his will, but when he was a little over eighteen he was released by his father's death, which occurred on the 22d of January, 1840. His last words were to bid his son "be a good boy to his mother." Buckle was taken fainting from the room. He always repaid her self-sacrificing devotion with the tenderest attachment; he never really recovered from the shock of her death. She was a very remarkable woman. Miss Shirreff said, after meeting her in 1854:

> Apart from her being the mother of such a son, she was a very interesting person to know. It is curious how many people there are on whom their own lives seem to have produced no impression; they may have seen and felt much, but they have not reflected upon their experience, and they remain apparently unconscious of the influences that have been at work around and upon them. With Mrs. Buckle it was exactly the reverse. The events, the persons, the books that had affected her at particular times or in a particular manner, whatever influenced her actions or opinions remained vividly impressed on her mind, and she spoke freely of her own experience,

* Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle. By Alfred Henry Huth. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

and eagerly of all that bore upon her son. He was the joy, even more than the pride of her heart. Having saved him from the early peril that threatened him, and saved him, as she fondly believed, in a great measure by her loving care, he seemed twice her own; and that he was saved for great things, to do true and permanent service to mankind, was also an article of that proud mother's creed, little dreaming how short a time was to be allowed even for sowing the seeds of usefulness. . . . When I said above that Mrs. Buckle spoke freely of her own experience, I should add that her conversation was the very reverse of gossip. It was a psychological rather than a biographical experience that she detailed. I rarely remember any names being introduced, and never unless associated with good.

It is natural to compare Buckle's training, or want of training, with Rousseau's, and perhaps the reason it turned out so differently was, that it was conducted by a Calvinist mother instead of by a libertine father, and that the physical conditions were healthier. Rousseau when a child habitually turned night into day; it was an event when Buckle sat up to write to Sir Robert Peel. Entering life at eighteen his own master, with powers that had never been taxed, with an imagination ceaselessly stimulated, it is no wonder that he was enormously ambitious. He set to work at once to gratify his ambition. He traveled for more than a year on the Continent with his mother and an unmarried sister, studying the manners of different countries, and taking lessons in the languages from masters, who taught him to talk them fluently, but could never break him of his British accent; the grammar he found he could master more quickly and thoroughly by himself. At the same time he began a course of omnivorous reading, and his wonderful memory very soon made him seem a prodigy of information, especially as, like Dr. Johnson, he had the talent of tearing the heart out of a book.

The way he began his studies with a plan of the "History of Civilization" in his mind is exceedingly characteristic. He began the "History of the Middle Ages" in Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia," finishing thirteen pages in two hours, during which he referred to Hallam and Hawkins's little work on Germany for verification of dates. "This brings me from the invasion of Clovis in 496 to the murder of Sigebert by Fredegonde in 575. I have at the same time made copious abstracts of the times referred to." This is from the first entry in his diary, October 15, 1843. Ten days later we read: "The sketch, then, of the history of France during the middle ages has occupied me just ten days, but then on one of those days I did not read at all (on account of a thick fog). And, besides that, I am now in better train for reading than I was at first, so that I think, on an average, I may say eight days will suffice for each history." He was aware that this proceeding was hasty and superficial, and he looked forward to completing his knowledge by further study of larger and more elaborate works, such books as Sismondi's "Histoire des Français," and by reading in biographical dictionaries the lives of all the notabilities of the period he was studying, for he made it a rule to go through a period in many books, instead of going through many periods in one book. One can not say that his method of study was exactly uncritical; he found out the first day that Dr. Lardner quite deserved his reputation for inaccuracy, but he took no precaution against having to unlearn more important errors than a wrong name or date. A professional scholar does not feel that a fact is the foundation of an opinion till he is sure that he has reached the right point of view. In all but very exceptional cases this method leads to more questions than answers, and constructive effort has to restrict itself increasingly to monographs, and the largest speculation generally turns upon the application and extension of one or two conceptions, such as the primitive family or the survival of the fittest. Now Buckle, like Bacon, thought that it was possible to pick out facts from the best second-hand authorities, like Hallam, or even from authorities which were not the best, like the "History of Helvetia," in two volumes, which he picked up for eighteenpence in a book-stall, and then to tabulate the facts picked out, and gradually sift them into a system.

Wherever he could he used translations, because he could go through them faster, but, as many works were not translated, he learned nineteen languages, seven of which he could write and speak serviceably (he introduced himself to Hallam by interpreting for him in Germany). At first he still found time for travel, and formed æsthetic preferences; he thought, till he saw Egypt and Petra, that he preferred beauty of form to beauty of color. He had a marked dislike to being bullied or cheated, which reminds us of Schopenhauer. At Naples, for instance, the boatmen threatened to leave him in a cave at Capri unless he would pay more than he had bargained for. He gave them his purse, but took care to stay and have them punished. At Dresden a chess-player gave out that Buckle was not good enough for him to play with; he placarded a challenge to play the braggart for five hundred thalers, with the result that he did not venture to show his face till Buckle left. Again, when he had bought a new carpet from a man who had promised him discount for cash, and then asked for the whole sum, Buckle quietly returned the

unpaid bill to his pocket, and told him to call for payment that day two years.

At first chess was his favorite recreation, and by the time he was thirty he had some right to consider himself the champion player of the day, though with his customary independence he never studied printed games or openings, and had no chessboard at home which was not too small for his men. He had a special talent for giving odds, and knew by intuition what risks it was safe to run with a strange player, since the play of a giver of odds can never be perfectly sound. He was a pleasant antagonist, whether he won or lost, but he avoided exposing his temper to too great trials. One player, known as "the telegraph," he would never engage, and at last gave the following explanation: "Well, sir, the slowness of genius is difficult to bear, but the slowness of mediocrity is intolerable." Even with this precaution chess was too exacting a game to be the sole relaxation of a student, and from 1850 onward he showed an increasing preference for the stimulus of society; he was beginning to be known, and, as he refused to write except for immortality, it was natural he should talk.

While his mother was well enough, he gave dinners during the season of from eight to eighteen persons two or three times a week, and dined out himself frequently; indeed, he could not bear dining alone, and, if without any special invitation, he would drop in upon some of his relations or more intimate friends to spend the evening. Of his talk, Miss Shirreff truly observes: "The brilliancy of Mr. Buckle's conversation was too well known to need mention; but what the world did not know was how entirely it was the same among a few intimates with whom he felt at home as it was at a large party where success meant celebrity. This talk was the outpouring of a full and earnest mind, it had more matter than wit, more of book knowledge than of personal observation. The favorite maxim of many dinner-table talkers, 'Glissez, mais n'appuyez pas,' was certainly not his. He loved to go to the bottom of a subject, unless he found that his opponent and himself stood on ground so different, or started from such opposite principles, as to make ultimate agreement hopeless, and then he dropped or turned the subject. His manner of doing this, unfortunately, gave offense at times, while he not seldom wearied others by keeping up the ball, and letting conversation merge into discussion. He was simply bent on getting at the truth, and, if he believed himself to hold it, he could with difficulty be made to understand that others might be impatient while he set it forth. On the other hand, it is fair to mention that, if too fond of argument, and sometimes too prone to self-assertion, his temper in discussion was perfect; he was a most candid opponent and a most admirable listener." His memory was almost faultless, and always ready to assist and illustrate his wonderful powers of explanation. "Pages of our great prose writers," says Miss Shirreff, "were impressed on his memory. He could quote passage after passage with the same ease as others quote poetry; while of poetry itself he was wont to say, 'It stamps itself on the brain.' Truly did it seem that, without effort on his part, all that was grandest in English poetry had become, so to speak, a part of his mind. Shakespeare ever first, then Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, were so familiar to him that he seemed ever ready to recall a passage, and often to recite it with an intense delight in its beauty which would have made it felt by others naturally indifferent." It was the same in all that was best in French literature, in Voltaire, Corneille, Racine, Boileau, and, above all, Molière. Captain Kennedy recalls an instance of this ready memory on an occasion when they were in company together. The conversation turned on telling points in the drama, and one of the party cited that scene in "Horace" which so struck Boileau, where Horace is lamenting the disgrace which he supposes has been brought upon him by the flight of his son in the combat with the Curiaces. "Que vouliez-vous qu'il fît contre trois?" asks Julie; and the old man passionately exclaims, "Qu'il mourût." Buckle agreed that it was very fine, and immediately recited the whole scene from its commencement, giving the dialogue with much spirit and effect.

A more formidable feat was reciting Burke's peroration on the loss of the American colonies, to prove to Burke's biographer that it was Burke, not Sheridan, who applied the metaphor of shearing a wolf to the obstinacy of George III.

In other ways his life was the reverse of ascetic: he "cultivated" his sense of taste, at one time actually seeing his steaks cut at the butcher's; insisting on having toast made before his eyes every Monday, when the bread was more than one day old; and teaching his womankind how to make tea, which ought, it seems, to stand rather longer when the caddy is full than when it is nearly empty, and the proportion of tea-dust which does not need to be uncurled by the steam is larger. The same spirit of minute forethought ran through his management of money matters. He had never more than fifteen hundred pounds a year to spend, and had made up his mind that three thousand pounds was the least he could marry on. (He never did marry; for one cousin whom he fell in love with at seventeen married some one else, and he was parted from another every way suitable because his family thought it wrong for cousins to marry.) He spent three hundred pounds a year on books, and it is not surprising that he taught his servant to bind the ragged ones in brown paper, and that he cherished comfortable old clothes. He could spend as well as spare; his books were luxuriously lodged in glass cases, and if a friend's family

needed rest or change, he was anxious to press a hundred pounds on them as a loan. He was kind, too, in immaterial ways, exercising the same minute forethought for others as for himself. From his first acquaintance with Miss Shirreff and her sister he was unwearied in his endeavors to assist them. Here are one or two fragments of his letters in 1854: "I feel it was very ill-natured on my part not to press Comte upon you last night when you so considerately hesitated as to borrowing it. To make the only amends in my power I now send it you, and beg that you will keep it as long as you like, for I promise that if I have at any time occasion to refer to it I will ask to have it back, so that you need have no scruple on that head. The only thing I will beg of you is that when not reading it you would have it put into some cupboard, as on several grounds I value it very much, and I never leave it out at home. . . . You sent me the first *three* volumes of Comte as I happen to remember, for I put them away directly they came. I am sorry you should have missed taking them with you, as in the country one particularly needs some intellectual employment to prevent the mind from falling into those vacant raptures which the beauties of nature are apt to suggest." This is ten months later: "I am truly sorry to receive so indifferent an account of your health. To hear such things is enough to prevent one from being an optimist—how much more to you who feel them. I have often speculated on what you and Miss Shirreff could accomplish if you were made capable of real wear and tear; but this is a speculation I could never bring to maturity, because of the strong suspicion I have that with a certain mind there must and will be a certain physical structure of which we may modify the effects but never change the nature. Look at Miss Martineau! Give her delicacy as well as power, and I believe that she could never have gone through the work she has." He was ready to criticise the second work of the sisters in manuscript, while his own work was passing through the press.

The first volume was printed at his own expense, after negotiations with Mr. Parker, which showed a curious mixture of suspicion and generosity. Buckle would not consent to his MS. being submitted to any person whom he did not know; but he was sincerely anxious that Mr. Parker should have some independent opinion, when he was ready to dispense with it. He was willing that Mr. Parker should assess the estimated profits of the first edition, and to accept half for his share, but if he disposed of the copyright of the first edition he was determined to secure a sum down, and drew back when he found that the half profits, if any, were to be contingent on the result of the sales. He actually received six hundred and sixty-five pounds for the first edition of fifteen hundred copies, and five hundred pounds for the copyright of the second edition of two thousand.

His immediate success was deserved by the industry with which he had studied a clear and popular style, reading and rereading the great masters, French and English, going through Johnson's dictionary and Milton's prose works to enlarge his vocabulary, writing out in his own words the substance of a passage of Hallam and Macaulay, to see where his own inferiority lay. Besides, his habit of never leaving a subject in conversation till he had made his meaning perfectly clear must have served him as valuable practice in exposition, even if part of the audience were wearied at the time.

The author's want of systematic training was itself an advantage for the immediate effect of his work; he knew nothing but the prejudices he had escaped, the facts he had accumulated, and the doctrines he had marshaled them to support; he addressed a public as ignorant as he had been, and as acute as his father had been. He had followed the scientific movement of his day, and observed with prophetic insight that the discussion of the transmutation of species was the weak point in Lyell's great work on geology, but he had not busied himself with the speculative movement then mainly political or theological. If he had done so he would have been in danger of losing himself in side issues. As it was he stated and illustrated clearly and weightily, so that the work will not have to be done again for any section of the Western world, the conception of an orderly movement of human affairs depending upon ascertained facts of all degrees of generality. This is his great service: his special theories were of value chiefly as they furnished headings under which facts could be classified. Such conceptions as the "principle of protection" and the "principle of skepticism" are not made for immortality; it is not a key to the history of France to be told that there the spirit of protection manifested itself in secular affairs, while in Spain it manifested itself in spiritual. Nor can we explain the difference between the history of Spain and Scotland by observing that a bigoted clergy opposed the crown in Scotland and supported the crown in Spain; or the difference between America and Germany by observing that the ablest minds of Germany devoted themselves to the deductive method and the accumulation of knowledge, and the ablest minds of America to the inductive method and the diffusion of knowledge.

He was never too far in advance of his day; he thought women ought to be educated, but not

for careers in which they would compete with men. He made instinctively all the reserves for which the orthodox are fighting more or less hopefully now; he took over without discussion the sharp dualism between body and mind transmitted through Locke from Descartes. Even such a phrase as mental disease displeased him. Disease could only consistently be thought of in connection with a material organism. After this it is not surprising that he held that in another life there would be no difference between the genius and the idiot of this: they differed because their brains differed. At the same time, the difference between learning and ignorance might be more permanent, for it is by its own action that the mind acquires learning. He understood, and was half inclined to adopt, Kant's distinction between transcendental freedom and empirical necessity, although he was fully convinced by his statistical studies that any limited power of self-determination the individual might imaginably possess could safely be neglected in the scientific study of masses. Most important of all, he recognized as clearly as Pascal the logic of the heart. Instead of treating the convictions as a mere disturbing force warping the action of the pure reason, he dwelt eloquently upon their character as an orderly independent factor in our deepest convictions. This combination of fundamental conservatism, with revolutionary energy upon two or three large yet definite questions, is not unlike Mr. Bright—a politician who is, or was, unpopular with just the critics who depreciated Buckle as a thinker.

One can hardly think that the literary class were so much to blame for their hostility as Mr. Huth supposes. They had emancipated themselves as far as they cared to be emancipated; they held implicitly a great deal that Buckle proclaimed emphatically; they held it with all sorts of qualifications which they felt not unreasonably it was easier to apply in practice than to formulate beforehand; they found plenty of crudity in Buckle's special theories, and were angry with him for not advancing knowledge upon special matters in the way in which Sainte-Beuve or even Macaulay did. It was not their fault that in their eyes individual facts, which Buckle made a point of despising, were more interesting as well as less uncertain than the general facts, which no doubt are more important. Besides, it was quite true, if not exactly relevant, that they might have found whatever they were inclined to accept in Buckle, in Comte, or Quetelet before. Their justification is complete when we remember that Buckle's method and generalizations have been quite unfruitful. Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer and Sir H. S. Maine have had followers; Buckle had only readers. At the time criticism did not hurt him, as he said himself he throve on it. His superiority to his critics was too evident. He was the lion of the literary season; he was elected a member of the Athenæum, after some ineffectual threats of clerical opposition; he lectured at the Royal Institution on the "Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge," and Faraday, Owen, and Murchison severally thanked him for the great treat they had enjoyed.

In the midst of his great success the great sorrow of his life came upon him; his mother's health had been failing since 1852, and in 1856 she feared that she should not live to see the reception of his work, and the fame that her counsel and sympathy had done so much to prepare. When at last her son showed her the first volume, with its magnificent dedication, he was frightened at her agitation. On the 11th of August, 1857, he writes: "Month after month she is now altering for the worse, at times slightly better, but perceptibly losing ground. Her mind is changed even since I was here last; she is unable to read; she confuses one idea with another; and nothing remains of her as she once was, except her smile, and the exquisite tenderness of her affections. I while away my days here doing nothing, and caring for nothing, because I feel *I have no future*." "For the last six months of her life she was from time to time delirious, but such was her strength of mind that always when her son entered the room she became perfectly rational." He was no longer able to write except after the stimulus of conversation; and at last the sight of her "slowly but incessantly degenerating, mind and body both going," brought his work to a standstill, and Mr. Capel suggested that he should try the distraction of reviewing Mill's "Essay on Liberty." On the 1st of April, 1859, he entered in his diary, "At 9.15 my angel mother died peacefully, without pain." When all was over he sat down, "in the dull and dreary house, once so full of light and love," to write his proof of the immortality of the soul. It is very like St. Anselm's proof of the being of a God. It is a weak feeling that can believe that it adds to or creates its object; a strong feeling is sure that its object is eternal.

The next twelve days were spent upon his review of Mill's "Liberty," which is still momorable for the grotesque, pathetic, eloquent philippic on Pooley's case. It is never clear what we are to be indignant at; no doubt it was a miscarriage of justice that the judge did not find out that Pooley was mad; perhaps the law under which he was sentenced was getting rather rusty; still poachers are sentenced more severely, and Pooley was as great a nuisance as a poacher in a respectable neighborhood. But Buckle was in a state of exaltation where he had too little sense

of the proportion of things to measure the personal responsibility of the judge, or the importance of the case, but he saw correctly that while damaging his own position he was doing something to make further prosecutions for blasphemy difficult, and he had the sense to turn a deaf ear to the many letters from people with grievances that poured in upon him.

He said himself about this time, "Only they are wise who can harden their hearts." His health was failing. Even before his first volume appeared he fainted in crossing the park; though his hours of work were not immoderate, seldom exceeding eight a day, his recreations, chess and conversation, were equally exhausting. He was only able to work very fitfully upon his second volume, and before long he lost his nephew, a very promising boy, who could appreciate him, saying, "When you talk to me, uncle, it is like being in a dream." Children were always fond of him. A little girl whom he met in his walks at Blackheath could conceive no consolation for his leaving except the hope of being "his little girl." His landlady, who read his works, took charge of some children from India, and one of these soon found what liberties she could take with the philosopher.

When he visited Mr. Capel's pupils at Carshalton, he romped with them and got them holidays; they followed him about like a pack of dogs, and wrote home, "When he was here, he was a jolly chap." "He is a very nice fellow, and never talks philosophy to us." His theories of education were simple; he was very much afraid of children being overworked, and thought that if moral suasion failed the cane was the safest punishment; keeping children in only made them dull.

But his forbearance was inexhaustible. When he fainted, after a discussion on political economy with Mr. Huth, he went up stairs to try to sleep for two hours. At the end of the time Mr. Huth heard the landlady's children singing loudly and jumping violently as it seemed just over Mr. Buckle's room. He stopped the noise and then went to inquire if he had slept. Mr. Buckle said, "No, the noise had prevented it." Why did he not ring the bell? "Oh, no, poor little things! it was their time for singing and jumping, not their sleeping-time." When Mr. Huth's sons were traveling with Buckle in the peninsula of Sinai they told him how they had been amusing themselves by knocking off the tails of lizards to see how these jumped, while the lizards ran away as if nothing had happened. Mr. Glennie remarked that it was very cruel, and ought to be put a stop to, which made the boys angry; Buckle quietly said that it was the nature of boys to be cruel, and that they would know better when they grew older; they were ashamed of what they had done, and did so no more.

His growing friendship with the Huths was the chief interest and consolation of his later years in spite of its rather unpromising commencement, which we will leave Mrs. Huth to describe:

It was in 1857 that we became acquainted with Henry Thomas Buckle. Long before, we had heard him talked of by an enthusiastic friend, who told us that Buckle was then writing the "History of Civilization." Our friend Mr. Capel would not borrow a book from us to read without first asking "my friend Buckle" whether it was worth reading, as he knew all books. If I praised a favorite author, I was told that my admiration was misplaced, as "my friend Buckle" saw imperfections in him. "But would not Mr. Huth like to call on my friend Buckle?" Mr. Huth decidedly objected, saying that if that gentleman's library contained twenty-two thousand volumes, and he had read them all, as Mr. Capel assured us, it would be an impertinence, for a man who had not anything very extraordinary to recommend him, to intrude upon him. I was very glad of this answer, for I hated that "friend Buckle," whose name was constantly in Mr. Capel's mouth, and bored me intensely; who was always put forward to contradict me; who was said to know everything, and who had seemingly done nothing. We were therefore considerably surprised when Mr. Capel came one day and said, "I have told my friend Buckle that you wish very much to make his acquaintance, and he will be glad to see you if you like to call upon him." My husband looked very black, but he had nothing for it but to go to 59 Oxford Terrace, where he was told Mr. Buckle was not at home, and he left his card. Later, when our dear friend made his last stay with us, I told him how we had been forced into our acquaintance with him; and he explained that he had only agreed to see us, as he thought it would be of advantage to Mr. Capel, who was going to have a son of ours at his school. At that time he had never expected our acquaintance to develop into a friendship.

Mrs. Huth soon found there were two Mr. Buckles, one who lived among cold abstractions, and took the highest and the widest view. "The other Buckle was tender, and capable of feeling every vibration of a little child's heart; self-sacrificing, to a degree which he would have blamed in another, and habitually concentrating his great intellect on the consequences of individual actions to the actor." His calm and cheerfulness were but rarely interrupted. Once Mr. Capel surprised him in a flood of tears. "You don't know how I miss my mother." He could never bear to go into his drawing-room after her death. An old lady, neither handsome nor clever, as she said herself, with neither rank nor title, "bore witness to his great sympathy;

it was more than human, and imparted a more than earthly soothing effect: he never forgot that his mother had been fond of me!"

When his second volume was finished he was too weak to work or to meet Mr. Mill, whom he admired and greatly wished to know. He wandered through Wales and Yorkshire, fraternizing with policemen and village schoolmasters, who surprised him by their interest in "Essays and Reviews," and "a still bolder man, Mr. Buckle." He roamed through the worst parts of Birmingham, keeping the middle of the road, and carrying a heavy stick. At last he set out for the East. He had long wished to see Egypt, but his decision was almost a caprice; the sense of having no future had made him capricious. At first it seemed as if it was to be a happy caprice; he made every possible provision for the safety and comfort of himself and Mr. Huth's two boys, then fourteen and eleven, whom he took with him: he was so anxious beforehand, that he had no need to be anxious afterward, and his spirits on the Nile were so high that his biographer apologizes for sending a dull letter home on the ground that Mr. Buckle will sing ri-too-rall-loo-rall-too, and so on. They both studied eagerly to please him, though it was necessary to take away the Shakespeare to give Robinson's "Biblical Researches" a fair chance. Thanks to Mr. Buckle's good arrangements, his party was the first for five years that had seen Petra leisurely by daylight. Unhappily, the rains at Jerusalem interfered with Buckle's plans for camping out during their stay there. The discomfort and bad food at the hotel brought on an illness which he could not throw off; and though he was able to push on to Nazareth, Beyrout, and Damascus, and enjoy that magical city, unmistakable typhoid fever set in, and he sank under the lowering treatment of the native doctor. His monument, as massive as his works, erected by his only surviving sister, attests his faith in immortality.

G. A. SIMCOX (*Fortnightly Review*).

THE NEW FICTION.

IT has been more than once remarked that when history came to be properly written it would eclipse in attractiveness all the fiction that could be invented and put into books; and, indeed, there is some such saying to be found either in the writings or the reported words of Macaulay. That distinguished man and delightful historian had his own reasons for knowing that the biography of nations might be found interesting even by readers outside the class of students proper. But the day is yet far off when the historian shall jostle the novelist out of his place. Within the last twenty years the novel proper has undergone a development which may still be pronounced astonishing even by those who have been accustomed to consider it, and has taken rank side by side—at no humiliating distance, though, of course, not close—with poetry and philosophy, formally so entitled. It is far otherwise than sarcastically true that "Romola" and "Daniel Deronda" can not be called light reading; and, passing away from fiction of that graver sort, it is abundantly clear that not even yet has criticism done all the work which the New Fiction has cut out for it in the way of widening its scope and improving the instruments by which it endeavors to trace the more subtile affiliations of literature. It may almost be said that there is now a branch of criticism specially, if not exclusively, applying to novels; and, perhaps, it may be added that the critics who cultivate this branch of work do not yet feel themselves quite up to their work. In fact, the New Fiction is a product for which the canons were not ready, and some of the best things said about it and what it foretells are little better than self-conscious talk to fill up time.

Of course the notion that the historian could ever supersede the novelist is absurd. However little short of chaotic our present criticism may be in such matters, there can be no risk in laying it down that the historic faculty and the poetic faculty are two very different things. So much to begin with; and it carries us a long way. Macaulay had poetic faculty, though it was very narrow; but it is certain he would have made a grotesque failure of a novel, if he had attempted one. Lord Brougham did write a novel, but it was rather aborted than produced; and those who have never seen it may be thankful for a mercy not small—there are things one would much rather never have known. What sort of novel would Mr. Grote have written? But novelists have written history, and Mr. Thackeray, who contemplated writing it, would possibly have succeeded. We say possibly; because his "Lectures on the Four Georges" and on "The Humorists of the Eighteenth Century" do not encourage one to dispense with phrases of conjecture in this matter. That George Eliot could write

history is certain, and it would surprise no one if she were to leave some really monumental work of that order behind her. Bulwer-Lytton did write history, and not unsuccessfully. So did the author of "Caleb Williams" and "St. Leon." If Defoe could not have succeeded as an historian, it would only have been because he was such "a matter-of-lie man" (to quote Charles Lamb's phrase) that he could never copy straight on. "Is that all?" asked the Scotch advocate, when his client had apparently completed his statement of his case—"is that all?" And, the client replied: "Ou ay, mon; that's a' the truth; ye maun put the lees till't yoursel." It is to be feared that Defoe, while he was telling his true historical story, would, by the necessity of his nature, have added "lees till't" in abundance. And, as this brings us up to a point, we may as well stop in an enumeration which might easily be carried on to an indefinite length.

Let a man tell what story he will, he is sure to add "lees till't," though unconsciously. Lord Macaulay did it in his historical and biographical writings, and no man has done it more than Mr. Carlyle. The involuntary false touches come out of a writer's idiosyncrasy. But it is not here that we arrive at the essential difference between the genius of the novelist and that of the historian. Even when the writer is fond of taking an historical basis for his work—like Sir Walter Scott, for example—his manner is obviously different. Nor does mere excess of detail or picturesqueness make all the difference. It lies largely in the *filling up* and in the pervading air of *personal intimacy* which belongs to the novel, as distinguished from the history. You are supposed to know how the historian came by his knowledge, and when he makes a fancy picture he tells you so, directly or indirectly. Not so the novelist. The novelist tells you with impossible minuteness the most secret soliloquy of a man's mind; has unrestrained access to a lady's boudoir, and will tell you all she did there at a given time, though the door was locked, and the curtains drawn. From end to end of his story he does not give you his authority, and you are not expected to ask for it. On the contrary, that would destroy the illusion. The whole of his work consists of digested and transformed experience presented to you under arrangements new to himself. It is all true, except as to "the way it is put," and you feel that it is true—that is, if the work be good of the kind; but you can not "condescend upon particulars" as to when and where it all happened. Of course, we are now taking only a general view of the matter—there are plenty of books coming under the category of the novel which are more or less historical; but it is admitted that the task of writing a work of fiction avowedly founded on fact is one of extreme delicacy.

It is upon the point of *filling up* that we easily arrive at perhaps the most obvious difference between novel and history. It is quite certain that Napoleon dined; and that he had many interestingly painful discussions with Josephine before putting her away. In point of fact, our interest in Napoleon was so great that the driest and least expressive of historians gave us a good deal of personal gossip about him, and, in proportion as we come to feel intimate with a personage, we excuse such writing. But to introduce it into history, if the scale of the writing be large, is a difficult task, and we are sure to be sensible of a sort of jolt or jerk in passing from one passage to another, unless the artist be one of consummate skill. If a novelist had conceived a Napoleon, and had introduced the repudiation of Josephine and the marriage to Marie Louise, he would have told the story by fixing on occasions and scenes unimportant in themselves, and filling up till he interested us; at the same time telling the story in the most complete manner conceivable. You would have been introduced, perhaps, to the lady and the Little Corporal taking coffee together—the most insignificant and domestic scene in the world—and then you would have been told all the conversation: how Napoleon knit his brow at a particular moment; how Josephine panted with suppressed anger and suppressed affection, but put her hand to her left side and kept the tears down; how the coffee got cold; how the bread-and-butter was left untasted; or how one little slice was eaten as a feint. You would have had as much of the humor and the pathos as the novelist's imagination of what passed (all in the most minute detail) could help you to; and by the time you got to the end of the chapter you would find you had passed a crisis of the story. Anybody who has never done such a thing before, but will upon this hint examine the structure of a modern novel, will be struck, above all things, with the manner in which the main story is left to be gathered from details in themselves commonplace. "Jane was giddy and Alfred was irritable; they had a quarrel and parted last June." That would be in the manner of the historian, and it would be sufficient for his purpose; but, of course, the novelist would fill up that outline, while the historian was off and away to something else with which the quarrel between Jane and Alfred stood, we will suppose, in some large relation. It is a pleasant exercise to analyze a good novel in this way—to take the chapters one by one, and note what they are made of; how little "incident" and how much story. We undertake to affirm that the result of such an anal-

ysis will invariably be a surprise to the reader —it should, of course, be made after he has read the novel, and, if it is a familiar one, so much the better.

But let us listen to a few sentences from the prelude to Mr. George Meredith's last novel, "The Egoist":

> The world is possessed of a certain big book, the biggest book on earth; that might indeed be called the Book of Earth; whose title is the Book of Egoism, and it is a book full of the world's wisdom. So full of it, and of such dimensions is this book, in which the generations have written ever since they took to writing, that to be profitable to us the book needs a powerful compression. . . . The realistic method of a conscientious transcription of all the visible, and a repetition of all the audible, is mainly accountable for our present branfulness, and that prolongation of the vasty and the noisy, out of which, as from an undrained fen, steams the malady of sameness, our modern malady. . . . We have the malady, whatever may be the cure, or the cause. We drove in a body to Science the other day for an antidote; which was as if tired pedestrians should mount the engine-box of headlong trains; and Science introduced us to our o'er-hoary ancestry—them in the Oriental posture; whereupon we set up a primeval chattering to rival the Amazon forest nigh nightfall, cured, we fancied. And before daybreak our disease was hanging on to us again, with the extension of a tail. We had it fore and aft. We were the same, and animals into the bargain. That is all we got from Science.
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> Art is the specific. . . . In Comedy is the singular scene of charity issuing out of disdain under the stroke of honorable laughter; and Ariel released by Prospero's wand from the fetters of the damned with Sycorax. And this laughter of reason refreshed is floriferous, like the magical great gale of the shifty spring deciding for summer. You hear it giving the delicate spirit his liberty. Listen, for comparison, to an unleavened society: a low as of the udderful cow past milking-hour! O for a titled ecclesiastic to curse, to excommunication, that unholy thing! So far an enthusiast perhaps; but he should have a hearing.
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> Concerning pathos, no ship can now set sail without pathos, and we are not totally deficient of pathos.

Mr. George Meredith is an original writer of fiction, who has never quite fallen into the ranks of the order; indeed, he is perhaps more of a poet, specifically, than of a novelist, and above all things capable of being a humorist of the Shandean school. If "The Egoist" had been written as a series of sketches or "magic lantern slides," to use Coleridge's phrase concerning Goethe's "Faust," it would have been more successful; but he was bound down to the forms of the novel proper, and the need of continuity of narration has strained the genius of the author of "The Shaving of Shagpat"—that very delightful book. But it would not be easy to find a modern writer of fiction better entitled than he is to express opinions like those we have quoted. At all events, that curious passage concerning the Book of Earth, which is "full of the world's wisdom," and the dictum that "the realistic method . . . is mainly accountable for our present branfulness" and "the modern malady of sameness," should be considered, though the present paper may be too small in compass to take them in. Deferring that, however, we will glance at the more recent fortunes of the novel, especially with regard to the "religious classes."

Even lately—within a month or two—we have had intelligent men condemning novels as worthless, not to say mischievous reading; and it is surely not more than seven or eight years ago since the Archbishop of York caused some surprise and a little downright wonder by admitting in some public address of his that there were novels which might be read without harm, and indeed with both pleasure and profit. The word "evangelical" has, like many other words, been very much clipped as to its ordinary meaning, and we do not know whether Dr. Thomson would claim it as a descriptive adjective or not; but it is more than safe to say that among evangelical people in the old sense the novel has not yet been naturalized, and never can be without a breach of logical propriety. Nevertheless, novels go everywhere nowadays, leaving out of consideration a few very "close" circles. The number of evangelical readers—using the word in its old narrow sense—is larger than ever; but the increase has been chiefly among the uneducated classes. These, we need not say, have multiplied enormously, and among them there is no intentional or conscious relaxation of the old strait-laced notions of what is good for "saints" to read. There is a considerable difference in the practice, but the theory is the same; the formal teaching is the same; and when the law is laid down it is laid down in the old terms—exactly, fully, and without abatement. As it happens, the questions thus arising lie at the root of some that strongly interest us in this discussion; and, though we can not here push them to their limits, we can not possibly omit them.

It is not more than thirty years—it is not twenty years—since the condemnation of the novel, in what were known as the "religious circles," was absolute and unreserved. How the change in practice and sentiment (we are careful not to use the word opinion) came about is another matter—one that will fall to be considered by us almost immediately. But we might almost say that it was brought about surreptitiously—

that the New Fiction, so different from the Old, made good its footing in the teeth of reasons which remained the same, and were felt to remain the same. In plain words, the majority of the strictly so-defined religious public have, in admitting the novel, "sinned against light and knowledge" (as they would say). We have, in truth, one more episode of a very old story. Wrong opinions (we are, of course, assuming that the old religious judgment against novels was wrong) rarely give way, so far as the multitude are concerned, before right reason; they are gradually weakened by the force of circumstance; then a new tone of sentiment grows up by degrees, rises "like an exhalation," and influences conduct; but it is long before it consolidates or takes decided shape, so that the new *opinion* may adopt it as a garment or a shell. The subject is so curious as well to deserve treatment in some detail, however brief.

There is a well-known work for students, written by an American divine, which had an immense circulation in this country a generation ago, and is still largely read. It contains some admirably wise counsel, and not a little really powerful writing. Thirty years ago this work was edited by no less respectable an authority than "the Rev. Thomas Dale, M. A., Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, and Vicar of St. Pancras," a writer who had, in his day, some repute as a poet among readers who were not exacting in the matter of verse; some of his poems, such as "A Father's Grief," "A Daughter's Grief," are still prized for the purposes of the popular selections in use among mildly serious readers. We mention this for an obvious reason: Mr. Dale was a man of taste; he was supposed, like Mr. Melvill (for example), to have a peculiarly intellectual class of hearers, and his readers were of about the same order and rank as those of Dr. Croly and L. E. L. He might, therefore, have been expected to append a foot-note if he felt that what the American divine said about works of fiction was absurd, or even very wide of the mark. But he does nothing of the kind, and the young English student is left to make the best he can of despicable trash, such as we are now going to abbreviate. The general topic of the author is poetry and fiction:

"What shall be said of such works as those of Byron? Can we not learn things from him which can not be learned elsewhere?" I reply, yes, just as you would learn, while treading the burning lava, what could not be learned elsewhere. . . . Would you thank a man for fitting up your study, and adorning it with much that is beautiful; and if, at the same time, he filled it with images and ghosts of the most disgusting and awful description, which were to abide there, and be continually dancing around you all your life? Is he a benefactor to his species who here and there throws out a beautiful thought or a poetic image, but, as you stoop to pick it up, chains upon you a putrid carcass, which you can never throw off? I believe a single page may be selected from Lord Byron's works which has done more hurt to the mind and the heart of the young than all his writings have ever done good; but he will quickly pass from notice, and is doomed to be exiled from the libraries of all virtuous men. It is a blessing to the world that what is putrid must soon pass away. The carcass hung in chains will be gazed at for a short time in horror; but men will soon turn their eyes away, and remove even the gallows on which it swung.

Now, it must not for one moment be imagined that this verdict concerning Byron is one that would be considered out of date in circles which are the immediate successors, at this moment, of such circles as those which welcomed invective like the above. And the same might be said of the verdict concerning the novel proper (as distinguished from stories in verse like Byron's). Let it be noticed that Scott is inculpated:

"But," say you, "has my author ever read Byron and Moore, Hume and Paine, *Scott*, Bulwer, and *Cooper?*" Yes, he has read them all with too much care. He knows every rock and every quicksand; and he solemnly declares to you that the only good which he is conscious of ever having received from them is a deep impression that men who possess talents of such compass and power, and so perverted in their application, must meet the day of judgment under a responsibility which would be cheaply removed by the price of a world. . . . When you have read and digested all that is really valuable—and that is comprised in what describes the history of man in all circumstances in which he has actually been placed—then betake yourself to works of imagination. "But can you not, in works of fiction, have the powers of the imagination enlarged, and the mind taught to soar?" Perhaps so—but the lectures of Chalmers on astronomy will do this to a degree far beyond all that the pen of fiction can do. "Will they not give you a command of words and of language which shall be full, and chaste, and strong?" Perhaps so; but, if that is what you wish, read the works of Edmund Burke.

The question raised with regard to the comparative effects of different portions of the work of a mind of the size and splendor of Byron's is almost ludicrous; but we allow it to be thus stated, as it opens in a convenient way a question which lies, otherwise, in our path. The author of the book, however, is conscious that it is over Sir Walter Scott that the main battle will be fought, and he certainly does not flinch from flinging his torch on to the pile at which the *auto-da-fé* is to take place:

The question in regard to works of fiction usually has a definite relation to the writings of Sir Walter Scott. But, because the magician can raise mightier spirits than other magicians, is he, therefore, the less to be feared? No. While I have confessed that I have read him—read him entire—in order to show that I speak from experience, I can not but say that it would give me the keenest pain to believe that my example would be quoted, small as is its influence, after I am in the grave, without this solemn protest accompanying it.

Now, it will be remembered that the terms of the "solemn protest" are that it will be found "at the day of judgment that the responsibility under which" a writer like Scott (who is incriminated by name in the very passage in question) labors, for having written novels, "would be cheaply removed by the price of a world."

In writing of this order, which still represents the opinions of large masses of serious people, we come across the proper and natural contrast with the view suggested by the passage quoted from Mr. Meredith's new novel. It will be observed that in the adverse criticism just quoted there is, in the first place, an utter blindness to any kind of literary influence except that of the didactic kind: Byron and Hume wrote things which were very wrong, things adverse to just impressions on the most solemn subjects; therefore their writings must do infinitely more harm than good. Of the value of poetry like Byron's in communicating impulse to the mind, in giving a sense of largeness to life, and in suggesting innumerable by-paths which lead to nothing but what is (on the more recent and liberal hypothesis) good, there is no sense whatever. The same as to Hume. The real truth is, that a moderately intelligent use of Hume's admissions and collateral sallies is one of the most valuable of moral tonics. Recall that unhappy *jeu d'esprit* in which he goes out of his way * to emphasize the moral aberrations of different men and different races, and the different verdicts which have been applied to the same act in different ages—recall that very disagreeable essay, and do not forget the conclusion. Hume ends with an enumeration of the particulars in which men called good have in all ages agreed, and this candid close undoes the mischief of what goes before. "Behold, thou hast blessed them altogether." So far is pretty clear, and we are sure of having carried moderately intelligent and liberal readers a good part of the way with us.

But this does not touch, except remotely, what most concerns us. It shows, indeed, a startling insensibility to the value of the pictorial or dramatic manner of teaching, as opposed (in literary form) to the didactic. But that is not all. When we come to Sir Walter Scott, we are fairly flung backward, unless we can, by habit, by instinct, or by reflection, take the unfortunate critic's point of view. One would think, notwithstanding Scott's shortcomings in the matter of the Covenanters, it must have required authoritative supernatural illumination to entitle a critic to lay it down that the guilt incurred by the author of "Ivanhoe," "Marmion," "Waverley," would be "cheaply removed by the price of a world." At first sight it would seem absolutely impossible that any human being of ordinary mold could receive one drop of poison from books like Scott's, unless he went very far afield to gather the plant, and then spent a good deal of semi-diabolical labor in distilling the venom. Looking at the matter from the highest secular standpoint, one might be tempted to say that no human being had ever helped others to such a large amount of innocent pleasure as Sir Walter Scott, and that his novels would be cheaply acquired at the price of a world. But the matter can not quite stop here; for we have at hand a lecture, by an educated English divine, and of later date still, in which the lecturer uses language about works of fiction quite as bad as any that we have quoted, and goes on to depreciate the character *and brains* of Scott, Fielding, and others. They had "no particular pretension to high mental power." Godwin's intellectual qualities are disposed of by the remark that he "made but an indifferent Dissenting minister"—a new *crux* for genius. It is a very shocking thing that anybody should have read the story of Jeanie Deans in Scott, and yet be ignorant of the life of —— Marlborough! or have read "Tom Jones," and yet be "ignorant of *the real Joneses* * (*sic*), the true and lasting ornaments of our country." This reverend critic then assures us that "writers of fiction" are "morally unhealthy," and supports this by reminding us that "Defoe was a bankrupt, and had been twice in Newgate," and that Sir Walter Scott was "placed in painful circumstances." Lastly, lest we should draw any inference in favor of fiction from the innocent tenderness of the "Vicar of Wakefield," we are told that Goldsmith's "mode of life and thoughts *while writing it* brought him into distress." We are not exaggerating—the words are before us. The argument, of course, stands thus: Goldsmith was evidently unable to write "The Vicar of Wakefield" without falling into vice, such is the influence of fiction on its producer, and we are bound to conclude that upon the reader its influence will be similar.

Now, it is not to the purpose to say that all

* "A Dialogue," beginning, "My friend Palamedes."

* Inigo Jones and Sir William Jones.

this is antiquated. For, to begin with, it is nothing of the kind; though it is much more shamefaced in its policy than it used to be. When writers such as Charles Kingsley, Miss Yonge, and George MacDonald have written novels, which have been read and relished by millions of good and pure souls within distinctly sectarian inclosures—when such books awaken all but universal shouts of delight and gratitude—when *that* is the case, common love of approbation (which is usually very strong in a certain order of mind) makes certain people hold their tongues. They do not want to be laughed at, that is all—but their (more or less) secret opinions remain unaltered; the judgment condemning works of fiction is held as extensively as ever among the serious classes now incriminated; and—here we have prepared a surprise for some—we will do them more justice than they, by their shamefaced reticence, do themselves, and will boldly repeat that if the logic of their creed is the same their condemnation of fiction ought to stand. Robert Hall has left it on record that no writings ever did him so much harm as those of Maria Edgeworth:*

> In point of tendency, I should class Miss Edgeworth's writings among the most irreligious I ever read. Not from any desire she evinces to do mischief, or to unsettle the mind, like some of the insidious infidels of the last century; not so much from any direct attack she makes upon religion, as from a universal and studied omission of the subject. In her writings a very high strain of morality is assumed. she delineates the most virtuous characters, and represents them in the most affecting circumstances of life—in sickness, in distress, even in the immediate prospect of eternity, and finally sends them off the stage with their virtue unsullied—and all this without the remotest allusion to Christianity, the only true religion. Thus, she does not attack religion, or inveigh against it, but makes it appear unnecessary, by exhibiting perfect virtue without it. No works ever produced so bad an effect on my own mind as hers. I did not expect any irreligion there; I was off my guard, their moral character beguiled me, I read volume after volume with eagerness, and the evil effect of them I experienced for weeks.

Now, here we have the whole case in little—the whole case, we mean, as to one of its most serious elements. Robert Hall was bound by his creed (which was, however, liberal) to find fiction objectionable unless it was written with a certain dominating purpose. And so are those who, nowadays, hold a creed resembling his. They may and do dodge the obligation; they can not destroy it. The whole "situation" in this particular is thoroughly insincere.

* "Life and Writings of Robert Hall, M. A.," 6 vols., vol. i., p. 174.

But Robert Hall had not got to the bottom or nearly to the bottom of his own mind in this matter. What he felt—what he thought was so mischievous (and what, unless he had altered his belief, really was mischievous to him) was not so much the absence of any element of positive Christianity, as the diffused, interpenetrating, unconquerable delight of the novelist in life as it is, and the presence of moral elements for which there was no room under shelter of his beliefs—for example, love, as understood among us of the Western nations—a thing of which there is not a germ in the Semitic mind, or a hint in the Old and New Testament. Now, it was the more or less impassioned, but always *direct*, delight in life and this world, without reference to any positive Christian institute or dogma, which was at the bottom of it all, and spoiled Mr. Hall's religious life for weeks: and it is this delight which is the essential condition of all good poetry or fiction. Write fiction on any other plan, and nobody will read it. The literary artist in this kind turns over the pages of what Mr. Meredith calls the "Book of Earth"—which is also, as he says, the "Book of Egoism"—and he finds it full, not only of "wisdom," but of delight. And poor Mr. Hall—his tortured organs crammed with sharp-pointed calculi—found that even as little as he got of it in Miss Edgeworth (who is, however, full of animal spirits), took the savor out of his closet and pulpit exercises for "weeks."

Now, here we impinge, end on, upon one of the most interesting questions, and from its character necessarily the foremost of the questions suggested by the relation of the New Fiction to the moral and spiritual culture of the age. It would recur again and again in dealing with novelists like Kingsley, Thackeray, and George Eliot, not to mention others. The startling point in the case is that so much of our fiction has lost the healthy simplicity of Scott and his school, and is as much occupied, though in a *subauditur*, with the skeleton in the cupboard of daily life as even a Robert Hall could be with "the corruption of the human heart," and the "miseries of the perishing creature."

It is the fashion to try to trace things to remote origins, and show more or less plausibly how complex products have been evolved from beginnings held for simple—we say *held for* simple, because the egg is in reality as complex as the chick; and, as Dogberry said, "it will go near to be thought so" before long. What, however, if we follow the fashion, may we suppose to have been the beginning of deliberately composed fiction among human beings? Reserving that point for future consideration, we may pause upon the one which has been already raised, because it is, in the anatomy of the sub-

ject, vital. If a man maintains not only that man is imperfect, but that he is corrupt and, without supernatural aid connecting itself with certain beliefs, incapable of good, then he must feel that to him the fountains of art, in poetry, fiction, or otherwise, are sealed. But, whatever else may be said of the essential logic of such an opinion as that, it is plain that poetry and fiction have in all ages set themselves in battle array against it, and that the victory seems more and more to lean to their side. Now, as we have already noticed, the *zeit-geist* does not argue—it is in the air, and it conquers by inconsistencies. However, we can not now follow up this, or trace the history of story-telling, so far as we know it, from Jotham's parable down to Mr. George Meredith's "Book of Egoism."

Most, if not all, of the critics of the old-fashioned school who have condemned novels and romances have been anxious to explain that they do not extend their condemnation to books like the "Pilgrim's Progress," or stories carefully written in order to inculcate religious truths, or moral truths set in organic relation to religious truths. It is true they have always been very jealous in admitting stories of actual life to any position of even qualified honor, because of the difficulty of introducing what they would call the *sal evangelicum* into such stories, and also because to tell a story of natural human feeling is, from their point of view, slippery work—the "interest" being apt to slide, under the workman's very eye, into paths held to be dangerous. But, of course, it would never do to condemn simple parables, or even complicated parables, or narratives as inartificial and as little discursive as those of Joseph and his brethren, or Job. This would land then in an obvious difficulty. The great *crux* with them is always the passion of love between man and woman. In the first place, paint it as he will, the artist is sure to get too much color on the canvas—for their taste. In the second place, they are vaguely influenced by the fact already mentioned that love, as understood among the Westerns, is not to be found in the Bible. When the description of love is carried to the height which is necessary to make it interesting in itself, there are, in the eye of these critics, two evils. The first they see clearly and constantly point out—namely, that "the perishing creature" occupies too large a space in the heart. The second they do not see clearly, but they feel it—and they flinch from pictures of life which attribute so much exalting power to an "earthly" passion; the good woman in the Book of Proverbs, or a subordinated figure like the wife sketched by St. Paul, does not show very congruously with woman as the inspirer and regenerator of the man; a being seen in a seventh heaven of divine luster, and utterly alien in conception to anything to be found in the Fathers or the Apostles. Governor Winthrop's wife writes to her husband, "I love thee, first, because thou lovest Christ"; but the good man would have been very much hurt if he had believed her. This, I repeat, is the everlasting difficulty as to the poetic, or thoroughly "human" novel, regarded from what we have (without committing any one) agreed to call the "evangelical" point of view. A novel may contain no vice, or other wrong-doing, or it may treat the wrong-doing with the most orthodox severity, and yet the work may be obnoxious to criticism of the kind now contemplated. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is a case in point. True, Hawthorne makes it plain here and there that he did not understand Puritanism, after all; but Cotton Mather himself, or a grimmer than he, might be satisfied with the climax—the scene in which the minister dies on the scaffold. Nevertheless, the predominant influence of the story is naturalistic, and it does not require a *very* subtile intellect to gather doubtful oracles from it. External nature and human nature are both handled with the sympathetic touch of the artist, not with that of the moralist. The Rev. Mr. Wilson would have turned sourly away from the last chapter, in which it is suggested that "a new truth" will some day be "revealed," in order to place certain matters on a more satisfactory footing. "New truth? new truth? Why, what new truth can there be in such a case?" he would have said. "My unlearned and unregenerate brother, you have given your mind too much to ballads and play-books. Learn the lesson of self-abasement, and be not wise above that which is written."

The exact process by which the literature of any given age, or any given branch of literature assumes a new color is sometimes very obscure, but now and then it is amusingly obvious. Many reasons have been assigned for Queen Elizabeth's remaining unmarried. If one of them were proved to be true (which is not possible), then it would follow that very much of the poetic and romantic literature of her age and Milton's received a peculiar tinge from facts which had no more to do with literature or morals than the shape of Cleopatra's nose. As it happens, we can trace the fact that in our own time the religious classes (with large exceptions) read novels extensively and without scruple to *immediate* causes which lie upon the surface. We are not now taking the larger or deeper view of the matter—we are not going to pause upon the question of the influence of Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen in breaking fresh ground among that large class of serious readers who take what might be roughly described as the ordinary old-fashioned Church of England

view of religion, nor upon the influence in fostering latent naturalistic tendencies which was exercised by the revival of the old ballad literature: the writings of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the cultivation of German. The last, however, has had more to do with it than would at first sight be supposed. The *childlike* poetic naturalism of German romance and poetry stole upon the mind before there was time to think how naturalism in art stood related to hard-and-fast literalism of creed—and the waters were out before any one knew it. The direct influence of stories like Fouqué's and ballads like Uhland's was confined, of course, to a few minds. But these were minds that could be swiftly kindled, and that were sure to pass on the torch. However, to pass from such generalities, it may plausibly be said that writers like Miss Yonge, Charles Kingsley, and Dinah Mulock (Mrs. Craik), were the foremost among those who led the way to the new state of things. So far as we know, Mr. Kingsley was the only one who avowedly took up naturalistic-poetic ground as land lying within the territory of any Biblical creed. He did this with great ardor, and got himself into trouble by it; but he was within his commission as a disciple of Mr. Maurice, whatever may be thought of his policy or his arguments. "It may seem paradoxical, yet is hardly hazardous, to say that the Maurice theology owes its power not less to its indulgence, than to its correction, of the pantheistic tendency of the age. It answers the demand of every ideal philosophy and every poetic soul for an indwelling divine presence, living and acting in all the beauty of the world and the good of human hearts." These sentences of Dr. Martineau's are aimed at the influence of the Maurice dogma upon the practical religious "benevolence" of the age, but they apply with even more obvious weight to the question of the relation between poetic literature and the old stiff orthodoxy. And here, once more, the minds impregnated by Maurice and his school were themselves propagators, and what one man like Dr. George MacDonald acquired he passed on to thousands. We do not pretend to determine to what extent, if any, Dr. MacDonald was at any time indebted to the elder prophet; but the reader may find in the former's poem of "The Disciple" a fragmentary statement of the case as we have put it, and Dr. MacDonald's solution. Now, Dr. MacDonald, like Kingsley, has written no novel without distinctly Christian assumptions. But to a reader within the Christian precincts there is no great harshness in the transition from, say, "Robert Falconer" to a story by Mrs. Oliphant; from Mrs. Oliphant it is easy to pass to Mr. Trollope; and from him to Mr. Blackmore or Mr. Charles Reade.

In this scale I have left out Mrs. Gaskell, but her influence in making novels acceptable reading in certain circles has been incalculable. It was not on account of any poetic naturalism that her "Ruth" was ever shut out. But Mrs. Gaskell was one of three very notable novelists, whose early training lay within Puritan or quasi-Puritan boundaries. The other two are Mrs. Beecher Stowe and George Eliot. Both these writers had the command of a certain dialect (not to say more) which gave them the entry into "evangelical" circles at once. There are thousands of such circles where "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," and much more "Adam Bede," would meet a doubtful welcome; but none where "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "The Minister's Wooing" would not take the readers by storm. It is interesting, by the way, to note the prominence which the question of poetic naturalism and Puritanism assumes in Mrs. Stowe's earlier novels. Her own mind was evidently much "exercised" upon it.

The end of it is that, nowadays, nearly everybody reads a story of some kind. Nearly all, if not all, the avowedly religious periodicals, in which a story is at all possible, take care to have one running from number to number. True, the "human interest" in these tales is never strong, nor is the humor; and the range of allusions is narrow. In other words, we find the old antagonism still present—when we look closely. But the general reader does not look closely, and the very thinnest of such narratives approximates more closely to the character of the novel proper than, say, Legh Richmond's "Dairyman's Daughter," or Hannah More's "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife."

It will probably be said that the extended acceptance of the novel in our own day is largely due to the fact that fiction is no longer the indecent thing it once was. But this, so far as it is true, refers us back to the larger question of poetic naturalism as against dogmatic literalism; for the purification of fiction has gone on hand-in-hand with certain wide improvements and greater freedom of construction as to what may be good to read. We might here recall the outcry made in certain circles about "Jane Eyre," and later about "Ruth." But it is undoubtedly true that within the boundaries of literature proper there is little fiction that is offensive. Indeed, too much stress—or at least stress of the wrong kind—has been laid upon the presence in recent literature of what might be called the luxurious-wanton novel. The importance of this product has been overrated, and certainly its real significance has not been shown or hinted at. The exaggeration in the treatment of it is easily accounted for. There is a considerable class

of leading-article writers and reviewers who are, naturally enough, on the lookout for exciting topics, and fond of exhibiting their parts of speech. It is from these gentlemen that we get those amazingly indignant criticisms of a certain class of novels, which ring so false. The object with which the articles are produced is, in too many cases, worse than that with which the stories are written. The latter are often the work of inexperienced writers, women in particular, who have got into a fume about they know not what, and who really mean no harm. The critics, on the other hand, know very well what they are about; their virtuous indignation is artificial lather; their object is to produce a "spicy" paper, which, under cover of zeal for purity, shall be full of impure suggestion. So much for one class of journalists who make capital out of such novels. But there is another and a still larger class, made up of half-sincere social critics, usually young. These gentlemen (for lady reviewers seldom get into an indecorous passion of decorum) are generally on the right side, so far as intention goes, but they make mountains out of molehills. When you go to the poor, abused novel itself you find, probably, that the harm in it is of a kind or a size which would never have struck anybody who was not in want of "a cat to tear—this is Ercles' vein." We have, in fact, but very little fiction which is, in the high and true sense, immoral. There are numerous hints of social heresy, and some nibbling at things which would be better left alone. This seems inevitable in a state of society in which clever young women abound, marriage is difficult, and luxury great. One result of these facts—taken with the vivacity of the modern style of living, and the throwing open of nearly all libraries to all comers—is naturally that men and women, but especially women of imperfect experience, should be imaginatively stretching out their hands toward closed doors of mature experience, and should make a sad muddle of their work. But of wicked intention in such novelists there is small evidence.

The matter, however, goes deeper than what would be generally recognized as immorality, and a widespread but quiet and unsuspected conflict is going on, as we have already said, between poetic naturalism in general and the spirit or the belief which would cast it out as a thing unholy or unprofitable. The objection to novels and romances, poems and plays (we use only general phrases), has not been confined strictly to Christian critics of a certain class. It is to be traced in minds of a certain dogmatic order everywhere and in various ages. There is something *like* it, for example, in Plato, and it has its last roots in a philosophy of life which is not necessarily either Christian or anti-Christian. But it is certain that Christian dogmatists of various types have carried the dislike to poetic naturalism of all kinds to lengths which leave one in no doubt as to the logic of the dislike. To take a small instance: About twenty-four years ago Dr. Campbell—a great *malleus hæreticorum* in his day—led a fierce attack upon Mr. Lynch's "Rivulet," a little book of sacred poems, whose one fault, in the eyes of those who disliked it, was its way of fusing religious faith and the sentiment of natural beauty with the intermediate simply human affections. Dr. Campbell was justly condemned for his virulence, but he knew what he was about when he proclaimed to the like-minded, "Either this book is all wrong, or some of our dogmatic bases must be revised." I do not remember whether Dr. Campbell had an organ at his Tabernacle—but, of course, the question goes to music (nay, to singing) in public worship, to pictures everywhere, and so on, and on. A "spiritual" man of a certain school, who happens to be acutely sensitive to music, will tell you, and tell you truly, that he finds the special emotive agitation caused by music unfavorable to "spirituality." Similarly with novels, and romances, and poetry. These all arouse more impulse than the dogma or received law of the mind can control, or is, at least in most cases, likely to control. So that the observance of certain rules of conduct is felt to be endangered, and at all events the whole nature is for a time in a tumult. An outsider may say: "That is your own fault; why do you not put things in their places, subordinate what should be subordinated, and work all the results into your higher life?" Such an appeal, however, comes practically to nothing; for you can not give eyes to the blind or ears to the deaf.

But this is not the whole of the case. We naturally attach something of sacred force and right divine to all spontaneous emotion of the kind which is said to "carry us out of ourselves." The "spiritually-minded" objector would be the last to deny that spontaneity is of the essence of some kinds of sacredness—and, to put it roughly, he is jealous of competing spontaneities. He finds they surge upward from the sensations caused by music, novels, romances, plays, etc., and he attributes them to—the devil. They are a sort of demonism. He puts them all from him with averted head, attributing them to the great spontaneous source of evil. That phraseology is not so common now as it used to be—we can trace it through the middle ages back to the Fathers, and it belonged to the "Manicheanism," against which Kingsley made such incessant war. That that way of meeting the case is wholly candid is not in my brief to affirm. But, as we have

seen, the matter is in course of settlement by the usual non-argumentative methods. Novels go everywhere, more or less. The recent revivals of the old-fashioned "evangelicalism" are against them, but the victory will remain with the novelist. He is largely aided by the usual accommodated phraseology of the pulpit and the religious press. All this stands connected with the spread of scientific knowledge, the increase of luxury, the far-reaching æsthetic revival, and some other topics, which would at the first glance appear utterly alien. There are great changes in the air, and in these the novel will play a large and even increasing part. What will be the probable course of events in this respect is a question which will connect itself with certain typical stories of the last decade, and may, perhaps, be considered in another article.

HENRY HOLBEACH (*The Contemporary Review*).

MIDDLE-CLASS DOMESTIC LIFE IN SPAIN.

IN an old and now but little-read work on Spain, "Spanische's für die Gebildetewelt," by Von Alban Stotz, the following remarkable passage occurs. Speaking of the Spanish Department in the first exhibition in 1851, he says: "I beheld only three things: a sword; a bishop's staff; and a very beautiful guitar."

I have never read an observation more pithy, or, when well considered, more descriptive, in a few words, of the Spanish national character; there is, save in Cataluña—and the Cataluñans say they are *not* Spaniards!—very little solid industry in Spain, but there is an old-world *chivalry*, well-betokened by the sword above mentioned; a mediæval state of *religion;* and a *love of amusement*, well-betokened by the tinkling guitar.

Many writers, notably Ford and Borrow, have written, and written well and truthfully, upon the always interesting and picturesque peasant classes of Spain. Those mahogany-faced sons of the wild, gray, spreading *campo*, or of the blue, romantic sierra, semi-gypsy, semi-savage, wholly uneducated, nobly chivalrous, children of Nature, whom the railway traveler, as he rattles through the wastes of Andalucia or the pine-woods near Seville, sees flitting, ghost-like, in gaudy dresses in the country or province. They shuffle along, singing their wild, melancholy ditties, at set of sun, in sandaled feet through clouds of dust toward their lonely *pueblo*, flitting, with their patient ass trotting in front, through the groves of stunted, glaucous olive-trees, or threading the narrow track that skirts the hedge of aloe or of prickly pear.

Rough sons of toil! full of interest are you, your quaint herbal remedies, your strange folk-lore, your erotic songs and ditties, your women's wailing *nana* (nursery rhyme) as they put baby to sleep, your outlandish superstitions—full of interest for poet, painter, or any lover of the old-world and the curious and the romantic! But *rough indeed;* and with a vengeance! Said Pepita, my nursemaid, to me to-night, her sweet face rippling over with a naïve smile, "*Dios me libre de casarse con un hombre de campo!*" i. e., "God preserve me from ever being wedded to a campo-man, or field-laborer!"—and an old fisherman, smoking his coarse paper cigarette in my den, looked up and said:

"*Ya lo creo, Pepita: una gente que tiene poca civilizacion;*" i. e., "I believe you, Pepita: they are a set of men who can boast of very little civilization."

It is not of the domestic life of these wild sons of toil that I am about to speak in the present chapter, but of the life of a different class, namely, the *middle class* of Spain, among which I place the priest, the well-to-do tradesman, the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, and, in a word, the town or country gentleman. No English pen has ever yet portrayed the life of these persons—their manners, their mode of life, houses, food, income, religion, ideas, and nurseries.

In this chapter I entirely disclaim speaking of the inhabitants of the frigid northwest of Spain; I have never visited the so-called *Carlist* provinces, and, if, as I am told, the *inhabitants* are *very English*, and their *climate very Scottish*, I certainly shall say with Pepita, "*Dios me libre!*"—"God preserve me!"

I write of the three fourths of the Peninsula with which I am familiar, and have for many years been familiar — Andalucia, the Castiles, Valencia, Murcia, Cataluña, and, but slightly, Aragon.

The sword, the pastoral staff, the guitar, are specially emblematic of the tastes and character of the nation, but especially of that part of it which is composed of the great middle class: the men are most chivalrous, and full of courage;

the women are devoted and religious—*religious* in the true and *natural* sense of the word, tender-hearted, loving, generous, timid, true as Toledo steel to a true and responding heart; and both men and women love amusement, music, social intercourse, bright jest and something beyond that, the theatre, the bull-ring, the lottery-stakes, the guitar.

How often do they not laugh at the life and lot of their English brothers and sisters, these middle classes of Spain, and say: "Why, *she* is a *sufferer* and *he* a *toiler;* life has no charms for them!" "God bless me! no sunshine, no Virgin; — chops, beefsteaks; beefsteaks, chops; counting-house and office; husband dozing at night, his sovereigns in his pocket, to be banked to-morrow; never goes to any place of amusement with, and never fondles, his wife—why, life at that rate is not worth having!" So *they* temper amusement with toil, and toil with amusement, and, if much money be not amassed, at least there is this to be said for their mode of life, that it does not *sour* many, that they all glide down the stream of life swiftly and brightly, and that a more lasting coin than dollar or sovereign passes current with us all—amiability, or, as Aristotle defines it, *easy pleasantry*.

In describing the mode of life of the middle classes in the Peninsula, our first consideration must be the *casa*, or house, and its rent.

The average middle-class house, especially in Andalucia, was formerly a long, low stone building, with large bow-windows caged in iron bars, raised about eight or ten inches above the level of the street: at this window, in the gloaming, all the courting is done: the cloaked Spaniard stands outside, and converses in hushed whispers with the dark-eyed, tenderly passionate girl of his choice within: a Spanish girl, when she loves, loves to devotion, and her warm blood and natural trustfulness of disposition are restrained and guarded by no moral culture, but by external precautions of bar and bolt.

Generally now, however, the houses are built in one or two stories, and within are divided into *pisos*, or flats, on each of which lives a separate family. Within doors, the following is the regular arrangement of the house:

There is the *sala*, or drawing-room, the property of the ladies, and at each end, opening into it with folding-doors, is an *alcoba*, or recess-room, very often dark, and windowless, to keep out the sun; husband and wife each occupy an *alcoba*, sleeping separately, with the length of the *sala* between them.

There is, next, the *comedor*, or dining-room, with an *alcoba* opening out of it; or, it may be, with the *despacho*, or study of the master of the house. There is, besides, the kitchen, with its low range of brick shelf, in which are sunk three small holes, the *ornillas*. These are filled with charcoal, the blue flame of which seems for ever flickering; the earthen pot, containing the *puchero*, is ever thereon, sending forth through the house its savory odors. Out of the kitchen, which is, generally, a wretched room, opens the closet, called vulgarly *escusado*, but, in mouths more refined, *jardin* or *retrete*. A small dark room used for lumber- or bath-room is called *trasalcoba*, or second *alcoba:* and then there is the *recibidor*, or anteroom, answering the same purpose as the old-fashioned English hall or waiting-room.

If a married couple, without children, or a bachelor, desire a lodging, they ask for a *departamento*, which consists of bedroom, sitting-room, bath-room, and *gabinete*, or writing-room.

As regards furniture and general appearance of the interior, much need not be said. The walls are whitewashed, not papered; the room-floors are all of brick, and covered with *estera*, a thin but tasteful matting made of straw, with various colors and various patterns; plain painted wooden beams form the ceiling; the chairs and sofas are much as in England and France, but there is always the *brasero* or charcoal-pan in each room in winter. This *copa*, or *brasero*, often costs from two to three pounds, and is highly valued; it is used in family conclave, and in the afternoon *tertulia*, or ladies' meeting, a sort of "kettle-drum," but *without the kettle*. At these ladies' gatherings no refreshment of any sort or kind is ever offered, nor, if offered, would it be accepted; indeed, to offer a lady refreshment would be considered *very bad form*—bad *ton*, indeed.

"*Oh, Dios eterno de mi vida: Ahí! Ahí!*" said a Spanish lady to me a few days since, when two Englishmen entered and asked for a glass of sherry or a cup of coffee. "*Dios de mi alma! que demonios son los Ingleses! Los Españoles comen cada uno en su casa; los Ingleses comen ron, te, cerveza, á cada casa;*" i. e., "O eternal God! God of my life and of my soul! what demon friends are these English! The Spaniards eat, each one at *his own* house; the English drink and eat at *every* house, rum, beer, tea," etc.

Such a thing as a *dinner-party*, that curse of English middle-class life, when the doctor's spread must be honored by the parson and his wife, and the parson must "return the squire's hospitality" within a given time after having received it—entertainments where not a single person enjoys the dinner; where there is no conversation; where the poor cook is driven distracted; where the mistress is on pins and needles lest Sally, fresh caught from the workhouse, should upset the soup—entertainments where all are equally uncomfortable—such abominations do not exist

in Spain. The ladies meet, chat, and talk for an hour in the afternoon; in the evening, the gentlemen come in, and merely smoke their paper cigarettes, and, perhaps, drink a glass of cold water (but rarely): and so, with bright conversation, and no expense or trouble to either master or servants, a great deal of simple pleasure is afforded, and all come satisfied, and drop off pleased and contented. Even to go so high in middle-class life as the regular weekly reunion at Señor Castelar's modest house in Madrid, no viands are ever offered; the guests simply sit round the room of the great orator, smoke their paper cigarettes, and listen to his sparkling wit and brilliant conversation; and thus the privilege of entertaining your friends is put within the reach of all.

Poverty in middle-class people is never a bar to seeing society; and poverty owes a debt to Spanish customs. Here there is none of the cruel mortification carried on against decent poverty as in England; the poor charity-school girl's beautiful rich hair is not cropped and shorn. In England, poverty, I grant, has less *physical* suffering, and is better relieved, than in Spain, but it is *far more insulted.* In Spain, poverty has great suffering, but it has no insults to wound its feelings: all may be poor, one day; poverty is sympathized with; poverty maintains its decent self-respect.

And every one who has a chair and a *brasero* can give a winter evening's party, and meet their friends in social intercourse.

I come to speak of one more, and that an important, use of the *copa*, or *brasero:* a wire cage is put over the brass pan of glowing charcoal, and it is lifted into the bed, after the fashion of the English warming-pan: shifted about from side to side, the sheets are soon thoroughly warmed. The comfort of this to an invalid in the icy cold of Madrid or Valladolid can hardly be told. Every good housewife buys, each week, at the door, a packet, costing two and a half pence, of dried lavender-flowers, and each day sprinkles a certain portion upon the glowing charcoal; thus the whole room is perfumed, and smells much like a church where the incense has lately been swung.

It is in this way, too, that the close room of the invalid is fumigated, the pan being put on his bed, and the fumes of the aromatic lavender playing round him like a cloud, and giving warmth, sweetness of perfume, and relief to the bronchial tubes.

As regards house-rent, for thirty-six pounds per annum a good one-story house (unfurnished) may be had, in Andalucian towns, and a *piso*, or flat, for two pounds per month. For living at a lodging-house the guest pays about eight shillings per diem, for which he gets one small room, the use of a public sitting-room, and two meals per diem, with weak wine *ad libitum.*

In old Spanish houses there is generally a very cleverly contrived secret receptacle for *money*, akin to the "secret drawer" of the old-fashioned English desk; and even now this secret cupboard is much used, the Spanish idea of security being (an idea founded on the bitter experience of many years) to cage the windows in iron bars, lock up the house at night, in winter draw round one the family, look at the money, and then: "Why, I am very safe; all I love and all I need is contained within the four walls of my *casa.*" There is, I grieve to say, a vast deal of distrust of banks and government securities, and a great holding to the proverb, "*No hay mas amigo que Dios, y un duro en el bolsillo*" (i. e., "No friend save God, and a dollar in your pocket").

And now with the middle class there is no *banking* of money; the bankers, to begin with, give *no interest*, as a rule; and just as in Scotland, in the troubled year of 1650, the goldsmiths were the only bankers, so now in Spain the gentry constantly hoard their money in their own houses; some put their jewelry and plate in the *montes de piedad*, of which more anon.

We have now fairly finished our sketch of the Spanish gentleman's or tradesman's house; we must rise at early morning to pass an ordinary day with a family of the class which I am attempting to describe.

The Spaniards are, as a rule, exceedingly early risers, the chief business of shopping being necessarily, owing to the scorching heats by day, performed in the early morning: at 4 A. M. the dawn—the lovely, cool, even chilly *madrugada* of Spain—breaks out dimly, the last sound of the *sereno's*, or night-watchman's, cry has died away along the voiceless street—then the family arise, the ladies to dress, the men to smoke the morning cigarette, and all to drink a cup of chocolate and eat a fragment of toast or sponge-cake.

Ere five o'clock has struck, the streets are thronged; the servants are all *en route*, basket on arm, to buy the day's provisions at the fruit-market, the ladies of the party are all fussing about, putting on the "customary suit of solemn black," for is not the *misa*, or early service-bell, already clanging out from the old, gray, time-honored church-tower?

A more beautiful sight, or one more suggestive, than a Spanish street-corner at 6 A. M. I have never yet beheld. Two streams are meeting in the crowded, sunlit, joyous streets—the poor toilers and the stately, dark-robed dames and their daughters, and the husband or son of the family. They each are going on a different

errand, each to a different scene and place—the gentry to church, the servants to the *plaza de fruta;* and the two sides of the religious life, working and praying, are finely contrasted.

With lustrous, dreamy eyes, with stately step, with gilt-leaved prayer-book in hand, with rich silk dress of deepest black, and black mantilla, the lithe but stately Spanish ladies glide over the rugged stones on their way to the *misa* at the early morn in the perfumed, incense-scented church, in the crumbling, hoary square, in the lowly street.

Not like the ostentatious religion of the English is this Spanish phase of Christian worship. The English worshiper, donning his or her religion, just as he dons his Sunday attire, presses toward *his* pew, at glare of eleven-o'clock sun, sits out a two hours' service, observes that "Mr. So-and-so wasn't there," and criticises the sermon—thus breaking at once the first rule of Christianity, "*Judge not.*"

The Spaniard, in plain mourning-suit or dress, just pushes humbly aside the curtain of the church-door, and kneels to pray upon the lowly *estera*, or the stone-flagged floor, and, having prayed, slips out, wholly unseen and unobserved in the somber gloom and darkness of the church.

The *Spaniard* listens to, but forbears to criticise, the preacher and his words.

The *Spaniard* makes religious worship a part of his *daily* life.

The *Spaniard* has no "pew" or "sitting"; he kneels beside his shoemaker, his shoeblack, his field-laborer, his costermonger, his milliner, and in God's house, at least to all appearance, all are equal.

The *Spaniard* is not locked into a building for two hours, as is the fashion in English churches: he goes in, kneels down, and slips out unobserved when his heart is satisfied and his feelings have expended themselves in his act of worship.

The stream of toilers has met the stream of prayers, and Mary and Martha separate, until breakfast-time, when servant and master meet again.

The hours of meals with the Spanish families differ slightly; but, with all, there are *two chief meals* (to say nothing of the cup of early chocolate) in the day. At 11 A.M. or 12 is the *almuerzo*, or breakfast, and at 4 or 6 P.M. the *comida*, or dinner. A few years since the custom was (and it prevails *now*, in old *pueblos* and with *old* families) to breakfast at 9.30 A.M. and dine at 3, and have a trifle of supper at 9 P.M.

In Cataluña the manufacturing poor have *almuerzo* at 8.30 A.M., *merienda*, or luncheon, at 12, and *comida*, or *cena*, at 6 or 6.30 P.M.; while the peasantry in most parts of Spain have at 6 A.M. a *copa* of *aguardiente*, at 12 their breakfast, at 4 P.M. just a "snack" and a cigar, and at 6, on their return home, their supper.

However, modern middle-class Spain breakfasts at 11 A.M., and dines at about 5 or 6 P.M.

Dines—breakfasts—lunches! did I say? If these words convey to my reader's ears the idea of strictly fixed hours, of papa standing sharpening his scythe at the end of the table to mow down beef in sheaves, mamma pegging into some unhappy child who comes in with a tumbled pinafore, a "grace" before meat that absolutely *means nothing* (Spaniards say, "God only listens to *one grace*, that is, the sending a slice of the dinner to the poor"; and I think they say truly), and a "grace after meat" that means less than nothing, but before the saying of which no one may dare to move from table—if my words conjure up any such picture before my reader's eyes, let them be immediately dismissed.

The perfect ease of the family life, even if, as I believe, it is too often carried to excess, binds the members of one family together with, literally, "cords of a man." Nowhere, as in Spain, do the big sons so love and seek their seat at their father's simple table, and love to be with their mother and sisters.

True, too often they are men who *ought* to be up and doing; winning honor in the army or navy, toiling in the counting-house, felling trees in the colonies, or delving for gold in far 'Frisco. But I am bound, in writing, to put the lights as well as the shadows before my readers, and, deeply as I lament to see "Young Spain" so often content to live upon his aged father's savings, yet I must not disguise the fact of the great affection and amiability that exist.

It is breakfast-time; the *aguador*, or water-carrier, has filled the barrels, and the table is "laid"—with a snowy cloth, with porous Andujar pitchers of classic shape; with a melon rolling here and there; knives, forks, plates, put on without any regard to order or arrangement; bunches of white and purple grapes, and a few bottles of red astringent wine; the red wine, like Burgundy, of Val de Peñas; the amber-colored wine of Almera (grown in the slopes around Albuñol); the red wine of Cataluña; or, perhaps, the white wine of Seville. Bread lies, in spiral *roscas*, or in French rolls, or in *teleras* (long, thick staves of coarse bread), all about the table; a few aromatic flowers, bought in the *plaza*, stand in the midst.

An old man comes in—a servant-girl, with bare arms, and in undress uniform, comes in. Well, they look round—the family have not come to table. "*Bueno; paciencia!*"—"Well; patience!" they say, and the man lights his paper cigarette, and leans against the door.

The mother and father, and one or two daughters of the family, come in, and take their places; the father quietly takes the melon before him, and cuts it into slices, passing the plate round from one to the other; all are wonderfully silent, respectful, self-controlled; the household seems so peaceful, so patriarchal in its simple primitiveness, that the stranger feels out of place; it is another, purer, older world into which he has entered; all so simple, so natural, so self-respectful, no servant-girlism, no bells, no waiting at table of flunky or footman, or awkward cub just caught from the stable-yard.

The sons saunter in, cigar in mouth, but reverent toward their parents, and, saluting them with the morning kiss of affection and of peace, take their slice of melon.

Then the soup, or *caldo*, is placed carefully on the table, anywhere, and each takes a plateful; then comes the *cocida*, for the richest families live much as the poor, and, in *true*, natural Spain, there are no *gourmets* or gourmands; then comes, as I have said, the *cocida*—meat stewed to rags, from which the *caldo* has been taken, with rice, and slices of every sort of stewed vegetable, of the luscious, aromatic, semi-pungent vegetables of the country. A little dish of sausage, or of bacon, follows; then bread and cheese, and then fruit again, and the men drink a little, but very little, wine, the women only water. A cup of coffee and a cigarette follow; the meal is over. The clock goes half-past twelve or one, and it is wellnigh time to lie down, if in summer, in the darkened *alcoba*, and rest for a few hours, or sit down and make dresses for the coming Feast-day. The dinner or *comida* is but a repetition of the *almuerzo*, or breakfast; *all* have good appetites, both for the one and for the other, and the girl, so delicate, in chiseled features and pallid complexion and graceful form, will quite surprise you by her healthy appetite and the easy naturalness with which, with a beaming face, ever contented, joyous, and overflowing with kindness, she takes the fruits of the earth, and the simple meal.

As to complaining of "*a bad dinner*," that is a thing simply unheard of; there is no need for a cook to know more than how to *guisar* a stew—*that* is enough for these simple and unsophisticated, but most refined and delicate, children of Nature.

And, dinner over, there is the *paseo*, or walk, in the cool, dusky evening, in the accustomed spot; and the men go to the *Casino*, smoke, drink coffee, and talk politics. Then, at night, early, all repair to bed—the bed with its most costly worked linen, its fringes of lace; for even the humblest peasant, with a mud-floor, will, like the Albanians, have beautiful and ornate bed-linen.

You will, in this slight sketch of middle-class domestic life, have been struck by its three leading features—its *frugality*, its *simplicity*, and its *naturalness*.

HUGH JAMES ROSE (*Temple Bar*).

STAGE ANOMALIES.

AFTER describing at length, and with much minuteness, the stage and scenic arrangements of the Paris Opera-House, Saint-Preux, in "La Nouvelle Héloïse," adds that a prodigious number of machines are employed to put the whole spectacle in motion, that he has been invited several times to examine them, but that he is "not curious to learn how little things are performed by great means." The little things, however, of the stage, have always possessed much interest for theatre-goers; and both in "La Nouvelle Héloïse" and in his "Musical Dictionary," Rousseau himself, in spite of Saint-Preux's disclaimer, devotes much attention to them. "Imagine," writes Julie's lover to the object of his affection, "an inclosure fifteen feet broad, and long in proportion; this inclosure is the theatre. On its two sides are placed at intervals screens, on which are curiously painted the objects which the scene is about to represent. At the back of the inclosure hangs a great curtain, painted in like manner, and nearly always pierced and torn, that it may represent at a little distance gulfs on the earth or holes in the sky. Every one who passes behind this stage, or touches the curtain, produces a sort of earthquake, which has a double effect. The sky is made of certain bluish rags, suspended from poles, or from cords, as linen may be seen hung out to dry in any washerwoman's yard. The sun, for it is seen here sometimes, is a lighted torch in a lantern. The cars of the gods and goddesses are composed of four rafters, secured and hung on a thick rope in the form of a swing or seesaw; between the rafters is a coarse plank, on which the gods sit down, and in front hangs a piece of coarse cloth, well dirtied, which acts the part of clouds for the magnificent car. One may see to-

ward the bottom of the machine two or three foul candles, badly snuffed, which, while the greater personage dementedly presents himself swinging in his seesaw, fumigate him with incense worthy of his dignity. The agitated sea is composed of long angular lanterns of cloth and blue pasteboard, strung on parallel spits, which are turned by little blackguard boys. The thunder is a heavy cart, rolled over an arch, and is not the least agreeable instrument heard at our opera. The flashes of lightning are made of pinches of resin thrown on a flame, and the thunder is a cracker at the end of a fuse. The theatre is, moreover, furnished with little square traps, which, opening at the end, announce that the demons are about to issue from their cave. When they have to rise into the air, little demons of stuffed brown cloth are substituted for them, or sometimes real chimney-sweeps, who swing about suspended on ropes, till they are majestically lost in the rags of which I have spoken."

Contemptible, however, as toward the end of the eighteenth century was the character of stage decorations, both at the Paris Opera and the Comédie Française—and doubtless, therefore, at nearly all the French theatres—the art of presenting theatrical pieces suitably and magnificently was not at that time by any means in its infancy. It was rather in its decadence.

During the reign of Louis XIV., the sun and moon were so well represented at the French Opera that, as Saint-Evremond informs us, the Ambassador of Guinea, assisting at one of its performances, leaned forward in his box when those orbs appeared, and religiously saluted them. In the days before Gluck and Mozart, the Opera at Vienna was chiefly remarkable for its size and for the splendor of its scenery; and in a well-known description of an operatic performance at Vienna, addressed by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Pope, we are told that "nothing of the kind was ever more magnificent," that "the decorations and habits cost the Emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling," and that "the stage, built over a very large canal, divided at the beginning of the second act into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came from different parts two fleets of little gilded vessels that gave the representation of a naval fight."

When opera began to be treated seriously as a form of musical art, these spectacular vanities were abandoned. But, in Rousseau's time, the French Opera was remakable neither for its scenery nor for its singing. In the eighteenth century the Italians already thought more of the music of their operas than of the decorations to which, at an earlier period, they had accorded the first place. The stage-effects of Servandoni and Brunio, who were at once architects, sculptors, and painters, are said to have been marvelous. Many of the Italian theatres had been constructed so as to admit of the most elaborate spectacular representations.

M. Edouard Fournier, contrasting in his "Vieux Neuf" the poverty of our modern stage representations with the richness by which those of ancient times were distinguished, sets forth that the Farnesino Theatre at Parma, built for dramas, tournaments, and spectacles of all kinds, contained at least fifty thousand spectators. Servandoni was for some time scene-painter and decorator at the Opera of Paris; but a stage which (as Rousseau, speaking through the medium of Saint-Preux, has told us) was "fifteen feet broad, and long in proportion," could not afford the Italian artist fit scope for his designs; and he accordingly left Paris for Dresden, where Augustus of Saxony (Mr. Carlyle's "Augustus the Strong") enabled him to work on a grand scale, and to produce pieces in which four hundred mounted horsemen could manœuvre with ease.

It was not until three quarters of a century later that horses, or even a single horse, were destined to appear on the boards of the Paris Opera-House. To Meyerbeer, or perhaps to Meyerbeer and Scribe conjointly, belongs the doubtful honor of having introduced live horses in the musical drama. But, long before Marguerite de Valois rode on to the stage in the opera of "Les Huguenots," a real horse had, in the year 1682, appeared before an ordinary theatrical audience in the character of Pegasus. As poets, according to an inhuman creed, make better verses for being kept without money, so it was held that the unhappy Pegasus ought, until the end of his performance, to be deprived of oats. The sensation of hunger gave, it is said, "a certain ardor" to the movements of the poetic courser; and the sound of corn shaken in a sieve had the effect of making the proud but famished steed neigh, snort, and stamp in a style thought worthy of Pegasus himself.

The white horse which figured in the first representation of "Les Huguenots," at our Royal Italian Opera, without being precisely a Pegasus, had often served as hack to one of the greatest of English writers. It was, or had been, the property of Mr. Thackeray, and answered to the name of "Becky Sharp."

From the work in which Servandoni in the eighteenth century introduced at the Dresden Theatre four hundred horsemen to the one-horse opera of "Les Huguenots" the step is indeed a long one. Nor does it seem to mark a progress; though, as a matter of fact, the history of the theatrical spectacle is something quite apart from that of the musical or of the poetical drama.

Opera has never profited by being represented with great scenic magnificence, nor by the at-

tempts so frequently made to increase the interest of the work performed by introducing realistic or absolutely real accessories. The original stage Pegasus may perhaps have learned to deport himself in a becoming manner; and it has been seen that precautions were taken toward that end. But the live goat in "Dinorah" always misbehaved himself until, ultimately, at the Royal Italian Opera, Madame Adelina Patti found herself obliged to discard her unruly pet, and to sing Dinorah's charming cradle-song either to a purely imaginary animal or to a stuffed figure.

At a Paris theatre an attempt was once made to give reality to a pastoral scene by bringing on to the stage a flock of live sheep, which, however, frightened by the lights and by the clamor of the audience, lost no time in going astray, so that at the second representation it was found necessary to replace the live sheep by pasteboard imitations.

The insufficiency of the stage-arrangements at the Paris Opera, when Rousseau was expatiating on the artistic poverty of that establishment, may be explained in some measure not only by the smallness of the stage, but by the manner in which it was blocked up on both sides by the aristocratic section of the audience, who sat in rows on both sides of the singers, while the baser portion of the public stood in the pit, which, until a comparatively late period, was unprovided with seats. Often the occupants of the benches on the stage took quite a different view of the representation to that formed by the upstanding spectators in the *parterre;* and ideas were sometimes exchanged between the two great divisions of the public with an irritating effect, and with results which sometimes took the form of open violence. The actor or singer, under this absurd arrangement, stood in the midst of his audience; and when, as sometimes happened, the remarks made by those on the stage induced him to turn round, he was accused of showing disrespect to the public in front of the orchestra. At times, under this arrangement, a piece was hissed by one division, applauded by the other; it was not always the aristocratic section which allowed itself in the right. "Le Grondeur," by Brueys and Palaparet, was received with hisses from the stage, with applause from the pit. Molière's "Ecole des Femmes," which delighted the pit, found no favor in the eyes of the too fastidious, but not sufficiently intelligent, patrons of the seats on the stage, one of whom, at each fresh burst of laughter, is said to have exclaimed, with a shrug of the shoulders: "Laugh away! laugh away! you fools in the pit!"

The benches on the stage of the Paris Opera were abolished, at the instance of the Count de Lauraguais, who, it has been surmised, may have felt annoyed at Sophie Arnould's being stared at, and spoken to by the frequenters of these seats. This munificent patron of operatic art—and of operatic artists—paid, in any case, a sum of twelve thousand livres, by way of compensation, for the loss sustained by the theatre in consenting to the abolition of the *banquettes.*

At our English theatres the spectators who were allowed to take seats on the stage did not, as in France, place themselves prominently before the public. The practice, however, of admitting so many visitors behind the scenes, and of allowing them to remain on the stage while the performance was actually going on, could not but be attended with many inconveniences, one of which is mentioned by Mrs. Bellamy in a well-known passage of her memoirs. A Mr. St. Leger, as Mrs. Bellamy passed before him on the stage at Dublin, kissed her on the neck, and received a box on the ears in return. Lord Chesterfield rose in his box and applauded. His example was followed by the whole house; and, at the end of the act, Major Macartney, deputed by the Viceroy, waited on Mr. St. Leger, and requested him to make a public apology. This incident had an important effect in bringing about a reform which had long been advocated.

Many reforms or innovations, supposed to be of the present day, are but returns to ancient practices. There is much in Herr Wagner's musical system—including the use of horses on the stage—which is not by any means so new as is generally supposed. There was novelty at one time in bringing the orchestra before the public, instead of keeping it out of sight, as was done in the early days of the drama, and quite lately at the Wagner festival of Baireuth. The custom, too, adopted at Baireuth, of proclaiming the approaching representation by sound of trumpet, though apparently new in the present day, is not so new as the system of distributing programmes, which dates only from the time of Dryden. In France the custom of naming the artists in the bills of the performance is still more modern, being not quite a hundred years old. On the 9th of September, 1779, the actors of Paris held a meeting, at which they adopted a petition, begging the Mayor of Paris not to force them to print their names on the programmes. It was held by the profession to be for the advantage of theatres generally that singers and actors should remain anonymous; for if, in an important part, a favorite artist was to be replaced on a given evening by an artist of no great popularity, the public, it was argued, would not be prevented by such a substitution from attending. It was not until 1791 that the Paris Opera adopted the custom of announcing the performers' names. However the general interests of the stage may have been affected, it can scarcely be said that artists,

as individuals, suffered from this change; for under the old system they were frequently hissed, not by reason of their own incapacity alone, but because the public was disappointed at finding them "cast" for parts in which it had expected to meet actors of greater popularity.

On one occasion, an irritated amateur rushed from the Paris Opera-House, and began to beat an unfortunate ticket-seller from whom he had purchased his place. The cause of the gentleman's anger was at once understood.

"*Est-ce que je savais qu'on lâcherait le Poutheien?*" cried the ticket-seller; for it was the singing of Poutheien which had excited the opera-goer's wrath.

Talking of hisses, I may here mention that an actress of ability in her time, Mrs. Farrel, after being hissed in the part of Zaira, the heroine of "The Mourning Bride," especially in the dying scene, rose from the stage, and, advancing toward the footlights, expressed her regret at not having merited the applause of the audience, and explained that, having accepted the part only to oblige a friend, she hoped she would be excused for not playing it better. After this little speech, she assumed once more a recumbent position, and was covered by the attendants with a black veil.

Such incidents as the one narrated by Mrs. Bellamy were doubtless of frequent occurrence at the French theatres. Not that they always took so serious a turn. On one occasion a dancer was listening to the protestations of an elderly lover, who was on the point even of kissing her hand, when as he stooped down his wig caught in the spangles of her dress. At that moment she had to appear on the stage, and did so amid general laughter and applause; for she carried with her the old beau's wig, or scalp, as if by way of trophy. The applause was renewed when a bald head was seen projecting from the wing in search of its artificial covering. Stories, too, are told of imprudent admirers, who, after exciting the jealousy of a machinist or "carpenter," did not take the precaution to avoid traps, and, as a natural consequence, found themselves, at the first opportunity, shot up to the ceiling, or sunk to the lowest depths beneath the stage.

The abolition of the *banquettes* at the Paris Opera-House, though due in one sense to the Count de Lauraguais, as already mentioned, may be attributed also to the representations made on the subject by the actor Lekain, who played, moreover, an important part in connection with the reform of scenery, of costume, and of stage accessories generally.

Molière, in the opening scene of "Les Fâcheux," and Voltaire, in several of his works, ridiculed the custom of allowing spectators to take their places on the stage. The actors can not but have known this practice to be absurd, and in an artistic point of view most injurious. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the French would for so many centuries have respected the least respectable of the three unities, that of place, had they not been absolutely forced to do so by the conditions under which their actors performed, and by the absolute impossibility with a narrow and crowded stage of changing the scene.

Although the honor of reforming stage costume—to the extent at least of doing away with flagrant anachronisms in dress—is claimed for Lekain, it was not to a great tragedian, but to a very distinguished ballet-dancer that this reform was really due. In the early part of the eighteenth century, Roman, Greek, and Assyrian warriors appeared on the French stage in a conventional military costume, which seemed to be considered suitable to warriors of all nations and of all ages. The dress consisted of a belaced and beribboned tunic, surmounted by a cuirass, and of a powdered wig, with tails a yard long, over which was worn a plumed helmet.

Mademoiselle Sallé, the ballerina, who first undertook the herculean task of rendering stage costume reasonable and natural, proposed, in defiance of the prevailing custom, to give to each person in a ballet, or other dramatic work, the dress of the country and period to which the subject belonged. Mademoiselle Sallé was a friend of Voltaire, who celebrated her in an appropriate verse; and she carried with her, in 1734, when she visited London, a letter of introduction from Fontenelle to Montesquieu. Appearing at Covent Garden Theatre, in a ballet of her own composition, on the subject of "Pygmalion and Galatea," Mademoiselle Sallé dressed the part of Galatea not in the Louis Quinze style, nor in a Polish costume, such as was afterward adopted for this character at the Paris Opera-House, but in drapery imitated as closely as possible from the statues of antiquity. It was announced on the occasion of mademoiselle's benefit at Covent Garden that "servants would be permitted to keep places on the stage." This, however, was an exceptional arrangement. Endeavors were already being made in England to confine theatre-goers to their proper places in the front of the house; and on many of the play-bills of this period the following notification appears: "It is desired that no person will take it ill their not being admitted behind the scenes, it being impossible to perform the entertainment unless these passages are kept clear."

Strange mistakes sometimes arose from the author's name not being announced. At the first performance of the tragedy of "Statira," Pradon, the writer of that work, took his place among the audience to judge freely of its effect. The

first act was a good deal hissed, and Pradon was about to protest, when a friend whispered to him not to make himself known, but in order to conceal his identity to hiss like the others. Pradon hissed, when a mousquetaire at his side asked him why he hissed a piece that was excellent, and the work of a man who held a distinguished position at court. Pradon, annoyed at his neighbor's interference, replied that he should hiss if he thought fit. The mousquetaire knocked his hat off. Pradon struck the mousquetaire, and receiving a severe beating in return, left the theatre, insulted and injured, but not mortally hurt.

A tragedy, in six acts, by M. de Beausobre, called "Les Arsacides," had been formally accepted at the Comédie Française by some mistake. A large sum of money was offered to the author on condition of his withdrawing the work; but it had taken him thirty years to write the piece; he was now sixty years of age, and he was resolved to see it played. The tragedy was hissed from beginning to end. The actors wished to finish the performance at the end of the second act; but the public were so amused that they insisted on hearing the whole. The next day the author went to the theatre, and assured the actors that if they would give him one more rehearsal, and, above all, would allow him to add a seventh act, the work would have a glorious success. They prevailed upon him to accept an indemnity, and the piece was not played again.

The story is perhaps sufficiently well known of the celebrated English actor, Powell, who sought in vain one night for a supernumerary named Warren, who dressed him, but who on this occasion had undertaken to play the part of Lothario's corpse in "The Fair Penitent." Powell, who took the principal character, called out in an angry tone for Warren, who could not help raising his head from out of the coffin, and replying, "Here, sir." "Come, then," continued Powell, not knowing where the voice came from, "or I'll break every bone in your body!" Warren, believing his master to be quite capable of carrying out his threat, sprang in his fright out of the coffin, and ran in his winding-sheet across the stage.

Our dying heroes and heroines in the present day wait to regain animation until the curtain has fallen. Unless, however, they are supposed to be dead, they reappear in their own private character at the end of each dramatic scene which happens to have procured for them marked approbation. A distinguished tenor, the late Signor Giuglini, being much applauded one night for his singing in the Miserere scene of "Il Trovatore," quitted the dungeon in which Manrico is supposed to be confined, came forward to the public, bowed, and then, not to cheat the executioner, went calmly back to prison.

A much more modern story of the confusion of facts with appearances is told, and with truth, of a distinguished military amateur, who had undertaken, for one occasion only, to play the part of "Don Giovanni." In the scene in which the profligate hero is seized and carried down to the infernal regions, the principal character could neither persuade nor compel the demons, who were represented by private soldiers, to lay hands on one whom, whatever part he might temporarily assume, they knew well to be a colonel in the army. The demons kept at a respectful distance, and, when ordered in a loud whisper to lay hands on their dramatic victim, contented themselves with falling into an attitude of attention.

Jules Janin, in the collection of his *feuilletons* published under the title of "Histoire de la Littérature Dramatique," tells how in the ultra-tragic tragedy of "Tragadalbas," an actor, in the midst of a solemn tirade, let a set of false teeth fall from his mouth. This was nothing more or less than an accident which might happen to any one. Lord Brougham is said to have suffered the same misfortune while speaking in the House of Lords. But the great tragedian showed great presence of mind, and also a certain indifference to the serious nature of the work in which he was engaged, when he coolly stooped down, picked up the teeth, replaced them between his jaws, and continued his speech.

At some French provincial theatre, where a piece was being played in which the principal character was that of a blind man, the actor to whom this part had been assigned was unwell, and it seemed necessary to call upon another member of the company to read the part. Thus the strange spectacle was witnessed of a man supposed to be totally blind, who read every word he uttered from a paper he carried in his hand.

At an English performance of "William Tell," the traditional arrow, instead of going straight from Tell's bow to the heart—perforated beforehand—of the apple placed on the head of Tell's son, stopped half way on the wire along which it should have traveled to its destination.

Everything, however, succeeded in Rossini's "William Tell," except the apple incident, as everything failed in Dennis's "Appius," except that thunder which Dennis recognized and claimed as his own when he heard it a few nights afterward in "Macbeth." Yet it has never been very difficult to represent thunder on the stage. One of the oldest theatrical anecdotes is that of the actor, who, playing the part of a bear, hears a clap of stage-thunder, and mistaking it for the real thing, makes the sign of the cross.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

FRAGMENTS.

SOME FORGOTTEN ASPECTS OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

* * * * * *

IT may be pleaded, and generally is pleaded, on behalf of the British Parliament, that it has gradually undone the wrongs of centuries, and has at last placed the people of Ireland on a footing of perfect equality with the people of England. But the mere undoing of a wrong does not always place the injured person on an equality with those who have not been wronged. The sovereign's "pardon" does not necessarily place the innocent convict where he was before. His health may have been ruined meanwhile, or his business, or both. In equity, therefore, if not in strict law, he has exceptional claims on the consideration and sympathy of the Government which did him wrong. . . . The conduct of England in the past goes far to explain the present condition of Ireland. If that conduct has been exceptional in the highest degree, the Irish may be less unreasonable than is generally supposed in demanding some exceptional remedies.

It is popularly supposed that the special ill-treatment of Ireland by England began at the time of the Reformation. Undoubtedly the Reformation introduced a new element of discord by adding to the antipathy of race the more potent and more bitter antipathy of religion—the religion of a handful of English officials in Dublin imposed upon the Irish nation by the Mussulman argument of the sword. Before the Reformation the Irish nation was outlawed for the crime of being Irish. At the Reformation it was outlawed anew for the additional crime of being "Papist."

But to say that the Irish were outlawed by England may appear to some an exaggerated statement. It is, however, the literal fact. The truth is, that England found the conquest of Ireland a much more difficult matter than it had bargained for. If the Irish had been united politically under one head, one of two results must have followed—either the English invaders would have been driven out of the country, or the Irish would have submitted after a few decisive defeats. But the ancient Irish were broken up into a number of separate tribes, owing collectively no allegiance to any one single chief. This made it impossible, without a military occupation of the whole country, to subdue and rule them in the mass; and a military occupation of the whole country was impossible. Political organizations are in this respect like animal organizations. When they are highly developed you can deal with them as individual entities whose power of resistance is destroyed when you have cut off or overcome the head. In low organizations, on the other hand, to divide is simply to multiply the centers of life and of resistance. Ireland was politically in this undeveloped condition at the time of Strongbow's invasion. No victory, however decisive on the spot, sufficed to crush the resistance of the population at large, because the population at large acknowledged no single head. Dispersed at one place, they suddenly attacked at another. Harassed and exasperated by this style of warfare, the English seem to have conceived the idea of exterminating the large majority of the native population. The atrocious laws decreed against them hardly admit of any other interpretation. The Irish were, simply as Irish, placed outside the protection of the law, and were treated as vermin. Submission to English rule did not bring with it the correlative privileges of an English subject. To kill an Irishman was no murder. "To break a contract with him was no wrong. He could not sue in the English courts. The slaughter of the Irish and the seizure of their property were acts rewarded by the Government." There was no restraint on the greed and cruelty of the oppressor, except the fear of retaliation. "A common defense in charges of murder was that the murdered man was of 'the mere Irish.'" To escape from this cruel bondage the Irish repeatedly petitioned for admission to the benefits of English law, and were always refused. Such was the condition of the Irish beyond the Pale. Nor was the lot even of those who lived within it an enviable one. The degree of protection which submission to English rule afforded them may be tested by a statute of 1465, which decreed that "any person going to rob or steal, having no faithful man of good name or fame in his company in English apparel," might be killed by the first man who met him. This placed the life of every Irish man and Irish woman within the Pale at the disposal of any Englishman who might feel tempted to indulge his passions.

But it is right to record even small mercies, and therefore I hasten to add that the brutality of this law was somewhat mitigated by a subsequent statute which directed the Irish within the Pale to wear English apparel.

Such, however, was the fascination of the Irish character, stimulated here and there, perhaps, by sympathy with undeserved wrongs or

by love of adventure and a wild life, that Englishmen were allured across the Pale in considerable numbers. These became proverbially "more Irish than the Irish." They learned the language, adopted the costume, imbibed the manners, and got infected with the wit of the subject race. If this process of amalgamation had been allowed to go on unchecked, Ireland would probably have had a different history. But it was arrested inside the Pale by the Reformation; outside the Pale by the statutes of Kilkenny. By these statutes an impassable gulf was dug between the two races. To intermarry with the Irish, or indeed to form any sort of connection with them, was a capital crime. It was also made highly penal to present an Irishman to an ecclesiastical benefice, or to grant the rites of hospitality to an Irish bard or story-teller. Yet the result of it all was that when Henry VIII. quarreled with the Pope, and thus added the bitterness of religious persecution to the hatred already engendered by English tyranny, the area of English rule was contracted within a compass of twenty miles.

Till then the extermination of the Irish, though aimed at in various acts, was never openly recommended by English officials. It was left to Protestant zeal to stain the English name with this infamy. The poet Spenser calmly contemplates the extermination of the Irish as the surest method of making an "Hibernia Pacata." After describing in pathetic terms the desolation of Munster by the ruthless soldiers of Elizabeth, he observes: "The end will (I assure me) be very short, and much sooner than it can be in so great a trouble, as it seemeth, hoped for; although there should be none of them fall by the sword nor be slain by the soldier, yet thus being kept from manurance and their cattle from running abroad, they would quickly consume themselves and devour one another."

This horrible anticipation was, in fact, literally fulfilled, both in Elizabeth's reign and on several subsequent occasions. In the reign of James I., for example, Sir Arthur Chichester reported that he had found Ulster "abounding with houses, corn, cattle, and a people who had been bred up in arms" and were highly prosperous. But they were Roman Catholics, and must make room for Protestants. Accordingly, this militant propagandist left the country "desolate and waste, and the people upon it enjoying nothing but as fugitives, and what they obtained by stealth." But the sword and torch were too slow as instruments of destruction, or perhaps too expensive. At all events, Chichester agrees with Spenser in putting his trust mainly in famine. "I have often said and written, it is famine that must consume the Irish, as our swords and other endeavors work not that speedy effect which is expected. Hunger would be a better, because a speedier, weapon to employ against them than the sword." This barbarous policy succeeded too well. Pestilence and famine committed frightful havoc among those who had escaped the sword and fire. Starving children were to be seen feeding in the silent streets on the corpses of their parents, and even the graves were rifled to appease the pangs of hunger. And these horrors went on, not during one or two years, but at intervals extending over generations. According to Sir William Petty's calculation, no fewer than five hundred and four thousand of the native Irish perished, out of a total population of one million four hundred and sixty-six thousand, in the eleven years of the war following the rebellion of the Irish in 1641—a rebellion of which Burke says, "No history that I have ever read furnishes an instance of any that was so provoked." "Figures, however," says Mr. McLennan, in his most interesting and instructive "Memoir of Thomas Drummond," "convey but a poor notion of the state to which the country was reduced. Famine, as at the end of the Elizabethan wars, stepped in to complete the havoc of the sword. A plague followed. Suicide became epidemic, as the only escape from the intolerable evils of life. Cannibalism reappeared. According to an eye-witness, whole counties were cleared of their inhabitants. . . . When survivors were found, they were either old men and women, or children. 'I have seen these miserable creatures,' says Colonel Laurence, 'plucking stinking carrion out of a ditch, black and rotten, and been credibly informed that they digged corpses out of the grave to eat.'"

Did these dreadful sufferings soften toward the Irish the hearts of their English oppressors? On the contrary, says Sir William Petty, writing in 1672, "some furious spirits have wished that the Irish would rebel again, that they might be put to the sword."

Another era of persecution dates from William of Orange, and it was not till the twenty-seventh of the reign of George II. that the Penal Code reached what Mr. McLennan calls "the fullness of its hideousness—the reproach of politicians, and disgrace of Protestants and Churchmen." He gives such an admirably compressed summary of these abominable laws, that I think the reader will excuse my quoting the passage *in extenso*:

> The Papist was withdrawn from the charge and education of his family. He could educate his children neither at home nor abroad. He could not be their guardian, nor the guardian of any other person's children. Popish schools were prohibited, and special disabilities attached to Papists bred abroad. A premium was set on the breach of filial duty and

the family affections. If a son declared himself Protestant, which he might do in boyhood, a third of his father's fortune was at once applied to his use; the father's estate was secured to him as heir, a life-rent merely being left to the father. A father's settlement to the prejudice of the heir-at-law might be instantly defeated by the heir becoming Protestant. If the heir continued a Papist, the estate *gaveled*—went in equal shares to the sons—a modification of old Irish law introduced to break up the estates of the Papists, so that none should be on the land above the condition of a beggar. If there were no sons it gaveled on the daughters; if no children, then on the collaterals. Papists who had lost their lands, and had grown rich in commerce, could neither buy land nor lend their money on heritable security. The Papists could get no hold, direct or indirect, upon the soil. Even a lease to a Papist, to be legal, must have been short. Any Papist above sixteen years of age might be called on to take the oath of abjuration, and, on thrice declining, he suffered a *præmunire*. If he entertained a priest or a bishop, he was fined; for a third offense he forfeited his whole fortune. The exercise of his religion was forbidden; its chapels were shut up; its priests banished, and hanged if they returned home. . . . A Papist could not enter the profession of the law. He could not marry a Protestant (the fatal Kilkenny provision against mixing over again). He could neither vote at vestries, nor serve on grand juries, nor act as a constable, as a sheriff, or under-sheriff, or a magistrate. He could neither vote at elections nor sit in Parliament. In short, he was excluded from any office of public trust or emolument. "The Catholics," says Sir H. Parnell, "in place of being the free subjects of a prince from whom they were taught to expect only justice and mercy, were made the slaves of every one, even of the meanest of their Protestant countrymen." Had they become mere slaves they might have expected some degree of humane treatment; but, as the policy which had made them slaves held them at the same time as the natural and interested enemies of their masters, they were doomed to experience all the oppression of tyranny without any of the chances, which other slaves enjoy, of the tyrants being merciful, and feeling their tyranny secure.

In short, the Irish Roman Catholics who survived their persecutions were literally dispossessed of their native country. Lord Clare, the Irish Lord Chancellor at the time of the Union, made that statement in his place in Parliament. After showing that "the whole land of Ireland had been confiscated, with the exception of the estates of five or six families of English blood," and that "no inconsiderable portion of the island had been confiscated twice, or perhaps thrice, in the course of a century," he goes on to make the following remarkable declaration:

"The situation therefore of the Irish nation at the Revolution (of 1688) stands unparalleled in the history of the inhabited world. If the wars of England, carried on here from the reign of Elizabeth, had been waged against a foreign enemy, the inhabitants would have retained their possessions under the established law of civilized nations"; but the policy of England was "a declaration of perpetual war against the natives of Ireland, and it has rendered her a blank amid the nations of Europe, and retarded her progress in the civilized world."

Of the Irish landlords he says that "confiscation is their common title; and from their first settlement they have been hemmed in by the old inhabitants brooding over their discontent in sullen indignation." One of the great evils of our dealing with Ireland is, that we have persisted in governing her according to English prejudices and ideas. Not thus have we dealt with India, or French Canada, or even the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands. The land tenure of Ireland was altogether different from that of England. The land belonged to the sept, not to the chief, or to any of his vassals. This was forgotten or ignored when the lands of chiefs were declared forfeit and granted to fresh landlords. The occupiers, on the other hand, regarded these lands as their own; and this idea, founded originally in fact, has never passed clean out of their minds, and it lies at the root of a good deal of the present land agitation. It was not a mere class which the confiscations disinherited and uprooted from the soil, but the entire race of Irishmen; and these still cherish the tradition that they are the lawful owners of the land.

And, as if it were not enough to have divorced a whole nation from the soil which gave it birth, and which of right belonged to it, the ingenuity of English statecraft found other means of completing the ruin of Ireland. Till Queen Elizabeth's reign the Irish had a flourishing trade in supplying England with cattle. This was supposed to depreciate rents in England, and Irish cattle were accordingly declared by act of Parliament "a nuisance," and their importation was forbidden. Thereupon the Irish killed their cattle at home and sent them to England as salted meat. This provoked another act of Parliament, forbidding in perpetuity the importation of all cattle from Ireland, "dead or alive, great or small, fat or lean." Nevertheless, the Lord-Lieutenant appealed to Ireland on behalf of the sufferers from the great fire of London. The Irish were wretchedly poor, and had no gold or silver to spare; but they sent a handsome contribution in cattle. This gift the landed interest in England resented in loud and angry tones as "a political contrivance to defeat the prohibition of Irish cattle." Driven to their wits' ends, the Irish turned the hides of their cattle into leather, which they exported to England. But here too they were

baffled by English jealousy. Then they took to sheep-farming, and sent excellent wool to England. Again the landed interest of England took alarm, and Irish wool was declared contraband by act of Parliament in the reign of Charles II. The Irish then manufactured the raw material at home, and soon drove a thriving trade in woolen stuffs. The manufacturers of England thereupon rose up against the iniquity of Irish competition, and the woolen manufactures of Ireland were promptly excluded from the markets of the Continent. They were, however, so excellent and so cheap that the industry still flourished. But English jealousy never ceased its clamor against it, and in the year 1698 both Houses of the English Parliament petitioned the King to suppress it. His Majesty replied to the Lords that he would "take care to do what their lordships desired." To the Commons he said, "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woolen manufactures of Ireland." Discouraged they were accordingly; and so effectually that, whereas two centuries ago they held their own against England in foreign markets, I find from an official return of 1866 the following significant figures: The value of the woolen exports of Great Britain in that year was £21,795,971; that of Ireland, £246. The woolen industry being destroyed, the Irish tried their hand, with marked success, at the manufacture of silk. From that field also British jealousy drove them in despair. But they are a pertinacious race, and do not readily "say die." So they tried their hands at the smaller industries, since all the larger ones were tabooed them. Availing themselves of Ireland's facilities for the manufacture of glass, they were summarily stopped by a law which prohibited the exportation of glass from Ireland, and its importation into Ireland from any country save England. Cotton, sugar, soap, candle-making, and other manufactures were all tried in turn, and with a like result. To crush her industries beyond all hope of competition with English merchants, all the Mediterranean ports were closed against her, and she was at length shut out from commerce with the whole world, Old and New, including even our own colonies. To such a pitch did this cruel policy, and not more cruel than stupid, reach, that even the spontaneous produce of the ocean which washed his shores could not be enjoyed by the Irishman without the jealous interference of English interests; and the fishermen of Waterford and Wexford were thought presumptuous for pursuing their calling along their own coasts because, forsooth! the fish-markets of England might thereby be injured. One solitary industry remained to Ireland. She was allowed to cultivate the linen trade, though "British interests" tried to strangle it also; and Manchester, in 1785, sent a petition to Parliament, signed by one hundred and seventeen thousand persons, praying for the prohibition of Irish linens. The voice of reason and justice for once prevailed, and Derry, and Belfast, and Lisburn flourish to prove what the rest of Ireland might now be, if the purblind champions of "British interests" had not then, as lately, ignorantly sacrificed, to a purely imaginary danger, the welfare and good will of an oppressed race. The sins of nations, as of individuals, are sure to find them out, and we have no just cause of complaint if events should prove that our sins against Ireland are not yet expiated in full. We robbed the Irish of their land, and they betook themselves to other industries for livelihood. Of these we robbed them also, and drove them back upon the land exclusively for their support. Yet we wonder that there is now a land question in Ireland!

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MALCOLM MACCOLL (*Contemporary Review*).

BUDDHISM AND JAINISM.

[From an article in "The Contemporary Review," entitled "Buddhism and Jainism," we extract a few passages descriptive of the Jains or Jainas, a religious sect of India.]

BUDDHISM was destined to become extinct with its founder. The Buddha died, like other men, and, according to his own doctrine, became absolutely extinct. Nothing remained but the relics of his burned body, which were distributed in all directions. No successor was ready to step into his place. No living representative was competent to fill up the void caused by his death. Nothing seemed more unlikely than that the mere recollection of his teaching and example, though perpetuated by the rapid multiplication of shrines, symbols, and images of his person, should have power to secure the continuance of his system in his own native country for more than ten centuries, and to disseminate his doctrines over the greater part of Asia. What, then, was the secret of its permanence and diffusion? It really had no true permanence. Buddhism never lived on in its first form, and never spread anywhere without taking from other systems quite as much as it imparted. The tolerant spirit which was its chief distinguishing characteristic permitted its adherents to please themselves in adopting extraneous doctrines. Hence it happened that the Buddhists were always ready to acquiesce in, and even conform to, the religious practices of the countries to which they migrated, and to clothe their own simple

creed in, so to speak, a many-colored vesture of popular legends and superstitious ideas.

Even in India, where the Buddha's memory continued to be perpetuated by strong personal recollections and local associations, as well as by relics, symbols, and images, his doctrines rapidly lost their distinctive character, and ultimately merged in the Brāhmanism whence they originally sprang.

Nor is there any historical evidence to prove that the Buddhists were finally driven out of India by violent means. Doubtless occasional persecutions occurred in particular places at various times, and it is well ascertained that fanatical, enthusiastic Brāhmans, such as Kumārila and S'ankara, occasionally instigated deeds of blood and violence. But the final disappearance of Buddhism is probably due to the fact that the two systems, instead of engaging in constant conflict, were gradually drawn toward each other by mutual sympathy and attraction; and that, originally related like father and child, they ended by consorting together in unnatural union and intercourse. The result of this union was the production of the hybrid systems of Vaishnavism and S'aivism, both of which in their lineaments bear a strong family resemblance to Buddhism. The distinctive names of Buddhism were dropped, but the distinctive features of the system survived. The Vaishnavas were Buddhists in their doctrines of liberty and equality, in their abstinence from injury (*a-hinsā*), in their desire for the preservation of life, in their hero-worship, deification of humanity, and fondness for images; while the S'aivas were Buddhists in their love for self-mortification and austerity, as well as in their superstitious dread of the power of demoniacal agencies. What, then, became of the atheistical philosophy and agnostic materialism of the Buddhistic creed? Those doctrines were no more expelled from India than were other Buddhistic ideas. They found a home, under changed names, among various sects, but especially in a kindred system which has survived to the present day, and may be conveniently called Jainism. . . .

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What is the great end and object of Jainism? Briefly, it may be stated that Jainism, like Brāhmanism and Buddhism, aims at getting rid of the burden of repeated existences. Three root-ideas may be said to lie at the foundation of all three systems: first, that personal existence is protracted through an innumerable succession of bodies by the almighty power of man's own acts; secondly, that mundane life is an evil, and that man finds his perfection in the cessation of all acts, and the consequent extinction of all personal existence; thirdly, that such perfection is alone attained through self-mortification, abstract meditation, and true knowledge. In these crucial doctrines the theory of Brāhmanism is superior to that of Buddhism and Jainism. According to the Brāhmans, the living soul of man has an eternal existence both retrospectively and prospectively, and only exists separately from the One Supreme Eternal Soul because that Supreme Soul wills the temporary separate personality of countless individual spirits, dissevering them from his own essence, and causing them to pass through a succession of bodies, till, after a long course of discipline, they are permitted to blend once more with their great Eternal Source. With the Brāhmans existence in the abstract is not an evil. It is only an evil when it involves the continued separation of the personal soul from the impersonal Eternal Soul of the Universe.

Very different is the doctrine of Buddhists and Jains. With them there is no Supreme Being, no Supreme Divine Eternal Soul, no separate human eternal soul. Nor can there be any true soul-transmigration. A Buddhist and a Jaina believe that the only eternal thing is matter. The universe consists of eternal atoms which by their own inherent creative force are perpetually developing countless forms of being in ever-recurring cycles of creation and dissolution, re-creation and re-dissolution. This is symbolized by a wheel revolving for ever in perpetual progression and retrogression.

What, then, becomes of the doctrine of transmigration of souls, which is said to be held even more strongly by Buddhists and Jains than by Hindūs? It is thus explained: Every human being is composed of certain constituents (called by Buddhists the five Skandhas). These comprehend body, soul, and mind, with all the organs of feeling and sensation. They are all dissolved at death, and absolute extinction would follow, were it not for the inextinguishable, imperishable, omnipotent force of *Karman* or Act. No sooner are the constituents of one stage of existence dissolved than a new set is created by the force of acts done and character formed in the previous stage. Soul-transmigration with Buddhists is simply a concatenation of separate existences connected by the iron chain of act. A man's own acts generate a force which may be compared to those of chemistry, magnetism, or electricity—a force which periodically re-creates the whole man, and perpetuates his personal identity (notwithstanding the loss of memory) through the whole series of his separate existences, whether it obliges him to ascend or descend in the scale of being. It may safely be affirmed that Brāhmans, Buddhists, and Jains all agree in repudiating the idea of vicarious suffering. All concur in rejecting the notion of a representative man—whether he be a Manu, a Rishi,

a Buddha, or a Jina—suffering as a substituted victim for the rest of mankind. Every being brought into the world must suffer in his own person the consequences of his own deeds committed either in present or former states of being. It is not sufficient that he be rewarded in a temporary heaven, or punished in a temporary hell. Neither heaven nor hell has power to extinguish the accumulated efficacy of good or bad acts committed by the same person during a long succession of existences. Such accumulated acts must inevitably and irresistibly drag him down into other mundane forms, until at length their potency is destroyed by his attainment of perfect self-discipline and self-knowledge in some final culminating condition of being, terminated by complete self-annihilation.

And thus we are brought to a clear understanding of the true character of a Jina or self-conquering saint (from the Sanskrit root *ji*, to conquer). A Jina is with the Jains very nearly what a Buddha is with the Buddhists.

He represents the perfection of humanity, the typical man, who has conquered self and attained a condition so perfect that he not only ceases to act, but is able to extinguish the power of former acts; a human being who is released from the obligation of further transmigration, and looks forward to death as the absolute extinction of personal existence. But he is also more than this. He is a being who by virtue of the perfection of his self-mortification (*tapas*) has acquired the perfection of knowledge, and therefore the right to be a supreme leader and teacher of mankind. He claims far more complete authority and infallibility than the most arrogant Roman pontiff. He is in his own solitary person an absolutely independent and infallible guide to salvation. Hence he is commonly called a *Tīrthan-kara*, or one who constitutes a Tīrtha*—that is to say, a kind of passage or medium through which bliss may be attained—a kind of ford or bridge leading over the river of life to the elysium of final emancipation. Other names for him are *Arhat* ("venerable"), *Sarva-jna* ("omniscient"), *Bhagavat* ("lord").

A Buddha with the Buddhists is a very similar personage. He is a self-conqueror and self-mortifier (*tapasvī*), like the Jina, and is besides a supreme guide to salvation; but he has achieved his position of Buddhahood more by the perfection of his meditation (*yoga, samādhi*) than by the completeness of his self-restraint and austerities.

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The whole system hinges on the efficacy of self-mortification (*tapas*), self-restraint (*yama*), and asceticism. Only twenty-four supreme saints and Tīrthan-karas can appear in any one cycle of time, but every mortal man may be a self-restrainer (*yati*). Every one born into the world may be a striver after sanctity (*sādhu*), and a practicer of austerities (*tapasvī*). Doubtless, at first there was no distinction between monks, ascetics, and ordinary men, just as in the earliest days of Christianity there was no division into bishops, priests, and laity. All Jainas in ancient times practiced austerities, but among such ascetics an important difference arose. One party advocated an entire abandonment of clothing, in token of complete indifference to all worldly ideas and associations. The other party were in favor of wearing white garments. The former were called Dig-ambara, sky-clothed, the latter S'vetāmbara (or, in ancient works, S'veta-pata), white-clothed.* Of these the Dig-ambaras were chronologically the earliest. They were probably the first to form themselves into a regular society. The first Jina, Rishaba, as well as the last Jina, Mahāvīra, are said to have been Dig-ambaras, and to have gone about absolutely naked. Their images represent two entirely nude ascetics, whereas the images of other Jinas, like the Buddhist images, are representations of a sage, generally seated in a contemplative posture, with a robe thrown gracefully over one shoulder.

It is not improbable that the S'vetāmbara division of the Jainas were merely a sect which separated itself from the parent stock in later times, and became in the end numerically the most important, at least in western India. The Dig-ambaras, however, are still the most numerous faction in southern India, and at Jaipur in the north.†

And, indeed, it need scarcely be pointed out that ascetics, both wholly naked and partially clothed, are as common under the Brāhmanical system as among Jainas and Buddhists. The god S'iva himself is represented as a Dig-ambara, or naked ascetic, whenever he assumes the character of a Mahā-yogī—that is to say, whenever he enters on a long course of austerity, with an absolutely nude body, covered only with a thick coating of dust and ashes, sitting motionless and wrapped in meditation for thousands of years, that he may teach men by his own example the power attainable through self-mortification and abstract contemplation.

* The word Tīrtha may mean a sacred ford or crossing-place on the bank of a river, or it may mean a holy man or teacher.

* The actual color of an ascetic's dress is a kind of yellowish-pink, or salmon color. Pure white is not much used by the Hindūs, except as a mark of mourning, when it takes the place of black with us.

† There is also a very low, insignificant, and intensely atheistical sect of Jainas called Dhundhias. They are much despised by the Hindūs, and even by the more orthodox Jainas.

It is true that absolute nudity in public is now prohibited by law, but the Dig-ambara Jainas who take their meals, like orthodox Hindūs, in strict seclusion, are said to remove their clothes in the act of eating. Even in the most crowded thoroughfares the requirements of legal decency are easily satisfied. Any one who travels in India must accustom himself to the sight of plenty of unblushing, self-asserting human flesh. Thousands content themselves with the minimum of clothing represented by a narrow strip of cloth, three or four inches wide, twisted round their loins. Nor ought it to excite any feeling of prudish disgust to find poor, hard-working laborers tilling the ground with a greater area of sun-tanned skin courting the cooling action of air and wind on the burning plains of Asia than would be considered decorous in Europe. As to mendicant devotees, they may still occasionally be seen at great religious gatherings absolutely innocent of even a rag. Nevertheless, they are careful to avoid magisterial penalties. In a secluded part of the city of Patna, I came suddenly on an old female ascetic, who usually sits quite naked in a large barrel, which constitutes her only abode. When I passed her, in company with the collector and magistrate of the district, she rapidly drew a dirty sheet round her body.

In the present day both Dig-ambara and S'vetāmbara Jainas are divided into two classes, corresponding to clergy and laity. When the two sects increased in numbers, all, of course, could not be ascetics. Some were compelled to engage in secular pursuits, and many developed industrious and business-like habits. Hence it happened that a large number became prosperous merchants and traders.

All laymen among the Jainas are called S'rāvakas, "hearers or disciples," while the Yatis, or "self-restraining ascetics," who constitute the only other division of both Jaina sects, are the supposed teachers (*Gurus*). Many of them, of course, never teach at all. They were formerly called Nirgrantha, "free from worldly ties," and are often known by the general name of Sādhu, "holy men." All are celibates, and most of them are cenobites, not anchorites. Sometimes four or five hundred live together in one monastery, which they call a Upās'raya, "place of retirement," under a presiding abbot. They dress, like other Hindū ascetics, in yellowish-pink or salmon-colored garments. There are also female ascetics (*Sādhvinī*, or, anciently, *Nirgranthī*), who may be seen occasionally in public places clothed in dresses of a similar color. When these good women draw the ends of their robes over their heads to conceal their features, and cover the lower part of their faces with pieces of muslin to prevent animalcula from entering their mouths, they look very like hooded Roman Catholic nuns.

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When we come to the Jaina moral code, we find ourselves transported from the mists of fanciful ideas and arbitrary speculation to a clearer atmosphere and firmer ground. The three gems which every Jaina is required to seek after with earnestness and diligence, are right intuition, right knowledge, and right conduct. The nature of the first two may be inferred from the explanations already given. Right conduct consists in the observance of five duties (*vratas*), and the avoidance of five sins implied in five prohibitions. The five duties are: Be merciful to all living things; practice almsgiving and liberality; venerate the perfect sages while living, and worship their images after their decease; confess your sins annually, and mutually forgive each other; observe fasting. The five prohibitions are: Kill not; lie not; steal not; commit not adultery or impurity; love not the world or worldly honor.

If equal practical importance were attached to these ten precepts, the Jaina system could not fail to conduce in a high degree to the happiness and well-being of its adherents, however perverted their religious sense may be. Unfortunately, undue stress is laid on the first duty and first prohibition, to the comparative neglect of some of the others. In former days, when Buddhism and Jainism were prevalent everywhere, "kill not" was required to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet in every city daily.

And, indeed, with all Hindūs respect for life has always been regarded as a supreme obligation. *Ahinsā*, or avoidance of injury to others in thought, word, and deed, is declared by Manu to be the highest virtue, and its opposite the greatest crime. Not the smallest insect ought to be killed, lest the soul of some relation should be there embodied. Yet all Hindūs admit that life may be taken for religious or sacrificial purposes. Not so Buddhists and Jainas. With them the sacrifice of any kind of life, even for the most sacred purpose, is a heinous crime. In fact, the belief in transmission of personal identity at death through an infinite series of animal existences is so intense that they live in perpetual dread of destroying some beloved relative or friend. The most deadly serpents or venomous scorpions may enshrine the spirits of their fathers or mothers, and are therefore left unharmed. The Jainas far outdo every other Indian sect in carrying the prohibition, "not to kill," to the most preposterous extremes. They strain water before drinking, sweep the ground with a silken brush before sitting down, never eat or drink in the dark, and often wear muslin before their

mouths to prevent the risk of swallowing minute insects. They even object to eating figs, or any fruit containing seed, and would consider themselves eternally defiled by simply touching flesh-meat with their hands.

One of the most curious sights in Bombay is the Panjara-pol, or hospital for diseased, crippled, and worn-out animals, established by rich Jaina merchants and benevolent Vaishnava Hindūs in a street outside the fort. The institution covers several acres of ground, and is richly endowed. Both Jainas and Vaishnavas think it a work of the highest religious merit to contribute liberally toward its support. The animals are well fed and well tended, though it certainly seemed to me, when I visited the place, that the great majority would be more mercifully provided for by the application of a loaded pistol to their heads. I found, as might have been expected, that a large proportion of space was allotted to stalls for sick and infirm oxen, some with bandaged eyes, some with crippled legs, some wrapped up in blankets and lying on straw beds. One huge, bloated, broken-down old bull in the last stage of decrepitude and disease was a pitiable object to behold. Then I noticed in other parts of the building singular specimens of emaciated buffaloes, limping horses, mangy dogs, apoplectic pigs, paralytic donkeys, featherless vultures, melancholy monkeys, comatose tortoises, besides a strange medley of cats, rats and mice, small birds, reptiles, and even insects, in every stage of suffering and disease. In one corner a crane, with a kind of wooden leg, appeared to have spirit enough left to strut in a stately manner among a number of dolorous-looking ducks and depressed fowls. The most spiteful animals seemed to be tamed by their sufferings and the care they received. All were being tended, nursed, physicked, and fed, as if it were a sacred duty to prolong the existence of every living creature to the utmost possible limit. It is even said that men are paid to sleep on dirty wooden beds in different parts of the building, that the loathsome vermin with which they are infested may be supplied with their nightly meal of human blood.

As to the other precepts of the Jaina moral code, it is noteworthy that the practice of confessing sins to a priestly order of men probably existed in full force among the Jainas long before its introduction into the Christian system. A pious Jaina ought to confess at least once a year, or, if his conscience happens to be burdened by the weight of any recent crime—such, for example, as the accidental killing of a noxious insect—he is bound to betake himself to the confessional without delay. The stated observance of this duty is called Pratikramana, because on a particular day the penitent repairs solemnly to a priestly Yati, who hears his confession, pronounces absolution, and imposes a penance. The penances inflicted generally consist of various kinds of fasting; but it must be observed that fasting is with Jainas a duty incumbent on all. It is a duty only second to that of not killing.

MONIER WILLIAMS.

A NATIONAL THEATRE.

ONE great advantage the French stage undoubtedly possesses in having such a headquarters as the Théâtre Français, and such a perpetual corporation as is furnished by the *sociétaires* of that theatre. Here, where theatres are equipped and companies collected by individual enterprise, the headquarters of the drama are shifting—by courtesy at least we do generally have a headquarters—and the traditions accumulated by one management are dispersed when that management is broken up. The waste of this dispersal is prevented by the continuous existence of a guild of actors at the house of Molière, which in virtue of its undisputed lead among the theatres becomes the rendezvous of all interested in the dramatic art, poets, painters, architects, archæologists. They bring their contributions to one center, and the accumulated wealth of their ideas is handed on in a full stream from one generation to another.

To this advantage there is a counterbalancing disadvantage. Such centers tend to become too conservative. They get into the hands of old fogies. The young men of genius, with their fresh ideas, are excluded. But the evil rights itself in time. The conservatism of the old fogies gradually gives way to the innovating ardor of the young men of genius; the ideas of these young men have their day, and give place in their turn to new aspirations.

It would, we take it, be an unquestionable advantage for the English stage to have some such fixed center of dramatic life as the Théâtre Français. But can such a center be artificially created? That is another question. The feat is so unlikely that we can hardly believe in the possibility of it till it has been accomplished. It is, in fact, one of those things which may grow up out of some favorable concurrence of accidents, but which can not be designed and executed by deliberate calculation and energy. It is vain for any ardent well-wisher of the drama outside to say, "Go to, let us have a national theatre." Unless the time is ripe for it, unless the necessary elements are ready to fall into their places at the sound of some enthusiastic trumpet-note, no human energy can create them and bring

them together. The supremacy of the Théâtre Français is an inheritance from the past. It was established by royal influence, when royal influence was all-powerful, and there were few dramatic companies. Such a headship could not be established among the thirty-three theatres of Paris now, if it had not descended from an earlier time. The most unshakable conviction in the paramount importance of a national theatre in this country, the most indomitable energy, could not give a new institution the necessary stamp of authority among the hardly less numerous theatres of London. We might as soon try to change a ganglionic animal into a vertebrate.

For good or for evil, our theatrical system is established on the free-trade principle, and it would require very strong proof that this system had failed to produce a general feeling in favor of trying to improve the drama by subsidies. The endowment of a national theatre would practically mean giving a bounty to some one kind of entertainment. If a knot of superior persons, dissatisfied with everything now to be seen at our numerous theatres, choose to subscribe to support a kind of entertainment which the public will not support—we may assume that, in the keen competition among theatres, managers do not need to be bribed into producing anything that people in sufficient numbers would pay to see—there is no reason in the world why they should not do so. But if they claimed for their venture that it was "national," they would make themselves a laughing-stock. Before they had any right to call their theatre a national theatre, they would have to gather round them a representative company, consisting of the acknowledged leaders of "the profession" in all its walks. The incomes which these leaders make are so enormous, by comparison, for example, with what can be made by an associate of the Théâtre Français, that any management which aimed at including them all would have to provide itself with a very long purse. Everything would have to be done by the power of the purse in the proposed national theatre; it could not pay its members, as a long-established and venerable institution might do, in distinction. And supposing it were possible to bring all the acknowledged stars of our theatrical world together under one management, where is a national theatre to find an authority capable of reconciling conflicting pretensions in the apportionment of parts? Remarks have often been made upon the difficulty of keeping the Liberal party together, but that would be nothing compared with the difficulty of managing a national company of actors. There would be wigs upon the green in a national theatre before many months of its existence were over.

Do we, after all, fare so badly under our private enterprise system that there ought to be any vehement desire for a change? The only want, we believe, really felt is a commodity of good plays, and that, we may depend upon it, is felt quite as much by theatrical managers as by the public for whom they cater. The great advantage of our present system is that it is so sensitive to the demand of the play-going public; managers are all keenly on the outlook to anticipate, or at the least keep pace with the wishes of play-goers. If people imagine that a national theatre would satisfy the public appetite for something new, they have only to look to France, where it has for some time been a prevailing complaint, among the writers of new plays, that the Théâtre Français devotes itself too much to the reproduction of old masterpieces, and looks for novelties to play-makers of established reputation.

As regards costumes, furniture, and scenery, our private adventure theatres will compare favorably with the state supported institutions of our neighbors. All that an endowed theatre could do would be to secure the very best artistic and the very best archæological talent. For many years this has been done in England by private adventurers. Macready could not have taken greater pains than he did to be accurate in every detail. If he was not so accurate as he might have been, the fault was to be attributed not to him, but to the condition of archæological knowledge in his time. We doubt whether the Théâtre Français was more accurate than Macready in his generation. Since that time, the study of the antique and the mediæval has made great strides, and our stage has kept pace with it. The stage all along has been in the most intimate relations with the artistic world, and has grown with its growth. To take the most recent instance. The play of "Coriolanus" is to be produced under Mr. Irving's management at the Lyceum, and Mr. Alma-Tadema has been engaged to sketch the scenes for the scene-painter. Could the managers of a national theatre have done better? And, if we cast our vision over a wider range, over the last ten or fifteen years, can it be said that the managers of our leading theatres have stood still in the old grooves, while new ideas stood clamoring at their doors for admission? No national theatre could have secured more enlightened talent for the production of scrupulously accurate scenic accessories than Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft employed at the Prince of Wales's. Mr. Hare's management of the Court Theatre, an offshoot from this, can not be said to have been more careless about accuracy of scenic detail. No endowed management could have taken greater pains in this respect than they have done.

It may, we think, be taken for granted that no amount of endowment would insure greater attention to the arts by which the stage produces its illusion of reality than has been shown by individual enterprise single-handed. It is the natural tendency of competition under our present system that the projectors of novelties should have a fair hearing. Supposing that a genius should arise with the capacity for revolutionizing scenic representation—say by abolishing footlights and applying electric lighting to stage purposes, or by developing hidden properties in the illuminating power of wax-candles—he would be much more likely to get an opportunity of trying his experiment from a private manager than from the manager of a national theatre. The utility of endowment begins only when perfection has been reached, and the potentialities of invention have been exhausted. Even with a view to the maintaining of advances already made, to the conservation of progress, the private enterprise system is not altogether ineffective. We are not to suppose that when a new line has been struck out, a new light seized and successfully flourished, it serves its day unremarked by the purveyor for the future. There are keen eyes at work to see that nothing with which play-goers are pleased be allowed to die.

Managers do not need to be encouraged by bounties to pay attention to scenic accessories. It pays them directly to do so. They have their reward in well-filled theatres. There really is only one respect in which subsidies might enable them to raise stage representations above their present level, that, namely, which was indicated by Mr. Hare when he showed apropos of Mrs. Pfeiffer's proposal that a national theatre was impracticable. The education of actors for their profession might be endowed. There might be a national school of acting.

Actors at present have few facilities for learning their art, and the result is only too apparent upon the stage. Self-teaching succeeds only with the very finest instincts, and such a multitude of performers are required for a stage representation that we can not expect all of them to have those requisite gifts of nature without which self-culture means loutishness and harsh eccentricity. Much of the crudeness which offends a cultivated audience in our attempts to deal with the poetic drama is referable to want of rudimentary training. Managers at present often have no choice but to engage incapable performers, performers whom they know to be incapable, and whose tones and movements inflict agony upon them. No amount of training would in all cases develop histrionic ambition into histrionic faculty, but a properly organized school would in all probability have the effect of producing a sufficient supply of competent players for the smaller parts. They might be cured of ungainly gestures, and they might be taught to speak blank verse with good accent and good discretion. If they had not the making of decent players in them, they might be stopped at the threshold.

Nor would the mediocre actors alone benefit by a dramatic school, conducted by accomplished professors. The few men and women of genius would be saved much of the painful drudgery, the weary process of trial and failure, by which they now slowly build up the mastery of their craft. The knowledge which, under the present system of self-teaching, reaches them by accidental hints and discoveries, they might start with from the beginning, and their genius would be left free and unwasted to search out new means of triumph.

It is at this point that public or private endowment might advantageously come to the assistance of private enterprise in theatrical matters. But we should deprecate any idea of patronizing a great profession like that of acting. If a school of acting is, as we believe it is, a desirable thing, the initiative in establishing it ought to come from actors themselves. They are perhaps more keenly alive to the need of it than any outsiders. Why should they not combine and organize a society of the members of their profession, as men of science have done, and painters? We have no doubt that if they did so, and projected a college for the training of actors, they would not appeal in vain for public help in setting the institution upon its legs. Such an institution might also become a central depository for the knowledge which each generation contributes to the craft and mystery of representing plays.

New Quarterly Magazine.

A MODEL ART-CRITICISM.

[The "Athenæum" recently described a new picture by Rossetti—"The Lady at the Window"—"a profoundly pathetic exposition of the motive of a passage in Dante's 'Vita Nuova,'" and permitted itself to indulge in a strain of comment of which the following sentences afford a good example: "The profundity of the pity which is marked so distinctly in the eyes and lips is in keeping with the deep sympathy of that womanhood which, although it has ripened, is incomplete. This incompleteness, or rather this physical and mental expectancy and insufficiency of self, is impressed by nature on the sumptuous loveliness of the lady, and appears in the suppressed languor of her broad eyelids, in the potentialities of passion rendered plain in the *morbidezza*

of her marble-like cheeks, which have been refined in form and blanched in tint by the urgency of unperfected love." This effusive outburst led the "Pall Mall Gazette" to print the subjoined amusing burlesque :]

ANOTHER IMMORTAL PICTURE.

Of the central figure in this great work—of the mighty minstrel whose strains have sounded to such wondrous issue—it may suffice to say that Mr. Priggins has reported of him with his usual resolute and unshrinking veracity. The theme is not one to which belongs in any measure the quality of loveliness; but whatever charm of forthright craftsmanship, whatever force of downright utterance can inform and innerve the conception of the artist, is truly here. The viol-player stands almost, but not quite, erect, swayed to and fro, as it should seem, by the immitigable might of Pan—a reed shaken by the passion-wind of creative minstrelsy. He grasps the finger-board of his instrument with I know not what of frenzied intensity; the bow is raised in act to fall upon the vibrant strings. The sacred fury of inspiration is visible in the contorted limbs of the musician, and in the parted lips (from which we can almost hear issuing the night-shriek of his race), no less than in the green lambency of the flaming eye. Above him a weird wan moon plunges through a rack of haggard clouds—itself bestridden for a moment by an awful flying figure, set down for us with a wholly lurid fidelity. Yet even here it should be noted that in the very storm and stress of his embodiment of these wild imaginings Mr. Priggins's artistic composure has never for a moment failed him; that he can still turn aside to cull and bind for us whatever flowers of color-fancy may have sprung up beneath his brush—still incline a purged ear to all the subtile hue-harmonies that press for utterance upon his canvas. So that the moon of this portent and the figure that oversoars it, and the clouds and sky that engirdle and embathe it, do more than simply recite their narrative, content if it be recounted without error or prevarication. They have a decorative value as well; they chant their message in epic rhapsodies of color, not rehearse it in mere pedestrian discourse of line and stroke. But with what bold and far-resonant chords of brown and dun and purple in the cloud-mass, with what tender modulations of sky-surface, with what exquisite *appoggiature* of moon-smitten mist-flakes, it were hopeless to describe in words. I must dwell no longer upon this portion of the artist's work; nor yet upon that strange but utterly credible and convincing presentment of the mocking cynic whose sardonic laugh reëchoes from the middle distance. On these things and the glamour of these it were good to linger long; but I must hasten on to the chief glory of the work, the pledge (I write it in all seriousness) of its immortality—the two flying figures in the foreground. Of these, however, I hardly dare trust myself to speak. No impatient lover in flight with willing or unwilling maiden, no dark-browed Pluto bearing his Proserpine from flowery Enna, no tauriform Zeus aswim in the strait-waters with Europa on his back, no centaur Nessus exulting in the capture of a Dejanira, has been treated by the greatest of ancient masters as Mr. Priggins has treated the same subject in this noble picture. Conception and execution, line and color, attitude and movement, all are perfect. The delicate curves of the rapt one's form, recalling in some mysterious wise the contours of the minstrel's viol; the sober sheen, as of tarnished silver, of her robe; the sweeping curve of her lover's figure, the fantastic blue-and-white arabesque, propounded with such assured exquisiteness of tracery in his dress—these are but a few of the outward beauties which enthrall the most carelessly alighting eye. Its deeper magic yields itself only to a longer and more reverent study. But, as for that, it is no part of the critic's duty to wait the leisure of a preoccupied public. It is better to speak the truth at once, and to say that we have in Mr. Symphony Priggins a master as great as the greatest; and in this picture the masterpiece of a master; and in this episode of this picture the master-stroke of a master's masterpiece. The sublimity of Buonarotti, the poetic fervor of Raffaelle, the tremulous intensity of Sandro Botticelli, the correggiosity of Correggio, have never raised these masters to higher heights than our own Priggins has attained in this transcendent rendering of the Dish running away with the Spoon.

The artist, like some others of his craft, is, as is known, a poet of no mean pretensions; and he has set forth the inner meaning of his picture in the following lines, which form the motto on its frame :

A BALLAD OF HIGH ENDEAVOR.

Ah, night! blind germ of days to be,
Ah me! ah me!
(Sweet Venus, mother!)
What wail of smitten strings hear we?
Ah me! ah me!
Hey diddle dee!

Ravished by clouds our lady moon,
(Ah me! ah me!)
Sweet Venus, mother!
Sinks swooning in a lady-swoon.
Ah me! ah me!
Dum diddle dee!

What profits it to rise i' th' dark?
Ah me! ah me!
Sweet Venus, mother!
If love but over-soar its mark,
(Ah me! ah me!
Hey diddle dee!)

What boots to fall again forlorn?
Ah me! ah me!
Sweet Venus, mother!
Scorned by the grinning hound of scorn,
(Ah me! ah me!)
Dum diddle dee!

Art thou not greater who art less?
Ah me! ah me!
Sweet Venus, mother!
Low love fulfilled of low success?
Ah me! ah me!
Hey diddle dee!

No one, we imagine, would have been dull enough to have missed the allegory of Mr. Priggins's great picture even without such exposition; but many perhaps will only fully feel it after this its setting-forth in "perfect music matched with noble words."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GOVERNMENT AS A FORCE IN CIVILIZATION.

IN a recent essay Mr. Froude utters the following: "A state of things in which the action of government is restricted to the prevention of crime and statutable fraud, and where beyond these things all men are left to go their own way—to be honest or dishonest, pure or profligate, wise or ignorant, to lead what lives they please and preach what doctrines they please—may have been a necessary step in the evolution of humanity; but, as surely, if no other principle had ever been heard of or acted on, civilization would have stood still, hardly above the level of barbarism."

This passage permits two distinctly different interpretations. It is quite true that a society in which "no other principle had ever been heard of" than that of the "prevention of crime and statutable fraud," where men were "honest or dishonest, pure or profligate, wise or ignorant," as they pleased, "would have stood still, hardly above the level of barbarism." But if this means that no community can rise above the level of barbarism in which the *government* is actuated by no other principle than that of the prevention of crime and statutable fraud, then the argument is false through and through, from the foundation upward, and is false with such a curious inversion as to afford a remarkable illustration of how completely the records of the race can be misread.

Now, it is true that no community can advance in civilization unless there are powerful moral and intellectual forces at work; but it so happens that the governments of the past, even the most paternal and the most illustrious, have commonly obstructed rather than aided those forces. Governments have very much neglected the prevention of crime, and have rarely efficiently punished statutable frauds; nor have they adequately performed in any way their legitimate and proper functions. They have been commonly intensely indifferent to the honesty or dishonesty, the purity or the profligacy, the wisdom or the ignorance, of the people; but they have been very zealous in behalf of favorite ecclesiasticisms, and have endeavored with all their might to maintain certain forms of religious belief. Their zeal in this direction, however, has been solely as a means of wielding power, or as a result of some blind superstition. They have concerned themselves a good deal about dogma, but very little about morals; they haven't cared a straw about the purity or profligacy of the community, but have looked well to see that the people have paid their tithes, and acknowledged the supremacy of the established church. In pursuance of these purposes they have at various times constituted a good many statutable offenses which in equity were not offenses, and these fictitious crimes have been punished with abundant energy. At times when highways swarmed with banditti, when no one could venture abroad without means of defense, when robbery and violence abounded, when neither life nor property was safe because of the gross neglect and indifference of the state, men and women were zealously burned, and whipped, and imprisoned for some defection in the way of belief. At times when roads were so neglected that travel was laborious and difficult, and rivers were without bridges; when on all sides was needed energetic administration in directions that would advance the practical welfare of the people, governments always exhibited zeal enough and found resources enough to build grand cathedrals and fine palaces. The whole history of government is a record of meddlesome and oppressive things done and necessary things left undone. The state has always taxed trade, handicapped industry, vexatiously embarrassed commerce, suppressed opinion, retarded the growth of knowledge, hindered intellectual activity, and proved itself in a hundred things a common nuisance. It has always so retarded civilization, either by its interferences or its neglects, that advance has been rendered possible only by controlling and subordinating it, by virtually

dethroning it, by compelling it to keep within or nearly within its proper province. Rulers have never understood that, by simply limiting the function of government to the preservation of order, they would more effectually than by any other means bring all the forces of society into full and free activity. In view of the wretched mistakes and appalling crimes governments have thus committed, it is amazing to see a man like Mr. Froude confound things in the way he does—wholly confusing the forces that underlie government with the restrictions that operate in the name of government. The more we study the past the more it becomes evident that, while government is indispensable up to a certain point, our civilization has advanced in despite of it rather than by its aid. Governments have created more disorders than they have suppressed; they have made dangerous classes by their oppression and injustice; and, while we are not yet far enough advanced to do without them altogether, we may yet keep them closely to their proper work. Let them preserve order and keep the peace. Art and letters and industrial energy will carry on civilization triumphantly without their aid or interference.

But governments can never cease to be threatening and troublesome so long as people adhere to antiquated notions in regard to their importance. The time was when people seemed to think that the King regulated everything and conferred everything, and the old fallacy still leavens the ideas of to-day. Mr. Thurlow Weed, for instance, has recently deplored the weakness of our Government. "It does not," he says, "seem strong enough to assert itself. Our population is increasing very rapidly; the expansion and development are wonderful and amazing, and under such circumstances a government needs to be and ought to be increasing in strength. Nevertheless, I see every day, and with more and more dismay, our assimilation to English habits, English ideas, and even English costume." This is certainly very puzzling. How does Mr. Weed expect the strength of the Government to operate in arresting this alarming condition of things? Must the Government be strong enough to put an embargo on English habits and ideas? Must it be invested with authority to regulate styles of dress? Strength of government! How wearisome and senseless is this persistent clamor! It has been well said, and by a London critic of Mr. Weed, that "during the colossal civil war in his own country, of which he was a witness, his Government, which now seems to him to be too weak to assert itself, manifested a strength and vigor which might have awakened envy in the heart of the great Napoleon when at the zenith of his power, and which at this moment the Autocrat of all the Russias would not dare to emulate." This is a little extravagant, but certainly it is idle to talk of a government being weak that in a great emergency could display the power that ours did. It is declared to be weak, however, because it does not carry out the notions of those fussy old women who imagine that the strength of government lies in its disposition to exercise a meddlesome authority in all the affairs of life. The strength which the United States Government exhibited in the late war was the only kind of strength that any government should rightly possess—the strength that comes of a zealous coöperation of the people. The Government was strong in that emergency because the people were with it. Let us never have a government that possesses strength independent of the people, for such a strength would in the end be sure to be turned against them. Despotic governments are strong in their power to keep their hands on the throat of the public: this is not the strength we ought to desire in the United States, however much it may be admired by American worshipers of foreign autocracies. Unless a government is weak enough to stand always in wholesome fear of the people, it is not a government to be desired.

ARTISTS AND INARTISTIC DRESS.

A WRITER in the last "Nineteenth Century," in deploring the "present conditions of art," has something to say about the ugliness of the dress of the day. He declares that a well-dressed gentleman ready for dinner or attired for any ceremony is a pitiable example of ugliness. "His vesture is nearly formless and quite foldless; his legs misshapen props, his shirt-front a void, his dress-coat an unspeakable piece of ignobleness. The human form, the noblest and most interesting study for the artist, is distorted in the case of men's dress by monstrous garments, and in the case of women's dress by extravagant arrangements which impede all simple nobility and refined grace of movement." The writer thinks that to an ancient Greek, "accustomed to see the human form and understand its beauty, an Eton boy would be a thing to wonder at." To admiring mammas the absurd get-up is "perfectly lovely," and the boy himself values it beyond measure. The traditions of the boy unfortunately stick to the man, and, "accustomed to the ignoble arrangement which has been a glory in his eyes since he was old enough to envy his elder brother, he can not know how far he has departed from a sense of the natural; it is pure perversion of taste for which convenience can not be pleaded." What can be expected, the writer asks, from such habits of mind in matters of taste? "The Eton boy grows into the man, dispensing judgments and influencing events; he will perpetuate the pot-hat and the shapeless costume his second nature has taught him to believe in, and all that is unusual or the least grateful to the eye in color or shape will be regarded as 'bad form.' Yet it is from him as an educated gentleman that encouragement to art should be expected. Under such conditions taste must suffer, and no great art can have a natural spring."

This all sounds very well. But a question naturally arises that if ignoble garments have this unfortunate effect upon the taste of the wearer, how is it that our artists have never made any attempt to reform the evil? The pot-hat is commonly looked upon by artists as an abomination; but we are not

aware of anything that this class has done in the way of giving artistic character to dress. In fact, artists are often the worst dressed people in the community —not merely worst dressed in the way of neglect, but worst dressed in the selection of incongruous material and inharmonious colors. They are disposed to disdain the adornment of the person just as more practical people do. The traditional artist, with his long hair, his untrimmed beard, his stained velvet coat, his soiled fingers, his dilapidated *sombrero*, is almost wholly of the past. The few who still retain these peculiarities are not of the better rank, and their affectations of costume are now contemptuously laughed at by their fellows no less than by the "Philistines." The artists of the day may not like the dress-coat, but they commonly appear at social gatherings punctiliously dressed in the regulation garments. They are accustomed, however, to condemn them; and portrait-painters specially long for a more picturesque costume. Now, as artists are distinctly cultivated in the direction of taste, it is peculiarly their business to set an example of tasteful dressing. The pioneers in any reform must be men the world will be willing to follow. Artists and others who usually attempt to give us examples of picturesque dressing are too apt to be slovenly as well as picturesque; their decorated finger-nails have commonly extinguished all desire to imitate them in other particulars. Artists of mark have so far done nothing to improve or reform our apparel. Let them invent something that will serve as an artistic substitute for trousers—something that will not reveal all the bad points of legs as legs go in the generations of to-day, and which will yet be shapely and graceful. Let them devise something in the way of a coat that shall have elegance of form without the sacrifice of comfort. Artists are entering now very much more than formerly into purely decorative work—even into designing wall-papers and decorating dining-rooms—hence it would not be *infra dig.* for them to consider such a matter as the suitable appareling of the person. If they refuse to do this, if they assert that it is beneath them to study and plan costumes, then we submit that it becomes a matter of impertinence for critics to declaim against inartistic fashions which the artistic world accept with the rest of people, and make no effort to reform.

THE GROWTH OF ART.

THE writer whom we quoted in the preceding article has a good deal to say about the generally deplorable conditions of art in the present era. "It is to be lamented," he says, "that a nation which has distinguished herself as England has in arms, in adventure, in science, in poetry, in philosophy, in philanthropy, and in all else that relates to progress, should have no art that can be fairly placed on the same level." Elsewhere he declares that "in many respects the present age is far more advanced than preceding times, incomparably more full of knowledge; but the language of great art is dead, for general, noble beauty pervades life no more." Again we are told that, "when the question of what belongs to the class of sensations appertaining to beauty comes into competition with the smallest amount of money interest, it is seldom a matter of a moment's consideration which shall be sacrificed. Few people hesitate to cut down a tree or grub up a hedgerow if twenty shillings a year will be gained by so doing."

One can with difficulty overcome a feeling of impatience which these lamentations evoke. It is no doubt true that art does not occupy the exalted place it did in ancient and mediæval times, but complaints of indifference and neglect in matters pertaining to art come at the present moment with singular injustice. There never was an era in England in which art stood in such high estimation as it does at present. There may be now no individual painters that stand as high as Reynolds and Gainsborough and Constable, but the whole field of art is immensely enlarged, and its relation to the general public much closer. A fairly large literature in regard to art has of late years grown up—a literature of criticism and exposition. The rewards of artists have immensely increased. A passion for decoration and artistic adornment has sprung up everywhere. In many things art has broken down old conventional barriers and freed itself from academic traditions. Galleries and schools have multiplied—in London notably a gallery where all the more audacious and independent performances may compete for public favor with the traditional paintings of the Royal Academy. Many of us may be wholly out of sympathy with the strange canvases that according to report appear on the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery, but at least we must admit that they indicate great freedom and marked determination to be individual. The tendency now is to imitate nothing, to encourage each artist to express himself in his own way, to learn everything of the past, but to embody that learning in forms wholly prompted by the artist's heart of hearts.

As to the charge that "few people now hesitate to cut down a tree or grub up a hedgerow if twenty shillings a year will be gained by so doing," we do not recall any criticism so curiously wrong and unjust. If "noble beauty pervades life no more" in forms of art, it conspicuously does so in nature. Whatever else may be said against the culture of the present era, it at least has rediscovered nature—we say *re*discovered in order to be modest, and not to dispute the claims of the ancients in this particular —and is filled with the love of grand and noble beauty. It really belongs to the present century to have found out the magnificence of mountain-scenery and the charms of all wild landscape; to have penetrated the mystery and the splendor of the sea; to have discerned the glory of the sky; to have brought into our parks and gardens the ease and grace of nature, to the exclusion of the stiff forms of artifice. The great susceptibility we have developed in this direction ought to go far to excuse us for insensibility in the way of costume and indifference to painted saints and Madonnas. All things are by comparison. If we compare the present era with ancient Greece or with Italy in the sixteenth century, we

may discover that art holds a comparatively inferior place; but if we will compare the last three decades with the first half of the present century, or with the preceding century, we shall see that not only has art made immense progress with the people, but that love of beauty, in both art and nature, has deepened and widened.

INTERIOR PARADISES.

THERE has been no better exemplification of the remarkable growth of taste, in the way of interior decoration, than that afforded recently by some of our theatres. First, we had the reconstruction by Mr. Daly of the structure in Broadway, near Thirty-second Street (which has known as many names, almost, as it possesses years). It was formerly a monument of ugliness; but Mr. Daly has transformed it into not merely a palace of beauty—for that would be nothing new—but into a place wholly artistic in decoration, where all the latest ideas of drapery and color are manifested. It is even in the severity of its tones just a little somber, compared with the showy glitter that some of the other theatres display; but the effect is nevertheless eminently charming. The lobby, with its Eastlake fireplaces and rich draperies, is, for the first time in our theatres, made a place for promenade for ladies and gentlemen between the acts. Mr. Wallack has also this season put his house in fresh and charming order, banished from the remotest corner every semblance of gloom, and given the whole auditory an air of lightness and elegance that is very pleasing.

But transcending everything in the way of interior elegance is Mr. Mackaye's new Madison Square Theatre. We have used the word "elegance," but the term is scarcely appropriate, in consideration of its long identification with mere gilt and display. The Madison Square Theatre is decorated with that sense of color and harmony that enters into a great painting. Instead of calling in upholsterers with their conventional notions of decoration, Mr. Mackaye secured the aid of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany—one of the foremost of our younger painters, and noted as a colorist—and as a result we have a revelation in beauty. We have all heard of Mr. Whistler's "Symphonies" in the Grosvenor Gallery, and here now we have a symphony of our own—a sort of poem in color, the subtile charm of which is wholly captivating. Mr. Mackaye has introduced some novelties. He has placed the orchestra above the stage, directly over the curtain, which gives a picturesque effect to that part of the house, but whether this arrangement will be practically advantageous remains to be seen. He has also constructed a wonderful double-tier stage, so arranged that, while one scene, stage and all, ascends among the flies, another stage, fully set, emerges from the depths below, thereby securing a complete change of scene in about two minutes' time. This is a very ingenious device, but we are now principally concerned in the decorations, which seem to us not a little significant. An era in which a poet like William Morris devotes himself to paper-hanging, an artist like La Farge gives his time to designs for walls and windows; when a wealthy Londoner decorates his dining-room with designs by Whistler, and artists bring their mature knowledge and artistic science to the draperies and colors of a theatre, must have revived the ancient art-spirit to a marked degree. That, with the evidences all around us of the rapid and widespread growth of a taste for art and beauty, there should be so many lamentations about the conditions of art and the poverty of taste, would be surprising, were it not well known that it is always in times of genuine movement that certain persons deplore the lack of movement. It has been well pointed out that just at the time when the social tendency is toward temperance that temperance organizations are most clamorous for total abstinence. It was not until the whole community became deeply concerned in the question of learning that we heard of schemes for compulsory education. And when there was really no art, no public concern in æsthetics at all, we heard no complaints about the indifference of the Anglo-Saxon mind to art-matters. It seems to be a pretty sure sign that, when a general lamentation begins about any given deficiency, a reform in that direction is already half accomplished.

The Madison Square Theatre gives no indication of a taste for grand or high art, but for its purpose it seems to us not only wonderfully beautiful, but simply perfect. The only criticism to be made is, that the exquisite charm of the auditory tends to "kill" the scenery, which looks raw and crude in comparison. Artists should now be invited behind the curtain, with the purpose of working up the scenes and stage decorations to the standard of the rest of the house.

Books of the Day.

IT can hardly fail to be regarded as a remarkable coincidence that, after the lapse of a generation since they were written, two such works as the Memoirs of Prince Metternich and of Madame de Rémusat should be simultaneously divulged to the public. It is not only that they throw light upon the same period of history, and the same prominent actors in it; they complement and assist each other in a quite peculiar way, and they should be studied and compared together, in order to get just general views of the events narrated, and the characters portrayed in them. Napoleon, for instance, who plays as dominant a part in the history of his times as that of Hamlet in the play, is regarded by the Prince and the Lady of Honor from view-points as widely separated as could possibly be imagined, but, in their

different ways, equally intimate and advantageous. For this reason, the conclusions in which they agree may be accepted as at least very close approximations to the truth; and yet the many important points in which they differ should suffice to show how necessary it is to be cautious in adopting statements or opinions that are not fortified by demonstrative evidence. In illustration of what we mean we may cite the fact that Prince Metternich asserts unqualifiedly that the marriage between Napoleon and Josephine was merely a civil marriage contracted with the express understanding that the union could be dissolved, and that he acted upon this conviction on the momentous occasion of Napoleon's divorce of Josephine and marriage with the Austrian Archduchess; while Madame de Rémusat discloses the well-kept secret that Napoleon and Josephine were remarried by Cardinal Fesch, at the express demand of the Pope, on the eve of the coronation.

Very soon after the death of Prince Metternich, it became known that he had left memoirs of his life and times which would be of inestimable value to the historian, and which would at some time be laid before the world. The nature of the memoirs was not revealed, nor the particular time of their publication, and it now appears that the latter point was left to the discretion of the author's son, Prince Richard Metternich, who was also to decide upon the special form in which they should be presented. Feeling that the lapse of twenty years after his father's death had placed a long-enough interval between those who participated in the events recorded and those who are to judge of them, Prince Richard entered last year upon the fulfillment of the task assigned him, and we have the first installment of his labors in the two volumes which are now attracting such widespread attention on both sides of the Atlantic. Before attempting to describe the contents or estimate the value of these volumes, we may mention that the papers constituting the "Memoirs" have been arranged by the editor in three sections, corresponding to the three following epochs: the first, from 1773 to 1815, beginning with the birth of Metternich and ending with the famous Congress of Vienna; the second, from 1816 to 1848, including a period of general peace, and ending with the Chancellor's retirement from political life; and the third, from 1848 to 1859, a period of repose, lasting till the death of the Chancellor, which took place on June 11, 1859. It is the first part that is now published, comprising the period from 1773 to 1815 *—the period which the Chancellor himself describes as the most important in his own life, as it was also in the history of the world.

The scope of the "Memoirs" being thus explained, together with the relation which the present installment bears to the entire work, our next step will naturally be to describe the materials of which the "Memoirs" are composed and the manner in which these materials are used. By far the most important of the materials is an "Autobiographical Memoir," written by Prince Metternich himself, but neither complete nor consecutive for the period it covers, being composed of three several parts or fragments, "which, however," as the editor says, "fit in so well together that, by simple arrangement, portions of the original text form a perfect whole for the first part of Metternich's life—that is, from the year 1773 to 1815." This memoir, even when taken as a whole, is the briefest possible *résumé* or outline of Metternich's career, intended by him to be deposited in the family archives as part of a collection of public and private papers which he labeled "Materials for the History of my Time." Added to it, without being welded with it, are explanatory notes by the editor, brief extracts from private letters and memoranda, and a copious collection of illustrative documents, most of them state papers from the public archives—the latter filling a portion of the first and the whole of the second volume. It will be readily seen from this that the materials are by no means homogeneous in character, and the reader very soon discovers that he is dealing with a work which is neither a history nor a biography, but a mass of raw material out of which, if it were copious enough, history and biography might be made. Prince Richard Metternich has not felt justified in doing more than collect and arrange the data indicated by his father; and the confusion inseparable from a mere bundle of dissimilar papers has been but slightly remedied by the awkward editing which they have received at his hands. Facts and particulars which ought either to be incorporated in the text or placed as foot-notes are referred to in notes at the end of the volume, on turning to which the reader is referred to still another division of the work, contained most often in a separate volume. Furthermore, no definite views as to what was pertinent or otherwise appear to have presided over the selection of the documents which occupy such a disproportionate space. Many of them have the slightest possible connection with the autobiographical memoir. They are, in numerous cases, merely the reports and memoranda of a diplomatist, and they certainly do not escape the proverbial dullness of state papers. The historian, of course, must search for the grains of wheat, however hidden they may be in chaff; but we can scarcely conceive of a general reader caring to do more than turn the leaves of the second volume.

The Autobiographical Memoir, which is the only portion of the work for which the majority of readers will care, occupies about a third of the two volumes. Even it, though interesting for what it contains, is dull in manner, being written for the most part in the guarded language of diplomacy, which at times is direct and candid enough, and at other times a mere collocation of sententious words. That portion of it which, from the historical point of view, would possess the highest significance and value, is the chapter "On the History of the

* Memoirs of Prince Metternich. 1773–1815. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. London: Richard Bentley & Son. Two volumes. 8vo, pp. 430, 638.

Alliances of 1813–1814"; but this is no longer fresh, because, though not actually published when it was written in 1829, it was rendered accessible to all who cared for it, and was used almost entire by Thiers in his "History of the Consulate and the Empire." The only portion of the Memoirs that is thoroughly and entirely enjoyable is the short section which follows the Autobiography, and which is entitled "A Gallery of Celebrated Contemporaries." This contains a carefully elaborated portrait of the Emperor Napoleon, whom Metternich declares to have been "a man equally great as a statesman and as a general"; another almost equally studied and balanced portrait of the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia; and a loving sketch of the Emperor Francis II. of Austria. Metternich's portrait of Napoleon is more conventional than Madame de Rémusat's, and lacks the spicy personal details which give freshness and picturesqueness to the latter; nevertheless, it is such a one as those who have studied that baffling character most deeply would be most likely to accept, and it certainly reflects credit upon the sagacity and impartiality of him whom Napoleon regarded as his arch-enemy and antagonist. The portrait of the Emperor Alexander is a subtile piece of psychological analysis, and, whether adequate or not, really aids us in unraveling the tangled thread of European politics at that momentous epoch. The sketch of the Emperor Francis is rather an apotheosis than a description, and the great Chancellor's feeling for his "master" seems to have been the one touch of romance in his somewhat austere and strenuous life. We should feel more confidence in these portraits, however, if we did not find the author of them describing the notorious Prince-Regent (afterward George IV. of England) as "possessed of a sound intelligence, which alone preserved him from being corrupted by the bad society in which he moved with ease himself, without ever permitting the slightest want of respect in others"; and Field-Marshal Prince Schwartzenberg, that cautious and commonplace formalist, as obviously possessing "the chief qualities requisite for a great general."

After all, however, the character which is depicted, with most minuteness in these Memoirs is that of Metternich himself; and the book may fairly be regarded as his apology for his life, though it is very far from being apologetic in tone. Those who were most familiar with the history of the time and with Metternich's part in it have been cruel or mistaken enough to characterize the Austrian Chancellor as "the wily Metternich"; but we now have from Metternich's own pen abundant testimony that he was the slave of consistency, that honor was the sole beacon-light by which he guided himself amid the perplexing paths which he was called upon to tread, and that he was, if possible, too completely under the dominion of conscience. "Conscience," indeed, is a favorite word with Prince Metternich, and in his capacity as an autobiographer he makes it perform almost as much drudgery as it must have done for him in his career as a diplomatist and statesman. It leads him at times, it is true, to acts which a mere outsider would never have attributed to conscience; but all such outsiders will be abashed when they are categorically informed by the Prince that it was conscience and nothing else which led and controlled him! Other novel and interesting facts which we learn from Prince Metternich about himself are, that he was "modest," "self-distrustful to a fault," "wholly devoid of ambition," disposed by preference to remain in private life and devote himself "to learning and science," and always dominated by the conviction that "True Strength lies in Right," which he adopted as the motto of his house. The entire autobiography shows that the Prince was peculiarly sensitive to the suspicion that he had been crafty and devious in his political methods; but the constant repetition of such phrases as we have quoted will be apt to tempt the reader to exclaim, "Methinks thou dost protest too much!"

One other point is worth commenting upon, perhaps. There is the constant assumption throughout the Memoirs that Metternich alone understood the French Revolution; yet the Memoirs themselves furnish ample warrant for the assertion that, of all the men then engaged in administering the public affairs of Europe, he comprehended it least and misconceived it most entirely. Metternich's idea—even as expounded by him after thirty years' experience of the working (or rather non-working) of the theory—was that Europe might and should return to precisely the condition of things that existed prior to the Revolution—as if that tremendous cataclysm had been a mere transient outburst of steam which could be suppressed by closing the throttle-valve! And it was largely owing to this radical misconception on the part of Metternich that the Congress of Vienna resulted in the attempt to fix permanently upon Europe the most monstrously artificial yoke that was ever imposed upon civilized and progressive peoples. The present installment of the Memoirs closes with the departure of Napoleon for St. Helena. The succeeding installments can hardly possess even such elements of interest as are possessed by this, dealing as they will with a period of comparative tranquillity and repose; but the entire work will be of great value to historians who must penetrate to the hidden causes of events.

THERE is probably no other English man of letters who, having written so much, is now so little read, as Southey. Of the hundred volumes (more rather than less) that bore his name, by far the greater number have already sunk deeper than ever plummet sounded into the sea of oblivion, and most of the others are rather the occasional resource of the literary student than the companion of the general reader. Here and there one finds a well-thumbed copy of "The Doctor" or "The Book of the Church," and "The Life of Nelson" will always hold a high place among the minor prose classics; but the rest of the copious Southey literature has long been relegated to those dusty and seldom-dis-

turbed shelves which furnish a refuge for what Lamb calls the "books that are not books."

It is the misfortune of Southey that, though he was unquestionably a poet, there is in his verse a curious lack of the mystic flavor and aroma of poetry —his muse seldom soars, and his poetry never "sings itself." It is always respectable, and has in its best estate a certain austere dignity and elevation; but the posterity to whose verdict he so confidently appealed appears to be, if possible, less appreciative than the contemporaries whose neglect ultimately dried up the overflowing fountain of his song. "Thalaba" and "Roderick" are still read by the curious (and read, we may add, with pleasure); but the praise of Landor and of Byron was sweeter to the author than any that has been accorded them since would have been. Even in prose, of which Southey was a truly great master, his work has suffered because of his never having associated it with a theme or subject worthy of its exquisite clearness, felicity, and grace. If he had been enabled to finish the "History of Portugal," for which such portentous accumulations of material had been made, it would probably have taken permanent rank among the great historical works of our language; but, unfortunately, Southey had to devote himself to what the public and the booksellers wanted rather than to what his own tastes and inclinations would have led him to, and his work partakes throughout of the sort of commonplaceness which seems inseparable from literature written to order and to meet the material needs of the hour. The "History of Brazil" made as much as could possibly be made out of so barren a theme; but it is, after all, a melancholy monument of misdirected industry and talent, and the apathy with which it was received discouraged the author from the prosecution of that greater work which might have consolidated and secured his fame.

It has been often and truly said, however, that Southey was much greater as a man than as an author; and, with this in view, Professor Dowden has done well in his little monograph on Southey * to direct his efforts chiefly to making us acquainted with the man whose personality lies behind the books that bore his name. "In such a memoir as the present," says Professor Dowden, "to glance over the contents of a hundred volumes, dealing with matters widely remote, would be to wander upon a vast circumference when we ought to strike for the center. If the reader come to know Southey as he read and wrote in his library, as he rejoiced and sorrowed among his children, as he held hands with good old friends, as he walked by the lake-side, or lingered to muse near some mountain-stream, as he hoped and feared for England, as he thought of life and death and a future beyond the grave, the end of this small book will have been attained."

This main purpose is consistently adhered to by Professor Dowden, and, though we learn very little about the details of the copious literary work which extended over forty-five years—about the reception accorded particular books, or the relative estimate in which they were held at the time, or the causes of that sort of twilight obscurity into which they gradually passed—we get an excellent and really touching portrait of the man Southey in his various relations as husband, father, friend, and citizen. Such a life and such work as Southey's appeal but slightly to the popular imagination, and perhaps more slightly still to popular sympathy and regard; and it is no slight feat to have surrounded the austere figure of the shy and solitude-loving literary worker with that sentiment of respect and interest and affectionate regret from which no reader of Professor Dowden's memoir will ever quite free himself. It is impossible to withhold, nor does one wish to withhold, the profoundest homage of respect for the uncomplaining, unboastful, calm, and resolute self-abnegation with which Southey took upon himself the burden not only of his own family, but of the family of that erratic brother-in-law, S. T. Coleridge, whose sense of moral responsibility was in inverse ratio to the subtilty of his intellect and the brilliancy of his imagination; and a feeling of indignant pity which Southey himself never felt comes over us when we learn that, though he worked as author never worked before, and denied himself and his family in every possible way, it was not until late in life that he ever knew what it was to have a year's income in advance. But when we read further that touching letter in which, having heard that his friend John May had lost his fortune and was in distress, he promptly directed the transfer to him of six hundred and twenty-five pounds in consols (his all, and the slow savings of half a lifetime)—when we read this, the sentiment of pity gives place to a sentiment of quite another kind; for we feel that the man who could do this, and do it so cordially, only regretting that it was not more, has escaped the worst and only really ignoble effects of that "hard, mechanic toil" which is so apt to sear the affections and wither the generous impulses of the heart. A better testimony to the elevation and worth of his character could not be had than the fact that when we read of the incident we know at once that Southey took a keener satisfaction in this noble act of generosity than he could have done in the acquisition or possession of any riches, however great.

And this leads us to the remark that it is the character or personality revealed in it that must give interest to any record of Southey's life; for the life itself is curiously destitute of events and incidents, and presents nowhere any splendor or picturesqueness of circumstance. "Of some lives," says Professor Dowden, "the virtue is distilled, as it were, into a few exquisite moments—moments of rapture, of vision, of sudden and shining achievement; all the days and years seem to exist only for the sake of such faultless moments, and it matters little whether such a life, of whose very essence it is to break the bounds of time and space, be long or short as measured by the falling of sand-grains or the creeping of a shadow. Southey's life was not one of these; its

* English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Robert Southey. By Edward Dowden. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 197.

excellence was constant, uniform, perhaps somewhat too evenly distributed. He wrought in his place day after day, season after season. He submitted to the good laws of use and wont. He grew stronger, calmer, more full-fraught with stores of knowledge, richer in treasure of the heart. Time laid its hand upon him gently and unfalteringly: the bounding step became less light and swift; the ringing voice lapsed into sadder fits of silence; the raven hair changed to a snowy white; only still the indefatigable eye ran down the long folio columns, and the indefatigable hand still held the pen—until all true life had ceased. When it has been said that Southey was appointed Pye's successor in the laureateship, that he received an honorary degree from his university, that now and again he visited the Continent, that children were born to him from among whom death made choice of the dearest; and, when we add that he wrote and published books, the leading facts of Southey's life have been told. Had he been a worse or a weaker man, we might look to find mysteries, picturesque vices, or engaging follies; as it is, everything is plain, straightforward, substantial. What makes the life of Southey eminent and singular is its unity of purpose, its persistent devotion to a chosen object, its simplicity, purity, loyalty, fortitude, kindliness, truth."

The opening passage of the memoir will appropriately supplement the above, and complete Professor Dowden's view of Southey's life and work: "No one of his generation lived so completely in and for literature as did Southey. 'He is,' said Byron, 'the only existing entire man of letters.' With him literature served the needs of the material life and of the life of the intellect and imagination; it was his means of earning daily bread, and also the means of satisfying all his highest ambitions and desires. This, which was true of Southey at five-and-twenty years of age, was equally true at forty, fifty, sixty. During all that time he was actively at work accumulating, arranging, and distributing knowledge; no one among his contemporaries gathered so large a store from the records of the past; no one toiled with such steadfast devotion to enrich his age; no one occupied so honorable a place in so many provinces of literature. There is not, perhaps, any single work of Southey's the loss of which would be felt by us as a capital misfortune. But the more we consider his total work, its mass, its variety, its high excellence, the more we come to regard it as a memorable, an extraordinary achievement."

DESIGNED originally for a volume in the "International Scientific Series," Dr. W. Lauder Lindsay's treatise on "Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease"* grew to such dimensions on his hands that he was constrained to abandon the original intention and present it as an independent and much larger work, treating comprehensively and systematically of the varied phases or phenomena on the one hand of *healthy*, and on the other of *diseased*, mind. From the view-point of popularity and immediate effect there can be no doubt that this change of plan was unfortunate, both for author and reader. A compendious volume of three or four hundred pages, stating concisely the author's conclusions, and fortifying them with the most pertinent and striking results of observation and experiment, would have been far more efficient in securing public attention for the startling and profoundly important questions which he raises than is likely to be accomplished by the present voluminous and learned treatise; yet it is easy to understand the author's reluctance to discard so large a portion as this would have involved of those vast accumulations of material which he had brought together for his work. As it now stands, the work is a complete and exhaustive digest; not only of all the opinions that have been expressed on the subject of mind in the lower animals by competent thinkers and observers, but also of those multitudinous anecdotes which it has always been the delight of naturalists to bring together in illustration of animal traits and intelligence. The mere Index to the work fills nearly a hundred closely printed pages; and even this conveys but an imperfect idea of the copiousness and variety of the materials that have been employed in its preparation. It is the profusion of these materials, indeed, that has expanded the work to its present dimensions; for the author relies for the force of his argument much more upon facts than upon reasoning, and his method consists mainly in the concise statement of a proposition and its resultant corollaries, and the citation of evidence in support of it.

At the very beginning of his treatise Dr. Lindsay warns the reader that he has studied the subject of mind in other animals as compared with that of man simply as a *physician-naturalist*. "Regarding the whole subject of mind in animals from a medical and natural history point of view, I have studied it from first to last without any preconceived ideas—with no theory to defend, support, or illustrate—and ready throughout, without effort or regret, to renounce any belief which *fact* or *truth* might show to be scientifically untenable." As we have not the space to follow the exposition through its several phases or stages, we will show at once what are the results of such study by quoting the summary prefixed by Dr. Lindsay to his section on "Practical Conclusions":

> The lower animals, or, at least, certain of them—1. Possess both feelings and ideas akin to our own; 2. Are highly sensitive, not to physical only, but also to moral influences; 3. Are as capable as we are of the sensations of pleasure and pain, mental as well as bodily; 4. Are subject to the same kind of diseases produced by the same kind of causes; and, in especial—5. Are liable to mental disorders of the same character as those of man, and generally described as insanity; 6. Are subject, moreover, to bodily ailments of various kinds, resulting from purely moral or mental causes; 7. Possess moral as well as in-

* Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease. By W. Lauder Lindsay, M. D., F. R. S. E., F. L. S. Vol. I. Mind in Health. Vol. II. Mind in Disease. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. xvii.–543, 571.

tellectual faculties, as capable of cultivation as those of man; 8. Are endowed with virtues and vices that may be developed or repressed by association with, or instruction by man; 9. By imitation or otherwise are so influenced by man's character as to become a reflex thereof, adopting his vices as well as his virtues; while, 10. The results of good or bad education, fortunate or unfortunate experience, are hereditarily transmissible.

Still more explicit, perhaps, is the following passage:

There has always existed in man a tendency to *overrate* his own mental powers and moral qualities in relation to, or in contrast with, those of other animals. . . . It is much more easy to discover the points of *resemblance* than to define those of difference. The differences between the human and animal mind are sometimes scarcely or not at all perceptible, or they are in favor of the lower animals, not of man. Much, if not everything, depends on the character of the men and animals that are the subjects of comparison. If we compare the most intelligent, virtuous, good-tempered, best trained, or most thoroughly bred animals — such as the dog — with the highest types of man, it is impossible for man to excel the lower animal in the practice of many of the highest *virtues*, on whose possession man so prides himself. If we compare such dogs or other animals with countless thousands of degraded men, in civilized as well as in savage life, the former manifest indubitable superiority both in morals and intellect. But, if, on the other hand, we contrast the highest type of man with the average, or with the lowest, type of other animals, there can be no question as to the inferiority of the latter in many points of morals and intellect, on which inferiority metaphysicians construct a defense of *man's supremacy*. We may sum up by saying that in certain respects, as to mental and moral endowments, certain animals are the equals of certain men, while they are the superiors or inferiors of certain others. The human infant or child, at particular stages of its growth, is psychically on a par with some of the lower animals; whole races of savage man never attain the moral or mental development of certain dogs, while man of the highest culture is *facile princeps* of the moral and intellectual world here below.

After reading this, the reader will not be surprised to learn that, though he uses it himself for convenience, Dr. Lindsay decidedly objects to the term "lower" as applied by man to other animals. "No doubt," he says, "on the whole or as a group, other animals are zoölogically and psychically, as well as structurally, lower than man. But it is not true that all animals are necessarily lower than all men; for the converse is true, that many individual animals—dogs, horses, elephants, parrots—are both morally and intellectually *higher* than thousands of men even in the very centers of Western and modern civilization." Even as regards religion, he maintains that there is no difference in *kind* between the feeling of man toward God and of other animals toward their masters (who are their gods); and he affirms that the dog is decidedly a more religious animal than many of the savage races of mankind. "I believe," he says, "that, could they only be induced to bestow them, the patient efforts of our missionaries in this direction—on our anthropoid 'poor relations' instead of on their fellow creatures and countrymen, the negro—might produce results of a startling character—results that might put an end, once for all, to current sneers as to the psychical connection between men and monkeys." Not even at animals would Dr. Lindsay draw the line of demarkation; for he asserts categorically that "consciousness occurs not only among the lowest animals, but even among plants."

It should be said, however, in conclusion, that the book does not consist entirely or even mainly of startling and paradoxical propositions. It contains the classified results of an incredible number of observations and experiments; and no one can deny that it tends to establish certain new claims on the part of the lower animals upon man's consideration and kindness.

THERE must be something essentially and intrinsically attractive about a sea-voyage, for in no other way can we explain the inferiority in interest of Mrs. Brassey's "Sunshine and Storm in the East"* to her previously published "Voyage around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam." The latter work is fuller and more varied in incident than the earlier one; it contains a more distinct flavor of the dangerous and adventurous; and it records visits to places of ancient renown and of present importance in the great drama of European politics; yet the interest of it is not nearly so sustained and unflagging as in the narrative of the voyage around the world, nor is the impression which it leaves upon the mind of the reader so piquant and enduring. We do not mean, however, to intimate by this that the present work is deficient in readableness. On the contrary, it is a charming record of some very pleasing observations and experiences, and among recent books of travel it will take a high, if not the highest, place.

The volume is divided into two nearly equal parts, one of which describes a yachting cruise made in 1874 to Sicily, Athens, the Ionian Islands, and Constantinople; and the other a similar cruise in 1878 over nearly the same ground, including a visit to Cyprus, then just passed under the scepter of England, and a second visit to Constantinople. In both divisions the larger portion of the space is devoted to the ever-fascinating capital of the East; and, even did the descriptions possess no other elements of interest, they would be profoundly interesting for the vividness with which they portray the catastrophic nature of the changes produced in Turkey by the Russo-Turkish war. "Melancholy indeed," says Mrs. Brassey, "seemed the change in the Turkish capital during the four years since our last visit—a change from all that was bright and glittering to all that was dull and miserable and wretched."

The narrative of the first voyage is to our mind the fresher and more inviting of the two, and from it we shall take the few quotations for which we must

* Sunshine and Storm in the East; or, Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople. By Mrs. Brassey. With upward of One Hundred Illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 8vo, pp. 448.

make room in order to indicate the quality of the work. Here is part of an entry in the journal under date of October 16, 1874, when they were cruising in the Grecian Archipelago :

The wind was blowing strong, and exactly in our teeth, so that the Sunbeam's head was pointed for Scyros instead of the Dardanelles. Mount Athos was visible, rising grandly from the sea, six thousand feet above Cape Santo. On the summit there is the strictest monastery in the world. Not a female animal of any kind is allowed within miles, so that the monks have to do without milk, or fresh eggs even, and travelers are not allowed to carry even *dead hens* on their saddles for provision. A few years ago two English ladies landed here from a yacht. As most of the men here wear petticoats, and the women trousers, and the monks have not a chance of much experience in such matters, they did not discover the sacrilege that had been committed for some time ; and then you may imagine their horror and disgust, and the penances they had to perform—poor things !

The all-pervasive dogs of Constantinople have often been commented on by visitors ; yet the following details are not without novelty :

When we landed the first day in the arsenal, poor little Félise [a pet dog] was immediately set upon by about twenty fierce dogs, looking like wolves. Strange to say, in a few days they learned to know her, and came to the conclusion that she did not wish to settle among them or take away their food, but simply to get quietly by ; so they allowed her to pass through them without molestation. These fierce dogs abound in every part of the three cities, and, as they are the natural scavengers of the place, they are never interfered with, but are regularly fed by the inhabitants. They all have their own quarters, perhaps a dozen to half a street, and woe betide the unhappy dog who comes from another quarter in search of food ! He is immediately set upon and devoured, unless he lies down on his back and puts up his paws in token of surrender. Then, in the thickest of the fight, his assailants stop and content themselves with walking round him and growling, and seeing him safely back to his own quarter. The puppies are innumerable, and, when there are too many to be supported in one quarter, the parents desert their offspring, and fight their own way somewhere else, in order to leave them enough to eat. If you once throw one a bit of bread in passing, he never forgets you, but looks out every day to fawn upon you as you go by. These facts I have heard from many long residents here ; so that, in spite of their ill-favored, mangy appearance, there is a good deal to be said for the intelligence of these animals, and their scavenging services are most necessary, for refuse of every kind is thrown outside the door.

A better illustration of the essential rottenness and depravity of the Turkish absolutist system of government could hardly be found than is afforded by the following piquant anecdotes :

The Grand Vizier's salary is thirty thousand pounds a year, that of the minister of finance fifteen thousand ; and, as these officials are changed on the slightest caprice of the Sultan, their great temptation is to fill their own pockets during the short time they may be in office. Their elevation is equally curious. The last Grand Vizier was a common *chaouch*, or sergeant in a line regiment. Another chaouch was presented with five hundred pounds and made colonel of a regiment, simply because the servant of a friend of ours happened to give him a pair of Aylesbury goslings, which in time grew up and had a family of their own. The Sultan, who is passionately fond of all animals, saw and admired them at the guard-house, and wished to buy them. The sergeant refused to name a price, but begged the Sultan to accept them, and accordingly was rewarded by promotion. The command of one of the largest ironclads was given to a common sailor because he had a very pretty cat, to which he had taught all sorts of tricks. He presented it to the Sultan, and was told to name his own reward. These stories sound like romances, but they are, I believe, really undoubted facts.

These, and such as these, it is true, are the purple patches in a fabric of a much more sober hue ; but, as a dinner should not be all pudding, so a record of a yachting cruise should not be expected to be all novelty and excitement. The dull minutiæ which form so many entries in the journal are necessary to give relief and perspective to the more striking incidents, and in fact it is these which give its air of perfect trustworthiness and verisimilitude to Mrs. Brassey's narrative. A more artistic and self-confident writer might have made a different use of the materials at command ; but Mrs. Brassey has aimed to give an exact idea of what yachting is, and in this she has perfectly succeeded—even furnishing in an appendix the data for computing the precise cost of such voyages.

The volume is profusely and admirably illustrated, and contains a map of the Mediterranean sea and coasts, and another of the Island of Cyprus.

It is a curious example either of the secularization of religion or of the growing tendency to sanctify human attributes that so reverent a writer as Mr. Tom Hughes should select for a serious work such a title as "The Manliness of Christ" ;* and the surprise which the title causes is not diminished when we find the author declaring that he admits, "frankly and at once, that if the life of Christ will not stand the test [of manliness] throughout, in every separate action and detail, the Christian hypothesis breaks down." Of course, in applying such a test to such a subject, the vital point is as to the criterion of manliness adopted by the author ; and here the moral standing of both the book and its title is vindicated. In Mr. Hughes's view the essential tests of manliness are courage, loyalty to truth, and patience (or self-control) ; and as a matter of course he has no difficulty in showing that for all these qualities Christ was the most supreme model and exemplar that the world has known. We are not far wrong, perhaps, in saying that the true *raison d'être* of the little book is that Mr. Hughes, whose earlier writings contributed so largely to that admiration for physical vigor and "pluck" which is so characteristic of contemporary Englishmen, now that he has

* The Manliness of Christ. By Thomas Hughes, Author of "Tom Brown's School-Days," etc. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 160.

reached a more serious and reflective period of life, feels it incumbent upon him, as it were, to show that there is a moral manliness which is of a far purer and loftier type than mere animal manliness—that the so much admired "courage" and "pluck" are a very animal-like attribute in comparison with those serener heights of manliness which it is given to man only to scale. The only objection to the attempt is that many good people will be repelled by the seeming irreverence of associating such distinctively secular qualities with a figure so sacred as that of Christ; but even these will admit that certain aspects of Christ's character and career are presented by Mr. Hughes in a novel and suggestive light.

. . . . Though it contains nothing quite so striking and pungent as the chapter of "Portraits" which opened the work, the second volume of Madame de Rémusat's Memoirs* shows no falling off in either interest for the reader or value for the historian. The truth is, that a character so many-sided and complex as that of Napoleon can not be depicted—it can not even be outlined adequately—in a general summary of a few pages; and the vast aggregate of details to which every successive chapter of Madame de Rémusat's makes its contribution, must be weighed and considered as a whole, before one can be sure that he has caught the more delicate gradations of light and shade in a portrait which is the more fascinating the more carefully and minutely it is drawn. The present volume covers the period between 1804 and 1807, during which the Empire was founded and consolidated, and in which occurred the splendid episode of the campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz, which raised Napoleon to the zenith of his renown and power. Particularly interesting are the chapters on the organization and etiquette of the Emperor's Court, on his household and its expenses, on the great military, civil, and ecclesiastical authorities of the new state, on the routine of palace life, and on the literature and art of the period. The discussion of these latter shows a keenness of insight and a literary skill on the part of Madame de Rémusat for which the reader was hardly prepared by what went before; and there are more of the piquant personal details about the Empress Josephine and other members of the Bonaparte circle.

. . . . Paraphrasing an oft-repeated quotation, it may be said that while bad began in Zola's earlier novels, worse remained behind in "Nana,"† the sequel to "L'Assommoir." In it M. Zola has depicted the life of a public woman, and of the pimps, parasites, and men of the town who hang about her, with a minuteness of detail and an audacity of language that must astonish even those who are familiar with his previous performances. If to excite disgust and repulsion in every reader of any refinement suffices, as the author claims, to justify such art, then it must be conceded that "Nana" is an entirely moral work. But it can not be justified on any such ground. "Nana" arouses at once commiseration and contempt; yet it soils the imagination with conceptions and thoughts which eat into the fibers of moral purpose as gangrene eats into a wound. No doubt the reader of Zola's novels has learned to know man- and woman-kind better; but the knowledge is of that sort which the wisest of the Greeks has said we may well pray the gods to keep us ignorant of.

. . . . The paragraphs contributed to the Boston "Evening Transcript" by Causeur (it is an open secret, we believe, that Causeur is Mr. Hovey, the editor of the paper) are certainly far above the average of journalistic writing; but, when gathered into a book,* they challenge comparisons which make them appear somewhat light and tenuous. Nevertheless, the little book is very readable—dipped into now and then, at odd moments. As a relater of stories, Causeur is remarkably felicitous, and among his *Causerie* are some of the freshest and best-told stories that we have encountered for a long time. Almost equally felicitous are the touches of personal portraiture and the passing thrusts at certain social foibles; but more serious topics for reflection are sometimes suggested. Whatever may be his subject, Causeur never loses his light and graceful touch; and he brings to it a freshness of view and a geniality of feeling which please even when they do not amuse.

. . . . A lecture on "The Origin of the Homeric Poems,"† which was delivered in Vienna in 1860 by Dr. Hermann Bonitz, and which has since passed through four editions in Germany, has been translated by an American scholar, who gives as his reason for doing so the fact that it is the best brief and compact statement of the reasons that have led so many German scholars to doubt the unity of authorship of the poems attributed to Homer, and to conclude that if there ever was any such person as Homer he certainly did not write the Iliad and the Odyssey in the form in which we now have them. Nearly half the little volume is occupied by notes on the lecture, and these notes contain a very valuable bibliography which would be of great service to any one who desired to study the Homeric problem.

* Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802–1808. Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and John Lillie. In three volumes. Vol. II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 238.

† Nana. A Sequel to L'Assommoir. By Emile Zola. Translated by John Stirling. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson Brothers. Part I. 16mo, pp. 185.

* Causerie. From the Boston Evening Transcript. Boston: Robert Brothers. 18mo, pp. 203.

† The Origin of the Homeric Poems. A Lecture. By Dr. Hermann Bonitz. Translated from the fourth German edition by Louis R. Packard. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo, pp. 119.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

Washington Life Insurance Co.

Office, COAL AND IRON EXCHANGE, cor. Cortlandt and Church Sts.

W. A. BREWER, Jr., President.

Net Assets, December 31, 1878		$5,253,287 21
Receipts during the Year for Premiums	$965,382 75	
For Interest	299,535 63	
		1,264,918 38
		$6,518,205 59
Disbursements:		
Claims by Death	$328,057 10	
Matured Endowments	172,588 01	
Surrendered Policies, Cash Dividends, and Return Premiums	471,643 38	
Annuities	2,218 26	
Total paid Policy-holders	$974,506 75	
Taxes	7,115 12	
Commuted Commissions	25,716 14	
Profit and Loss	17,190 64	
Dividends to Stockholders	8,636 25	
Expenses: Rent, Commissions, Salaries, Postage, Advertising, Medical Examinations, etc	156,815 97	
		1,189,980 87
Net Assets, December 31, 1879		$5,328,224 72

E. S. FRENCH, Sup't of Agencies.
B. W. McCREADY, M. D., Med. Examiner.

ASSETS.

U. S. & N. Y. City Stocks	$2,039,266 30	
Bonds and Mortgages	2,548,772 02	
Real Estate	456,786 11	
Cash on Hand and in Banks and Trust Co.	242,430 55	
Loans on Collaterals	27,583 37	
Agents' Balances	13,386 37	
		$5,328,224 72
Add Excess of Market Value of Stocks over Cost		125,908 70
Interest accrued and due and unpaid		41,375 35
Deferred and Unpaid Premiums, less 20 per cent.		109,766 59
GROSS ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1879.		$5,605,275 36

LIABILITIES.

Reserve by Co.'s Valuation, N. Y. Standard	$4,562,422 00	
Unsettled Claims	85,247 44	
Premiums paid in Advance	12,900 03	
Unpaid Dividends to Stockholders	288 75	
Salaries, Rent, etc	1,708 32	
Surplus as regards Policy-holders	942,708 82	
		$5,605,275 36

W. HAXTUN, Vice-Pres. and Sec'y.
CYRUS MUNN, Assistant Sec'y.

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OF THE

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE, Nos. 346 & 348 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1880.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, January 1, 1879		**$36,213,457.61**
Less deduction to cover decrease in value of U. S. Bonds and other assets		$135,966.93
		$36,077,490.68

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums		
Less deferred premiums January 1, 1879	$6,382,875.25	
Interest and rents	379,839.09—$6,003,036.16	
Less interest accrued January 1, 1879	2,339,675.93	
	306,225.93—$2,053,650.00—$8,036,686.16	
		$44,114,176.84

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including Reversionary additions to same	$1,569,854.22
Endowments matured and discounted, including Reversionary additions to same	1,015,256.22
Annuities, dividends, and returned premiums on canceled policies	2,236,379.97
Taxes and reinsurances	173,608.64
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees	626,253.30
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.	307,392.81—$5,928,745.16
	$38,185,431.68

ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received)	$1,961,701.48
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value $14,356,192.94)	13,544,671.96
Real estate	4,974,573.68
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for $14,287,000.00, and the policies assigned to the company as additional collateral security)	15,313,278.95
Temporary loans (secured by stocks, market value $1,300,000)	850,000.00
* Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the company on these policies amounts to $3,160,000)	621,403.02
* Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1880	367,989.02
* Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, $330,000, included in liabilities)	211,625.23
Agents' balances	22,199.23
Accrued interest on investments January 1, 1880	317,989.11—$38,185,431.68

* *A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.*

Excess of market value of securities over cost	811,520.98
CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1880	**$38,996,952.66**

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1880	$225,662.64	
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc.	213,271.31	
Matured endowments, due and unpaid	32,780.98	
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per ct., Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per ct. Carlisle net premium	34,016,840.82	
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class	1,371,482.18	
Reserved for premiums paid in advance	16,543.25—$35,876,581.18	
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.	3,120,371.48	
Surplus, estimated by the New York State Standard at 4 1-2 per cent., over		**$38,996,952 66**
		$7,000 000.00

From the undivided surplus of $3,120,371.48 the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

During the year 5,524 policies have been issued, insuring $17,098,173.

Number of policies in force January 1, 1876, 44,661.
Number of policies in force January 1, 1877, 45,421.
Number of policies in force January 1, 1878, 45,605.
Number of policies in force January 1, 1879, 45,005.
Number of policies in force January 1, 1880, 45,705.

Amount at risk, 1876, $126,132,119.
Amount at risk, 1877, 127,748,473.
Amount at risk, 1878, 127,901,887.
Amount at risk, 1879, 125,232,144.
Amount at risk, 1880, 127,417,763.

Death-claims paid 1875, $1,524,815.
Death-claims paid 1876, 1,547,648.
Death-claims paid 1877, 1,638,188.
Death-claims paid 1878, 1,687,676.
Death-claims paid 1879, 1,569,854.

Income from Interest, 1875, $1,870,658.
Income from Interest, 1876, 1,906,950.
Income from Interest, 1877, 1,867,457.
Income from Interest, 1878, 1,948,665.
Income from Interest, 1879, 2,033,650.

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1876, $2,499,654
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1877, 2,626,818
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1878, $2,664,144
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1879, 2,811,436
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1880, $3,120,371.

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NEW SERIES. No. 47.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

MAY, 1880.

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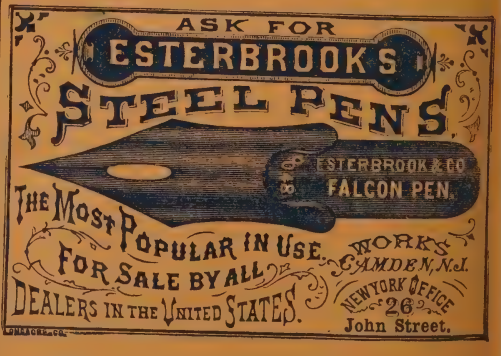


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APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

A MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

NEW SERIES.] MAY, 1880. [No. 47.

SENIOR'S CONVERSATIONS.

[A recent work from the English press, entitled "Conversations with Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire, from 1860 to 1863," by the late Nassau William Senior, affords a mine of material of an historic and personal character. These volumes are supplementary to two preceding journals published in 1878, bearing a somewhat similar title. Mr. Senior was Master in Chancery, Professor of Political Economy, a corresponding member of the Institute of France, and author of numerous treatises and essays. He had, it seems, unusual opportunities for intimacy with his famous French contemporaries, which include such distinguished persons as Thiers, Guizot, Prince Napoleon, Barrot, Changarnier, Rénan, Mérimée, Cousin, Lamartine, Montalembert, Trochu, and numerous other persons of political or social importance, among which were the Confederate Slidell, and the American Minister Dayton. The conversations largely relate to the history of France in her domestic perplexities and foreign embroilments, from August, 1860, to May, 1863, shortly after which time Mr. Senior contracted the illness that terminated in his death in the following year. His journals have been edited by his daughter, Mrs. M. C. M. Simpson. "Their style and matter," remarks the "Saturday Review," "display the highest point of perfection in a branch of literature which he may almost be said to have invented. Only long practice combined with natural aptitude rendered it possible to report, in good English and with a substantial accuracy which is proved by internal evidence, long conversations conducted in French. In estimating the value of the statements and opinions which Mr. Senior has recorded, it is necessary to remember that they were all intended for future publication. The interlocutors trusted, with good reason, in Mr. Senior's discretion that they would not be compromised with the Government or with contemporaries whom they might criticise; but they knew that they were speaking to a more or less remote public audience, and that Mr. Senior's long head was, as Mrs. Thrale said of Boswell, equivalent to short-hand. The only doubt which could arise as to Mr. Senior's accuracy and fidelity might be suggested by the vigor, the fullness, and the occasional brilliancy of the different speakers. It seems too true that French conversation twenty years ago was much better than English conversation at the present day. The superiority can not be attributed to the language, because Mr. Senior writes in thoroughly idiomatic English. In some instances he may perhaps have pruned away redundancies or added force to the original phrases; but his own style in speech or writing was rather solid and weighty than epigrammatic. No man was less inclined to antithesis or paradox, though he never hesitated to avow opinions which might be novel, and therefore unpopular. The merits of the French contributors to his collection are their own, and they are also responsible for an incidental defect which is common to them all. Some of their number discharge with credit that part of the prophetic function which consists in the enunciation of sound principles and suggestive warnings; but, in the sense in which a prophet is so called because he predicts future events, the oracles are all equally deceptive. It is true that almost all Mr. Senior's Parisian friends, differing widely among themselves, agreed in hatred and professed contempt for *Celui-ci*, as they designated the Emperor. Some of them foretold his overthrow through the errors of his domestic administration, and many as the result of his foreign policy; but they were all equally certain that his power would be of short duration. A war with Prussia was a contingency which was often mentioned as probable, but it seems not to have occurred to any distinguished Frenchman that France might possibly be defeated. Again and again Mr. Senior was assured that the Church, the army, the middle class, and the workmen were bitterly hostile to the Empire; yet, seven years after the latest conversation recorded, seven millions of Frenchmen, forming an overwhelming majority of the total number of voters, supported the Emperor against all the sections of the opposition. A ruinously unsuccessful war, which had been in its origin wholly unnecessary, fulfilled by an accident the vaticinations in which it had never been included as one of the probable causes of the fall of the Empire. Unfulfilled prophecies, though they may have been of little

use when they were delivered, afterward furnish valuable materials for the history of opinion. As in the former installments of the journals, Mrs. Simpson has edited the work with judgment and ability. The notes in which she gives biographical accounts of some of the less known personages of the dialogues are instructive and judiciously concise. Mr. Senior, though he is ordinarily content to leave his interlocutors to speak, takes in these volumes a less infrequent part in the discussions, always representing, where it was often wanted, the element of skeptical good sense; yet he seldom intervenes except for the purpose of eliciting explanations or of recalling attention to matters which had been overlooked. Having proposed to himself a definite object, he adhered to his plan with a self-denying and artistic consistency. Few writers of equal ability and accomplishment would be content to efface themselves so habitually, with the result of preserving a dramatic unity of design."

In the first series of extracts that follow we have brought together from different parts of the two volumes, but from different speakers, numerous opinions, predictions, and anecdotes referring to the late Emperor.]

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

*CORCELLE.**—Louis Napoleon believes himself to be the type of the French nation. He thinks that his feelings and wishes are also theirs. To a considerable extent he is right; the great majority of the French are eager for war, and glory, and conquest, and extension of territory. These feelings, originally excited by Louis XIV., exaggerated by Napoleon, and kept alive, or rather resuscitated, by the Opposition in their blind eagerness to discredit Louis Philippe, have taken possession of the uneducated and ill-educated masses. In no mind are they stronger than in that of Louis Napoleon; that is the secret of what is called his knowledge of the French character. He knows it, because it is his own. He thinks, with truth, that those masses prefer the Bonaparte policy to that of the Bourbons, war to peace, intimidation to conciliation, glory to prosperity, equality to liberty, and he is anxious to show himself a Bonaparte. But he is dilatory and irresolute; he is easily checked, easily turned aside; he is alarmed by the attitude of Europe; and I really believe that his present wish is to sit down under his laurels and enjoy uncontrolled expenditure, shameless adulation, and all the vulgar pleasures of mind and body. But events seem to be preparing which, whether he like it or not, will force him to action.

[In some instances the names of distinguished men are suppressed, being indicated by letters only.]

A. B. C. I know, too, that one of his inmost feelings is hatred of the Pope. As a Carbonaro, he hates him. As a revolutionist, he hates him. He hates him for having refused the *Sacre*. He hates him as the possessor of a spiritual power which his own temporal power can not break or elude. His ambition, or rather his vanity, is beyond all description, beyond all comparison, except among the Cæsars. He is a mixture of Augustus and Nero—as anxious for power as Augustus, as anxious for admiration as Nero. He would like, like Augustus, to be Pontifex Maximus, as well as Imperator; and, like Nero, to be the first of flute-players. Hence his jealousy of all eminence. If he heard that a great dancer had come to Paris, his first idea would be to rival him; and, if he thought that he could do so, he would like to collect all Paris in the Place Vendôme, and exhibit his activity and grace from the top of the Column. I have no doubt that one of his motives for wishing to merge all Italy in Sardinia is his jealousy of Garibaldi. Garibaldi is more picturesque than he is, a better soldier, a greater conqueror. He hopes that when Italy is quiet under a real king, a man born in the purple, Garibaldi's *rôle* will be over.

I asked Changarnier his opinion as to the courage of Louis Napoleon.

Changarnier. It is great in theory, small in practice. He forms schemes to which great personal danger is incidental. But when the danger comes he quails before it.

At Strasbourg, when the regiment on which he depended refused its support, he ran, and was found in a state of abject terror, hiding under a carriage. In the Boulogne attempt, when he had got half way across the Channel, he became alarmed, and wished to turn back. The people about him called for champagne, and kept him to his purpose by making him half drunk. As he approached the town, and no friends appeared, his alarm returned. The first troops that met him were under the command of a sensible old officer, who, when he saw the strange procession, accompanied by the tame eagle, and was told that Louis Napoleon was at its head, instead of joining him, summoned him to surrender.

Vaudreuil had said that at Strasbourg Louis Napoleon had not dared even to fire a pistol in his own defense. Louis Napoleon recollected this *mot*, kept a pistol in his hand, and fired at

* Count François de Corcelle shared the opinions of Tocqueville before the Revolution of 1848, but after that time his ardent Catholicism drew him nearer to Montalembert. In 1849 he represented France at the Vatican, and assisted the Pope in restoring the Papal Government. It was said that Pius IX. entreated him to remain, and be his Prime Minister; but M. de Corcelle refused to forsake his own country. After the Franco-German war he again became ambassador to the Vatican. He has now entirely given up public life.

he officer; but his hand shook so that, though he man was not five paces off, he missed him nd wounded a poor cook, who in his white apron vas standing at a door to see what was going on. ouis Napoleon turned, ran toward the sea, and ot into a boat. A boat from the shore pulled fter him. He gave himself up, begged them ot to hurt him, and said that he had 200,000 rancs in his pocket, which he would give to hem. He was landed, and begged M. Adam, he Maire, to take the 200,000 francs.

Adam said that he would take care of them, ut, with business-like habits, chose to count them irst. It was lucky for him, for, when they were ounted in the presence of the crowd, there were ound to be only 120,000. These 120,000 francs, vhen he was on his trial before the Peers, he laimed, and the *cruel* government of Louis Phiippe let him have them.

Senior. Did he not show courage at Magenta?

Changarnier. He never crossed the Ticino. He was smoking in a house during the whole time. At Solferino he did not move or give an order, ut he smoked fifty-three cigars. We know this, s he always carries with him little boxes, each f which contains fifty cigars. One was quite xhausted, and three had been taken out of the ther. Once a spent ball came near him, but hat is the only occasion on which he could be onsidered as under fire. I saw a letter from one f the Cent Suisses to his mother. "You need e under no anxiety," he said, "about me. I am vith the Emperor, and therefore out of danger." n fact, none of them were ever hit.

Barrot. I hear that he has now become aughty, irritable, and inaccessible: that was not is character when I knew him. He was then nild, accessible, and always ready to listen. So ttle effect was generally produced by one's arguments that I sometimes doubted whether he eally heard them. When he made me his Minster, he sent for me, and said that he wished to alk over with me his system of government. I aid that nothing could be more satisfactory to ne.

"When a man," he said, "is at the head of uch a nation as this, he is bound to do great hings."

I bowed.

"You have read," he said, "my book on pauerism?"

I was forced to admit that I had not.

"I will give you, then," he said, "an outline f it. I propose to take all the common lands, nd to divide them among the poor families which vant relief."

"In the first place," I answered, "you have o right to take them; and, if you do take them —if you take the land on which the peasant feeds his cow—you will create more paupers than you will relieve. And how do you intend that the paupers shall cultivate these lands? Who is to supply them with capital? Who is to supply them with industry and with skill?"

"Well," he replied, "what is to be done? How am I to provide for the poor?"

"You are not," I said, "to provide for them at all. All that you have to do is, to give them peace at home and abroad, and they will provide for themselves. This is not a brilliant policy; it produces no sudden results, but it is a safe one; and, if you follow it, you will go down to posterity as one of the benefactors of France."

Senior. Do you believe that his Italian policy is a deep-laid scheme in order to have a pretense for taking the Rhine?

Barrot. I do not. I do not believe that any of his schemes are deep-laid. I do not believe that he has any Italian policy. He hates the Austrians and the Pope. He is not sorry, perhaps, to see them upset. He hates the King of Sardinia too, but is afraid to stop him. He hates Garibaldi, but he fears him still more. He would like to extend our frontiers to the Rhine. It would remove the stain on the Bonapartes, that they lost all that the Republicans had gained. But I do not believe that he sees his way. In fact, he does not *see*, he *feels*. He is a man in the dark, *il tâtonne*.

I called on Madame Cornu,* and found there M. Maury, of the Academy of Inscriptions. He is assisting Louis Napoleon in his work on Julius Cæsar. I asked after its progress.

Maury. Much is finished, and the materials for the rest are collected. He is still on his introduction, and is now at the times of the Gracchi. But some subsequent portions are completed, particularly the story of Catiline.

Madame Cornu. Catiline was always one of his favorites. He maintains that Cicero and Sallust were unjust to him. At one time he almost thought him a *patriot incompris*, until he found that he had pillaged Africa as governor, and escaped condemnation only by being defended by Cicero.

Maury. He says, with truth, that if Catiline had been, as Cicero makes him out, a mere robber, who wished to burn and pillage Rome, he

* Madame Cornu was the wife of an eminent artist. Her mother was *dame de compagnie* to Hortense, ex-Queen of Holland. She was bred up as a sister with Louis Napoleon, visited him every year during his imprisonment at Ham, and corrected his writings. She continued devoted to him until the *coup d'état*, when she broke with him, and, in spite of his persistent advances, would not be reconciled to him for nearly twelve years. She died before the war of 1870.

would have raised the slaves. The Emperor treats him as the leader of a political party—an extreme one, a mischievous one, but not a band of robbers and assassins.

Senior. Is the Emperor still absorbed in his literary work?

Maury. As much as ever. To-day when I entered he was dictating a portion of it. He thinks much more about it than about Italy. He does not like the theatre, excepting sometimes farces that amuse him. He cares little for society. His delight is to get to his study, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and work at his history.

Senior. What sort of a scholar is he?

Maury. In Latin, far above the average of educated Frenchmen; perhaps on a par with educated Englishmen: he reads it without difficulty.

We continued to talk about Louis Napoleon after Maury had left us.

Madame Cornu showed me a vase of jade, taken from the palace of Peking, which he sent to her the day before yesterday. It came without the cover. This morning Thelin, the Emperor's servant, who managed his escape from Ham, brought her the cover. "The Emperor," he said, "spent all yesterday in looking for it."

Madame Cornu. Louis Napoleon is a strange being. One who did not know him would think that he had enough to do without wasting a day in looking for the cover of a vase. But it is just like him. His mind wants keeping. A trifle close to his eyes hides from him the largest object at a distance. I have no doubt that what Thelin said was true, and that he did spend three or four hours yesterday hunting for the cover of that vase. He wished to send it to me, and for the time that wish absorbed him.

Senior. What are your relations with him now?

Madame Cornu. We do not meet, but we correspond. I am his *intermédiaire* with many of the German *literati*. I get for him information for his books, as I did when he was at Ham for his book on artillery.

We lived together from our births till I was about fourteen and he was about eighteen. During the first seven years of this time he was surrounded by all the splendor of a court. During the last eight he was in Germany, looked down on by the Germans—who would scarcely admit the Bonapartes to be gentry, and would call him Monsieur Bonaparte—and seeing nobody but his mother and her suite. Afterward he lived in Italy and in Switzerland, among Italians or Swiss, but never with French people.

His long exclusion from the society of the higher classes of his countrymen, and in a great measure from the higher classes of the foreigners among whom he resided, did him harm in many ways. It is wonderful that it did not spoil his manners. He was saved, perhaps, by having always before him so admirable a model as his mother. But it made him somewhat of a *parvenu*—what you would call a tuft-hunter. He looked up to people of high rank with a mixture of admiration, envy, and dislike. The more difficult he found it to get into their society, the more he disliked them and the more he courted them. I had an odd proof in myself of his fondness for mere titles. I had been at a German court, where they proposed to make me a *dame d'honneur*.

"Impossible," I answered, "for I am not noble."

"But," they replied, "we will make you noble."

When I told this to Louis Napoleon he said: "Why did you not accept? You might have afterward given up the office, and kept your nobility." I could not make him understand my contempt for such artificial nobility.

The great progress in political knowledge made by the higher classes of the French between 1815 and 1848 was lost to him. When we met in 1826, after three years of absence, I was struck with his backwardness as to all political matters. While I had been learning he had been stationary. The works of his uncle, and the conversation of his mother and of her friends, all old imperialists, formed his political education. He learned something in Italy which was bad, and in Switzerland which was good, and more in England, the country that he likes best.

During his adult life he has taken a little from every country in which he has resided, except from France. In France he has never lived, except as a child, a prisoner, or a sovereign. It will seem a paradox to you that it is to his want of sympathy with the feelings of the higher classes in France, and to dislike or ignorance of their opinions, that I attribute much of his success. His opinions and feelings are those of the French people from 1799 to 1812, as they were fashioned by Napoleon during his thirteen years of despotism, war, and victory. Now, those opinions and feelings, all modified or abandoned by our higher classes, are still those of the multitude. They despise parliamentary government, despise the Pope, despise the priests, delight in profuse expenditure, delight in war, hold the Rhine to be our rightful frontier, and that it is our duty to seize all that is within it, and have no notion of any foreign policy except one of aggression and domination. The people and he, therefore, perfectly agree. It is not that he has learned their sentiments—how could he in prison or in exile?—but that they are his own.

Lord Clyde. When I was returning from In-ia the Emperor wished to see me. His man-er is very good, but perhaps not quite frank. His voice is low and pleasing, but somewhat ar-ficial. We got on a subject on which a mili-ary man can seldom keep his temper. I called aggage *le diable.* He said that in Italy, march-ng on the *chaussées* raised high over the flooded ice-fields, his advance had sometimes been sepa-ated from his rear by baggage-wagons, which was impossible to pass, or to get rid of in any ay, unless they had been thrown off the *chaus-ée* into the water. He got almost excited by the ecollection, and certainly his voice differed much om the subdued, equable tone with which he egan.

Lord Clyde outstaid the rest of the party.

Lord Clyde. My military friends tell me that he Emperor is popular in the army. He has one much for them, and only the higher officers now that he made great blunders, and exposed he army to great risks.

Senior. I am told that he never was really nder fire.

Lord Clyde. That is not true. At Magenta e was under fire for some time. Viennois tells he that when, for want of the Piedmontese, on whom he reckoned, he was outnumbered, he was nore calm than those around him. "At the vorst," he said, "*nous mourrons en soldat.*" The danger, perhaps, was still greater at Solfe-ino.

I spent the evening at Montalembert's (*April 3, 1861*).

Montalembert. I still find among your coun-rymen men who trust in the honor, or in the riendship, or at least in the good intentions, of *Celui-ci*, who still think that Queen Victoria and he Emperor Napoleon can be permanently allied. hope that they may remain at peace, for peace lepends on mutual fear; but allies, except for ome one special enterprise, such as the Russian war, they can not be. An alliance supposes some ommunity of feelings and of purposes, and no-hing can be more opposed to all your sentiments han his are. You are sober, pacific, traditional, egal, honest. He hates all law, all tradition, all stablished power, even all established opinions, ll that is sober, and all that is honest. The vorld is governed by two classes of motives.)ne class is yours. It contains—reason, habit, onor, truth, fidelity, affection, generosity. The ther class is his. It contains—passion, desire f change, vanity, hatred, selfishness, ambition, apacity. His success is mainly owing to his ab-olute indifference to the first class of motives, nd therefore his absolute freedom from the re-traints which they impose, and the intensity with which the second class impel him, almost possess him. Between him, therefore, and the vast majority of his countrymen, there is perfect sympathy. They have the same prejudices, the same hates, and the same desires. But what sympathy can there be between him and you, except, indeed, your common dislike of the Pope? The Pope's is the oldest sovereignty in Europe. When *Celui-ci* has destroyed that, he will try to finish the destruction of the next oldest, the Roman Empire. Surely your countrymen can not intend to be his allies in that?

(*April, 1862.*) At Thiers's I found St.-Hilaire, Duvergier, Masson, and three or four others.

I asked Thiers if he shared the general opinion that Louis Napoleon's prestige was diminishing.

Thiers. It is gone; his reign as an absolute monarch is over. I told you six years ago that the amount of liberty which he left in the Constitution, like a young tree that has rooted itself in an old wall, would grow and extend until it burst the obstacles by which he thought he had confined it. His wars, one just, the other, though absurd, successful, diverted public attention, but now it is fixed on him. We have long seen the folly and weakness of his foreign policy. Now, he has himself told us that his domestic policy has been as mischievous, that he has wantonly ruined our manufactures, and, with a revenue twice as great as that of his uncle, has incurred a debt which will weigh us down until we shake it off by a bankruptcy. All this he has proclaimed to Europe from the tribunes of the Senate and of the Corps Législatif.

Senior. Will he silence these tribunes?

Thiers. If he does he must give us something in their place—*le droit d'interpellation*, for instance.

Senior. That seems to me to be the last thing he will give. For a man who generally has no plan, and, when he has one, conceals it, and plays the statesman *en conspirateur*, nothing could be more offensive than to be required to state precisely what it is that he intends to do.

Thiers. Some such concession, however, he must make. The country will not bear to return to the Constitution of 1852, under which the Chambers were to ignore politics. The next step will be to take his ministers from the Chambers, and that is parliamentary government.

Senior. And do you think that he will submit to that?

Thiers. I think that if he sees in time the necessity he will do so. His great merit is, *qu'il sait reculer.* He is obstinate in his ends, but not in his means. But he may discover the real nature of his position too late. He may fall, as

Louis Philippe did, unexpectedly. His great strength is the conviction of the *bourgeoisie* that the government which follows him must give liberty of the press, and that a free press will produce revolution after revolution until a new despot again fetters it.

April 7th (*1862*). I called on Madame Cornu. We talked of Louis Napoleon.

Madame Cornu. A single day changed his character. Until the death of his elder brother he was mild, unambitious, impressionable, affectionate, delighting in country pursuits, in nature, in art, and in literature. He frequently said to me—not when he was a child, but at the age of nineteen and twenty, "What a blessing that I have two before me in the succession—the Duc de Reichstadt and my brother, so that I can be happy in my own way, instead of being, as the head of our house must be, the slave of a mission!" From the day of his brother's death he was a different man. I can compare his feelings as to his mission only to those which urged the first apostles and martyrs.

Senior. What is the sense in which he understands his mission?

Madame Cornu. It is a devotion first to the Napoleonic dynasty, and then to France. It is not personal ambition. He has always said, and I believe sincerely, that, if there were any better hands to which he could transmit that duty, he would do so with delight. His duty to his dynasty is to perpetuate it. His duty to France is to give her influence abroad and prosperity at home.

Senior. And also extension of territory?

Madame Cornu. Not now. I will not say what may have been his wishes before the birth of his son, but what I have called devotion to his dynasty is rather worship of his son. One of his besetting fears is the revival of a European coalition, not so much against France as against the Bonapartes, and the renewal of the proscription of the family.

Senior. I have been told that he leans toward constitutionalism as more favorable to hereditary succession than despotism.

Madame Cornu. I believe that to be true, and that it is the explanation of his recent liberalism. He hates, without doubt, opposition; he hates restraint; but if he thinks submitting to opposition, or even to restraint, will promote his great object—the perpetuation of his dynasty—he will do so. He would sacrifice to that object Europe, France, his dearest friends, and even himself. One of his qualities—and it is a valuable one—is his willingness to adjourn, to change, or even to give up, his means, however dear they may be to him, if any better or safer occur to him. Another is the readiness with which he confesses his mistake.

Senior. His last confession was, perhaps, too full and too frank.

Madame Cornu. So I think; but by making it he enjoyed another pleasure, that of astonishing. He delights in *l'imprévu*, in making Europe, and France, and, above all, his own ministers stare. When it is necessary to act, he does not consult his friends, still less his ministers; and perhaps he is right, for they would give him only bad advice; he does not conscientiously think the matter over, weigh the opposing means, strike the balance, and act. He takes his cigar, gives loose to his ideas, lets them follow one another without exercising over them his will, till at last something pleases his imagination; he seizes it, and thinks himself inspired. Sometimes the inspiration is good, as it was when he released Abd-el-Kader. Sometimes it is very bad, as it was when he chose the same time for opening the discussion of the address, and revealing the state of our finances.

Senior. Auguste Chevalier treats his phlegm as his greatest quality—*qu'il ne s'étonne de rien.*

Madame Cornu. Did Auguste Chevalier ever describe to you his fits of passion?

Senior. No.

Madame Cornu. Probably he never perceived them. His powers of self-command are really marvelous. I have known him after a conversation, in which he betrayed no anger, break his own furniture in his rage. The first sign of emotion in him is a swelling of his nostrils, like those of an excited horse. Then his eyes become bright, and his lips quiver. His long mustache is intended to conceal his mouth, and he has disciplined his eyes. When I first saw him in 1848 I asked him what was the matter with his eyes. "Nothing," he said. A day or two after I saw him again. They had still an odd appearance. At last I found out that he had been accustoming himself to keep his eyelids half closed, and to throw into his eyes a vacant, dreamy expression. I can not better describe the change that came over him after his brother's death than by saying that he tore his heart out of his bosom and surrendered himself to his head.

(*April, 1862.*) In the afternoon I called on Thiers. I found him in his garden.

Thiers. Do you remember our walking up and down this garden with Lord Ashburton some years ago, and discussing the probable fortunes of the empire?

Senior. Yes; and your prophesying that the amount of liberty contained in the imperial constitution would in time make it cease to be despotic.

Thiers. Well, that time has come. Louis Napoleon has brought it on rather sooner than I expected. He has irritated and alarmed and injured every class.

First, he has exasperated the most intolerant of all classes—the clergy; and, what is worse, all the laity who believe religion to be the most important element in human society. France will not be Protestant. Napoleon, perhaps, might have made her so, for the clergy were then Gallican. Now they are Ultramontane; so are the believers among the laity. If France is not Catholic, she will be atheistic. By favoring the expulsion of the Pope from Rome, he is destroying Catholicism, for Catholicism can not exist without the Pope.

Secondly, he has injured and alarmed the classes which, next to the clergy, are the most intolerant—the manufacturers and the fundholders; the former, by his absurd commercial treaty; the latter, by his deficit. He has alarmed all the lovers of peace and of prosperity by his senseless wars.

Senior. You approved of his Russian war?

Thiers. Yes; but not of his Italian war, or his Syrian war, or his two Chinese wars, or his Mexican war. The last four wars have merely wasted our money and our blood. The Italian war has given us a powerful rival—perhaps an enemy—on our southwestern frontier, and has weakened irrevocably the power most useful to the European equilibrium—Austria.

When I was anxious to see Russia humbled, I relied on her place being taken by Austria. I hoped to substitute a pacific power for an aggressive one. Now that the influence of Austria is also destroyed, I begin to regret Russia.

All the politicians despise Louis Napoleon; all the friends of liberty hate him; all the Bourbonists hate him; all the Orleanists hate him; all the Republicans hate him. The whole of France is convinced that the imperial constitution is a failure, and a dangerous failure; and it is in these circumstances that he has unmuzzled the Chambers and given to them the most dangerous of all powers, the power to canvass and to blame the whole policy, foreign and domestic, of the Government. He must yield, indeed he has begun to yield. To yield even well is dangerous to a despot; to yield ill is fatal.

Sunday, April 5th (1863). Madame Cornu breakfasted with us.

Senior. Every time that I return to Paris I expect to find you reconciled to the Emperor.

Madame Cornu. At last you are right. On the 5th of last month he wrote to me to say that for twelve years I had refused to see him, and that perhaps I should persist, but that he could not bear the thought that he might die before I had embraced his child; that the next day the boy would be seven years old; that Madame Walewska would call on me at one on that day, and that he could not avoid indulging a hope that I would allow her to take me to the Tuileries. I could not refuse.

The next day she came and took me thither. As we entered his cabinet the door was closed; and I found myself in the presence of the Emperor and the Empress. She was the nearest, and took me by the hand. He stood still for an instant, then ran forward, took me by the arm, threw himself on my neck, and kissed me. I kissed him, and we all of us, including the Empress and Madame Walewska, began to weep. "*Méchante femme,*" exclaimed the Emperor, "*voilà douze ans que tu me tiens rigueur.*" Then there was silence, which the Emperor broke by saying, "*Je crois que nous ferions mieux de nous asseoir.*" He stood with his back to the fire, the Empress and I sitting on each side, and Madame Walewska behind the Empress. Then there again was silence, and the child was sent for. I took him in my arms and kissed him. He looked astonished. The Emperor took him between his knees, and told him to repeat one of his fables. "I have forgotten," the boy said, "the ends of them all." "Then tell us the beginning of one of them." "I have forgotten the beginnings." "Then let us have the middle."

"*Mais, papa, où commence un milieu?*"

It was clear that he would not show off, so he was allowed to go to his pony.

Since that time I see him or the Empress two or three times a week. I find him in the evenings alone in his cabinet at work on his "Cæsar"; but he is glad to break it off, and to talk to me for hours on old times. He is quite unembarrassed, for his conscience does not reproach him; indeed, no Bonaparte ever has to complain of his conscience. I sometimes forget all that has passed since we saw one another for the last time before December, 1851, when he was still an innocent man. But from time to time the destruction of our liberties, the massacres of 1851, the deportations of 1852, and the cruelties which revenged the *attentat*, rise to my mind, and I shrink from the embrace of a man stained with the blood of so many of my friends.

Senior. Do you see the Empress and the child?

Madame Cornu. Constantly. The child flies into my arms, and the Empress is all kindness and graciousness. She is a Spaniard, she wants knowledge; in fact, she wants education; but she is very seductive. She is strict with the child, and manages him much better than the

Emperor does, who, in fact, does not manage him at all.

Senior. Francis Baring maintains that Prince Napoleon has more ability than his cousin.

Madame Cornu. Their talents are different. The Prince is by far the quickest. He acquires knowledge with wonderful ease; he decides rapidly; his conversation is brilliant; he can speak effectively with little premeditation. But he quickly forgets; he wants patience, both in meditation and in action. He works out no subject carefully; he rushes to action without having sufficiently considered his means; he is easily discouraged, and on the first opposition gives up his schemes, and forgets them.

Louis Napoleon is slow, both in conception and in execution. He meditates his plans long, thinks over every detail, waits for an opportunity which, when it comes, he does not always seize; he keeps often deferring and deferring execution until execution has become impossible or useless. But he forgets nothing that he has learned; he renounces nothing that he has planned. On the 29th of January, 1849, six weeks after he became President, he intended a *coup d'état.* He read his plan to Changarnier, and the instant Changarnier began to oppose it he folded up the paper and was silent. But he never abandoned it, and two years and a half afterward he executed it. . . .

Senior. What are Louis Napoleon's habits now?

Madame Cornu. Worse than they used to be. He rides little, walks less, and is getting fat. He hates more and more the details of business, and yet is more and more afraid of trusting them to his ministers. But his "Cæsar" absorbs and consoles him. He said to the *bureau* of the Academy, when they came to announce the election of Feuillet, "*Je travaille à me rendre digne de vous.*" He thought at one time of offering himself for the vacancy made by Pasquier. He intended to be present at his own reception, and read, in the frightful Academic green coat, the *éloge* of his predecessor, and to characterize the nine different governments which Pasquier has served. But, with his habit of procrastination, he has delayed his candidature till the first two volumes of his "Cæsar" have been published. The first volume is ready, and he intended to publish it immediately; but the book-sellers tell him that they will sell better in couples; and, as even emperors must submit to book-sellers, he waits till the second is finished.

Monday, April 20th.—We breakfasted with Madame Cornu, and met there Rénan, and Maury, librarian of the Institute, the Emperor's principal assistant in his "Life of Cæsar." I asked Madame Cornu when she had last seen the Emperor.

Madame Cornu. Yesterday. It is arranged that I go to him every Sunday at five and stay till a quarter to seven, when he has to dress for dinner; but often, as was the case yesterday, he keeps me much longer, and then has to run for it, that he may not exhaust the patience of the Empress and of the *chef.* He delights to talk to a person not bound by etiquette, who can question him, and contradict him, and talk over all his youth. I never conceal my republican opinions, and he treats them as the harmless follies of a woman.

Yesterday he was in very high spirits. I suspect that he has just made up his mind on some subject that has been teasing him. He dislikes coming to a decision, but perhaps for that very reason, when he has done so, he feels relieved and happy. He may have decided what to do about Poland, or what to write about some questionable anecdote of Cæsar, or when the elections shall be. I think that it may have been about Poland. . . .

There is one subject, however, on which he has not decided, and that is, the time of his candidature for the Academy. Pasquier's vacancy is to be filled up on Thursday next. His mind is still set on pronouncing Pasquier's *éloge.*

"I wish," he said to me, "that I could get some one to propose me as a candidate."

"That is not the practice," I said to him; "the candidate presents himself."

"I am shy," he answered. "If my 'Cæsar,' or even the first volume of it, had appeared, I should feel that I had some claims; but I am not vain enough to think that what I have published as yet entitles me to the honor of being a member of the first literary society in the world. I want somebody to say so for me. You may think that I ought to delay my candidature till the 'Cæsar' has appeared; but I know now whom I should succeed, and whose *éloge* I should have to pronounce. If I delay, I may have to make a speech in praise of Feuillet or Victor Hugo."

Senior. You have read his "Cæsar" as far as it has gone; will it give him a claim to the Academy?

Maury. I think that it will. It is a work of great and sagacious research, and contains passages admirably written. It is a wonderful improvement on the "Idées Napoléoniennes."

A SERMON BY PÈRE FÉLIX.

April 14th (1861).—I went in the morning to hear the Père Félix preach at St.-Clotilde. The whole nave and aisles of the great church were

full. There must have been four or five thousand auditors. It was a charity sermon for a society which takes care of young work-people when they first enter the factories. It has at present ten thousand young persons under its protection. The preacher told us that the "*classes ouvrières*" were the masters of France; that the higher classes, the middle classes, and the army only registered their decrees.

"The fate of the country," he said, "is in the hands of the working classes, and the working classes are led, not by their older members, who are timid, not by their middle-aged members, who are prudent, but by their youngest members, who are governed, not by their timidity, not by prudence, but by passion, by the love of excitement, by caprice, by envy. You have heard of the *enfant terrible*; the *enfant terrible* is the *gamin de Paris*. All our revolutions have been made by children.

"Now, what is the training which we give to these children who are the masters of our destinies? Is it moral? is it religious? What is its creed? what is its catechism? It is this:

"What is God?

"God is nature; God is the highest power in nature, the human mind. God is in yourselves.

"What is Satan?

"A scarecrow.

"What is duty?

"The pursuit of happiness.

"What is happiness?

"The satisfaction of our desires.

"What is heaven?

"This world, if you are happy in it.

"What is hell?

"This world, if you are miserable in it.

"What is the object of government?

"Equality.

"What is equality?

"That no man have an undue share of the means of happiness.

"What are the means of happiness?

"Wealth.

"How is equality to be produced?

"By taking from the rich and giving to the poor.

"Such, my brethren, is the catechism which the unprotected child learns in the *atelier*. The object of our society is to protect it from these maleficent influences; to arm it with the knowledge, the feelings, and the habits, which may enable it to detect the sophistry, despise the folly, and abhor the wickedness, of its misdirected companions. If you wish to save society from a revolution more frightful than any that has preceded it, if you wish to save the happiness of the higher classes and the souls of the lower, give your time and your money to this holy work. And with these words I put my sermon under the protection of the Immaculate Mother of God."

From St.-Clotilde I went to breakfast with Mérimée. I gave him a sketch of the sermon.

Mérimée. There is much truth in Père Félix's remark that our revolutions are caused by children. On the 23d of February, 1848, I was in the Rue Richelieu. A battalion was marching down the street. Three boys stood across it; they cried out that the troops should not pass without killing them. The men hesitated, the officers were afraid of responsibility, and, in fact, the battalion halted for a quarter of an hour, and then retired.

Senior. Were they National Guards?

Mérimée. No, troops of the line. The *gamins* were armed and utterly indifferent to life, whether their own or that of others. They would have shot three men of the first rank, and the soldiers, if they had killed them, would have been execrated as the butchers of the citizens.

AUSTRIAN AND RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

Thursday, April 25th (1861).—General Trochu* called on me. We talked of different armies.

Trochu. In our own, the best troops are the infantry of the line, taken from the plow. They are sober, docile, brave, proud of their country and of their profession; and, though anxious to return to their friends and to their little properties, perform zealously their duties.

Senior. We hear much more of the Zouaves.

Trochu. The Zouaves have wonderful *élan*; they are a useful portion of our army; but I doubt whether they are worth what they cost. They are ill disciplined and marauders, and so set a bad example. They are taken from different regiments, which are thus deprived of their most active and energetic soldiers.

Senior. What think you of the Piedmontese? Fénelon described them to me as good third-rate.

Trochu. So I should have called them, from

* General Trochu was born in 1815, and educated at St.-Cyr. He became a captain in 1843, and was attached to the army of Marshal Bugeaud in Algeria. He was aide-de-camp to St.-Arnaud in the Crimea, appointed brigadier-general in November, 1854, and commanded in that capacity to the end of the war. He was general of division in the Italian campaign in 1859. In 1861, when he was appointed Grand Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, he counted twenty-five years of active service and eighteen campaigns. His work on the French army in 1867 went through seven editions. He was appointed Governor of Paris in 1870, and during the siege he held the command and directed the operations of all the troops within the walls. In 1871 he was elected a member of the National Assembly, and sat in the Right Center. He retired into private life in 1872.

what I saw of them in Italy. In the Crimea they did nothing. But now, swamped as it is by a rabble of Tuscans, Romans, and Neapolitans, the Italian army can be worth little—I had almost said, nothing.

The best troops in the world are the English, and the best portion are the infantry and artillery.

Never in the history of war did only two guns do such service as Major Dickson's did at Inkerman. Never did troops stand such attacks as your Guards did on that day. Ours could not have done it. I saw the field. There was an uninterrupted line of dead Guardsmen—every man seemed to have fallen at his post. It is fortunate that your army is so small. If it were as large as ours is, it would conquer the world.

Senior. What are the Russians?

Trochu. Very good indeed, but they have no generals. It seems an absurdity; but one cause of their failure at Inkerman was their superiority in number. Their columns were so crowded that they interfered with one another, had not room to deploy, and were ravaged by our fire.

The Austrians, too, are very good. But, with the exception of Benedek, who is excellent, they were miserably commanded. Hesse was an excellent general in 1854, but he has lost his decision and his presence of mind. He saved us at Magenta by stopping the march of the Austrians on the 2d of June. Giulay never had any merit. Their commissariat was worse managed than our own, which was not brilliant. Both at Magenta and at Solferino we made prisoners of regiments who had not eaten during the day. The first thing they did was to ask for food.

The Austrian soldiers began the war under great disadvantages. They expected to be beaten. They believed our troops to be much more superior to theirs than they really are. We equally exaggerated their inferiority. Our confidence and their despondence had a great effect on the campaign.

As for the two Emperors, they were about equally useless; but the Austrian, exposing himself to fire and interfering, did perhaps the most harm.

Senior. Did not Louis Napoleon expose himself?

Trochu. Not in the least. In the morning of the 4th of June he crossed the Ticino by the Buffalora Bridge, and found that the enemy were in force at Magenta, on the other side of the Naviglio. He maintained that it was only a reconnaissance, and returned to the right bank, where he remained during the rest of the day, three miles from the battle.

I was with my brigade—part of Canrobert's division—at Novara, in the rear, about sixteen miles from Buffalora and twelve from Trecate, where we were to sleep. When we reached Trecate we received orders to advance as quickly as we could to Buffalora. We reached Buffalora in the evening in some disorder from the haste of our march. I found the Emperor before the door of a house, near the bridge, walking silently up and down, and smoking. I asked him for orders, and he answered that I had better cross the bridge and advance toward the Magenta. There the battle was going on, but the Austrians were losing ground.

I found several generals, but nobody who could give me any orders, and at last I was advised to attack a village to our right. I did so, drove out the Austrians, and established myself there for the night. At about three in the morning I was attacked myself, but unsuccessfully.

Senior. That seems to prove that your victory at Magenta was not complete. A thoroughly beaten army does not attack within a few hours.

Trochu. Certainly; and so they seem to have thought at headquarters. For, though we were highly praised, and twelve crosses were given to me to be distributed to my officers, the fact that we had been attacked was carefully concealed. You will find no mention of it in the bulletins or general orders.

CLERGYMEN IN SOCIETY.

Senior. You told us the other day that you never met a clergyman in society. I am invited to meet on Monday the Cardinal Archbishop.

Lasteyrie. I do not envy you; he will be dull, and the cause of dullness. It is thought correct when a mere bishop is present to be formal. What must it be in the presence of a cardinal? Many subjects must be avoided; vices must be treated as sins, and errors lamented, not ridiculed. What remains to be laughed at?

Senior. In Rome the cardinals are good company.

Lasteyrie. Yes, for there the Church is at home, and therefore at her ease. Here in Paris she feels herself a stranger. During the fifty years that preceded the Restoration, when infidelity was aggressive, an ecclesiastic was always in danger of hearing things which he could not tolerate without some loss of dignity, or reprove without making a scene. The clergy, therefore—even those whose birth, and education, and fortune would have enabled them to mix in society—gradually withdrew from it.

That danger no longer exists; no clergyman in good company would hear anything that could offend him. But the habit has remained, though the cause has ceased.

In some country places, where there is a great proprietor—a squire—the curé dines with him on Sunday; but this is rare. In fact, the clergy are seldom fit to be our companions. The ignorance, even of the higher ecclesiastics, and even on their own subjects—theology and Biblical history—is astounding. They never read, they never talk to educated men. Their doctrinal sermons are therefore pitiable. They do not know what are the objections which require refutation, or what are the difficulties that require explanation. The Benedictines for many years before the Revolution had been engaged in the great work called "Gallia Sacra." After the Restoration they resumed it, but made so little progress that it was taken from them, and given to a layman, who in about ten years has done more than the whole Benedictine Order did from 1815 to 1848.

The monks, however, having nothing else to think about, are good administrators of their estates, and the clergy in general learn something of human nature, especially of female weaknesses, in the confessional.

Lasteyrie was followed by Circourt.

Senior. M. de Lasteyrie has been talking to us of the ignorance of the French clergy.

Circourt. It is wonderful. Père Lacordaire was perhaps the most ignorant man that ever entered the Academy. His history and theology were full of originality. Indeed, they were absolutely original, for he invented them as he went on. This gave to his sermons the charm of perpetual novelty. They never resembled one another.

PÈRE LACORDAIRE.

Senior. Had Père Lacordaire much learning?

Montalembert. He must have had some knowledge of law, as he studied it for five years. He had a schoolboy's acquaintance with the best-known classics, and with as much of ancient history as he could get from Justin and Cornelius Nepos. He had picked up the history of his own times from newspapers and conversation. This was about all the history that he knew. Like his master, Lamennais, he was profoundly ignorant of mediæval history. In theology he was a Thomas, in discipline he was an Ultramontane.

Senior. Of course he was an Ultramontane. Having become a Christian, not from inquiry and reasoning, but from a sudden impression, to use his own words, by a *coup de la grâce*, he must have relied solely and implicitly on authority, and, as the highest authority, on that of the Pope. He could not have been a Gallican.

Montalembert. Certainly not; he denounced Gallicanism as a disguised schism. His great intellectual qualities were his imagination, his rapidity of conception, and his force and facility of expression.

Senior. That he should have been deficient at first in the qualities for which he afterward was most distinguished is a strong proof that *orator fit.*

Montalembert. I should not say that these were the qualities for which he was *most* distinguished; for, high as were his intellectual excellences, his moral excellences were still higher; and it was to them that his wonderful power as an orator was chiefly due. His impressive and exciting delivery, his clear, and brilliant, and unpremeditated language were merely the forms in which his boundless love of God and of man, of liberty and of piety, was embodied. Never, I believe, did God create a mere human being more approaching to faultlessness. He had no vanity, though continually breathing the incense which most intoxicates, that which is burned before an orator; no love of power, though he reigned over the opinions and the consciences of thousands; no wish for money, or for rank, or even for fame. The possession which he most valued was *un cœur détaché de tout*, a heart in which there should be no selfish desires or selfish fears. Perhaps the greatest sacrifice that he made was when he became a Dominican. His passion was freedom. As soon as he took the frock he surrendered his free-will. He invested his superiors —men, as he must have known, far below him intellectually and morally—with absolute power over all his actions, all his habits, almost over all his thoughts. They might have silenced the voice which reëchoed through the whole Catholic world; they might have sent him, at an hour's notice, to China or to Abyssinia; they might have wasted his wonderful talents in the most trivial employments. But he knew how useful the religious orders had once been to his country. He believed that he could reopen France to them. And for such a purpose he was ready to make, and did make, the total and the irrevocable sacrifice of his freedom.

Senior. I am told that he sacrificed to it his life, that the austerities of his profession brought on the disease which carried him off at an age at which he might have expected many years of usefulness.

Montalembert. It is possible—nay, probable —that that may be true. If so, he added to his other qualities that of martyrdom.

CONVERSATION WITH RÉNAN.

April 9th (1862).—We breakfasted with the Mohls and met M. Rénan,* whom Dr. Cureton

* M. Ernest Rénan was in early life intended for the priesthood. He was sent to study at St.-Sulpice, and it was at that seminary that his taste for Oriental languages and ecclesiastical studies first showed itself. His turn of mind was far too independent for his intended profes-

puts at the head of French Orientalists. I afterward took two long walks with him. I will throw the three conversations together.

We talked of Cureton's edition of the Gospel of St. Matthew in Syriac.

Rénan. It is not the oldest copy, for it contains corrections of errors in other copies, but its numerous different readings give to it great value.

Senior. Do you suppose that the Hebrew which we now read is the Hebrew in which Moses wrote?

Rénan. I have no doubt that it is. I believe, indeed, that Genesis contains fragments older than the time of Moses; such as the more simple and undetailed history of the Creation contained in the fifth chapter, which makes no allusion to the garden of Eden or to the Fall. All very early books are, to a certain degree, compilations. In Genesis whole poems are sometimes inserted.

Senior. Can you distinguish in Hebrew writings poetry from prose?

Mohl. In lyric poetry the iteration, the repeating, in the two members of the sentence, the same thought under different forms, is an obvious mark of poetry.

Rénan. In narrative poetry, of which the story of Joseph and the Book of Ruth are beautiful examples, the great mark of poetry is the minuteness of the detail; and I think that I perceive a cadence and a measure different from those of prose.

Senior. To what age do you attribute the Book of Job?

Rénan. To an age in which Hebrew was a spoken language and in its perfection. The style is clear, concise, forcible, and picturesque. This disposes of the opinion that it was written during the Captivity, when Hebrew was becoming a dead language, and those who used it wrote stiffly and pedantically. On the other hand, the peculiar institutions which after the time of Josias completely separated the Hebrews from the surrounding nations either did not exist in the author's time, or were not known to him.

Senior. Job is mentioned by Ezekiel.

Rénan. Yes, but not this book. Job was probably an historical personage whom the author of the poem selected as an interlocutor. I suspect that, if Ezekiel had seen the book, he might have thought it too bold. I believe that it belongs to the finest period of Hebrew poetry, the age of Hezekiah, in the beginning of the eighth century before Christ.

Senior. About the time of Homer.

Rénan. It is interesting to compare the two great poems of the Aryan and the Semitic races. Both are eminently theistic. The intervention of a God pervades both. But the Homeric gods are distinguished from men and women only by their power and their irresponsibility. They are shrouded in no mystery. They show themselves to us as they showed themselves to Paris, absolutely naked; and a disgusting exhibition it is.

The God of Job is enthroned in darkness; he speaks out of the whirlwind. His only attributes are wisdom and power. All that takes place, takes place through his direct interference. If he acts according to any fixed rules, those rules are concealed from us. While Homer's gods are merely powerful bad men, or rather bad children, his men are inferior gods. The gods live with them as lovers, as friends, and as enemies. In Job man is a miserable creature, inferior to many of the brutes in strength, in courage, and in instinct. What are his relations to God it is the great object of the book to discuss. The Christian relation between God and man, mutual love, is not hinted at. There is some worship, but it is a worship of fear. The great problem debated is, "Is, or is not, God just?"

Job begins by a bitter complaint that he ever was born.

"Wherefore," he says, "is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul?"

His friends answer that it is only to the wicked that life is a misery, and that the good are, on the whole, happy. This Job fiercely denies.

"The earth," he says, "is given unto the hand of the wicked. Their houses are safe from fear; they spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down into the grave."

He maintains that he is an example of the absence of God's moral government.

sion; he therefore left St.-Sulpice, and devoted himself to private study. In 1848 he obtained the first place in the "Concours de Philosophie," and at the same the Volney prize for an essay on Semitic languages; two years later his essay on the "Greek Language in the Middle Ages" was crowned by the Academy. In 1851 he was attached to the Department of Manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale; and in 1856 he was elected a member of the Académie des Inscriptions in place of M. Augustin Thierry. At the end of 1860 he was sent on a mission to Syria. In 1862 he was appointed Professor of Hebrew, but did not permanently occupy the chair for fear of a renewal of the manifestations which occurred at his opening lecture in February. In 1863 he published his well-known "Vie de Jésus," which he wrote after his voyage to Syria, and of which numerous editions have been issued. This work was vehemently attacked by the bishops and clergy, the result being that the author was dismissed from his professorship. M. Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, endeavored to conceal the significance of this dismissal by giving him an office in the Bibliothèque Impériale, which was, however, taken from him on June 11, 1864. M. Rénan was elected a member of the Academy in 1879. He is continuing his series of works bearing on theology.

"I will say unto God," he says, "show me wherefore thou contendest with me. Is it good unto thee that thou shouldst oppress me, and despise the work of thine own hands, and shine upon the counsel of the wicked? Thou knowest that I am not wicked, and there is none that can deliver out of thy hand. Thine hands have made me, yet thou dost destroy me. Thou huntest me as a fierce lion. Wherefore, then, hast thou brought me forth out of the womb? Are not my days few? Cease then and let me alone that I may take comfort a little before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and of the shadow of death. A land of darkness, where the light is as darkness."

"Oh, that I knew where I might find him, I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments! I would know the words which he would answer me, and understand what he would say unto me. Oh, that one would hear me! My desire is that the Almighty would answer me."

His prayer is granted, and he is answered out of the whirlwind. But the answer is a magnificent description of the power of God and of the weakness and ignorance of man, and of his humble place in creation. The problem is left totally unsolved.

Senior. The problem really discussed is an insoluble one, the origin of evil. Job assumes that God, as the origin of everything, is the origin of evil, and on that assumption reproaches God with cruelty, first for having created him, and secondly for having unjustly afflicted him. The only attempt at an answer is contained in the last chapter, in which Job is restored to more than his former prosperity, in contradiction to the general spirit of the poem.

Rénan. The contradictions in the poem are innumerable. The Semitic races can not reason. Their languages are almost incapable of expressing abstract ideas. All their notions are concrete. Though the Book of Job is controversial, there is no argument in it. Each interlocutor contents himself with mere assertions and denials; and one assertion and one denial by the same speaker is often inconsistent with another. Job in general maintains that God treats impartially the wicked and the good, but from time to time he affirms that the wicked are always punished. He repeats over and over that there is no life beyond the grave; but in one passage he expresses a belief that God will descend on the earth to avenge him; and, though death will have destroyed his flesh, yet that he, with his own eyes, will see him. There is no such thing in any Semitic writing as a book, except a narrative. All their moral works are mere strings of sentences, without order and without consistency. Such is the Book of Proverbs, such is the Koran, such is Job. The argument, if argument it can be called, is exhausted in the first speech of Job and the first speech of Eliphaz. The following speeches merely go over and over the same ground, turn and twist and pull at the same knot without loosening it.

I am wrong, indeed, when I say that their works are strings of sentences. For a real sentence, consisting of several members, qualifying and illustrating one another, such sentences as are found in Greek, in Latin, in German, in English, and, though less frequently, in French, are unknown to Semitic writers. A single proposition contained in half a dozen words is all that a Hebrew writer ventures on. He repeats this proposition with slight variations till he has done with it, and then passes abruptly to another. There is no discursus in his mind. It is apprehensive, not deductive.

Senior. Do you suppose that the author of the Book of Job was an Israelite?

Rénan. Certainly not. Every word attributed to Job expresses the pride, the impatience—the cold, severe, undevout religion of a Bedouin. That he should be quoted as an example of patience is a proof how little the books that are most talked of are read. He bears, it is true, his misfortunes at first with resignation, but it disappears at the end of the seven days, during which he sits on the ground in silence.

"After this," says the writer, "Job opened his mouth and cursed his day."

Senior. Do you attribute the Song of Solomon to the same age?

Rénan. Its age is marked by the verse which compares the heroine to the cities of Tirzah and Jerusalem. Now, from 975 before Christ to 923, Tirzah was the capital of Israel and Jerusalem of Judah. In 923 Omri, King of Israel, built Samaria, and Tirzah disappeared. The poem must therefore have been written during that interval. I am inclined to think that it was written by one of Jeroboam's adherents, not long after the death of Solomon. The reigns of Solomon and David, the only ones under which Palestine was united and powerful, seem gradually to have been invested with a legendary splendor of which their contemporaries knew nothing. Instead of the seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines ascribed to Solomon in the Book of Kings, Canticles gives him only sixty queens and eighty concubines. Instead of four hundred chariots and twelve thousand horsemen, he is accompanied by only sixty guards. His greatest magnificence seems to be a cedar chariot, the bottom plated with gold.

Senior. Of all the books of the Old Testament, Canticles seems to me to be the one of

which the scope is least intelligible, and the sacred character the least apparent. It reads to me like a collection of mere amatory songs.

Rénan. Of course the Christian interpretation in which Solomon is Christ, and the Shulamite is, according to Protestants, the Church; and according to Catholics, the Holy Virgin; and the Rabbinical interpretation, according to which the two lovers represent the human intellect in love with wisdom, are indescribably absurd. I believe with Ewald and Hitzig that it is a purely secular poem; but I also believe with them that it is a moral drama, that it represents the resistance of a country-girl taken from her lover into the harem of Solomon, and her triumph and return to her lover. I believe the principal *dramatis personæ* to be the Shulamite girl, the lover, and Solomon, with a chorus consisting sometimes of the women of the harem, sometimes of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and sometimes of the villagers of Shulam.

In my book I have attempted to divide it into acts and scenes, and to assign his part to each character. It is without doubt most inartificial; the story is obscurely hinted at. The changes of scene are abrupt and incapable of actual representation. Sometimes the actor tells what he is supposed to be doing.

It seems to me that the poem is a libretto not intended to be read, but to be the framework of an entertainment consisting of song, dancing, declamation, and recitation—perhaps to be acted at a marriage. With all its defects, however, it is one of the most valuable specimens of Semitic poetry. Without it we should not have known that the stiff, austere, Jewish character was capable of tenderness. We should have had no picture of real love, founded on early intimacy, resisting the temptations of a court. We should have had no pictures of the village life and the village scenery of Palestine.

Senior. We should have had Ruth.

Rénan. Ruth is charming; but it is not descriptive. It contains nothing equal to the beauty and feeling of the picture of early spring in Canticles:

"Lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of the singing of birds is come,
The voice of the turtle is heard,
The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs.
The vines with their tender grapes give a good smell;
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

Even the Christian perversions of its real sense have borne fruit, and admirable fruit. It is the source of mystical religious poetry—a poetry which has consoled the sorrows, and purified and exalted the devotion, of millions.

HUGO'S "LES MISÉRABLES."

Duvergier came in. We talked of Victor Hugo's "Misérables."

Thiers. It is detestable. The spirit is bad; the plan is bad; and the execution is bad.

Duvergier. It contains some very fine passages.

Thiers. You are a heretic. You have a taste for strongly-seasoned meats. I believe that you could eat high venison. I am almost inclined to think that you read Michelet.

Duvergier. Ought I to be burned if I do?

Thiers. Perhaps not burned, only scorched. I reserve perfect burning for those who can read Victor Hugo.

IDOLIZATION OF STYLE BY THE FRENCH.

Senior. When Louis Napoleon wrote the "Idées Napoléoniennes" he was already a practiced writer. He had been for years writing in the Pas du Calais journal, "Le Progrès." It is seldom that a writer improves much after he is fifty. The only instance of an English writer that I recollect is that of Dr. Johnson, whose best-written work, "The Lives of the Poets," was written after he was seventy.

Maury. That may be the case in England, where you enjoy a language freer from arbitrary restraints and idioms than ours is, and where you prefer the substance to the form. *La forme* is our idol. It resembles cookery. The best meat ill cooked is uneatable. Inferior meat well cooked may be delicious. We have been at work refining our style, introducing into it *des malices et des délicatesses*, until to write perfect French is the acquisition of only a long life. Our best writers—Voltaire, for instance—have gone on improving till they died. We spend much of what you would call useless labor on style. We omit ideas worth preserving, because we can not express them with perfect elegance. We are sometimes in the state of a man speaking a foreign language, *qui ne dit pas ce qu'il veut, mais ce qu'il peut*, but we have created a literature which will live, for it is the style, not the matter, which preserves a book. Good matter ill expressed is taken possession of by a master of style, and reproduced in a readable form, and then the first writer is forgotten.

THE RETURN OF THE PRINCESS.

PART THIRD.

XX.

A MIRACLE that I never dared to conceive. My God! I fear that I shall go mad. But no, I will tell you all calmly, so as to prove to myself that I do not dream.

Three days passed, during which my father only spent a moment with me, declaring that grave public affairs engrossed his time. I saw that he was serious and preoccupied, but in the midst of my own torments I had accepted, without trying to fathom, the excuse he thought fit to make. This morning he entered, his countenance so disturbed under the calm he assumed that I went to meet him with uneasiness. He kissed me with a sort of nervous effusion, and, drawing me to the divan, sat down near me; there, buried in a strange silence, he drew a cigarette from a golden case, and began to roll it between his fingers, forgetting to light it. In spite of my own weakness and fever, I understood that something extraordinary had occurred, and that the embarrassed manner of my father was but the prelude to bad news. I was making up my mind to question him, when suddenly raising his head and throwing away his cigarette—

"My poor child," he said, "I come to entreat you to be brave."

At this opening I thought of some misfortune to Ali.

"I am brave, father," I answered.

He looked at me some seconds; then, in a sad tone—

"We are threatened with a great annoyance, Miriam, and you are the one who will feel it most deeply. Yet it is one of those necessities to which we are compelled to submit. Your marriage with Mohammed is a happiness to us all, but an unforeseen circumstance will delay it."

My father, deceived by my emotion, and with numberless precautions, introduced the subject of his anxieties of the last few days, which are nothing less than the fear of a political change which would drag us all down in a common disgrace.

"Nothing is yet lost," he said warmly. "Mohammed is a man to struggle to the end. Even if he falls, he will rise again. Only, I repeat, it is all very serious."

A wild hope rose in my mind. I questioned him, and learned that very serious embarrassments, caused by the party hostile to the government of the Khedive, had led to complications which necessitated the sending of a safe agent to London and Paris. The Khedive had designated Mohammed for this mission, which will keep him absent two or three months.

Two months, Martha! It is safety; it is hope! I could scarcely conceal my delight. My father saw, though, that this delay which he feared to inform me of was received without much regret; but he laid it to the score of my good sense, and thanked me for relieving his anxiety by showing myself so brave. He then frankly confided his personal fears to me; for, though my marriage would not be prevented, the fall of Mohammed would be very disastrous to us all. An idea occurred to me.

"Then, father," I said smiling, "it will be time for us to believe in the folly of Farideh and attach ourselves to 'Young Egypt.'"

"Farideh is a fool!"

"Not such a fool after all, since she turns toward the sun. Why can not we, also, incline ourselves to the star which rises?"

"Child," he answered, more seriously, "you know nothing of these questions and divisions. If the old party falls, it drags us down with it. The new party will only be our enemy."

"Eh, well!" I replied lightly, "I will be the link to unite you."

He looked at me in surprise, and could not help smiling.

"Do you know that you are a great diplomatist?" he said.

Immediately after he left, I sent this note to my poor Hassan:

"Let us hope! I love you!"

XXI.

THERE are some extreme resolutions which one can not retract, and which settle the fate of a lifetime. The die is cast, my dear Martha, and by this avowal of my love I arm myself against any cowardly weakness. Let what may happen now, I can never be the wife of Mohammed. Whether he rises or falls, I have dug a ditch between us. I have sacrificed a future and a fortune. I would, if needful, brave my father's commands, for I no longer belong to myself. How can I describe to you the wild intoxication of Hassan's letter, answering this cry of my soul that could be repressed no longer, and the enchanted amazement of that poor heart scarcely

daring to contemplate the happiness which made him dizzy?

If you could have seen him the next morning when I passed, accompanied by Saïda, the road blessed by our furtive meetings, where so many sweet emotions agitated me against my will! What delicious and agitating memories, of which I taste all the joys without regret, confident now in regard to the future! As the carriage bore us on toward the desert, I dropped a spray of our flower at his feet. When we returned he was still there, and I saw him raise the jasmine to his lips. I felt as though I had received a kiss.

My dear, these heroes with grand souls have the charming timidity of a child when a woman's eye rests upon them. He does not even understand that, in confessing she loves him, the Princess Gulnare has resolved to be his wife, and free herself for his sake. As in the legend of the poor Hafiz, who dies of his love with a smile upon his lips and looking at the sky, he does not seem to foresee a hope of other happiness than that of seeing me afar off, and knowing that I love him. If you could read his adorable letters, where through an extreme delicacy, as though he did not wish to recall a bond I broke to be his, he never gives me any name but Gulnare, which touchingly recalls all that separates us. "From this hour," he wrote, "my life is yours; I await your disposition of it." By a charming sympathy I never address him but as Hafiz, in this history of love that we are continuing. What joy, what transport I shall feel when, free from this horrible engagement, I shall go to him with my offered hand!

Certainly all this is madness. I comprehend, without your reproaches, that I have risked the peace of my future life in this love, unknown to every one, and which binds me for ever. What matters that? Hassan loves me. I will live, if needful, sharing his miseries, his dangers, and his struggles. Who can tell, then, if by some change of fortune or of parties I may not become a guarantee of safety for my family? My father is too subtile a politician for us to despair of shaking his will on the day when, his allies vanquished, our ruin is assured. You are amazed? Well, yes; it is true—I conspire.

The departure of Mohammed, as you may imagine, has caused a certain confusion in the harem. First, all the wedding preparations are put a stop to, and it is a pity to see the despair of Saïda, who had made a *fête* of gifts of turquoise solitaires. The grand lady herself emerges from her idle apathy to keep herself *au courant* to outside affairs. My father's look of anxiety proves his uneasiness. Ali comes every day to Chimilah, and makes no secret of his fears. Still devoted to me, my Sister Hosnah is loud in her lamentations, which my calm manner of taking things often renders very bitter. She has several times sharply reproved me for this indifference. "In truth, my dear Miriam, any one would suppose that you were ignorant of our annoyances, yet they affect your lover, your husband—"

In fact, notwithstanding all my attempts to bend to a dissimulation which I know is an imperative necessity, I feel that my countenance, my voice, my entire being, betray the secret of my heart. Is not this trouble of my people a hope to me?

With her native penetration, Hosnah, though, seems to suspect that something unlooked for is happening. From her repeated questions about Adilah, I understand that she suspects the visits I secretly make, and that she wishes to surprise me. The other day when I accompanied Saïda to the bazaar, a very strange thing happened. As we got out of the carriage to enter the shop, my little step-mother called my attention to a negro in the street, who was carelessly smoking. We went away again before he moved.

"I think he is one of Hosnah's eunuchs," she said.

Soon the same man appeared not far from us. After all, Saïda was not very certain that she recognized him, and it might be by accident that in the windings of the bazaar this lounger should meet us again. We returned to Chimilah without giving this incident any further thought; yet I spoke of it to Ali, who advised me not to go near poor Adilah for several days. But of what consequence to me are these suspicions of my sister? Nearly every morning a letter from my poet brings me happiness and life. How sweet is this name of Gulnare to me! My dear, he had seen me; he knew me before this encounter on the bank of the Nile—the traitor! A little opening among the leaves at the window had betrayed my espionage, which he observed from a retreat. Hence the explanation of the mystery, and of his audacity in throwing the spray of jasmine into my carriage. He had recognized me, and "avenged himself," as Adilah said. Judge how I scolded him for his perfidy. Not much, though—the window is walled up.

To strengthen my confidence still more, I have had another conversation with my father, in which I won a second victory.

"How comes on your business?" I inquired with an interest which was assumed.

"The accounts are bad," he replied with the unreserve he exhibits to me alone. "They have given Mohammed a very difficult negotiation, and, whatever be his talents, I doubt if he will be successful. His absence leaves the field open to influences which his presence destroyed." He con-

tinued in this confidential strain, showing how discouraged he felt, and trembling for the hopes so long encouraged. In this country of intrigues "les absens ont toujours tort." On every side they circumvent the Khedive, who is already too much inclined to lend his ear to calumnies.

I listened trembling with joy. Without my father's telling me, it was very evident that this marriage, wished for above all in view of our fortune, would never take place in case of Mohammed's being checkmated, for he would share the general disgrace.

With all the tact I possessed, feigning to sacrifice everything to the family interests, I took very seriously this question, scarcely broached a day—though, in truth, enchanted.

"Happily," I insinuated gently, "this forced delay, which has suspended all our plans, can be of service to us. Mohammed himself will learn that he can not drag you down in his fall. Loyalty makes it only his duty to release you from a promise that affairs now would make it dangerous for you to keep. Can you doubt his generosity, of which you have boasted so many times?"

Then, with infinite precaution, I ventured to hint at a rupture. My father did not stop me. Is not allowing such an event to be discussed equivalent to admitting its possibility?

I have seen my dear Hafiz again, and I have spoken to him.

Do not scold for a poor little adventure, for which chance alone is guilty.

I went out with Nazly and Mansour, and as the end of our drive I decided to take the child to his mother's house. In her gratitude the *guayari* wished to tell my fortune this time. She entreated me to give her my hand. Has she seen or divined anything? Her devotion to me gives in her eyes an azure tint to the skies of my future. When she had arranged her shells, scattered her sand, and read in her old parchment books, she looked at me with delight.

"You love—you are loved," she said, "and long days of happiness are in store for you!"

In spite of my incredulity, these words made my heart beat. Nazly having in her turn drawn her into a serious consultation, I left them, taking Mansour, who led me toward the deserted huts shaded by great sycamores.

I soon found myself in a little grove of palm-trees. An opal tint of infinite shades crowned the lofty summit of the trees, and threw golden spots upon the white sand. I went on in this light which seems, just before expiring, to repeat the splendor of dawn. I reached thus, without noticing it, a cluster of huts which seemed to belong to some farm. In this corner of the oasis a profound silence reigned: the workers had not yet returned from the fields; the village was empty. I seated myself upon a mound, my back resting against a banana-tree, the child playing at my feet.

There are hours and places and lights which subdue us, and which mingle with our most intimate sensations. I repeated the words of Salome. Loved! Yes, I was. I also love with all my soul and all my strength. I believed in the beautiful future promised by this *fellahine*, under this sky so sweet, this peace which seemed made for me to listen to my own heart. I had almost forgotten where I was. Twilight, so rapid in Egypt, announced itself by darker touches; the tone accentuated itself, passing from mauve to sapphire, the red becoming crimson. Suddenly a man came from one of the huts: it was Hassan. It was impossible that he should not see me just before him, and only a few steps off. At the sight of a *hanum* he raised his eyes. He was astonished at first, but, on seeing the child, his pale face became crimson. Doubtful about recognizing me under my veil, he was continuing his walk. I said a word to Mansour and pointed to him; and the child sprang to him with a cry of joy.

We were alone, as if lost in this adorable solitude.

He approached.

"How do you happen to be here?" I inquired.

"I have some fields below," he replied; "these huts are those of my *fellahs*. I came to visit one of the unhappy ones who had his leg broken yesterday."

Standing near me, he looked at me in surprise, not daring to question me. I wished to show myself the bravest.

"Why do you not speak of ourselves?" I faltered.

Touched, he was about to answer me. At this moment the guttural music of an Arab chant warned us that people were approaching.

"These are my *fellahs* returning," he said.

I furtively held out my hand; he placed his lips upon it and retreated. That was all.

I could see him surrounded by his men and women, who prostrated themselves nearly at his feet with the signs of humility habitual to the unfortunate serfs.

Nazly scolded me when I reappeared. She was rather uneasy, for this flight, if surprised by one of the eunuchs, would have cost me a severe lecture from my father. I softened her by a caress; I felt so happy.

That same evening my sister Hosnah, apropos to what, I can not remember, not finding me sufficiently attentive to her grievances, gave me

some thrusts which I received with the patient indifference the intoxication of the soul gives. Her wrath increased; then, after some reproaches to which I listened unmoved, she said to me abruptly:

"You see Adilah, and from her comes the advice that will ruin you. Take care!"

I could not help blushing. Is this only a guess?—or has instinct guided her? She did not utter more then, as if she feared having been premature.

I let the time pass. During the month that Mohammed has been absent, although they try to hide it from me, I know by Hosnah's temper that affairs are going on badly in London.

XXII.

A TERRIBLE blow! Mohammed has returned! He had succeeded in his mission; and, warned of what is plotted against him, he suddenly returned to Cairo.

His arrival will reëstablish his influence. Struck with consternation, I could not utter a word, and could scarcely restrain my tears. My father joyously announced that he would visit me to-morrow.

When left alone, I collected my ideas: there was no longer time for cowardly procrastination. The hope I had built upon the fall of Mohammed to bring about a rupture that the interests of my family would justify, was extinguished at once, leaving me face to face with the implacable reality. I could hesitate no longer; I must acknowledge all to my father, and declare my resolution of refusing the marriage I had agreed on. I thought a long time, seeking an exit from this frightful gulf which I wished to leave, living or dead, but worthy of myself, and of Hassan whom I loved. I nerved myself with courage, and, supported by my love, felt very firm and decided. Yet reflection came to me to make me act prudently. Would it not be the ruin of my poor exile to mention him to my father? Had I the right, in this struggle upon which our two lives depended, not to make an appeal for his aid, his advice—his wishes? I would confide all to him, crying, "Save me—save us!" Whatever he directed I would do without fear, without hesitation, without weakness.

But the peril was pressing. Before the odious interview of to-morrow, all must be ended. How should I write and consult with Hassan? Hiding outside of Cairo, would he receive my message in time? Could he answer me in the fleeting moments that remained?

My plan was soon decided. At the hour when I met him daily on the road, I would let a little note fall at his feet, in which I would arrange a meeting for the same evening in Zourah's garden.

When evening came I went, accompanied by Nazly, as if for my usual drive to Choubrah. After the warm day, the cool shade had attracted numerous equipages. I was in advance of the hour. I wished to be seen there, and, above all, not to excite the suspicion of the eunuchs. When I had made several turns, seemingly weary of the crowd and noise, I gave the order to follow the bank of the Nile. I sought this solitude too often for them to suspect anything in this desire. The house of Zourah being near the road, none of my people could be surprised if we took a fancy to stop there for a few moments on our return.

We were soon beyond the town. Breathless, oppressed, but very resolute, I thought that night a new era of my life would begin. I would yield myself up to this love which possessed me. I was going to the husband whom I had sworn to take for guide and master, and to confide to his hands the defense of our mutual happiness. Trembling at the idea of seeing him again after our exchange of the vows which linked our two souls, I felt a nameless proud joy at this first act of submission to so haughty a will—to this poor, grand heart, until now so humble and timid in his patient and resigned adoration. On this grand appeal our destiny depended. What he decided on should be done. In spite of my father, I should obey *him*.

The hour came at length when we retook the road to return to Chimilah; then, when we reached Zourah's house, I ordered the carriage to stop, and got out with Nazly. The night was clear, and we were only a few steps from the mansion, when I seemed to see a man who was walking on the road suddenly hide himself in a bush. My heart beat wildly. In a flash I recalled the day when Saïda had recognized, several times following us, a slave of Hosnah's.

Assailed by a horrible presentiment, and throwing around me a glance of terror, I perceived not far behind us, on the same road we had come over, a coach which had stopped like ours, and was waiting.

What if, having seen me at Choubrah, Hosnah had followed me? A prey to terror, my first thought was to fly, but Nazly was already at the door with Zourah, and I knew Hassan was there. They doubtless wished to surprise us. The pitiless executions of the harem recurred to my mind. They would perhaps kill him. Yet to give a hint, to hesitate a moment, would hopelessly ruin us. I entered, and the door closed behind me.

"He is here, is he not?" I asked.

"Yes! In the garden, *hanum*," answered Zourah.

I dashed out. My poor beloved, seeing me appear in the lighted entrance, ran to meet me. Wild, distracted, and dragging him toward the hedge which served as an inclosure—

"Fly! fly!" I cried. "I have been followed. If they find you here, we are lost."

Terrified at this cry of anguish, he looked at me with surprise.

"Fly," he said, "when I am here to protect you?"

By the energetic expression which illumined his countenance, I understood that the unhappy man wished to resist. He made a step toward Nazly, who came to meet us.

At this moment we heard a knocking at the door which opened on the street.

"Hassan, I implore you," I cried, "fly! I desire it. I am yours—I love you. Save your life. Save us both!"

We could no longer doubt. Zourah ran to us in terror, asking whether she must answer. Hassan made a terrible, desperate gesture.

"Return quickly, before they open!" cried Nazly to me.

"No! no! they shall kill us both here," I replied. As I said this, I could see Hassan turn pale.

They were again knocking. Suddenly he seized me in his arms, and through my veil pressed a kiss upon my brow.

"My life belongs to you," he said eagerly. "Go! go! I will obey you. I will escape them." And, tearing himself from my embrace, he darted toward the end of the inclosure.

We returned to the house in haste. As the garden-door closed behind us, Zourah opened the street-door. Hosnah appeared on the step, followed by three or four slaves. With a rough gesture she threw back her veil, ran her eye round the room, and, terrific in her rage, rushed up to Zourah like a fury and struck her in the face.

The *fellahine* uttered a cry of pain. Undeserving of this brutal aggression, she asserted herself.

"*Hanum*," she said, "I am a free woman and not your slave! You have no right to strike me!"

"Why did you not open the door?" demanded Hosnah.

"We were in the garden; and, besides, this is my own house."

"Yes, and you follow a pretty trade here! Come, give way, that we may search the house."

During this odious scene, so rapid in its brutality, I was trembling and frozen, and only kept from fainting by an effort; but at these words, which recalled Hassan's peril, I regained my courage.

"Hosnah!" I cried boldly, "the order that you give is an outrage. I forbid you to oppress this woman, whom I intend to protect against you."

"Ah! you can speak, then," she said with bitter irony; "but this is not the place for an explanation between us." Then, turning to her eunuchs—

"Obey me. Search through the garden, and bring me whoever you find there; and kill him if he resists!"

Struck with terror at the thought that Hassan perhaps was still there, I threw myself before the door.

"Your people shall not pass!" I cried.

They hesitated. With a sign Hosnah repeated her order. These brutes seized me and pushed me aside. It was a moment of terrible anguish; but they soon went over the garden, and returned without finding any one.

I breathed freely. Hosnah was wild with rage. "This act of violence is infamous," I said then, certain that we were saved, "and you shall account to my father for it!"

Her distracted glance wandered round the room. She was about to answer, when one of her people, who had remained without, returned and whispered a few words.

She made a gesture of unspeakable delight.

"You saw him?" she demanded.

"Yes! He leaped over the hedge. Youssouf and Ahmed are in pursuit."

I could not repress a cry. Hosnah turned to me:

"Well," she said, "you hear it! Now you will not deny that a man was there. It was very wrong in a sister, on the eve of your marriage, to have disturbed so charming a rendezvous!"

I was weary of lying and humiliating myself, and raised my head haughtily.

"Well, yes!" I replied, looking her full in the face, "I love him. And as for this marriage that your ambition has so adroitly planned, it shall never take place!"

She answered me by an ironical burst of laughter.

"You can tell all that to our father, and bear to him your complaints at my indiscreet intervention. In the mean time I will take it upon myself," she added, "to carry you back to the harem."

All resistance would have been useless, and I should have blushed to lower my pride by resenting this last insult. Throwing on her a glance of scorn, I passed out and regained my carriage, where she took a seat beside me, and we reached Chimilah without exchanging a word.

"Adieu," she said, "until to-morrow."

I entered my house nearly crazed. A fright-

ful anxiety was consuming me. Had Hassan escaped his pursuers? At thought of the interview I must have on the morrow with my father, I felt ready to die with terror. What should I say to him? After the declaration of my love, so haughtily thrown at Hosnah, there could be no recoil. I must repeat this avowal, and confirm my formal refusal to espouse Mohammed. What would happen? By degrees, however, I grew calmer. Is it not true that hope lives even in our deepest griefs? Would it be possible for my father to condemn me to misery without feeling an impulse of pity? I would tell him all. Is not Hassan worthy, noble — admired? Poor and disinherited, is he not still above Mohammed by the superiority of his birth, his renown, and his life? During the course of these reflections I began to be astonished that I had so long trembled and hesitated to plead for our happiness.

XXIII.

MARTHA! all is ingulfed around me; I am lost — separated from all those I love in this world. I do not even know if this letter will ever reach you, to bear you my last adieu. I have told you of that horrible night during which I tried to fasten on some idle illusion. In the morning I was called to my father. I armed myself against my weakness, and went down to receive him as usual. He was leaning against a window, and turned at my entrance. By his attitude, and a certain hardness of expression which I had never seen in him, I at once comprehended that Hosnah had spoken; that he knew all, and had already prejudged me. Despite the hopes I had indulged in the evening, my heart seemed turned to stone. Without saying a word, without even giving me his hand to kiss as he was accustomed, he took a seat, leaving me standing; thus using for the first time, in regard to me, the right of a master who makes a woman stand in his presence. Expressing himself in Arabic, so as to be certain of his meaning—

"Hosnah has told me incredible things about you," he said, fixing his eyes upon mine; "she pretends that yesterday, at the house of a woman—the sister of Nazly—she surprised you with a man who was awaiting you there. Is this true?"

I called all my courage to my aid, and, without turning away my eyes—

"I will not lie to you, father," I answered; "Hosnah told the truth."

"Then you do not deny it. This house has been a place of rendezvous?"

"No! that last word is not true," replied I proudly, "for I have never seen him but twice, under my veil, in Nazly's presence. Your daughter has not forgotten what she owes herself."

"And why these meetings?"

I felt myself turn pale, but I was resolute.

"Because we love each other," I replied.

At this unexpected avowal my father exhibited so much wrath, and rose with so terrific a gesture that, alarmed, I sank at his feet.

"Pardon! pardon, father!" I cried, "and I will tell you everything. I am not guilty, and he is worthy of us—of you—I swear it! If you only could know how I have suffered; and how I have striven against this love so as to obey your wishes—sacred to me as the will of God—and which tears my heart, and will kill me—"

"Enough, enough, unhappy girl!" he said.

He seized me by the wrist, to force me to rise, so roughly that, falling back on the divan, I closed my eyes and uttered a cry.

"All that you shall tell me is his name!" he replied in a dull, trembling voice, as if he was powerless to control himself.

Frozen by the expression of his countenance, I knew then that we were lost. By a miracle, I had sufficient presence of mind to understand also that the question as to the name of my accomplice made it evident that Hassan had escaped, and that they knew nothing which could guide them in their project of vengeance. Satisfied, then, that the punishment would fall on me alone, I breathed again, resolved to confront everything rather than now reveal our secret, the disclosure of which had become so dangerous.

"Well! the name—the name!" repeated my father. "I await it!"

I rallied from a cowardly fear which for an instant assailed me.

"Pardon me, father," I answered, "if I disobey this order, but the name you ask for I can not give you."

"You dare still to resist?" he demanded, confounded by such audacity.

I thought he was going to crush me; but suddenly, afraid perhaps of himself, he passed his hand across his brow, and leaving me overwhelmed, and nearly fainting on the divan, he commenced pacing the room, and, going to the window, opened it, as if to breathe in a little calmness. A few moments of frightful silence passed.

"Come! you are mad!" he then said, "and I wish to have pity for your ignorance of things, and your forgetfulness of the power I have over you. You can not imagine, I suppose, that all this will end thus; and that such an attempt, which dishonors us all, can remain unpunished? You are no longer in Paris: our wives and daughters have to respect other laws here, and when they transgress, thank Heaven! we have sure means of punishing them."

"I am in your power, father," I said with resignation. "If you have no mercy on me, I will submit to your harshness."

"Oh! I have no need of this assurance—I can arrange that," replied he, so coldly that this time I felt crushed. "But you must know that now I have something of more importance to attend to than your regrets. This has been an infamous attempt, which I do not wish spread abroad. Do not force me, then, to measures before which I swear I will not recoil, to discover the wretch who is your accomplice. If through you I can not learn his name, Nazly remains to me; I can make her speak."

A shiver of terror ran through my frame at the idea of the torture threatened my poor Nazly.

"No! no!" I cried, "she is not guilty. She is not guilty, she does not know him! I alone have dragged her into this fault. I deceived her: she did not know I expected any one."

"Then save her from having to answer, and put a stop to this. Who is he? How did you become acquainted? Perhaps he is a foreigner, doubtless come from Paris to rejoin you."

My distress inspired me with the idea of a lie, so as to mislead research, and turn the danger aside from Hassan.

"Yes!" I whispered, as if constrained to the avowal. "It is a foreigner who has followed me from Paris."

I gave a name recklessly, and my father left me—I knew, to go and interrogate Bell, from whom they have separated me. Happily she knows nothing.

For four days I have seen neither Bell nor my father. Isolated from every one, I am guarded as in a prison. My people, suspected of complicity, no doubt, are no more admitted to me, and two old slaves of Zeinab are alone permitted to wait on me. Nothing from outside can reach me. What is going on? Martha! this anguish is overwhelming! Yesterday I tried to go to the great harem, hoping that there, perhaps, I might learn my fate. One of the slaves informed me that I am forbidden to leave my apartment, and I feel that some great misfortune hangs over me. Where is Nazly, that poor, dear, devoted friend? Have they tortured her to make her confess; or have I succeeded in leading them astray? Even Saïda has deserted me. I saw her for a moment in the garden as I was looking through the window. She raised her eyes to my veranda, but, seeing me, quickly turned away as if she was obeying an order. In this complete abandonment there is something sinister, which overwhelms and terrifies me. It seems as if my life is ended; that this imprisonment is to be perpetual; and that I shall never more leave these walls!

This morning my father returned. On seeing him enter so calmly, with his cigarette between his lips as in the days when so lively an affection existed between us, my first impulse was to throw myself at his feet, and implore pardon for a fault which had given him pain; but, noting his frigid mien, I immediately knew that this time he came as a master, to dictate his will to me.

"I come to tell you what I have decided," he said, "and in what manner I intend to regulate the last days that you are to be with us before your marriage."

"My marriage!" I cried, casting away a wild hope that he had come to pardon me.

"Beyond a doubt," he replied. "Are you not engaged?"

"Father, in pity," I replied, breathlessly interrogating his eyes, "can it be true that you bring me hope? Of whom do you speak?"

"How—of whom? Is it possible you have forgotten that you are engaged to Mohammed?"

At this name I felt faint. I had at least believed myself clear of this threat. My father, seeing my incredible surprise, dispersed my delirium at a single blow.

"Decidedly you have lost your senses," he continued in a frigid tone, "and I see that I shall have to put an end to romantic ideas which, in this country, have no place. If you have counted on any happy consequences of your adventures, you have deluded yourself, my dear. We know here how to keep our women sheltered from gallants. In view, then, of our want of success in discovering your lover—I deem you told me the truth about his name, and that he has considered it prudent to protect himself from the consequences of remaining here—put aside this childishness, so that we shall be occupied only with the marriage I have resolved on for you."

"But this marriage has become impossible, father," I said in consternation.

"Why so? Has not Mohammed my word and yours?"

"But this is deception!" I cried. "After the confession that I have made you, could I, without being disloyal, consent still to be Mohammed's wife?"

"Ah! these are your European ideas, my dear," he replied coldly. "Under our laws the husband is master, and these questions of sentimentality are of small import. Obedience is sufficient; do not vex your mind with anything else."

"But this condition you speak of, father, is that of a slave," I answered, terrified at this language. "Is it my fault that you have educated me far away from you, and that the ideas you reproach me with are different from yours? Am I guilty in having a heart, a soul, a conscience,

which revolt at the thought of a lie, and of disloyalty? You well know that I do not love him; that I can not love him longer; and that this marriage would be a torture all my life. Father, you can not inflict this misery on me, it would be too frightful! I implore you to take pity on me!" cried I, bursting into tears.

My father had listened unmoved. I had believed for a moment that the sight of my tears would bend him, but soon perceived this last hope was vain.

"I had believed you more reasonable," he said; "for you know the importance I attach to this marriage, so necessary for your fortune and ours. I depended on finding you rational, but regret to see you are not; but I am your father, and, as I have something more serious at stake than questions of sentiment, I shall still marry you to Mohammed. As for these scruples of heart and soul and loyalty, which torment you, do not trouble yourself. The harem does not know these subtilties of foreign invention. A wife is a wife, and submission is all we desire. Mohammed more than ever desires to ally himself with us, and is engaged in a business all the profits of which will be yours. Do not, then, confuse yourself with these romantic reveries, which do not agree with real life. I am confident as to your happiness and future in a position so high that all women will envy you. You will thank me a little later for having decided for you."

In my despair I again tried to implore him, but he interrupted me by rising.

"I have not come to talk over your folly," he said, "but to inform you what is decided on. Your marriage will take place in eight days; but until then it is not suitable that your doors shall be closed to visits of etiquette, nor that any one should suspect what has passed between us. Some of your people shall return to you; only know this time that I am on the watch, and that I have given orders to prevent any imprudence."

My father then left, and Bell came in and threw herself into my arms. She told me that for five days she also has been a prisoner like myself, in spite of her protestations and entreaties to see me.

Nazly has disappeared, driven off—or even killed, perhaps; and they have so succeeded in hushing up any rumor in regard to our rendezvous that no one will ever learn anything about it.

To every one—even my own people—my seclusion has been attributed to a severe indisposition, and my disgrace is only known by Hosnah and my father. Poor Bell, though questioned minutely, never has even understood, in her strict integrity, of the charge against me. I have kept my secret, and have only owned to her that there was a serious disagreement between my father and myself on the subject of my marriage. The good creature seemed to fall from the clouds at this unexpected news.

My door is open, and I am besieged by visitors whom my father compels me to receive. Hosnah was among the first to hasten here with her friends, and remained until evening, as an elder sister, to assist my inexperience. Ironical, implacable, watchful of the least of my movements, she made me submit to the hypocritical effusions that she recommenced at the entrance of each new-comer. At last the day had flown, the last visitor gone. Hosnah called her slaves to raise her from the divan, and, as she went away, said in a mocking voice:

"I advise you to put some rouge on your cheeks to-morrow. Your face is dreadful for a bride. You must be beautiful!"

I turned my back on her without answering; and, when she had gone, I ran to lock myself up in my own room, and burst into tears. Bell was beside herself at this despair, which she could not understand. The crisis over, yielding to her entreaties, I let her carry me into the garden. I was scarcely there, when the cry of a child touched me to my soul. Mansour on seeing me ran up, holding out both hands: he was to me something from Hassan. The poor little fellow had been ill, and Saïda had obtained permission for his mother to install herself at Chimilah for some days to take care of him, and exert those charms in which she herself believes. While I kissed the child on the forehead, his mother seized my hand with transport, and, bearing it to her lips—

"May Allah bless your actions and desires, *hanum!*" she said. "Your servant is under your feet, and you can walk over her after the good you have done!"

Saïda, having seen me from the window of the harem, came down to join me. She also is in the dark. I learned from her, in the midst of the exuberance of her childish prattle, the magnificent preparations they are making for my wedding, and the programme of the *fêtes*, which will last three days. Overwhelmed, I returned home to write you. I need settling my wandering reason. I fear I shall go mad. O God! if I could die! Alas! yes, my poor Martha, I wish to die; and only yesterday I completed my eighteenth year!

I have been dreaming all night that I saw myself delivered to the man I hate—solitary, abandoned, in the heart of his harem. His wife! Martha, my sister, can you realize such a horrible death? His wife! How, as in a terrible dream, I represent to myself the nuptial chamber which awaits me! Forced to submit to his affection, and to wipe away his kisses! No, no! My

bleeding heart—all the shame in my nature revolts against it!

Hassan, Hassan! My love, my beloved, save me! I vainly keep thinking how I can die! It is only strong natures that can cast away their burden of misery. I am weak and cowardly, and fear to suffer. I have remained an hour beside the Nile with its depth, and trying to accustom myself to its enticing abyss. I am afraid—I am afraid!

With the day recommenced my torture. My father came, and I could hope no longer. I have, however, obtained permission not to see any one; for, as my big sister says, my swollen eyes and altered countenance produce a very bad impression. I shut myself up with Mansour, and his mother, who looked at me with her great, prophetic eyes without speaking, as if, divining my pain, she sought in her magic incantation some strange exorcism.

Farideh forced an entrance to consult me about the choice of dresses that she was ordering from Paris, and also to point out the enormity of my folly.

"You are very silly," she said, "and your head must be turned for you to grieve so because our father has forced you to be happy."

Three more days have flown, which bring me nearer to the fatal moment. I can not think any more, and I feel myself falling into an abyss, giddy and unconscious.

XXIV.

My destiny is decided on! This is perhaps an eternal adieu, for this night I shall leave my father's house, never to return!

You know that Salome, Mansour's mother, has free access to my prison. The superstitious fears of these people will not dare to bar her way. I have told you of the deep devotion this woman has for me. Yesterday, seeing me weak and listless, with my hands upon my lap, looking into vacant space, she gently approached, and in her flowery language—

"You bear a heavy pain, *hanum*," she said. "Do you wish to die?"

"What does it matter?" I replied, frozen in my apathy.

"Why do you forget I am here?" she added. "Can not a dog aid his master?"

I slowly turned my eyes toward her.

"My poor Salome, my ill is not of the kind that your sorcery can cure."

"How do you know," she inquired, with her strange calmness, "that I have not penetrated your secret—that I have not already prepared for your deliverance?"

"You!" cried I. "My deliverance?" I am not a timid gazelle myself who weeps wildly at the sight of danger, and yields herself a prey to the hounds. "But what would you have me do?" I inquired, dumfounded. "Would you dare to risk your life for me—and your son's?"

I surprised a strange smile of disdain upon her lips.

"The fool alone lets herself be caught in the snare; the wise one knows how to avoid it. Hold! look!" she added, holding out her hand, and showing me a key. "This opens the door of the garden upon the bank of the Nile. If you use it some night, who will ever know how you went?"

I could not repress a cry. What Salome brought me was a means of escape. It was only necessary to warn Hassan. My heart beat in my bosom. I seized the *guayari* in my arms, and in a whisper I confided all to her, leaving my salvation in her hands.

All the preparations are finished. A note that she managed to have conveyed to Hassan brought back directions for our flight. This very night he awaits me. A trustworthy man, chosen by Salome, will conduct me to him, and to-morrow at dawn of day we shall have bidden adieu to Cairo.

Not to alarm Bell, I have hidden everything from her. What is the use of mixing her up in these anxieties? Salome will see that you receive these last letters, which will at the same time tell you of the tortures and deliverance of your poor Miriam. I do not know from what refuge or when I can write you.

My sister, do not blame me!

XXV.

Martha, I am lost! All is destroyed! Nothing—nothing more remains for me! Alone in the midst of my despair I look, petrified, at the irreparable disaster. I dread to think. I have, it seems, been very ill; they thought I was dying. Happily, I am doomed! I can never get cured, because in this dreadful disaster it is my reason, my heart, my soul, my entire being, which are bleeding, and succumb. Imagine the most horrible plot, the most stupid mistake of my imagination, wandering for three months in the maddest of dreams! But you will never understand. Yet listen!

You are aware that the plan of my flight was all arranged and resolved on. Hassan was to meet me at the house of a *fellah*, of whom Salome was as certain as of herself, who would conduct us there as soon as we could escape through the garden-door.

When evening came, I pretended an attack of fever, so as to go to bed, and get rid of my people. Bell alone remained, and did not leave me until nearly midnight. When everything was

quiet in the palace, I rose again, and dressed myself very softly. I had taken care to hide in my room my European clothing, which would conceal me better. It was impossible for any but a foreign woman to travel in the company of a man. For fear of meeting any one, I threw a large *habarah* over this costume, enveloped my head in a veil, and went down. Salome awaited me in the garden, which we crossed in the shadow. In the windows of the harem the dim night-lamps still flickered. When we reached the door Salome opened it, and we found ourselves on the road which borders the Nile, where a man was watching for us. Without speaking a word, he walked along the shore, and we followed him. He loosened a boat, and when we got in he took the oars and crossed the stream to reach the opposite bank. Was it the fever, or joy, or some fatal presentiment? Sitting silent near Salome, I trembled at this rash resolution which was to decide my future life—but I was going to Hassan, and would forget all. Then we disembarked. I hastily disembarrassed myself of my *habarah*, and we moved in the direction of a solitary hut about a hundred yards from the river. Near the door the *fellah* and Salome stopped; my heart beat to bursting as I entered. A smoky lamp scarcely illumined the hut. Hassan was there. As I appeared, he rose quickly and came to meet me, but suddenly stopped, amazed. I believed that he did not recognize me under my disguise, and, throwing back my veil, darted toward him with extended hands. A cry of grief escaped his lips.

"You are not Adilah-Hanum!" he cried.

"Adilah!" stammered I, without comprehending.

"My God! what has happened?" he continued, looking at me in dismay. "Why has she sent you in her place? What do you come to tell me?"

Another cry was stifled in my throat—a cry of horror, of terror and shame. Adilah! Adilah! Had he said that? A frightful light shone on me. In an instant I divined all. It was Adilah he was expecting. In those letters full of fire, in those meetings under the veil, it was not me he loved, nor whom he had loved! He had believed that flower from the window of the pavilion was thrown by the hand of Adilah. When he met us on the bank of the Nile, both unveiled, the day he saved Mansour, he had only seen her. He did not even know me.

Surprised by my silence, not understanding what a horrible pain struck me dumb, he repeated his question.

"Tell me, then," he said in a voice which trembled, "where is she?"

I can not remember what I answered, I only know I flew. I still can see myself running dismayed across the road, with Salome near me; then it suddenly seemed as if the earth opened under my feet, and darkness covered my eyes. I fell in her arms on reaching the boat which should have carried her back alone.

When I recovered consciousness, I found myself at Chimilah, a prey to the strangest delirium, in the chamber I had left. It was nearly day. Bell, very pale, sat at my bedside, watching my return to life. She told me that in the middle of the night Salome had entered her room, saying that, in going through the garden, she had found me near a bench fainting, and had brought me in. Bell knew nothing more, but my disheveled clothing plainly proved that some terrible event had happened. Only one thought occurred, that I was dying. I had not strength to speak. I glanced at my dress, still soiled with mud, and she concealed all that could betray me. When the people of the palace had risen, they informed my father, and a French doctor was called in haste. I vaguely understood that I was in danger! To die—great God! what joy! You can understand that only *this* hope is left me.

Since then eight days have passed, and, though the violence of my grief has not decreased, I still live. Some stupid strength of my flesh still battles within me, and I rise, walk, and even write you. But tell me, Martha, is not this a frightful mistake? It was Adilah whom he did love, and whom he doubtless loves still; and he believes it was Adilah he saw at Zourah's. He believed that this hand, seen through the window, was hers; for was it not her house? And when he wrote me that I was not free, it was her he addressed—her, the wife of Ali. And I, poor fool, did not understand, did not suspect it! My heart did not warn me, and the happiness I felt was a lie which I built over a ruin.

But what avails it all now, since I am dying? Days succeed days, hours follow hours, but what interest have I now in marking their course? I ask nothing, and desire nothing. The great kings of Egypt under their pyramids must have this unconscious calmness, the insensibility of marble, for all which is of this world, to which they no longer belong. And he, the unhappy one, how he must suffer! Is it not a strange adventure? To see suddenly before him this unknown woman—he did not even know who I was! Luckily he will never learn my name, and he will take me for some slave. But why harrow up these pains? What is the cause, but this odious weakness which does not know how to stifle passion under pride? I will not think of it more. Martha, what infernal delirium has taken possession of my soul? I can not even avenge myself by forgetfulness. Alas! how he loves her! Do you remember his

letters? But you have not seen his look, nor heard his voice when he thought he was speaking to her. It was to her—do you understand—to her! I wished to write you, imagining I had lost the strength to suffer, and that my despair had worn out with my vitality. But, behold! all my thoughts reawaken, like furies, which, for a moment pacified, rage more violently from the reaction. O Martha, how I suffer! And I have no tears left, but horrible convulsions rend my breast; a frightful regret distracts me! Why did I fly so quickly? Perhaps he might have taken pity on me; but no, no, he must not know me—he never shall know me.

I have been obliged to stop my letter. I heard a noise at my door, and on inquiry found it was Mansour, who had thought I was dead, and wished to see me. Mansour!—poor, sole souvenir of that which is no more. Mansour!—the cause of all my unhappiness. I do not know why I ordered them to let him come in. In the doorway he stopped, distressed; then, darting to me, he melted into tears. The emotion of the child touched me in spite of myself.

XXVI.

THE doctor has declared me out of danger, and I am doomed to live. They inform me that the preparations for my marriage, continued against my will, are all now finished. What does it matter, after all? Do I not know that neither prayers nor tears will save me—that I can neither struggle nor defend myself? Listless, without strength, I have no courage left. Well! well! I will forget if I can; that is all.

Listen to what passed yesterday. My father came to inform me that the *fête* of presents and of the contract would take place the same evening at the grand harem. I must therefore receive visits of congratulation all day. Toward evening, Hosnah came to direct the details of my bridal toilet. When I was ready, they threw over me a long veil of rose-colored tulle which entirely covered me, and carried me in. In spite of the paint and kohl with which they had painted me, I was still very pale, but an inward energy sustained me, and gave me strength to walk firmly. There is less feeling of apathy when a decision is irrevocably made. They carried me in a *cortége* to the grand harem, where a burst of music saluted our entrance. Advancing, as through a sea of fire, still supported by my sister, I mounted some steps. Then my veil fell off. I heard around me a continuous murmur, and confused, dizzy, and dazzled, I closed my eyes for a moment to recover myself. When I again opened them I found myself seated upon a sort of throne formed of immense masses of camellias and roses. I was stunned at so much richness. The walls, sparkling with light, were hidden under a curtain of flowers intermingled with silk embroidered in gold and precious stones. The two families had united their treasures to deck this immense saloon. My sister's slaves, mixing with ours, all in dazzling costumes, formed a lane, each one holding in her hand a gauze flower through which the light of a candle gently shone. With the greatest ceremony Hosnah presented me to the relations of Mohammed, who overwhelmed me with their kind congratulations. The guests then defiled, after kissing the hem of my veil. All Mussulwomen having the right of entrance at any marriage *fête*, the crowd was so great that the eunuchs could scarcely manage it. Exhausted by the long solitude of my illness, all this noise bewildered me; I was still too weak to stand it, and this strange music enervated me and made me ill.

Then in a moment, at some signal, doubtless, all the crowd suddenly became silent, and the music ceased. This silence, following so much excitement, roused me from my stupor. Hosnah took me by the hand and led me to the closed door of the harem. I can not tell why, but a thrill of terror ran through me; I feared this mysterious ceremony that I could not understand. First, behind the door they knocked three times; then a voice demanded my consent to my marriage with Mohammed. I looked at my sister in amazement. Three times she answered in the affirmative: she had answered for me.

The *fête* lasted until morning. Hosnah made excuses for me, and herself carried me back to my home with that solicitude which she affects. While Bell was taking off my veils, my sister explained to me that during my illness vague rumors had circulated in Cairo, which had annoyed the family of Mohammed, and my father, to reassure them, had resolved on this public evidence of my consent.

It was the *imam* who had questioned on the other side of the door.

Martha! I am married!

XXVII.

FOR two days this is the first hour I have had to myself. All is ended. To-morrow I leave Chimilah; they carry me to my husband's house. A farewell *fête* takes place this evening at the harem, at which etiquette forbids me to assist. Hosnah represents me there.

These two days have only left on my mind an impression of dizziness and fatigue; for, harassed, I sleep at night a heavy sleep. Never away from me, Hosnah guides me entirely. It

is she who regulates the employment of each moment. Ali came to congratulate me, but I had to receive him before her.

By a desire expressed by Mohammed, and which is an unparalleled attention in the Oriental world, Hosnah carried me to see the palace I am to occupy—which I shall occupy to-morrow. The women of the family did the honors, and gave us a handsome collation. Hosnah skillfully covered my coldness. I went over this ostentatious dwelling, where my life is to be passed, with an indifference I could not overcome. In the great saloon of the harem, near an Erard piano, I recognized my music-stand, my pieces, even my favorite *morceaux*. All was as natural as if I were already living there. I can not tell if Hosnah's penetration could read what was passing in my soul: she seemed uneasy, and abridged the visit. I returned to Chimilah, with an attack of fever, which I dissembled so as to be left in peace. My father came to see me; my submission has appeased his anger, and now I find him almost affectionate, with some gleams of that favor which formerly marked our interviews. For a moment I threw myself weeping into his arms, and he consoled me with his old tenderness.

Then Ali brought me a superb *cadeau* from Adilah. I have put down my letter, for a flood of memories rushes to my brain. I must fight against them. I took a turn in my apartment, to bid adieu to the dear objects I am leaving. I have taken a book by chance from my little library. It is Shakespeare. I have opened it accidentally at Cleopatra. Is there not forgetfulness there? The terrible end of this tragedy has frozen me with terror. There are, then, some lofty souls which dare to throw off the burden of pain. I wept over this lover. Though she had been loved, and the imperishable souvenir of happiness remained to fill her life; she had not been scorned and driven off; she knew how to die!—

> "Show me, my women, like a queen:—Go fetch
> My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
> To meet Mark Antony."

And then near her the man carrying a basket of figs, of whom she asks whether he has the asp:

> "Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
> That kills and pains not?"

He tells her that its bite is mortal, and wishes her "all joy of the worm."

Mansour's mother came in while I was reading. On seeing her, an extraordinary curiosity took possession of me.

"Have you still that asp I saw at your house one day?" I asked her.

"Yes."

"Is it true that its wound is mortal?"

"Yes. One becomes giddy—and sleeps."

"Listen. I wish to look again at the one you showed me."

"Why do you wish to do that?"

"Do you see this book? It is a history of one of our queens. She was beautiful and powerful; but she died from the sting of an asp. Go bring me the little serpent," I added, "I wish to see what this little instrument of death looks like."

She gave me a searching look.

"What do you wish to do with it?"

"Can not your magic tell you? I enter my new home to-morrow. Bring at the same time your wand and fortune-telling book, and you shall tell me my fortune. Go, go!—I wish it."

At this imperative order she obeyed me, and left.

It is a strange curiosity which has seized me this evening of solitude and sad reveries.

My destiny! Do you recollect the day I arrived at Chimilah? What enchantment! How smiling everything seemed! And since then? Say, Martha, is not this an unheard-of event? I have lived, loved, suffered all the delirium of passion, at the will of others, in the seclusion of this harem, as if in a senseless hallucination. And of the secret of my life, wrapped in the darkness of a despair which kills me, neither my father nor my family can ever raise the veil.

I have in a superb vase there an immense bouquet from my husband, which recalls the morrow to me. Among the Bengal and Sharon roses there are some sprays of jasmine. You can not believe how ill this flower makes me!

XXVIII.

I WATCHED until daylight. It is mid-day now, and I have just risen. I wish to add a few lines to my letter of yesterday while waiting for Salome, who is coming to predict my fate. Upon the table in front of me are her things, which she has already brought, and in a box pierced with holes the little asp lies upon a bed of leaves.

What a strange creature! It looks like a pretty emerald bracelet dotted with rose-colored pearl.

I have locked myself in my chamber, to escape the extraordinary activity which pervades the entire palace. They are preparing for my departure: my *trousseau* must be carried in great state to my husband's palace. This evening, with a *cortége* of torches, my sister Hosnah takes me to my new dwelling. Of course I take Bell, as well as my poor little Mansour.

Yet, is it indeed true that I am married?

Why does this word freeze my heart? Have I not had three days to accustom myself to it? Have I not known for three days that I must go to-day? Have I not been Mohammed's wife for three days? . . . At the end of my apartment, from the chamber of my women, we can see the interior of the court, where they have taken out the coaches of the harem. I wished to see them. All are ornamented and dazzling; and the seats are covered with stuffs embroidered in gold. These preparations are for me — to carry me away. I flew like a maniac to regain my chamber.

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It is done—all is ended. At the close of this day, which is speeding on, I shall no longer belong to myself. To-night I shall be at the house of Mohammed—Mohammed my husband. Why have I never realized this? I have thought that this terrible hour would never come. Thoughtless, stupid, crushed by grief, believing that I could not suffer any more, I have allowed myself to drift on. Though I have been lured on, abused, vilified, I love—I love as on the first day. I love Hassan. I love the recollection of him. I love this mistake which has lost me. I can not, I will not, be another's.

Me married? Oh, no, no! I have acted in the torpor of a dream, and now I awaken. My somber destiny is accomplished.

Martha! No other being in this world, not even *he*, must ever know this sad secret of my life that I have confided to you. Keep it, as well as my memory, in the depths of your heart. My friend, my sister, forgive me!

I have opened the box in which Salome keeps her asp. The little worm has bitten me. I am dying. Adieu!

XXIX.

"My dear Child: Blinded by my tears, I write you these few lines. When all here was joy and happiness at the accomplishment of this marriage, which fulfilled all our expectations, a horrible accident turns our joy to mourning. Our poor little Princess Miriam is no more! At the very moment when they came to conduct her to her husband's palace, they found her inanimate form reclining on the divan.

"She was dead—stung by an asp, that was afterward found among the flowers!

"Alas! just when so splendid a future awaited her. Inclosed with these deeply afflicted words is this sealed letter, addressed to you, which was still in her hand.

"Bell."

*METTERNICH.**

IT is impossible to lay down a book like the Memoirs of the great statesman whose name stands at the head of this article, without experiencing the feeling that a change has come over the science of diplomacy. *La haute politique* has lost its delicate edge. Its work may be done as readily and more incisively, but we are less impressed by the skill and dexterity of the operation. The triumphs of historical diplomacy were mostly won by dominating events to the policy of the guiding mind: in our days success has chiefly been secured by assimilating policy to circumstances. We may have more powerful, because more blunt, statesmanship; but the imagination is not impressed by the subtle artifices, the ingenious tactics, of the plenipotentiaries of an older generation. The altered conditions of diplomacy suggest a comparison with the change which has overtaken fencing as an essential qualification for the soldier. Niceties of *Carte* and *Tierce* count for little in a modern battle, nor does skill in drafting protocols or framing articles constitute the highest qualification of modern statesmanship. The *dicta* of Mazarin and Richelieu, of Metternich and Talleyrand, have ceased to be referred to as oracles; and even Machiavelli, with whom European diplomacy as a science may be said to commence, is now held to have been only an astute man of his time, with no great claim to lay down the law to a wiser posterity.

This altered estimate of diplomacy arises from the change that has come over the constitutions of the European states since the first French Revolution. The general rise of Parliamentary influence has weakened the hands of the diplomatist in one way, if it has strengthened them in another. When he was responsible only to the King or Emperor his master, and probably had that master well under his own hand, his position as a negotiator had everything in its advantage that full freedom of action, perfect secrecy as to his tactics, and independence of the popular opinion of his conduct, could be-

* Memoirs of Prince Metternich, 1773-1815. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Translated by Mrs. Alexander Napier. 2 vols. London: Bentley, 1880.

stow. He knew that he would be left to play his part uninterrupted by troublesome questions or premature interferences on the part of his countrymen. Metternich and Mazarin might almost have said, "*Ego et Rex meus*"; and were even less responsible to the judgment of their own nations than the crowned heads whom they served. But, since Parliamentary influence gained the ascendancy in the states of Western Europe, the powers of diplomatists have been greatly restricted and their responsibilities increased. They know that by the section of their countrymen which is opposed to the existing Ministry their proceedings will be regarded with suspicion, and if possible subjected to censure. They may expect, too, that their policy will be prejudged, and their hands weakened before their fellow diplomatists by ill-timed revelations and worse chosen criticisms in the opposition press. An ambassador has nowadays not only to study to give effect to the views of the Ministry from which his instructions come, but to guard as much as possible against laying himself open to attacks from its opponents. The responsibility of a plenipotentiary in our times must always partake, in a greater or less degree, of this mixed character; and to this we attribute the influence which the principle of compromise has now come to exercise in international arrangements. Russia is the only European state whose representatives can afford to regulate their conduct by the traditions of *la haute politique*; and we have seen the immense advantages which this position conferred upon them in recent negotiations—advantages which it took the united influences of the other European powers to succeed in neutralizing.

Could a reputation like Metternich's have been founded under the new conditions of diplomacy? is a question that every reader of his Memoirs will put to himself. The answer must be in the negative. A mind like Metternich's, that could control the destinies of nations, and interpose with effect in the purposes of sovereigns, would have been worse than wasted as a mere negotiatory medium. His genius, which was most manifest in seizing a sudden political current, and directing it into channels leading toward the ends he had in view, would have been foiled had he been hampered with the task of converting a cabinet to belief in his policy. Nothing less than a conviction that the mind of Austria was centered in himself, as well as the power to promote her truest interests, could have supplied the *motif* to such a course of action as he himself confesses to in these volumes. He was content to represent his emperor; but it is also quite manifest that he held himself qualified to judge what was the proper course for the Emperor as well as himself. He had no faith in government by cabinets; and, had he possessed *carte blanche* to construct a model empire, he would probably have dispensed with so slight an incumbrance to the crown as even an Aulic Council. And it must be confessed that many of the principles which underlay his modes of action would have been openly repudiated by the collective morality of any country that had had a voice in criticising them. The only conclusion that we can come to is, that Metternich—chief among the statesmen of his time, in perspicacity, in address, in self-command, and in political success—would have made a very ordinary and impractical ambassador acting under the instructions of a constitutional cabinet, and would probably soon have had to make way for a less strong-minded successor. The foundation of his greatness lay in the fact that he understood the word "plenipotentiary" in its most literal sense, and acted in accordance with that conception.

In the volumes before us the personal interest aroused by the statesman vies with the valuable historical materials illustrative of the greatest crisis through which the destinies of Europe have ever passed. Metternich himself supplies an outline of his public life down to the Congress of Vienna, and his son has supplemented the Memoir by a copious collection of the public and private letters of the great Chancellor. "I have made history, and have therefore not found time to write it," says Metternich himself; and we accept the excuse more readily because we believe that the prominent statesman ought to content himself with providing materials for the judgments of the impartial historian. It is impossible that those who control the course of history can record the results of their efforts without reviving in some degree the feelings that actuate their conduct. There is proof of this in Metternich's Memoirs, just and impartial as he had evidently striven to make them. There is a rich vein of color running through the whole of his narrative, which, though serving admirably to set out his personality, warns us that his remarks require testing by external evidence. Metternich was not the man to prepare a memoir for a popular verdict. His position is rather that of one who kindly furnishes some personal explanations for removing any misconceptions that may have been formed of his career. The reader is overawed by the lofty and intellectual standpoint from which he looks down upon men and things. If he ever found an antagonist whom he thought worthy of encountering, it was the first Napoleon; and yet he dissects the weak points of the Emperor's character with the severity of a professional psychologist. The Emperor Alexander, for whom he professes a kindly liking, makes, on

the whole, a poor figure after he has come through Metternich's hands. He despises Stein, patronizes Hardenberg, grants Talleyrand just sufficient ability to get the better of any one except himself, and speaks very coldly of any of his colleagues save those who chose to lend themselves to the carrying out of his own views. It might be thought that this affectation of superiority would give an unpleasant tone to his Memoirs; but this is not the case. Metternich's egotism is so good-natured, and it is so far justified by facts, that it furnishes evidence of a sincerity which the reader would probably have felt to be lacking had there been greater reserve on the part of the autobiographer.

We have now to draw from these interesting volumes a sketch of the career which they set forth; but in doing so we must not be understood as adopting Metternich's views of his public life where these are not justified by independent evidence. A man so many-sided requires to be looked at in several different lights.

Metternich has little to say of his family, except of his father, under whom he began his career in the public service; but we may state that his house dates traditionally from the eleventh century, when, in the time of Henry the Holy, it was possessed of influence in the territory between the Moselle and the Rhine, and historically from the commencement of the seventeenth, when Lothaire, one of its members, was Archbishop and Elector of Trèves. His father was the first of the house who distinguished himself in the Austrian service, and who, though apparently not possessed of any of the son's marked abilities, still held a respected position in the Imperial Court.

CLEMENT METTERNICH was born at Coblentz in 1773. There is little noteworthy in his early career, except the fact that when at the University of Strasburg he studied fencing under the *maître d'armes* who a year or two before had had Lieutenant Napoleon Bonaparte of the French artillery for a pupil. "I hope my two pupils, the Emperor of the French and the Austrian ambassador at Paris, will not take it into their heads to come to blows with each other," said this M. Fustet, when Metternich was passing through Strasburg on his first mission to Napoleon in 1806. The French Revolution was just bursting out at the time when Metternich was ready to enter public life; and a deep-seated horror of republican anarchy and the danger of demagogism took possession of his mind, and was rather intensified than shaken off throughout the rest of his career. He officiated as grand master of the ceremonies at the coronations of Leopold II. and his son Francis, in the old imperial city of Frankfort; and these pageants did not fail to suggest to his mind "the contrast between the country contaminated by Jacobinism and the country where human grandeur was united with a noble national spirit." A short term of office under his father, who was Minister Plenipotentiary to the Austrian Netherlands, first initiated him into public life, and brought him into immediate proximity to the earliest fruits of the French Revolution. During this period of his life, which he calls his apprenticeship, he visited England, and was present at the trial of Warren Hastings, and saw Admiral Howe sail out from Portsmouth to fight the battle of the memorable 1st of June. An incident which occurred during this visit showed that the characteristics which Metternich displayed in after-years were even then matured in the boyish statesman. The Prince Regent was at that time in league with the opposition; and Metternich, who was then in his twenty-first year, could not resist the opportunity to speak to him a word in season. "My youth," he says, "restrained me from expressing the profound disapproval which his conduct produced in me; but I took one day the opportunity of saying a word to him on the subject, of which he reminded me thirty years afterward, and added, 'You were very right then!'" In this little episode we see fair promise of the self-possession which, in the maturity of his powers, enabled him to beard Napoleon and cross the purposes of the impulsive Alexander of Russia.

A wife was found for Metternich in the princely family of Kaunitz-Rietberg, a granddaughter of the veteran Chancellor of the Empire. The loss of the Metternich ancestral estates beyond the Rhine, which were swept up by the Republic, necessitated the young couple living upon their Bohemian property, which now became their mainstay, and to the management of which Count Clement devoted himself for a few seasons. At this time he professes to have had an aversion to public life; but it is easy to see, from his jealous criticisms of the Vienna bureaux, that he felt himself in the position of the war-horse which snuffs the battle from a distance; and he vainly sought solace from a course of study, which did not keep him from seeing that "the course of the greatest events was not conducted as it ought to have been." He was, however, present at the sham Congress of Rastadt from December, 1797, almost to its break-up in the summer of 1799. The object of this Congress was to settle the secret articles of the Treaty of Campo Formio, which had given to France Flanders and the Rhine boundary, the city of Mayence, the territories to be embraced in the Cisalpine Republic, Mantua, and the Ionian Islands, and recouped Austria with the Venetian states, and confirmed her recent conquests in Poland. The secret arti-

cles provided for the cession to Austria of Salzburg and the Bavarian town of Wasserburg, and for finding equivalents for the dispossessed Rhenish counts, whose interests young Metternich was chosen to represent. The treaty was creditable to neither the Empire nor the Republic, for it was practically a participation by the former in the latter's plunder; and it was destined to have only a temporary existence, although Austria found an excuse for retaining a great portion of her spoil. Upon the secret articles on which the Congress had to base its deliberations there could be no hope of effecting an accommodation. Prussia, who was expressly excluded from deriving any advantage, had no motive to aid the negotiations, and the German princes burned with indignation at the cession of Mayence and the admission of French garrisons on their border. When Stein speaks of the "black and perfected treachery of Campo Formio," we are sure he is giving expression to the general feeling of his countrymen. Metternich has little to say of the politics of this part of his career. His letters to his young wife are filled with the social gossip of the dull town. We have lively pictures of the French deputies:

> I declare in all my life I never saw such ill-conditioned animals. You can form no idea of what a pack of wretches they are here. All these fellows have coarse muddy shoes, great blue pantaloons, a vest of blue or of all colors, peasants' handkerchiefs, either silk or cotton, round the neck; the hair long, black, and dirty, and the hideous head crowned with a great red feather.

We may conclude, what is natural enough, that the *ci-devant* nobles were greater ruffians than even the men of the people; for, though two of the original deputies were of descent equal to Metternich's own, the only one he could maintain civil relations with was the plebeian Perret, secretary of the republican legation. Metternich had left Rastadt before the murder of the French deputies by the Austrian hussars, and his Memoirs contain no mention of that disgraceful incident except a note by his son, which speaks of their fate as "frightfully tragic."

With the failure of the war of the second Coalition and the conclusion of the peace of Luneville Metternich's career as a diplomatist properly begins. He evidently regarded the Ministry of Thugut as a barrier to his entrance into the public service, and he assails that statesman with charges which we are obliged to regard as strongly colored by Metternich's personal feelings. He blames Thugut with having his own interests at heart rather than those of his country, and asserts that his investments in the French funds kept him inactive at the outbreak of the Revolution. "The history of his ministry," says Metternich, "may be summed up in a series of miscalculations, all of which contributed to support and advance the preponderance of France." It is true that Thugut had to play a losing game, which no one could have won who held his hand; but we fail to find any ground for the unfavorable aspersions which Metternich casts upon him. These are entirely incompatible with that integrity of character which won the early patronage of Maria Theresa and the continued confidence of Prince Kaunitz. The fact that the retirement of Thugut was made by Napoleon a preliminary condition of the peace of Luneville is testimony to his patriotism outweighing Metternich's censures.

The young diplomatist's first mission was to the Court of Saxony, as yet uncontaminated by the innovations which the Republic had introduced, and which accordingly was to him as an "oasis in the desert." His duties here were those of an observer, and not such as to call his talents into play. He had for a colleague Mr. Elliot, his Britannic Majesty's ambassador, of whose bearing at the Court of Berlin Metternich tells two racy anecdotes, which, if not new, will still bear repetition here:

> At the reviews at Potsdam a number of foreign officers gathered every year round King Frederick II. On those occasions the Prince showed his partiality for the French, hence the Chamberlain, who had to present the foreigners at the Prussian Court, introduced the French officers singly by name, while the English officers were all presented *en bloc*. At a reception of this kind, at which young Elliot was present, when the Chamberlain said to the King, "I have the honor to present to your Majesty twelve Englishmen," he was interrupted by Elliot exclaiming in a loud voice, as he turned to leave the room: "You are mistaken, Herr Marechal; there are only eleven." Some years afterward Elliot came as ambassador extraordinary to Berlin. Frederick had not forgotten the scene at Potsdam, and was little pleased by the appointment of Elliot, who had then only the rank of major. He determined to let his ill humor with the London Court and its representative be seen, and chose a Count Lusi for the post in London. Count Finkenstein was requested to notify his appointment to the English ambassador, which he did in the following words: "The King has chosen Count Lusi, a major in his army, whose name may be known to you from the reputation he gained in the Seven Years' War. His Majesty flatters himself that your Court will be satisfied with this choice." Elliot answered without hesitation, "The King your master evidently could not have chosen any one who would have better represented him."

Metternich does not tell us what answers he himself would have returned to these slights, but he

evidently did not consider Elliot a favorable representative of *la haute politique*.

Metternich's next mission was one more worthy of his talents. The detachment of Prussia from the position of neutrality occupied by her since the peace, by which she had not scrupled to profit to a degree little creditable to the integrity of her statesmen, had become a matter of prime importance after the peace of Luneville, and had given the Powers of the second Coalition breathing-time to rally their energies.

The motive power again came from Russia, for Austria was still cowed from the effects of Hohenlinden; and, though the internal revolution that was being wrought in the old German Empire was not to her satisfaction, she shrank from engaging with France upon the same terms as before. It was Metternich's task to devise a bond of union between the Courts of Berlin and Vienna—not an easy mission, from the temperament of King Frederick William III., in whose character indecision was the strongest feature. He had little to hope for from the King's advisers. Queen Louise, whom Metternich had known before his marriage, had not then developed the spirit which the indignities of the French conquest afterward called forth. Haugwitz, then the Prussian Premier, would not have missed his annual holiday on his estates in Silesia to save his country from being reduced to the limits of the kingdom in the time of the Great Elector; and Hardenberg, who did the work in his absence, had not sufficient influence to initiate a new policy. It was through Russia that Metternich could hope to make an impression upon the vacillating mind of Frederick William; but the Russian ambassador, Herr von Alopäus—the same who, a few years afterward, was so unjustifiably treated by the King of Sweden—was an old and nervous statesman, and little calculated to be the medium of strong diplomatic measures. Alexander was aware of this, and strengthened the hands of his ambassador by the aid of Prince Dolgorouki, who could better second Metternich's plans. The time was certainly critical. Napoleon had his great camp assembled at Boulogne, which, however it might disquiet England, did not lead the Continental Powers to anticipate a diversion. Some years afterward Napoleon frankly confessed to Metternich that the army at Boulogne was always intended by him as an army against Austria; and that he never "would have been such a fool as to make a descent upon England, unless, indeed, a revolution had taken place within that country."*

Metternich never doubted that the army of Boulogne was meant to cross the Rhine; and whether the Emperor Alexander was of the same opinion, or whether he thought that the absence of Bonaparte in England would furnish a favorable opportunity for breaking the French power—and we confess ourselves doubtful as to his real motive—he felt that the time had come for action, and that Prussia must now be compelled to range herself definitely on the side of the French or of the Coalition.

It was evident that nothing was to be made of Frederick William by argument, and Alexander determined on the bold stroke—encouraged, we have no doubt, by Austria and Count Cobenzl, of whose policy the *coup* unquestionably smacked—of forcing the King to a decision by advancing the Russian army to the frontier of East Prussia, leaving the Berlin Court to infer what its future action might be. But even this failed to produce an effect. At last Metternich received notice that the Russian troops were to cross the frontier simultaneously with the communication of the announcement of their intention to the King. We think Metternich wastes a good deal of dissimulation over this event, which could not have had the full concurrence of the Government at Vienna. There is, however, an incident connected with it which we must tell in his own words. He was present with Von Alopäus at the very moment when the important communication arrived:

> The arrival of a courier from the Russian headquarters was announced. Herr von Alopäus had the dispatches brought to him, and immediately began to open them. We stood close to a desk, at which the aged ambassador was accustomed to stand and write. In spite of his increasing years, Herr von Alopäus was vivacious almost to the point of impetuosity. In placing the rather bulky dispatches on the writing-desk, some papers fell on the floor, which we picked up. Besides the folio sheets which dropped, I had remarked distinctly a letter of small size; and, in fact, from the other dispatches, this was seen to be a letter in the Emperor's own hand to the King of Prussia, of which a copy was inclosed. In this letter his Majesty informed the King that he had ordered his army to cross the Prussian frontier. The contents of these dispatches threw Herr von Alopäus into the greatest excitement; it would have had the same effect upon me if I had not been prepared beforehand. He went off into very just remarks on the danger of the situation, and said at last: "The die is cast! Nothing more remains to me but to do the bidding of the Emperor, and hand over the letter of his Imperial Majesty to the King."

* We have always been inclined to think that Napoleon really built upon the obscure revolutionary efforts in England, in very much the same way as an autocrat of our own days was led into an inglorious war by the speeches and pamphlets of a noisy member of Parliament. See "Report of Committee of Secrecy of the House of Commons, 15th March, 1799." London: Stockdale.

But the letter had vanished. In his sudden fright at not finding it, and thinking of the gravity of the complication which must arise from the non-execution of the orders he had received, Herr von Alopäus tried to ascribe the absence of the autograph itself to an act of forgetfulness in the sender. As for me, I certainly saw a sealed letter with my own eyes, and now it was not there! For more than half an hour we sought under all the furniture without finding it. Alopäus, in an impulse of despair, clasped his head with both hands, and at this moment the Emperor's letter fell to the floor: it had got into a fold in the sleeve of his dressing-gown."

While thinking over this singular passage—this *divertissement* in the side-scenes during a great historico-tragic drama—one wonders whether each of the ambassadors was mutually confident of the honor which should prevail among diplomatists, and which holds good proverbially among a certain other class of intriguers. Did it flash across the mind of Herr von Alopäus that his astute young colleague, who had all his wits about him, might be able without much trouble to account for the missing letter? Did Metternich feel himself in an awkward situation until the important missive dropped out of the fur-lined sleeve of the Russian Minister's dressing-gown? It was a time when honesty was rare in any quarter, especially in diplomatic circles.

Had not Napoleon's impetuosity played the game of the Alliance, Alexander and Francis would have found that they had miscalculated Frederick William's temperament. At first it seemed that the threat of Russian aggression would have driven the King at once into the arms of France. He had already dismissed the Russian Ministers, with the assurance that he would consider himself at war with the first of the belligerent Powers that violated his territory, when the news arrived that the French had entered the Prussian dominions at Anspach to outflank the Austrian position at Ulm. Alopäus and Dolgorouki were called back to Potsdam, the Prussian frontiers were opened to the armies of Russia, and the Emperor Alexander was invited to the capital to confer with the King. Metternich's explanation of Frederick William's position is that he "had only the choice which of two insults he should resent; he chose without hesitation to pass by that which in form was the least injurious." Alexander came to Berlin, and there Metternich began his intimacy with that remarkable prince, whose character he has enabled Europe for the first time really to understand. The Triple Alliance, which was to bring such immediate misfortunes upon its signatories, but which was yet a great step toward freeing Europe from the Napoleonic despotism, was signed at Potsdam, November 5, 1805. With his usual contempt for all ceremonials, except those proper to the Austrian Court, Metternich takes no notice of the solemnity by which this short-lived alliance was sealed. Alison's graphic description may, however, be quoted:

Inspired with a full sense of the dangers of the war, the ardent and chivalrous mind of the Queen conceived the idea of uniting the two sovereigns by a bond more likely to be durable than the mere alliances of cabinets with each other. This was to bring them together at the tomb of the Great Frederick, where it was hoped the solemnity and recollections of the scene would powerfully contribute to cement their union. The Emperor, who was desirous of visiting the mausoleum of that illustrious hero, accordingly repaired to the church of the garrison of Potsdam, where his remains are deposited, and at midnight the two monarchs proceeded together by torchlight to the hallowed grave. Uncovering when he approached the spot, the Emperor kissed the pall, and, taking the hand of the King of Prussia as it lay on the tomb, they swore an eternal friendship to each other, and bound themselves, by the most solemn oaths, to maintain their engagements inviolate in the great contest for European independence in which they were engaged.

The ink, however, was scarcely dry when the battle of Austerlitz again laid Germany at the feet of the French conqueror. For this the indecision of Prussia was mainly responsible. She had been warned in no uncertain terms by Mr. Pitt of the consequences which she would incur unless she made common cause with the other Continental Powers where common interests were concerned; and she was soon to reap in full measure the fruits of her own selfish policy. Her degradation was further completed by the pusillanimity of Count Haugwitz, who, when sent to Napoleon to declare the intention of Prussia to join the Coalition, found the conqueror at Vienna, and substituted congratulations on the French success for the message of hostility with which he had been charged. He even went the length of proposing a new treaty, on the basis of Hanover being incorporated with Prussia until the conclusion of peace between France and England. It is fair to Hardenberg, and the Prussian Ministers in general, to state that they considered their honor compromised by the conduct of their colleague, and that the former again and again proffered his resignation. But, though the King dismissed Haugwitz, he ratified the treaty; and Prussia again fell back into her previous inglorious position, which she was soon to exchange for one of still deeper degradation.

We next find Metternich at the court of the conqueror, filling perhaps the most difficult position that ever an ambassador occupied. The

Treaty of Pressburg had stripped Austria of all her ill-gotten acquisitions under the articles of Campo Formio, and had divested its crown of the last relics of the Holy Roman Empire. The Confederation of the Rhine had arrayed all the petty states of western Germany in opposition to her interests. She was not in a position to oppose herself to the victorious Empire, and the patriotism of her monarch and statesmen could not brook the reduction of their country to an appanage of France. And now began that waiting game in which Metternich held the chief cards, and which, played with so much skill and patience, was finally crowned with success. Stadion, who was possessed of better staying powers than either Cobenzl or Colloredo, took the direction of foreign affairs, and instead of St. Petersburg, his first destination, Metternich was sent to Paris, as he says himself, at the request of Napoleon. The Emperor could scarcely have made a more dangerous selection for his own interests; but there was a peculiar fascination in Metternich's manner, which conciliated confidence and regard toward himself personally, even from those whom he did his utmost to thwart. Metternich dates the real commencement of his public life from this period, when he and Napoleon were thus directly matched against each other; and something like a feeling that the issue was to be fought out personally between himself and his great opponent pervades his autobiography and correspondence, and gives a keen zest to the narrative. The feelings with which he entered upon the struggle must be told in his own words:

> Within a short space of time destiny had placed me face to face with the man who at this epoch ruled the affairs of the world. I felt it my duty, and I had the courage, never to offer to mere circumstance a sacrifice which I could not defend to my conscience both as a statesman and as a private individual. This voice of conscience I followed; and I do not think it was a good inspiration of Napoleon's which called me to functions which gave me the opportunity of appreciating his excellences, but also the possibility of discovering the faults which at last led him to ruin, and freed Europe from the oppression under which it languished.

The period of Metternich's Parisian embassy extends over the Jena and Auerstadt campaigns, the Treaty of Fontainebleau between Austria and France, the Treaty of Tilsit, and the convention of Erfurth. Into these events the Autobiography scarcely enters, and we have to turn to the supplementary correspondence to ascertain the views which the Austrian ambassador then entertained. The silence preserved regarding the Prussian campaign is remarkable. We can not doubt that, while Metternich regretted the increased power which the victory at Jena conferred upon Napoleon, he could not at heart be sorry for the degradation which the trimming policy of Prussia had brought upon her. Jena he looks upon as the zenith of Napoleon's greatness. "If instead of the destruction of Prussia," he says, "Napoleon had limited his ambition to weakening that Power, and had then annexed it to the Confederation of the Rhine, the enormous edifice which he had succeeded in erecting would have gained a foundation of strength and solidity which the peace of Tilsit did not gain for it"; but he admits that Napoleon had been actuated by a false idea of the thorough exhaustion of the Prussian power, and that this mistake was the rock on which his fortunes subsequently split. Even Metternich can not conceal his admiration for the wondrous vitality which Prussia at this time displays, and declares that "all seems contradiction in the annals of Prussia, though these annals scarcely comprise one century." At the same time, though doubtless calculating that Prussia in her despair would be ready to embrace any revenge that the next alliance might proffer her, he would have been sorry to see her head a movement for the liberation of Germany from French influence. It is clear to us that he had already made up his mind about the part which Austria was to play, although how she was to play it was to depend on events which even he could not forecast in their proper order.

Before saying anything about Metternich's work at Paris, we may allude briefly to his sketches of the leaders of French society, with most of whom he was in familiar contact. Prominent among these was of course Talleyrand, of whom Metternich speaks in a tone of genial disparagement. Talleyrand, he says, possessed unusual intellectual ability, and was as trustworthy as agreeable in private life. His whole character, however, "more adapted him to destroy than to create," and this accounts for his radical passion for being in opposition to whatever Government was in power. Napoleon was aware of this peculiarity in his Minister's character, for he told Metternich: "If I want anything done, I do not employ the Prince of Benevento; I turn to him when I want a thing not to be done which I wish to appear to want." Regarding Fouché the Prince is more reserved, although he seems to thinks that, as a more practical man, he was of greater service to the Emperor than Talleyrand. Cambacérès was the man in whose administrative powers the Emperor at this time placed most confidence; and, in spite of his self-importance and his *gourmandise*, he had really the making of a statesman in him. It was at a reception at Cambacérès's that Napoleon's new-

ly-fledged aristocracy first burst upon the world; and, as under some new and high-sounding designation one old familiar friend after another was announced, the guests were convulsed with laughter. The scene was one of the best comic interludes in the solemn tragedy of the First Empire. "Cambacérès," Metternich says, "alone was imperturbable." The following anecdote of the Duke of Parma so illustrates this weakness of pomposity that we can not pass over it. At the beginning of the Revolution, Cambacérès had sat as an advocate in the Parliament of Aix, the President of which, M. d'Aigrefeuille, was his friend and patron. After the Revolution the latter was ruined, and glad to serve as a dependent in the house of Cambacérès.

One day when Cambacérès was invested with the dignity of *Archichancelier* of the kingdom—that fantastic imitation of the ceremonial of the old German Empire—to which the title "Durchlaucht" [serene highness) was attached, D'Aigrefeuille addressed him for the first time by this title. "When we are alone," said Cambacérès to him, "don't use these empty titles; continue to treat me as a friend, and content yourself with calling me Monseigneur!"

Of the female society Metternich has little to say. The ladies of the Napoleonic aristocracy could scarcely be expected to impress so devout an admirer of the *ancien régime*, whose tastes had been completely gratified by the court hoops in the Dresden palace. Napoleon sternly discountenanced all interference of the sex in politics and public affairs, though he never scrupled to avail himself of its services to forward his own measures. In 1810 Metternich interceded with the Emperor for permission to Madame de Staël to live in Paris; but in vain. "If Madame de Staël," Napoleon replied, "would be or could be either a royalist or a republican, I should have nothing to say against her; but she is a machine in motion which will make a disturbance in the *salons*. It is only in France that such a woman is to be feared, and I will not agree to it." Perhaps there are more unkind charges to be laid to the account of the Emperor than this intervention between Corinne and the society of his capital.

Politically, Metternich's position was one of great uncertainty. The peace of Tilsit had left him single-handed at the Emperor's court. His instructions required him to take up a firmer position than Austria could support if he were pushed to fall back upon his Government for assistance. He could no longer trust to Russia, whose ambassador, Count Peter Tolstoy — an honest man, but no statesman, and an envoy *malgré lui*—had indeed been told to follow Metternich's advice, but he had no positive assurance of the actual aims of his emperor. Tolstoy, indeed, gave Metternich to understand that in concluding the peace of Tilsit Russia was merely playing a temporizing part, and that when the time came she would again be ready to make common concert with Austria. But Metternich knew that the partition of Turkey, which Napoleon was holding out as a bait to the Court of St. Petersburg, was too strong a temptation to the mind of Alexander; and that, so long as France was able to convert this promise into a reality, he must place a limited confidence in Russian coöperation. He was forced to yield the Treaty of Fontainebleau, where he may be said to have maintained the full burden of the Opposition. As Austria's extensive war preparations became more prominent, Metternich's situation grew more and more embarrassing. For a time he was able to combat Napoleon's suspicions; but, as the latter saw the magnitude of the forces that were drawn into the field from the populations of Austria and Hungary, he refused to be lulled any longer by assurances of peace. Metternich had perspicacity enough to see that Austria was running a serious risk, and that her anticipations of Napoleon being crippled on one side by the Spanish war would be but imperfectly realized. But Stadion and the nobles of the Empire were almost unanimously resolved to fight; and the Emperor and the Archduke Charles were obliged to yield so far as to allow the army to assume an offensive attitude.

The famous interview between Napoleon and Metternich which took place at this juncture has its place in history; but we must give it in the statesman's own words. The audience took place on the 15th of August, the Emperor's *fête*, which, with his usual practice in associating himself with established solemnities, he had obtained permission of the Papal See to celebrate on the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, although his real birthday was 5th of February, 1768:*

Just before noon the diplomatic corps was conducted to the audience-chamber. I took my usual place in the circle, having Count Tolstoy on my right, the rest of the diplomatic corps being arranged in a semicircle, in the center of which was the Emperor. At such ceremonials the princes of his family were ranged behind him, then the Cabinet Ministers, the members of the court, and the adjutants. After some minutes of unusual silence, Napoleon advanced toward me with great solemnity. He stopped two feet in front of me, and addressed me in a loud voice and pompous tone—"Well, Sir Ambassador, what does the Emperor your master want?—does he intend to call me back to Vienna?" This address did not disconcert me; I answered him calmly, and in

* See "Alison's History of Europe" (Cabinet edition), i., 201, note.

no less elevated tones. Our conversation, the longer it lasted, took, on Napoleon's side, more and more the character of a public manifestation, Napoleon raising his voice, as he always did when he had the double end in view of intimidating the person he was addressing and of making an effect on the rest of his hearers. I did not alter my tone, and met his worthless arguments with the weapons of irony. From time to time Napoleon appealed to Count Tolstoy as a witness; but, when he observed that the Count preserved an unbroken silence, he turned, breaking off in the midst of a sentence, and strode to the chapel without completing the round of the circle. This scene lasted more than half an hour. The Empress Josephine and her train waited in the hall through which the Emperor had to pass, and no one could explain the reason of the length of this so-called diplomatic audience.

We hurry over the unfortunate campaign of 1809, during which Metternich remained a *quasi* prisoner in the hands of the French until he could be exchanged for a member of their own embassy. The difficulties which were thrown in the way of his dedition, as well as the overtures which were made to him to put himself in direct communication with Napoleon, induce us to think that the Emperor wished to make him a medium of communication with Francis should his troops fail to retrieve the defeat of Aspern, before Vienna. But Metternich, with his sense of diplomatic propriety, refused to act while he was practically in bonds, and he was released only in time to witness the battle of Wagram, and to accompany his master's flight to Znaim across the burning Märchfeldt. We can imagine the feelings with which the two took their way from the scene of disaster—the patriotic heart of Francis wrung to its core by the slaughter of his beloved subjects and the overthrow of his country; the more active mind of Metternich already occupied in piecing together the fragments of the ruin.

The battle of Wagram was the signal of the fall of Count Stadion's Ministry. The main responsibility of the campaign had rested with that statesman, whose chief fault was that he did not mingle enough of the wisdom of the serpent with his patriotism. At Metternich's representation, however, he nominally remained at the head of foreign affairs until the conclusion of the peace; but the ex-ambassador, as a Minister *ad interim*, directed the imperial policy. After a good deal of fencing on both sides, peace was concluded on October 14th, with an abruptness that was not altogether pleasing to the Imperial Cabinet. Metternich blames Prince Liechtenstein for allowing himself to be overreached by the French envoys; but to him the peace was a substantial gain, as it afforded him a basis for founding that policy which we see in various forms maturing in his dispatches from Paris, and by which alone he felt confident that Austria could again be enabled to take her proper place among European states.

The next important event in which Metternich figures with prominence was the marriage of the Archduchess Marie Louise to Napoleon. Iphigenia was to be sacrificed for a fair wind, which was all Metternich could reasonably hope that the victim would bring them. The diplomatist frankly confesses that though the Austrian people, wearied with war, looked upon the union as a pledge of peace, "neither the Emperor nor I went so far in our hopes: mine were limited to the obtaining of an interval of quiet for the recruiting our resources for the possibility of a necessary defense of the interests of the empire." The story of Josephine's divorce and Napoleon's second marriage has never been better set forth in all its romantic sternness than in these Memoirs. Fom the time when Napoleon's policy changed from an alliance with a princess of the Czar's house to the marriage of a Hapsburg Grand Duchess, it became the duty of the Austrian embassy to watch the progress of events with particular minuteness. With characteristic coarseness, it was through Fouché that the Emperor first sounded the feelings of Josephine, making him, not his own spokesman, but the representative of the popular wish; and though her high spirit refused to receive such a message through such a medium, she knew from those with whom she had to deal that she must yield in the end. It was to Metternich's wife, who had remained behind in Paris, that Napoleon first broached the subject at a masked ball at Cambacérès's. She could tell him nothing of the probabilities of his suit being successful; and when he asked whether she, in the place of the Archduchess, would accept his hand, Prince Kaunitz's granddaughter frankly told him that she would not. "You are cruel," said the Emperor to her; "write to your husband, and ask him what he thinks of the matter." But this also she refused to do, and a formal proposal was immediately made through Prince Schwarzenberg, the ambassador. The Emperor Francis must have been placed in a sad dilemma. Metternich gives us to understand that he left his master's decision unbiased in the matter; but independent evidence exists that all his influence was exerted to bring about the match. He was sent to announce the proposal to Marie Louise, in whose hands the Emperor professedly left the matter; but we can not doubt that the young Archduchess had been schooled as to the part which she would have to play.

"I wish only what it is my duty to wish," answered the Archduchess; "where the interest of

the Empire is concerned, that interest must be consulted, and not my will. Ask my father to consult his duty as a ruler, and to subordinate to that any interests connected with my person."

Such an answer was worthy of a daughter of the Hapsburgs; and we may be sure that Metternich, who probably alone could calculate the contingencies to arise from the alliance, hastened to hold her at her word. He accompanied the Archduchess to Paris, partly to see how she would be received, but more to inform himself of the effects which the marriage would produce upon the position and policy of Napoleon. His reception from the Emperor was most cordial, and Napoleon discussed his projects with a frankness which would have been altogether wanting could he have foreseen the future. Above all, the Emperor was anxious that Metternich should carry back with him to Austria a favorable impression of the results of the marriage. He threw the envoy and the Empress much together, and was apparently anxious that Metternich should receive from her own lips an unbiased account of her satisfaction with her position. Napoleon's domestic nervousness contrasts strongly with his political intrepidity; but it is doubtful whether he would have felt wholly flattered had he been made aware of the Empress's sentiments. "I am sure," she said to Metternich, some time after her marriage, "that they think a great deal about me in Vienna, and that the general opinion is that I live a life of daily suffering. So true is it, that truth is often not probable. I have no fear of Napoleon, but I begin to think that he is afraid of me."

Before he left Paris, Metternich could say that he had received "light" on the situation. He sent a report to the Emperor, which stands on record as a wonderful monument of political perspicacity. This was his forecast—written, it must be remembered, in 1810, when the Russian designs of Napoleon had scarcely any existence outside the Emperor's own mind:

During the year 1811, the peace of the Continent of Europe will not be destroyed by any fresh attack of Napoleon's. In the course of this year, Napoleon will join his own forces, greatly strengthened, with those of his allies, in order to deal a great blow at Russia. Napoleon will begin the campaign in the spring of 1812. Therefore the Imperial Government must employ the next year in improving the financial position in two ways: first, by lessening the quantity of paper money; next, in making important military improvements. The position to be taken by Austria in the year 1812 must be that of an armed neutrality. The fate of Napoleon's undertaking, in any case a very eccentric one, will give us the direction which we will afterward have to take. In a war between France and Russia, Austria must take a position on the flank, which will insure a decisive importance for her opinions during the war and at the end of it.

Thus was sketched out the policy on which Austria acted during the next five years, and which, finally, was crowned with success in the Congress of Vienna and at the battle of Waterloo. It was a purely selfish one; but we must remember that in the disorganized state of the European kingdoms there was then no possibility of making a general stand against France upon the higher principles of public morality and public law. Metternich was, above all, practical in his views, and held in contempt anything approaching to sentimental policy, as well as any one who had the character of an *idéologue*. His clear mind selected the shortest roads to his ends; and, if he was not very scrupulous as to the directions in which these roads lay, we must keep in mind that his adversaries were equally little actuated by conscience.

During the Russian campaign of 1812, the position of Austria was maintained in strict accordance with the principles which Metternich had laid down. Her attitude was one of armed observation. The expression "benevolent neutrality" had not then been invented; and, if it had been, Metternich, we think, was too honest to have employed it. Under his auspices the breathing-space was utilized in the reorganization of the finances, and in the consolidation of the territories that still remained under Francis's sway. The alliance of Prussia again became an object of primary interest; and Metternich, with all his dislike for the influence of Berlin, and his distrust of the principles which were then influencing the Prussian people, was active in inducing Frederick William and his ministers to return to the basis of 1805. A great reaction was then springing up in Prussia. A spirit of patriotism, corresponding in intensity with the degradation into which the kingdom had fallen, pervaded the whole population. The *Tugenbund*, which was its great center, was warmly patronized by the Government. Much praise has been lavished upon Stein for his fostering patronage of these secret societies; and there is no question that it was by their influence that Prussia was again elevated to the rank of a first-rate power. But the price she was to pay fell to posterity to settle. The institution of secret societies has been the source of great trouble to Prussia in succeeding days; and we do not scruple to assert that the example of the *Tugenbund* has given strength and vitality to its secret socialism in our own time. Metternich never dissembled his dislike of the *Tugenbund*, although he had no objection to accept its services as a powerful engine in stirring up German feeling against French despotism.

We now come to the last and most exciting period comprised in these Memoirs—the epoch of the alliances by which the power of Napoleon was finally put under foot. The intimate connection of Great Britain with the allied courts from 1813 to 1815 has familiarized us with the ground now to be gone over. But the powerful side-lights which Metternich now casts upon it greatly deepen the dramatic interest of some of its most striking scenes.

Metternich's policy was now to be put to the test. The utter humiliation of France in the Russian campaign gave an impetus to the spirit of the Prussian population that Frederick William could not dare to withstand. Letters from Berlin describe the warlike enthusiasm of all classes of the people, and how even the women divested themselves of their ornaments to defray the expenses of war; and, with the characteristic cautiousness of the Hohenzollerns, their patriotism was repaid in iron *bijoux*. After the Treaty of Kalisch was concluded between Frederick William and Alexander, the time had come when Austria was obliged to bestir herself if she was to avoid the penalty of an isolated policy, such as Prussia had been previously made to pay. Metternich had made up his mind that Austria was to play the *rôle* of mediator, and to secure the influence which would naturally attach to that position, although we can not doubt that he saw all along into which scale the Emperor most ultimately cast his sword. Like every mediator, he was an object of free abuse from both sides. The French suspected him, not altogether unjustly, of double-dealing; and the Prussians denounced him as the chief obstacle to united German feeling, and as a secret partisan of France. Stein, between whom and Metternich there was no love lost, writes to Count Münster, the Hanoverian Minister: "Our good Nesselrode has convinced himself too late that Metternich is superficial, immoral, and double-minded; from his conduct he must either be a traitor, or, what is more probable, he has not the force and the influence, grounded on personal reputation, to guide and control his emperor"; and he applies to Metternich, with a slight variation, the language of Mephistopheles in "Faust":

> ". . . . the fellow that 'finesses'
> Is like a creature that some spirit malign
> Draws round and round in barren wildernesses,
> And all about lie fruitful pastures green." *

But the fact is that Metternich's conduct at this time was only such as was strictly proper to the position which Austria had assumed. She was in alliance with France, and it was her duty to provide that the league should not be broken first by any fault on her part. She had reason also to dread the consequences to Austria of the increased influence which the Russian successes would give that Power on her own confines, and the advantages which the Prussian Court might seek to secure from its new alliance. But amid these difficulties Metternich steered the policy of his empire with consummate skill. He restrained the military faction, which would have prematurely committed the country to war, as it had done before under the Ministry of Count Stadion. He made the belligerents sensible of the weight of Austria, and of the importance which must attach to her voice in the crisis. Probably he would have made peace, if it could have been made at the time; for Metternich always recognized the fact that an honorable peace is the highest end to be attained by any diplomatist. But he had the impracticable character of Napoleon to contend with, of which, however, no one knew so well as himself how to take the proper advantage.

After the battles of Bautzen and Lützen, Metternich waited upon the French Emperor at Dresden, to discharge the last duties of Austria's mediatorship. The interview took place at the Marcolini Garden, near the Elster Meadows. The account of this interview, which really put the seal upon Napoleon's downfall, we shall give in Metternich's own words. We can quote no passage from these volumes that is more characteristic of the two antagonists:

> The appearance of the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs at Napoleon's headquarters could, under such circumstances, only be regarded by the leaders of the French army as decisive in its results. I was received in Dresden with this feeling. It would be difficult to describe the expression of painful anxiety shown on the faces of the crowd of men in uniform who were assembled in the waiting-rooms of the Emperor. The Prince of Neufchâtel (Berthier) said to me in a low voice, "Do not forget that Europe requires peace, and especially France, which will have nothing but peace." Not seeing myself called upon to answer this, I at once entered the Emperor's reception-room.
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> Napoleon waited for me, standing in the middle of the room with his sword at his side and his hat under his arm. He came up to me in a studied manner, and inquired after the health of the Emperor. His countenance then soon clouded over, and he spoke, standing in front of me, as follows:
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> "So you, *too*, want war; well, you shall have it. I have annihilated the Prussian army at Lützen; I have beaten the Russians at Bautzen; now you wish your turn to come. Be it so; the rendezvous shall be in Vienna. Men are incorrigible: experience is lost upon you. Three times have I replaced the Emperor Francis on his throne. I have promised

* Seeley's "Life and Times of Stein," iii., 147, 148.

always to live in peace with him; I have married his daughter. At the time I said to myself, 'You are perpetrating a folly'; but it was done, and to-day I repent of it!"

This introduction doubled my feeling of the strength of my position. I felt myself, at this crisis, the representative of all European society. If I may say so, Napoleon seemed to me small!

"Peace and war," I answered, "lie in your Majesty's hands. The Emperor, my master, has duties to fulfill, before which all other considerations fall into the background. The fate of Europe, her future and yours, all lie in your hands. Between Europe and the aims you have hitherto pursued there is absolute contradiction. The world requires peace. In order to secure this peace, you must reduce your power within bounds compatible with the general tranquillity, or you will fall in the contest. To-day you can yet conclude peace; to-morrow it may be too late. The Emperor, my master, in these negotiations is only guided by the voice of conscience; it is for you, Sire, now to take counsel of yours."

"Well, now, what do they want me to do?" said Napoleon, sharply; "do they want me to degrade myself? Never! I shall know how to die; but I shall not yield one hand-breadth of soil. Your sovereigns, born to the throne, may be beaten twenty times, and still go back to their palaces; that can not I—the child of Fortune, my reign will not outlast the day when I have ceased to be strong, and therefore to be feared. I have committed one great fault in forgetting what this army has cost me—the most splendid army that ever existed. I may defy man, but not the elements; the cold has ruined me. In one night I lost thirty thousand horses. I have lost everything, except honor and the consciousness of what I owe to a brave people who, after such enormous misfortunes, have given me fresh proofs of their devotion and their conviction that I alone can rule them. I have made up for the losses of the past year; only look at the army, after the battles I have just won! I will hold a review before you."

"And it is that very army," I answered, "which desires peace."

"Not the army," interrupted Napoleon, hastily. "No; my generals wish for peace. I have no more generals. The cold of Moscow has demoralized them. I have seen the boldest cry like children. They were physically and morally broken. A fortnight ago I might have concluded peace; to-day I can do so no longer. I have won two fights; I shall not conclude peace."

"In all that your Majesty has said to me," I remarked, "I see a fresh proof that Europe and your Majesty can not come to an understanding. Your peace is never more than a truce. Misfortune, like success, hurries you to war. The moment has arrived when you and Europe both throw down the gauntlet; you will take it up—you and Europe, and it will not be Europe that will be defeated."

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Napoleon took me into his study, and showed me the lists of our forces as they were daily sent to him. We examined this with great particularity, and almost regiment for regiment. Our discussion on this subject lasted more than an hour.

On returning into the reception-room he did not speak again on political subjects, and I might have thought that he wished to draw my attention away from the object of my mission, if a former experience had not taught me that such digressions were natural to him. He spoke of the whole of his operations in Russia, and expatiated at length and with the pettiest details about his last return to France. It was clear to me from all this that he was constantly endeavoring to show that his defeat of 1812 was entirely owing to the time of year, and that his moral position in France had never been firmer than it was in consequence of this same event. "It was a hard test," he said to me, "but I have stood it perfectly well."

After I had listened to him for more than half an hour, I interrupted him with the remark that, in what he had just told me, I saw strong proof of the necessity of putting an end to so uncertain a fate. "Fortune," I said, "may play you false a second time, as it did in 1812. In ordinary times armies are formed of only a small part of the population; to-day it is the whole people that you have called to arms. Is not your present army anticipated by a generation? I have seen your soldiers; they are mere children. Your Majesty has the feeling that you are absolutely necessary to the nation; but is not the nation also necessary to you? And if this juvenile army that you levied but yesterday should be swept away, what then?"

When Napoleon heard these words he was overcome with rage, he turned pale, and his features were distorted. "You are no soldier," said he, "and you do not know what goes on in the mind of a soldier. I was brought up in the field, and a man such as I am does not concern himself much about the lives of a million of men." With this exclamation he threw his hat, which he had held in his hand, into the corner of the room. I remained quite quiet, leaning against the edge of a console between the two windows, and said, deeply moved by what I had just heard: "Why have you chosen to say this to me within these four walls? Open the doors, and let your words sound from one end of France to the other. The cause which I represent will not lose thereby."

Napoleon recovered himself, and with calmer tones said to me the following words, no less remarkable than the former: "The French can not complain of me; to spare them, I have sacrified the Germans and the Poles. I have lost in the campaign of Moscow three hundred thousand men, and there were not more than thirty thousand Frenchmen among them."

"You forget, Sire," I exclaimed, "that you are speaking to a German."

Napoleon walked up and down the room, and at the second turn he picked up his hat from the floor. Then he began to speak of his marriage. "So I have perpetrated a very stupid piece of folly in marrying an Archduchess of Austria."

"Since your Majesty desires to know my opinion," I answered, "I will candidly say that Napoleon the conqueror made a mistake."

"The Emperor Francis will then dethrone his daughter?"

"The Emperor," I replied, "knows nothing but his duty, and he will fulfill it. Whatever the fate of his daughter may be, the Emperor Francis is in the first place a monarch, and the interests of his people will always take the first place in his calculations."

"Well," interrupted Napoleon, "what you say does not astonish me; everything confirms my idea that I have made an inexcusable mistake. When I married an Archduchess I tried to weld the new with the old, Gothic prejudices with the institutions of my century; I deceived myself, and I, this day, feel the whole extent of my error. It may cost me my throne, but I will bury the world beneath its ruins."

The conversation had lasted till half-past eight o'clock in the evening. It was already quite dark. No one had ventured to come into the room. Not one pause of silence interrupted this animated discussion, in which I can count no less than six moments in which my words had the weight of a formal declaration of war. I have no intention of reproducing here all that Napoleon said during this long interview. I have only dwelt upon the most striking points in it which bear directly on the object of my mission. We wandered far away from it twenty times; those who have known Napoleon, and transacted business with him, will not be surprised at that.

When Napoleon dismissed me, his tone had become calm and quiet. I could no longer distinguish his features. He accompanied me to the door of the reception-room. Holding the handle of the folding-door, he said to me, "We shall see one another again!"

"At your pleasure, Sire," was my answer, "but I have no hope of attaining the object of my mission."

"Well, now," said Napoleon, touching me on the shoulder, "do you know what will happen? You will not make war on me?"

"You are lost, Sire," I said, quickly; "I had the presentiment of it when I came; now, in going, I have the certainty."

In the anterooms I found the same generals whom I had seen on entering. They crowded round me to read in my face the impression of the nearly nine hours' conversation. I did not stop, and I do not think I satisfied their curiosity.

Berthier accompanied me to my carriage. He seized a moment when no one was near to ask me whether I had been satisfied with the Emperor. "Yes," I answered, "he has explained everything to me; it is all over with the man."

Thus Austria's attempted mediation failed. It had been, to use Metternich's words, "like a bridge from one bank of a stream to the other, which—whether the bank to be attained was peace or war—was at an end, and that not by the fault of the mediating Powers, nor of the Powers at war with Napoleon. Our proper place was therefore on the side of the Allies." And so Metternich compassed his end, having thrown the whole moral blame of the rupture of the Austrian alliance upon France, and having taught the united Powers the full value which was to be placed upon Austria's coöperation. And so the Emperor Francis threw himself heart and soul into the Grand Alliance. Metternich, however, had still a difficult part to sustain. He knew public feeling in France better than any of the statesmen with whom he was associated, and he felt that to secure a satisfactory settlement he must fight as hard in the cabinet as their generals would have to do in the field. His sketches of his colleagues, which seem as true to the life as one statesman can be expected to paint another, do not diminish our sense of the difficulties which he had to confront. Foremost among these was the Emperor Alexander, who, though animated by generous and chivalric motives, was yet impracticable to a degree which history has hitherto failed to account for. Whether Metternich's explanation of the Emperor's character is the correct one or not, we can scarcely venture to decide; but his portraiture of Alexander, at least, presents a novel hypothesis which is worth consideration:

> The Emperor Alexander's life was worn out between devotion to certain systems and disappointment in their results; the feelings prompted by both moods were spontaneous and vigorous, and, strange as it may sound, their course showed a certain periodicity, of which I shall afterward give pertinent examples.
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> The Emperor seized an idea, and followed it out quickly. It grew in his mind for about two years, till it came to be regarded by him as a system. In the course of the third year he remained faithful to the system he had adopted and learned to love, listened with real fervor to its promoters, and was inaccessible to any calculation as to its worth or dangerous consequences. In the fourth year the sight of those consequences began to calm down his fervor; the fifth year showed an unseemly mixture of the old and nearly extinct system with the new idea. This new idea was often diametrically opposite to the one he had just left.

Unfortunately, the Emperor's mental "periodicity" had at this time brought him round to a belief in democracy, to which he would not have scrupled to give effect outside his own dominions. His views for the future of France were all at this time based upon ultra-Liberal principles, which wiser men knew would simply amount to a substitution of anarchy for despotism. After the entry of the Allies into Paris, the Emperor asked Lord Grey to formulate for him the scheme

of an Opposition for Russia. The champion of Parliamentary Reform and a reduced franchise would seem to have changed his mind as well as his soil by his trip across the Channel; for he said to Metternich, whom he consulted about the difficulty in which the request had placed him: "Does the Emperor intend to introduce a Parliament into his country? If he really means to do so—and I should take good care not to advise it—he need not concern himself about an Opposition; it would certainly not be wanting."

The history of the advance on Paris, the restoration of the Bourbons, the exile of Napoleon to Elba, and the events of the Hundred Days, are all so well known to us, that Metternich's Memoirs add little to the knowledge which is already at our command. We may say the same of the negotiations at Vienna, with the internal history of which we are familiar, from the dispatches of Lord Castlereagh. It is gratifying to hear, from so shrewd an estimator of men as Metternich, so favorable an opinion of Lord Castlereagh's diplomatic abilities, who, through party spirit, has never been sufficiently appreciated by his own countrymen. We need not touch upon the rupture which, Metternich flatters himself, almost led to a duel with the Emperor Alexander, nor on the minute details which his papers give us of the inner business of the Congress. Metternich's memoranda show that he had, on the whole, his own way, and that he then laid a foundation for the power of Austria which remained mainly unshaken until she periled her strength at Sadowa.

We shall not attempt to sum up the character of Metternich; we must apply the same tests to him as he himself used in the case of Napoleon, and forbear to judge him by ordinary standards. But the man who conciliated private friends wherever he went, who won the confidence of the greatest monarchs in Europe—both his allies and his enemies—and who brought his country to dry land through stormy waters, deserves to be placed in a high niche among our famous statesmen. There is no good citizen of any country who will lay down these volumes, over which we have been lingering, without a feeling that he would pray for such a statesman as Metternich—goods and bads—to stand by his country in the hour of its extremest danger.

Blackwood's Magazine.

HENRI REGNAULT.

IT was at the Paris Exhibition of the year 1869 that the whole artistic and fashionable world of the gay capital crowded round two pictures, the work of a young artist who, even by name, was unknown to all but a small circle of intimate friends. One was a portrait of General Prim, just then named Dictator of Spain. The other a likeness of a Spanish lady in rose-color dress and black "mantilla." A well-known critic thus describes these two remarkable performances:

The General is represented on horseback, bareheaded, checking his fiery steed on the crest of a hill. The painting of the black Andalusian barb is as fine as anything ever done in equestrian portraiture. Behind the principal figure a tumultuous crowd rush onward impetuously, waving standards and brandishing guns and swords. The whole composition constitutes rather an historical picture than a portrait. It is full of life and movement, and painted with extraordinary vigor and daring. The likeness of the Spanish lady forms a complete contrast to the storm and strength of the former. On a light background is portrayed, with the utmost delicacy and refinement, a lovely woman's face, finished like a miniature. The majesty of the one and grace of the other are surprising, when one remembers they are executed by the same hand.

Although the public, as a whole, could not be said to be equally enthusiastic, and some were rather troubled and perturbed at the audacity of the youthful genius who had appeared in their midst, still, none showed indifference to the display of such manifest talent; and for a few weeks Henri Regnault's name was in every mouth, and and his pictures the great topic of conversation in every Parisian drawing-room.

Meantime, where was the artist, object of all this attention and discussion? Far away in the sunny south, reveling in the beauties of the Eternal City, utterly indifferent to the world's praise or blame. He thus writes to his friend M. Cayalis on the 31st May, 1869:

You say I am not working enough! Wretch! Think you that what I show is all I have accomplished during the year? Do you imagine that my own art-education, all the notes I take right and left, all the studies and experiments I make, are got through while I am asleep? You are afraid, then, that I shall be spoiled by my success! No, I don't think I am any longer of an age to feel vapid satisfaction at a mere newspaper article or letter of congratulation. I trust that M. Henri Regnault, my master, will say to me some day in the future, "Come,

old boy, I am pleased with you at last." And, between ourselves, I can not help hoping that same day is far distant, for I know I shall infallibly deteriorate from the moment I am satisfied with my own productions. I long to be in Morocco, Algiers, or Tunis. I am rusting here. Rome gives me the impression now of a dark room lit by a night-light. I long for more sun. Why do you gainsay me? Well, I suppose we must not allow ourselves to think about it just now! I vow, however, that one of these days you and I shall embrace on the Pyramids, or in some Indian temple, at the top of one of those marble staircases leading through tropical plants and heavily scented flowers to the sacred waters.

HENRI REGNAULT, the second son of Victor Regnault (a distinguished member of the Academy of Sciences, and for twenty-five years director of the manufactory of Sèvres), was born in Paris on the 30th October, 1843. From infancy he showed signs of the artistic talent that distinguished him in later life. Everything he saw around him he transferred to paper, refusing invariably to copy either from a drawing or a print. He thus acquired the power, exercised so remarkably afterward, of portraying the movements and positions of almost every animal with the greatest accuracy and fidelity. As he grew older he spent all his holidays, and periods of convalescence from any childish illness, executing large sketches for finished pictures; those done at the age of twelve of the battles of Issus, Arbelles, and Rocroi, which were shown at the École des Beaux-Arts, indicate an astonishing daring in composition and power of drawing.

After distinguishing himself, and taking a high degree for proficiency in classical studies, he left college in 1859, and was then free to follow the bent of his artistic genius. His father put him to work in the studio of a former pupil of Ingres, M. Lamothe. Here, the facility he displayed with his pencil was so great that he soon was permitted to paint in oils, and even admitted, in May, 1862, to compete for the "Prix de Rome." The subject he chose was "The Mother of Coriolanus entreating him to spare Rome." It did not gain the prize, but created a very favorable impression on the jury, who presented him with a special medal. He then undertook a large religious picture of the Entombment. He thus writes to a friend on the subject, showing that even at twenty years of age he comprehended artistic aims and aspirations:

I am going to begin my great painting of the Entombment, of which you have seen the sketch. I have made all the studies for it from nature, and will have my canvas in two or three days. I am undertaking a gigantic performance, but think I shall be able to attain my end; the ardor and energy I feel ought to enable me to cope with Herculean difficulties. I see my picture in imagination, and it is superb.

I will not exhibit it to the public unless fully convinced it is good. The best rule to make is, never to submit a work to hostile criticism unless you are satisfied with it yourself. As long as faults can be detected they must be rectified until the result realizes one's best ideal. I will not be in a hurry, so that my judgment may have time to mature and lead the way, for it is the head and not the hand that ought to direct, and I feel sure it is impossible to make any progress in art unless the painter's conceptions far surpass his mechanical power. I live a constant struggle against time, and, sad to say, am generally beaten.

I work away like a slave (he says in another letter), never stopping in spite of the fogs and darkness round me. If poets love winter and dreams by the fireside, we artists abhor all that is not light, blessed light! Beautiful sun! glorious heat which permits us to work in shirt-sleeves and slippers. We can not paint with our feet on a *chaufferette*. We must have freedom of movement and a clear sky. Perhaps at some future time in my wanderings I may be able to find a more equable climate than ours, where the vault of heaven will be always blue above me. "*Haine au gris!*" will henceforward be my war-cry.

At this period of his career began that crisis which all natures of any originality and strength have to undergo, when the leaven of young life, working within them, induces them to throw off the fetters of ancient habit and routine that have hitherto bound down their genius, and give it scope to respond to the impulse leading toward realism and life.

I know not (he writes to a friend) if I am beginning to understand the rich and infinite language of art better, but I seem to hear it spoken all round me, and by everybody. I see beauty in a country road, or in a hillside standing out against the sky, even in the blue of heaven reflected in the stream that runs beside a dirty Parisian street. Why can I not therefore find the same elevated, divine sensations when my eyes are shut and not looking at what is round them? Then I only see prosaic stiffness and want of symmetry. Artists and poets ought to be given abodes above the clouds; where (while their rhapsodies last) they might forget everything and lose their identity in the pure ether around them. No disturbing influence from the world should be allowed to enter, not a curl of earthly smoke should cloud their sky, only the faintest sound of church-bells might penetrate at rare intervals amid the harmonies of the infinite depths of blue. Why can one not from time to time cast off this tenement of clay, and be enabled to experience those sensations that are too delicate and subtile to pierce through the mortality that envelops us! Yes, I endeavor to make progress, but I think I am going through a period of great mental sterility. I have no doubt

you have felt the same. Entire worlds, before hidden, are revealing themselves; the heavy clouds that hid the mountain-tops are clearing away, illumining the shadows of the abyss. I feel as if I were being initiated into profound mysteries, which open vast horizons in art, and transport me into so pure and rarefied an atmosphere that I am almost suffocated, and my eyes blinded by the unaccustomed light. Still I believe I am expanding and advancing.

From this moment we see him continually at the Louvre, studying the works of Titian or Paul Veronese, and forming the project of copying "The Marriage in Cana of Galilee" the size of the original. The Venetian painter's splendor and stateliness had a peculiar fascination for him.

In 1866 he again competed for the Prix de Rome, choosing as the subject of his picture "Thetis bringing Achilles the Arms forged by Vulcan." He could not carry out the ideal he had formed for the goddess, and, utterly discouraged, felt inclined to lay down his palette and brush and give up the contest in despair. The day of the decision was fast approaching, when the desponding artist, on going to spend an evening at the house of a friend, met a girl there whose expressive face and graceful appearance immediately inspired him. He hurriedly made a sketch of her, went home, and in twelve days the picture was repainted, sent in, and obtained the prize, Thetis being represented by the young lady. Having thus obtained what he had striven for during three years in vain, he allowed himself a holiday and went for a tour in Brittany, whence he brought back some powerful sketches. But the wild scenery of that rock-bound coast was not adapted for the development of his genius.

"How can one be strong," he laments, "in the face of such a waste of waters, under the influence of this terrible raging sea, beating against the rocks that have dared to defy the ocean by opposing a dark and serried line to its tumultuous raging?"

His soul hankered after the orange-groves and soft breezes of the south, and these he was soon destined to enjoy, for, according to the Academy rules, having gained the Prix de Rome, he was sent free of expense to the Eternal City. So, in the spring of the year 1867, we see him on his way, expressing his delight, and describing his impressions in a series of fresh and brilliant letters, dashed off to his father and intimate friends at spare moments snatched from his work. They, in fact, constitute the sole information we possess of his artistic life and aims at this period.

Rome disappointed him: his dreams had surpassed the reality; he found the Forum small and contracted:

How could those conquerors, those giant heroes, find room to pass under such triumphal arches, without crushing against the walls the trophies and troops of slaves attached to their chariots? Think of the battlements of Nineveh, where twenty-five chariots could go abreast, and those ancient Indian temples, piled up fifteen stories high, with their hundreds of steps and bands of priests, where whole populations came to worship! I can not imagine Cæsar or Marius ascending to the Capitol by the narrow, unimposing road we are told is the Via Sacra.

Even St. Peter's did not console him, or seem grand enough when seen near. But there was one artistic achievement which certainly realized his highest conceptions—the roof of the Sistine Chapel.

It is a marvel of marvels (he exclaims). In general disposition and arrangement it is prodigious! In tone it is soft, harmonious, and powerful, but has almost the effect of a nightmare on one's senses. It gives a shock, like falling from a great height. It is too magnificent! After having seen it, a feeling of exhaustion came over me instead of the joy and pleasure intercourse with the great masters generally gives.

"For me," he says elsewhere, "Michael Angelo is a god one dreads to touch, for fear fire should come out of him and burn one up."

But what he enjoyed most were his walks and rides in the country round Rome. He thus describes a sunset seen from the heights of Tusculum:

The Campagna stretched away in front of us, with Rome in the distance. A little to the left shone the sea; then came Monte Cavo, with the picturesque village of Rocca di Papa clambering in tiers one above the other up the mountain-side; still farther to the left stretched the Albanian Hills, while to the right lay the Sabine range, with their splendid outline firm and accentuated as steel. As the sun got nearer the horizon, the trees covering the sides of Monte Cavo took the color almost of crimson velvet, the plain was bathed in roseate light, and the portion of the mountains in shadow turned a brilliant sapphire blue. The sea glowed as if on fire, and great clouds loomed heavy overhead. It was superb! I now understand why the theatres of the ancients were so devoid of decoration. What could man do in the face of this wonderful Nature but lay down his brush and make the landscape his background?

He pays a visit to Liszt at the request of a friend, who had sent him one of his compositions to submit to the criticising eye of the great musician, and thus writes of him:

He received me with the most charming amiability. I rather trembled as I rang the bell, and although under the protection of a friend, who had already been presented to him, my heart beat as if I were on the point of being ushered into a dentist's

consulting-room. I began stuttering and stammering—Monseigneur, Monsignor, Monsieur l'Abbé, Maestro, etc., etc.—but he immediately put me at my ease by the dignity and simplicity of his manner. I ceased to tremble, and soon saw in the ferocious black-haired individual nothing but an enthusiastic, real artist, and a devoted friend of Camilles. He spoke to me of him with an admiration that seemed thoroughly genuine. He read over the "Veni Creator" while I was there, stopping every now and then to praise it. He then played, with all his fantastic power and energy, some bits from his own symphonies of Dante and St. Francis, and invited me to come and see him any Friday I liked. I had always imagined he was a *poseur*, but have changed my opinion, and was, on the contrary, profoundly impressed by his genius, charm, and good looks.

Meantime our young artist was heaping up stores of knowledge and experience, though not actually doing any work. He writes accounts to his father and grandmother of expeditions to Tivoli, luncheons eaten in the ancient Temple of the Sibyl, visits to the villas outside Rome, with their "beautiful woods and fountains," all described with a vitality and grace impossible to give an idea of in short extracts. Hearing there is a possibility of an eruption of Vesuvius he rushes off with a friend to Naples, where he is completely fascinated by the beauties around him. He writes from Sorrento:

I am in paradise! What mornings, what days, and, above all, what nights! If you only could see the Bay of Naples reflecting the moon and stars, with the outline of Vesuvius in the distance! The calm! the silence! only broken every now and then by the sighing of the sea, which runs up, and dies in a ripple at our feet.

If he goes on an expedition to Ostia duck-shooting, he misses all his birds, he is so absorbed by the natural charms around him:

The lakes stretch a great distance in the midst of vast plains, bounded on the horizon by the Sabine and Albanian Hills, and nearer at hand by forests of stone-pines that skirt the seashore. Nothing is finer than the effect of these somber, giant masses mirrored in calm, clear water, which reflects also the blue of heaven, giving it the brilliancy of precious stones. Never did I feel further removed from civilization, or more isolated than in the midst of the reeds which encircle the banks like a ring of gold. The primitive appearance of our little boats, the wild and woe-begone expression of our oarsmen, added to the illusion. It was one of those days that will long remain imprinted on my memory.

In the middle of December, 1867, after a flying visit to Paris, he returned to Rome, and set to work on his picture of "Judith and Holofernes." But his health broke down, and after struggling in vain against malaria and weakness, he was at last obliged to accept the doctor's verdict, and leave the fever-weighted air of the ancient city.

He immediately turned his steps toward Spain, the country of his dreams, and his abode (with the exception of the short interval spent at Tangiers) for the short space of life still left him. Here he for the first time was destined to make acquaintance with the works of Velasquez and Murillo, who exercised a less overwhelming effect on his mind than Michael Angelo, and led him to the true cultivation of his powers.

There are pictures all round us [he cries] in this enchanted land. In the cathedral at Burgos we saw some admirable groups of beggars. O Velasquez! you are omnipresent here! your tones of color, in all their purity and clearness, abound in every corner and street! What a painter! "Dio mio!" No one ever accomplished anything before his time except Titian and Tintoretto. What color! what charm! what originality and facility of execution! What a pity he did not devote his marvelous talent and astounding power to more elevating themes! The impression would be incredible of a dramatic or pathetic subject painted with the same truth and simplicity in attitude and color, devoid of forced effects, apparent sacrifices, or any of the wire-pulling which has become traditional, and which is supposed to be the curriculum all art-students must undergo. May I be executed if I do not make leagues of progress at Madrid! I have begun a copy of one of the great master's pictures. If we wait for political events to settle down before we start on our travels, it is more than probable I shall have plenty of time to do other work. We paint every day from half-past eight in the morning to six in the evening, for Signor Madrazo permits us to come before the museum opens, and we do not leave until it shuts.

On the morning of the 29th of September, after going, as was their wont, to the gallery, and working quietly for about two hours, they observed a young artist deadly pale, whispering something to one of his companions, and suddenly every one shut his paint-box. The custodians took off their uniforms and appeared in plain clothes. In a few moments there was not a creature left in the place. They went down to the *concierge*, the doors were shut, Madrid was in a state of revolution. The young artists hastened home to leave their painting materials, and then sallied out to watch the course of events. For a few days they were thrown into the midst of the insurrection which deprived Isabella of her throne, and sent the Bourbons for some years out of Spain. The friends did not waste their opportunities. "We make sketches on every side," writes Henri. "Madrid is full of superb pictures, with its mixture of squalor and splendor, tapestries and flags."

A little further on he tells his father:

I am to do a portrait of Prim; it will be interesting work. He is *the* man just now in Spain. Wanted—a king. Do you know of one, by chance? If so, dispatch him here. He must be stupid, ugly, and have no political opinions or intelligence. Existence in Spain is delightful, and is not nearly appreciated at its real value. It is a mine of wealth for a painter, putting out of the question the country and its inhabitants. The old Spanish masters seem more useful from an instructive point of view than unapproachable giants like Michael Angelo or Raphael. They admit you into their intimacy; they show you Nature in all her simplicity and dignity; they do not attempt to hide the means they use, and ask nothing better than to initiate the tyro into the mysteries of art, and allow him to worship without crushing his soul with their sublime contempt. They have used the every-day light of the world, and thought beggars as well as kings worthy of their brush. Cripples, dwarfs, children, everything is useful, nothing rejected as vile or coarse. You have only to take your choice out of what they offer. There is no one-sided or distorted view of nature imparted, and their work might have been done to-day, and no one would say it was out of date or old-fashioned.

Our great difficulty has been to persuade the gypsies to sit to us. For a long time they would only consent to tell our fortunes, and then went away, but yesterday at last we induced three to pass the day at the *atelier*. We made a study of them; they are splendid. One of them is expecting to become a mother. I am to be godfather to the baby, which is to come into the world in the month of January. I should like to assist at a gypsy festival now I am one of the family. Our three friends of to-day promised to bring two more to-morrow. I hope they will give us letters of *introduction* to their relations in Andalusia, so that we may be well received there next year.

We went [he says further on] a day or two ago to see the future mother, under the guidance of the honest fellow her husband, who showed us the way to the little suburb outside Madrid inhabited exclusively by gypsies. It was night. We entered a long, one-storied house divided into several compartments; each family occupies one. A charcoal-fire was lit on the floor in the middle of the room. On one side were the mattresses on which they sleep. All the occupants sat in a circle warming themselves, the children perfectly naked. The donkeys passed freely backward and forward, eating the straw that was scattered about.

Thus we find him making experience of every phase and form of life. Leaving his gypsy surroundings, he enters into all the fashionable gayeties of the Carnival. He describes some of the scenes they were spectators of with a graphic pen:

One afternoon, all the Prado, on the side of the Retiro, and close to the Alcala gate, was covered with rows of chairs, the occupants of which could only be compared to a brilliant flower-bed, with their parasols clustered together. Under each of these many-hued mushrooms glowed a pair of bright black eyes, however plain the rest of the face might be. There are very few women in Madrid also who as a rule do not boast a clear olive complexion that harmonizes with a surrounding of divers colors. Still, nothing is so admirable a set-off as the mantilla, and, thanks be to goodness, they are coquettish enough not entirely to forsake this for the artificial flowers and humming-birds of your Parisian hats. This is a country of strong contrasts. As the crowd were returning from the Carnival, the sound of a bell was heard coming down the "Carrera San Géronimo"; it was the last sacrament being carried by the priest to a dying man. Immediately, according to Spanish custom, all the populace went down on their knees, and nothing could be imagined more grotesque than to see the masks, with their camel's heads, monkey-faces, and devil's tails, cast themselves piously on the earth. But let me take you away from all the gay crowd at about eleven o'clock at night into one of the wine-shops in the Calle de Toledo, little dens frequented by the common people and *toreros*. Sit down with us, and take what these courteous fellows, with their bright-colored handkerchiefs and embroidered jackets, offer so hospitably. They pass their glasses, and, after you have done them the honor of drinking, they will put it to their lips too. Listen to Lola while she sings with her soft, mellow contralto one or two gypsy dirges, or a love-song, with its long-drawn sighs and monotonous rhythm, to which the guitar makes such an exquisite accompaniment. Then "Hóla! hóla! hóla!" they jump up, clapping their hands. A handsome *picador* begins to dance, showing his white teeth, and throwing himself from side to side, while he holds the silk scarf tied round his loins. And, when that is over, to bed! for we have "work to do to-morrow."

It is curious how, amid this life of amusement and occupation, one continually recurring thought comes back with sad persistence, as though a presentiment of his fate hung over him:

What I would give to read the future, and find written there the certainty of accomplishing what I want to do! If I could say to myself, "In two or three years' time you will return laden with materials, you will have acquired plenty of knowledge, and you will have twenty-five years given you to make use of them!" Ah! then all would be well; but to die on the road! never to reach the goal! that is what weighs on me like lead.

A sudden stop was put to his enjoyment in the brilliant Spanish capital by the discourteous way in which Prim treated him on the subject of his portrait, which he came to see, and declared in a haughty, brusque manner, was not a

good likeness, or to his taste. Regnault, in consequence, left Madrid in disgust, taking the portrait with him. "I traveled third class," he exclaims, in the bitterness of his heart. "If there had been a sixth-class compartment on the railway I would have taken it, so humiliated did I feel."

After shaking the dust of Madrid off his feet, he made up his mind at last to carry out his project of visiting the ancient palace of the Moors; and on the 12th of September, 1869, we find him and his brother in art, George Clairin, reveling in the artistic and natural beauties of Granada. Everything he had seen up to that time seemed effaced from his memory; the Alhambra completely fascinated his imagination. He passed days amid its enchantments, working incessantly, as he tells his friends. He is absorbed painting water-colors of fantastic difficulty:

I wish I could put into words what I think of Granada, queen of cities, with its turquoise sky, rose-color towers, and its golden, silver, and jeweled Alhambra. For several days I could not do a stroke of work. I saw nothing but *fire* round me. What artists these Moors were!

We are living close to the palace. A stately avenue of trees leads from us to it. All around us is perfect in foliage, climate, and color; in a word, a dream of happiness! an Arabian Night's tale! Since our arrival there has not been the smallest cloud on our horizon, not even a mist between us and the intense blue of heaven. The Alhambra is certainly magnificent. I spend hours every day deciphering the translations of the verses of the Koran that are written in all directions on the walls.

The news referring to the success of his picture of "Judith and Holofernes" reached him faintly from Paris. He could not understand the enthusiasm, so emphatically expressed by the Parisians, for his productions. In the midst of such natural and artistic beauties the favorable opinion of his fellow citizens, which it had once been his highest ambition to obtain, seemed of no account. The view from the Alhambra, the panorama of mountains round, and the immense plain of the Vega stretching away in the blue distance, were all-sufficing.

Life was too short [as he says] to read stupid papers. One must keep all one's eyesight for art. In our beautiful enchanted palace up here, where we are so tranquil and happy, no rumor of revolution even troubles us. We allow discussion and fighting to go on in the world, while we do homage to the genius of these old Moors, discovering every day new splendors and greater wonders and beauty of design. Divine Alhambra! whose walls in the morning are emerald, by day pearl, and at sunset amethyst and gold. We wait every evening until the moon comes out, and after she has lit up the delicate tracery work, and put to sleep the genii and phantoms who haunt this marvelous fairy palace, we take our leave, regretfully turning round at every step, unable to take our eyes off the rose-color marble columns that at certain moments take the mother-of-pearl flesh-tint of a lovely goddess.

The only interest the two friends took in the revolution then going on in Spain arose from the fact of its delaying the arrival of their luggage, containing oil-paints and canvas, and thus preventing the execution of all the wonderful pictures they saw in imagination. Little did they then foresee the political events that were destined to wake them rudely out of their bliss, touching all nearest and dearest to their hearts, and dissipating the radiant visions around them with the icy breath of sadness and despair. Well might they say they could discern no cloud on the bright-blue sky of Spain; but there was one looming on the northern horizon, no bigger than a man's hand, that was destined ere long to overshadow the heavens, chasing the brightness and sunshine out of their lives.

With the restlessness and energy of his nature, Henri, now that he had become acquainted with the works of the Moors in Spain, felt impelled to study them also in Africa. So his next letters are dated from Tangiers, where the festival of Ramadan was in course of celebration; and he soon saw enough to convince him that a lengthened residence in the old African town would be of great advantage artistically. His pockets were full of money, as he had just sold his picture of "Salôme" to a dealer for five hundred and sixty pounds. He therefore took a studio, and wrote to his friend George Clairin, to Granada, telling him he must come over. And there they set up house together, decorating the interior in the style of their beloved Alhambra, painting the walls themselves.

I shall certainly do my work for the exhibition here. I am twenty times better and happier than in Rome, with its oppressive atmosphere and theatrical-looking models. Our rooms are covered, couches and floor, with Eastern carpets. We have become quite Moorish in our habits and customs; always leave our slippers at the door. No chairs are allowed in the establishment; all European ugliness is strictly prohibited. Our domestics consist of Lagraine, my servant, who superintends the preparation of colors and canvas, photography and carpentry; Nana, our cook, and Ali Pata, my groom, a small, shriveled-up monstrosity of fifty, as ugly as he is intelligent. Besides these we have an Arab boy who does all the marketing and out-door work, and, to complete the establishment, a lovely Moorish girl, who not only "poses" to us herself, but brings her friends too. Imagine the picture we have around us when we ascend to the balcony at the top of our

abode, the snow-white town, descending in terraces to the sea, like a staircase of marble steps. All the flat roofs covered with groups of Moorish women and negresses, seated on carpets or standing about, hanging out their washing on cords stretched across. The combination made by their yellow turbans, silver-embroidered petticoats, and rose-color or green handkerchiefs, is wonderful. At last, in truth, we see the East. I will so impregnate myself with beauty and light, that I need not be afraid of returning to our dull, every-day world, and forgetting the experiences I have made here. When I live in Paris again, I shall only have to shut my eyes to summon up Moors, fellahs, Hindoos, enchanted palaces, golden plains, azure lakes, in fact all the East. O blessed, thrice blessed light! They tell me it is better to intrust the "Salôme" (which I am sending off) to a cockle-shell of a sailing vessel than to a Spanish railway. I forget the story: look it up for me. The moment is chosen immediately after Salôme has danced before Herod, which will explain the tossed hair and short dress.

The appearance of this work in the Paris *Salon* was the artistic event of the year. The idea was an entirely new one. There was no composition, no story told; it simply depended on extraordinary execution for the effect produced. The charge of sensuality was brought against it, and here certainly we think Regnault must plead guilty; but was it not the fault of the age in which he lived, and the people for whom he painted? Both the artist and his countrymen required purifying of the great national sin of materialism in a fire such as no country ever went through before. He was destined, alas! to succumb, carrying with him all the unfulfilled promises of his youth, and all the possibilities his admirers prophesied for him. From the charge of seeking to startle by selecting original and *bizarre* subjects, he defends himself indignantly:

I have no intention of revolutionizing or dazzling the public mind. It would be a blunder to attempt it, and I hope you do not believe me capable of such want of enlightenment. I paint whatever comes into my head, and appears to me simple and natural. If my critics profess to think I try to ape eccentricity, I can not prevent their doing so. Remember, I am left to my own inspirations here, I see no other artistic work, and follow, uninfluenced, my personal sentiment and manner of seeing things. I dare say, however, it is true that I do not give sufficient solidity and depth of tone. The fact is, I paint in the midst of brilliant sunshine, and am accustomed to see figures on a background of dead white, which most likely has induced me to use a wrong keynote in the pervading color. I have no doubt I am off the right path altogether. Do write to me, and say sincerely what you think of the picture I now send.

He had a magic power of putting the sunshine amid which he lived upon his canvas. Can we not all of us remember turning in from the murky atmosphere of the London streets to a small, dark gallery in Bond Street, and standing astonished opposite the "Execution without Judgment," dazzled by the light and luminousness of the sky, and sunlit marble steps, at the foot of which lay the decapitated figure, the red blood running down and staining the whiteness of the staircase? It was the work of a young Titian, playing with the gifts the gods had bestowed upon him.

The announcement of the declaration of war fell like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky upon the two friends, shivering their bright dreams into fragments; destroying the peace and happiness of the life they were leading amid the picturesque and artistic surroundings of their African home. Like the rest of their countrymen, they at first expected to hear of nothing but triumph and victory; all the more cruel, therefore, was their disappointment and grief when the news of the disasters and misfortunes that befell the French arms reached them. They had no longer any heart to paint, and spent their whole time awaiting the arrival of the steamer from Gibraltar with the last papers and telegrams, or rushing off to official headquarters to learn more accurate information. When the news got very bad they made up their minds to hasten to the aid of their unfortunate country. Regnault writes: "We are off, father. We must return home and learn to handle heavier tools than the palette and brush; France has need of all her sons to aid her in her vast distress."

Toward the middle of September he and his friend Clairin reached Paris, trembling lest they should find it already invested, and all possibility of entrance cut off. Those who had known Regnault before were struck by the difference that three years had wrought in him. Their memory was that of an enthusiastic young student, full of charm but reckless and wild. They found the same enthusiasm restrained and kept in check; the same charm considerably enhanced by the moral improvement effected in heart and mind. He was now matured, serious, having placed his affections high, and above those affections his duty and honor. He enrolled himself at first in a battalion of "Franc-Tireurs," but yielded shortly afterward to the persuasions of his friends, and entered the ranks of the National Guard. A feeling of devotion animated him, and gave him that *naïve* and sublime confidence which supported the brave defenders of Paris to the last. Amid all the stress and bustle of war, however, his heart turned often to his work and his sunny home at Tangiers. Seventeen days before his death he writes to a friend at Gibraltar:

I do not know if you ever received the letter I sent you by balloon-post six weeks ago. I was then on the point of starting for the front with Clairin, and have been kept here for a month doing duty in the advanced posts, sleeping in the snow on the frozen earth, or on a lake of half-thawed mud, sometimes with not a thing to eat, but obliged to march every day twelve hours, knapsack on back—fasting: in fact, all the delights of active warfare—in a severe winter campaign. We slept under a tent at the foot of Mont Valérien, exposed to the most violent and cutting wind during the three coldest nights of the year, the thermometer marking fifteen to seventeen degrees below zero. Several men were frozen to death. It was a sore trial for all, but almost unbearable for me, who had passed three winters in a warm climate. Let us hope our sufferings will be of some avail. We get no news from outside, and have no idea how things are going. My father has been a prisoner ever since the beginning of the siege, and I have had no news of him for the last three or four months. The population of Paris are very calm, they bear the deprivations they have to undergo with extraordinary patience. No one complains; all have become resigned, and only ask as a reward good news of the fighting in the provinces, and the joy of taking part in the last struggle that is destined to deliver Paris. Be good enough to look after Legraine, my servant, and see if he is still at Tangiers; if not, ascertain who is taking care of my studio. In case I should die in this war, M. Clairin (George's father) possesses a paper in which my last wishes are written, and he is authorized to repay any disbursements made by you or others.

And yet, though he faced death thus calmly, he had every reason to be enamored of life. Since his return a marriage he had long wished for had been decided on, and whenever he could snatch a moment from military duties they were spent with his betrothed. But the darkness of the political horizon dimmed the brightness even of his personal future; he could not hold up against the pervading feeling of gloom; he went through the regular routine of his life with the same persevering precision and heroism, but all the energy of trust and confidence had gone.

He kept a journal during his long nights of vigil at his post, in which we can see how this sadness weighed on him.

We have lost a great many of the rank and file [he writes]; the gaps must be filled, and with better, stronger men. This ought to be a lesson to us. We must not permit ourselves to be enervated by a life of easy pleasure. Existence for its own sake is no longer possible. A short time ago it was the fashion to believe in nothing but enjoyment, but today the Republic calls on us to lead a pure, honorable, serious life, and to offer up our souls and bodies on the altar of our country, and in a more extended sense as a sacrifice in the cause of emancipated humanity.

As a common soldier, Regnault had shirked none of the duties of his position. His captain, struck by his zeal, intelligence, and courage, offered him promotion. Regnault declined the honor, however, and gave his reasons in an admirably simple, patriotic letter. He says in one paragraph:

Perhaps the qualities of coolness and submission, which you are pleased to acknowledge I possess, might, thanks to your instruction, have made me a passable officer. But I am afraid that my very small experience in military affairs might expose me to the necessity of receiving instruction from those of a lower grade than myself, who would be more worthy and capable of filling the position. My example, therefore, will be of more avail than my commands. I have decided to undergo the fatigues and trials of the profession without faltering, to be always well to the front, and so encourage those of my comrades who might be inclined to hesitate. In me you have a good soldier, do not lose him for the sake of making an inferior officer.

Regnault was killed in the performance of his duty, at Bougival, on the 19th of January, struck down by almost the last shot fired under the walls of Paris. The mobilized battalions of the National Guard had received an order to attack the Prussians intrenched behind the walls of the park of Bougival. The French soldiers fought heroically all day, but to no effect. When evening came the command to retire was given.

Among those whose fate was uncertain was Henri Regnault. His comrades had seen him lingering behind, and implored him to come on with them. "I only want to fire off my last cartridges, and will join you directly," answered the brave young voice through the smoke and twilight. It was the last ever seen or heard of him. The news of his disappearance was known that night in Paris. All, however, were unwilling to believe he was killed. George Clairin set himself at dawn next day to seek his friend on the field of battle, but in vain, and it was only on the 22d of January that the body was recognized among the dead brought to the cemetery of Père Lachaise for burial. The effect the confirmation of his sad fate caused in Paris was most remarkable. Although suffering under the humiliation of a vast national disaster, there were tears left to shed for the loss of him who had died so bravely fighting in her cause. The funeral service was read on the eve of the capitulation of the capital, the solemn silence being only broken at rare intervals by the boom of the cannon on the distant ramparts.

Henri's family were absent, ignorant even of his sad fate; but a wreath of white lilac that lay on his coffin testified there was one who mourned more deeply and hopelessly than even father,

brother, or sisters. All the artistic and literary world were present also to do their young comrade honor; for, in those cultivated circles where art reigns supreme and is a portion of the national life and pride, they felt a ray of brightness had departed, and that the angel of death had indeed dealt them a cruel blow. Although he had only exhibited a few works, all had felt, with the appreciative sensibility of their race, that there was the promise of a great artist in the brave, bright spirit that had been snatched from among them. And so, during the cruel, sad months that followed, the great city shed many a tear on his grave, chanted many a poem in his honor, and enshrined his memory for ever in her great, beating heart, among those of her best loved and most gifted children.

Temple Bar.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRAWING-ROOMS.

IN most English middle-class houses there exists, or till lately existed, a certain mysterious and reverend apartment known as the drawing-room. In homes of the most Philistine type this solemn shrine of the household gods was always regarded as far too sacred for common and every-day usage. The family lived, as a rule, in the "parlor," or the breakfast-room, and only approached the higher sanctum on Sunday afternoons. Visitors were duly ushered into it for formal calls, and other important diplomatic ceremonies took place within its mystical precincts. Some enlightened denizens of Philistia even went so far as to retire into its awful shades after dinner, and there decorously to play their accustomed rubber. But none of them ever dreamed of really *living* in the drawing-room. They would almost as soon have thought of living in Canterbury Cathedral, or in the state apartments of Windsor Castle. The drawing-room was set apart for purposes of pomp and solemnity, and it would have been sacrilege to desecrate its sanctity with the trivialities of ordinary life. It was the Capitol and the Acropolis of that ceremonial government which, as Mr. Herbert Spencer assures us, formed the earliest and the most long-lived form of human administration.

The appearance and appurtenances of the good, old-fashioned drawing-room were strictly in keeping with these its solemn functions. It had a desolate and comfortless air, as though it were not habitually inhabited. The chairs were straight-backed and fragile, so that to lean against them was perilous to life and limb. The sofas were constructed so as to afford a maximum of corners with a minimum of repose. A large and rickety rosewood table, with many curves and wriggles, occupied and blocked up the center of the room. A heavy-looking ormolu gas-chandelier hung above it, with curves and wriggles to match. The paper was white-and-gold, with a sparse and stingy-looking pattern, which contributed its share to the prevailing coldness of the general effect. A family portrait and a couple of water-colors represented pictorial art; a few never-opened volumes of Tupper and Longfellow, interspersed with the "Illustrated Birthday Gift," did duty for literature upon the meaningless center-table. Two flower-bespangled porcelain vases, the ceramic treasures of the establishment, flanked the mantel-piece. Worse than all, a covering of chintz above the blue satin on chairs and sofas, removed only on Christmas-day or marriage festivities, but allowed to remain *in situ* even on Sunday afternoon, openly proclaimed the strict artificiality of the drawing-room. "Let no one venture to be at his ease," the whole place cried out with all its mutely blatant mouths, "for this is not a common room in which one may dare to be comfortable, but a serious-minded and respectable English drawing-room."

It must be allowed that only in the darkest regions of Philistia, in the very Gaths and Askelons of Great Britain, could drawing-rooms quite as dreary as these be found; and there they may still be found by the dozen. But even in comparatively cultivated families the same general type might be traced, though in a less virulent form. The members of the household used the room freely, and made themselves as happy as they consistently could on the rectangular sofa and the straight-backed chairs; but the general arrangement of the furniture remained the same, and the whity-gold paper vied as elsewhere with the massive ormolu mirror-frame above the white-marble mantel-piece. The table still occupied the central place of honor, while the great chandelier still hung above it with its corona of white-globed lights. In short, in spite of minor differences, the drawing-room archetype was preserved in Brompton and South Kensington, as the vertebrate archetype is preserved alike in the fish, the bird, or the mammal.

If we inquire historically into the evolution of drawing-rooms, the reason for this general unity of design will become apparent. Mr. Darwin

tells us that birds and reptiles have corresponding limbs because they are descended from a common ancestor. So, it seems, almost all drawing-rooms have certain features alike, because they are derived from a common predecessor, the aboriginal living-room. In this primitive and undifferentiated stage of combined dining- and drawing-room, which may still be found in most of our cottages and farmhouses, the table for the family meals stands in the center, while the chairs and couches are set with their backs against the wall. From such an original type all the other varieties of reception-rooms have been evolved by slow degrees.

The dining-room, of course, adheres most closely to the primitive form. The center of the room is the most convenient station for the table; and the chairs, when not actually in use, may stand against the wall as well as anywhere else. The sideboard is but a slight deviation from the ancestral dresser, while the other furniture is useful rather to fill up space than to subserve any special object. But the drawing-room, while varying in several minor particulars, still foolishly adheres with slavish fidelity to many features of the original living-room. The table, rounded or cut into an oval, and twisted, as to its legs, out of all recognition, remains irrationally in the center of the room. The overhanging gas-chandelier replaces the candle or lamp which, in the primitive dining-room, naturally stood upon the table itself. All the other pieces of furniture occupy places assigned to them through survival from the elder custom. In fact, the drawing-room is a fair instance of the persistence of type, even after the type has become comparatively useless.

It may be objected to my theory of the origin of drawing-rooms—I do not mean intentionally to parody Mr. Pickwick's famous speculations on the Hampstead Ponds—that the state apartments in our halls and castles, as well as in the town houses of the upper classes, have never conformed to this aboriginal cottage type. But, really, the line of descent in the two cases is quite distinct. The old mediæval hall, where the baron dined at high-table on the dais, and the retainers sat at the lower board on the sunken floor below, was really and essentially a dining-room, like that of good old farmhouses in our own day. It still survives in the halls of our Oxford and Cambridge colleges. At the Renaissance, however, when Italian mansions took the place of mediæval castles, the traveled nobleman, who had seen the palaces of Florence or Genoa, brought back many new-fangled notions for his town-house in the fashionable quarter of the Strand, and his country residence at Knowle or Berry Pomeroy. He added to the old dining-hall the modern withdrawing-room, into which he retired after dinner with the ladies of his family. These withdrawing-rooms were furnished from the first on the Italian model, just as Italian terraces were laid out in the garden, and Italian art was imitated on the walls. It was an Italianizing age, when Spenser modulated his stanza on Tuscan standards, and Shakespeare laid the scenes of his dramas at Verona or Venice. From such a beginning all our upper-class Belgravian drawing-rooms have taken their form; and nobody can fail to recognize in their furniture, even at this day, many traits of the original Italian spirit, though somewhat obscured by later French innovations of the Louis Quinze epoch.

Now, whence did the Italians get their early palaces? Certainly by descent from the great Roman halls and villas. And these were not framed at all upon our northern model, but were developments from the very ancient primitive Helleno-Italian house. They were based upon the open roof, the dark inner apartments, and the great, smoke-blackened cieling of the common dining-room. The Roman *atrium* never looked in the least like our own drawing-rooms, because the original Roman dinner was served on small movable tables. In the earliest times, when the family lived entirely in the *atrium*, the only permanent furniture which it contained consisted of a few stools and benches, together with the movable brazier on the central hearth. At a later date, when meals were taken in a separate apartment, the *atrium* became a real reception-room; but its decorations were mainly confined to the mosaic pavement, the marble pillars, the frescoed walls, and the few simple though shapely stools or tripods for the guests. Thus the later Italian hall in the palaces of Genoa or Florence, derived from this original type, never resembled our solid-looking English drawing-rooms, but was rather conspicuous for the lightness, not to say the meagerness, of its upholstery. It depended more for its effect upon frescoed cielings, parquetry or mosaic floors, and walls covered by acres of painted canvas, than upon the "superior marble-covered consoles" or the "elegant rosewood center-tables" of our own British household furnishers. This wide difference of origin sufficiently explains the difference of appearance between the drawing-rooms of our ancient Elizabethan mansions and those of our modern middle-class villas.

But, to pass on from this too curious question of historical evolution, let us suppose a rational human being, emancipated from the hereditary prejudices of his race, were to bend his mind to the profound task of furnishing and decorating an ordinary simple English drawing-room *de novo*. What would be the principles which must

guide him in making the six boundary-walls, including the floor and cieling, together with their contents, as pretty, as comfortable, and as useful as is compatible with the nature of our climate and habits? In other words, how *ought* simple middle-class English people to furnish the room in which they ordinarily live? This is a question which has often been asked of late years, but none of the answers seem to me completely satisfactory. I do not mean that they are too dogmatic, for on the present occasion I mean, with my reader's kind permission, to dogmatize somewhat freely on my own account; but they have all been a trifle too irrational, too ready to take for granted the very points which need demonstration. Suppose, then, we attempt to decide how a reasonable and artistically minded man would naturally go to work if he wished to set up his own drawing-room upon reasonable and artistic principles.

Following the unexceptionable advice of Mrs. Glasse, he would probably begin by first catching his hare. And here, at the very outset, he would be very likely to meet with a difficulty, seeing that so many drawing-rooms are, from the beginning, badly and irrationally constructed. But we will grant, for argument's sake, that he is lucky enough to meet with an honestly built room, having sufficient light, air, and breathing-space, together with a sound wooden floor, a sound plaster cieling, and sound unpapered walls. We shall not endow him with anything so magnificent as a carved oak cieling, a handsome wainscot, or an inlaid floor; for these, desirable as they are, can not come within the reach of the average modest English householder. We must content ourselves with trying our experiment upon an ordinary London cottage of the type which radiates from every main thoroughfare in the great western and southwestern district. But, if possible, we shall stipulate for a bay-window in front, which is not too extravagant a request even in a region of exorbitant ground-rents and narrow, flattened building-lots. Any suggestion of a curve, or even a diagonal line, must be gratefully welcomed as breaking the dismal monotony of the four square corners.

Having got his room, our imaginary householder's next point will be to arrange for the decoration and management of its framework—the cieling, floor, and walls. This is really by far the most important question in the whole furnishing process; for, if you once get your framework properly arranged, the room will look well with any furniture or no furniture at all. Every time you look up, the eye must necessarily fall on one or other of the six boundary-walls. On the other hand, no amount of taste and care bestowed upon cabinets, vases, and mirrors will atone for a heavy, ugly paper, a staring carpet, or a cold white cieling covered with a huge radial monstrosity in plaster-of-Paris. Good paintings are beautiful objects for the eye to rest upon, but they will not strike us so much if they stand floating in a sea of pictorial red roses tied together in bunches by festoons of white-and-gold ribbon. Hence the desirability of taking your room unpapered, and, as far as possible, undecorated. For, if you find it already papered and painted, the chances are a hundred to one that you will have to pull all the landlord's or previous proprietor's work to pieces, and begin the whole task of decoration afresh.

First of all, then, we must start with the paper; for this will give the general tone to the room, especially as regards its prevailing colors. We can settle nothing as to painting the panels, doors, and window-frames, or as to choosing the carpet and furniture, until we know the background with which they are to harmonize. One of the greatest mistakes committed by people of well-meaning intentions, but insufficient experience, is that of buying this, that, and the other separate article because it is in itself pretty, without reference to the other objects which must form part of the total effect with it. To prevent such inharmonious combinations of severally beautiful shapes and colors, we must needs begin with the universal background—the wall-paper. About this there can now be little hesitation, for good patterns in wall-papers have almost driven the old crude whity-gold abominations out of the market. What one needs in the framework of one's room is some restful and rich-looking mass of neutral color, on which the eye may anywhere fall without being distracted by divergent rows and crosses of the pattern. The beautiful deep-tinted modern papers with flowing and interlacing floral designs, suggested by natural forms, but treated, as all decorative work should be treated, conventionally rather than pictorially, supply us with the very framework which we need. We do not want to cover our rooms with some little picture of a bunch of flowers, repeated four hundred and fifty times over, so that wherever we turn we see the same inevitable object staring straight in our faces. Even a very pretty picture—a flower-piece of Dutch fidelity—would pall upon the eye if one had to look at it in four hundred and fifty separate copies about a hundred times a day; but the flower-bunch of the wall-paper, instead of being a miniature by Weenix, is a very coarse wood-engraving from a very inartistic and unfinished sketch. Nor do we want a cold mass of white and pearl-gray to chill us every time we turn our eyes away—Damon from his book, and Phyllis from her crewel-work. We require something

which will look rich and warm, at the same time that no one point attracts our eye rather than another. I shall not insist further on this point, however, because it has been often enough insisted on already during the last few years, and those who do not at once prefer the new style to the old will not be converted by any deliberate argument against the evidence of their own eyes. There are people who, when the æsthetic revolution first supplied them with its exquisite patterns, joyfully and thankfully accepted them at first sight; and there are people who voted them "gloomy," and preferred the aboriginal bunch of roses or the ancestral gold-and-white lozenges. Concerning these, as concerning all other matters of taste, the wisdom of centuries has decided, *non est disputandum.*

Having chosen our piecing, then—a graceful pomegranate or Queen Anne pattern, let us say, in subdued tones of blue or green—the next question that arises is this: Shall we have a dado? This is a point on which one should speak with diffidence, for the highest living authority on artistic decoration—the man who has done more than any other to spread æsthetic culture among our middle-class homes—has pronounced most unmistakably against the use of paper dados. He will not design them, print them, or permit them to be sold at his establishment, on the ground that they are base imitations of a genuine polished wooden or solid tile wainscot. Nevertheless, if one may differ from so high an authority—and after all, in matters of taste, each man can but follow his own lights—I can not see the force of this objection. The paper dado does not pretend to be anything but paper, and it affords an agreeable break in the otherwise monotonous *coup d'œil* from floor to cieling. If, indeed, it were colored to represent tiles, or marble, or carved oak, the same condemnation might fall upon it as falls on all other deceptions and shams whatsoever; but the paper dado of our own day seldom makes any false pretense of any sort, preferring to be its own simple self rather than to masquerade as Persian tile or inlaid stonework. Such an honest decorative dado, well treated on purely ornamental principles, I humbly venture to believe, does not transgress any rule of good taste or good feeling. We might almost as well object to wall-papers as being spurious imitations of fresco. On the other hand, the man who does not like a dado can do without one with an easy conscience, and need not imagine, like many good people who look with wonder at Mr. Du Maurier's clever "æsthetic" caricatures in "Punch," that a dado and a Japanese screen are absolutely indispensable elements in the "artistic" drawing-room.

If we elect to have a dado, the next thing to settle is its color. As a rule, the paper designers attempt to settle this question for us dogmatically behind our backs, by designing a particular dado for each of their patterns. Of course the upholstering decorator—who has passed at a bound from his old unreasoning habit of graining imitation oak and hanging dingy dining-room curtains to his new but equally unreasoning habit of profound acquiescence to artistic authority—will do his best to push the prescribed dado upon you with its corresponding piecing, and you will need a little firmness if you are determined to strike out a path for yourself. The ordinary plan is to design the skirting in the same general lines as those of the paper, and only to introduce variety in the depth of the tone and the diversity of the pattern. But a very rich and striking effect can be produced by making the dado *contrast* rather than harmonize with the wall above it. Thus, if your paper has neutral greens and blues for its prevalent tone, the dado may be in deep chocolate red, almost brown. A flock-paper adds to the heavy appearance, and so improves the result; but in this case the dado should only rise a very few feet from the floor, or the room will look gloomy. Such an experiment, however, should be tried very tentatively, for unless the contrast is exactly in the right tones the general effect will not be good. Those who distrust their own judgment will do more wisely in following the mute advice of the original designer, and accepting without question the dado which he has provided for his own paper.

After thus settling the main keynote of color for his whole background, our imaginary householder might next proceed to paint the woodwork of the doors and windows. Doubtless he will find these already daubed to imitate impossibly coarse-grained and knotty planks of oak. But, if he wishes to introduce any harmony into his room, he must go to the expense of scraping off this ugly decoration. I am writing, of course, not for those who can afford to paint their walls and cielings in costly designs, but merely for those humbler people who can not go beyond paper and whitewash. Even for these, however, a good plain color on doors and windows is indispensable. The paint should not be shiny but dulled, or, in technical language, "flatted." With such a paper as that hinted at above, the woodwork might be painted in two slightly different tints of neutral green—the framework in a darker and the panels in a lighter shade, each of them corresponding to one of the principal shades in the piecing. If the contrasting dado has been used, then a narrow line of the contrasting hue might run along the molding of the panels; say, in this case, a dark chocolate-red, laid upon the concave beveled rim which is generally found on ordinary

doors. The whole framework of the wall will thus be complete and harmonious in itself.

The cieling—I adopt the etymological spelling advisedly—is the great *crux* of most small middle-class houses. The plasterer has wreaked his utmost upon it, and it usually remains a dire monument of his defacing powers. In the center stands a large and very heavy radiating star in plaster-of-Paris, technically known as a *rose*, and forming a sort of solidified halo around the point from which hangs the inevitable gas-chandelier. In France these roses, though far from beautiful, are generally less obtrusively monstrous than in England; but our national taste has magnified their dimensions, especially in the matter of thickness, till they look like a ponderous impending mass, ever ready to crush the chandelier below. Then the sides are further decorated by a large and equally heavy cornice or frieze, with deep and much-involved convolutions. These roses and cornices stand more than anything else in the way of all rational and artistic decoration. As they stand they are absolutely hopeless. Fortunately, however, they are by no means fixtures. Indeed, they are very lightly fastened on, and can be easily removed by the workmen. If we adopt this simple course, we can then proceed to paper the cieling, and for those who can not afford expensive materials or workmanship this is certainly the best thing to do with it. A good retiring paper, with a small and unobtrusive pattern, will serve admirably for this purpose, and will give an air of great richness to the cieling. A geometrical figure is the safest, but a small running floral design, without any salient point or large single flowers, may be used with good results. In the latter case, however, the dado should be carried very high, say so as to cover two-thirds of the wall, and should be almost as light as the piecing, or else the total effect will be too heavy. There is no need to be puritanical about the color of the paper on the cieling: it may be somewhat brighter than the wall, and may introduce a few patches of comparatively well-marked blossoms. The eye seldom wanders upward, and so the cieling does not require such a restful and quiet tone as the four walls, which meet our gaze whichever way we turn. A border should of course divide the cieling-paper from that on the walls, as well as the dado from the piecing. Even the frieze, if it consists of simple lines, may be retained and utilized by washing it with harmonious tints, so as to break the transition between the two surfaces.

Supposing, however, that the removal of the rose appear too serious a step, it is possible to improve the plain whitewashed cieling to some extent by adding a little pink and yellow pigment to the wash, instead of the ordinary pale blue. This takes off somewhat from the coldness and baldness of the pale cieling, by giving it a cream-colored or *écru* tone. Even the irrepressible rose and frieze improve in appearance under the influence of the richer tint, and look a trifle less hideous than before. Then, as we shall see hereafter that the gaslight in our drawing-room must not depend from the center of the room, it will be possible partially to hide the peccant rose by hanging up a Japanese parasol from the knob formed by the disused pipe. The bright but usually well-assorted crimson and green in the center of the parasol, and the dark-blue strip of border, make a little mass of warm and brilliant coloring which relieves the otherwise bare expanse of *écru* whitewash. To be sure, our higher artistic authorities would disapprove of the parasol as "meretricious"; but, when people can not afford peacock decorations and Oriental tiles, a little bit of pretty bright color, even on a shilling paper umbrella, is not to be despised in its own way. No addition of cream-color to the whitewash, however, and no Japanese parasol to hide the rose, will ever make up for the paper on the cieling. Nothing else within the range of economical folks will give the same rich and fully decorated effect, the same idea of a complete framework for the drawing-room as a whole. Make the best you can of a white or whitish cieling, and it still remains a poor-looking, harsh, barren, inartistic roof to your total picture.

For the floor there is little to be said. The border of distempered boards is now almost universal in well-furnished houses, and it recommends itself by its cleanliness, its convenience, and its look of artistic finish. The carpet must be in some hue which will harmonize with the paper—not with the dado, if the two are in contrast—and it should have a border to match, which gives it a pleasant air of having been planned and fitted to the room, instead of being laid down roughly as though cut out of a piece. The old-fashioned carpet, carried up to the skirting and there stopping short unexpectedly, with no more finished termination than a hem, is a fitting accompaniment to the bare cieling, the long, unbroken gold-and-white paper, and the grained oak doors; but something more definite and more indicative of thoughtful attention is required to balance the dado, the piecing, and the bright cieling which we have imagined. If the carpet and border be cut in a bay so as to suit the bay-window, it will add to the appearance of careful planning.

One point still remains before we go on to the furnishing proper, and that is the mantel-piece. In itself, the mantel-piece which you receive from the builder will probably be quite hopeless. If you can afford it, the best plan is undoubtedly to

remove it bodily, and to replace it by a pretty, bright, and well-tiled grate, with a fender and irons to match. But, if this can not be managed, the only thing to do is to leave it alone. Crewel-work hangings and other attempts to dress up its white-marble nakedness are mere transparent makeshifts, which will never mend the prime fault of construction. Undoubtedly this is a great pity, for the fireplace is the natural focus of the room, toward which every other object should converge, and it ought, therefore, to be the most elaborate central point in the whole picture. Except during a very few months or even weeks of summer, the fire forms the place toward which we all turn the moment we enter, and toward which our eyes are most often directed as long as we remain in the room. It consequently deserves the greatest amount of pains and attention from the sensible furnisher. Happily, even in small houses, the cold, white-marble mantel-piece is now rapidly giving way before better and warmer stone jambs and cozy-looking blue tiles; so that our imaginary householder may be lucky enough to find a comfortable hearth already installed in the place of honor.

The principle just laid down, that the fireplace forms, as the word itself denotes, the chief focus of the room, must be our pole-star in settling the remainder of our task. The old center-table prevented the possibility of arranging the chairs and couches so that every person could get within the cozy semicircle around the hearth. It made the whole room radiate from that essentially artificial middle point to the neglect of the natural and real center. Our rational drawing-room must attempt to reverse this system, and to put every seat in the most comfortable and most convenient position.

First of all, we must arrange for this focus itself. A good grate, a bright fire, and a fender with a straight rod which will allow of one's putting one's feet up to warm, are, of course, essential to success. Above the mantel-piece we must have some kind of ornament which will rivet the eye, and so vindicate the claims of the hearth to the central place. A picture is hardly the best ornament, however, for it is too same and unvaried. Still less should we hang a bright, gilt-framed mirror to reflect the opposite wall. Perhaps the best solution for people of small means is an unpretentious ebonized *étagère* mirror, portioned out into compartments by a little balustrade, and with three shelves dividing it horizontally for small vases and other knickknacks. Such an *étagère*, containing a few pieces of Venetian glass, a Vallauris vase or two, a bit of hawthorn-pattern porcelain, and a couple of tiny low specimen vases with a bright flower or so, and a sprig of maidenhair to liven up the whole, forms an exceedingly pretty center-piece to the picture. It should be hung sufficiently high to allow of a few ornaments standing below it on the mantel-shelf. A still prettier plan, however, for those who have a small collection of treasures in old china or Oriental blue, is that of putting a plain wooden ebonized *étagère* to stand upon the mantel-shelf itself, with stages rising in a pyramid to within a few feet of the cieling. Such an *étagère*, with some good pieces of porcelain well arranged, gives an air of dignity to the principal focus which can not be secured by a flat object, like a picture or a mirror. It is the best substitute for the costly carved chimney-pieces with which architects adorn wealthy mansions; and, in my humble opinion, it is much more pleasant to look at, because it gives free scope to individual taste and fancy, instead of merely reflecting the stereotyped notions of the professional decorator.

Intimately connected with the hearth is the question of lighting. Of course the old central gas-chandelier will not at all accord with the hearth-wise arrangement we have given our room. If possible, indeed, gas should be done away with, as a rule, in the drawing-room, because the light of a lamp or a candle is so much less trying to the eyes. With this object in view, we may put two candlesticks on the mantel, and keep a reading-lamp on a small table at the side of the couch or easy-chair, so as to be in a convenient position for lighting up books or newspapers. But even where gas has been minimized and practically abolished, it will be well to keep it laid on for occasional use, when a brilliant light is required. For this purpose we may put a gas-bracket, with a saucer globe, on each side of the mantel-piece, a little below the *étagère* mirror, so that the position of the light may harmonize with the general arrangement of the furniture. This is decidedly the most pleasant plan for after-dinner conversation, as the family groups itself naturally around the fireplace. Still it labors under the disadvantage of throwing the light forward into the room, so that it must be supplemented by the lamp or candles for reading or cards. A small ebonized circular mirror, with a pair of wrought-brass candle-brackets attached, may hang on the center of the wall opposite the hearth, and should supply sufficient light for the background of a small room. Another pair on the piano ought to fulfill all reasonable needs. As for the gas-brackets themselves, they should be as simple and unobtrusive as possible. I once happened to stand in a furniture-shop beside a middle-aged lady who was buying a central gasolier for her dining-room. The shopman had just shown her two patterns at the same price, and asked her which she would prefer. "Oh! this

one certainly," she answered, pointing to the heaviest and most gilded of the pair, "*it's so much more important-looking for the money.*" The phrase has stuck in my head ever since as the model of what we should avoid in decoration. A plain pair of good straight wrought-brass brackets, which can only be obtained, as a rule, from ecclesiastical metal-work furnishers, will accord far better than anything else with the sort of room we have been imagining. Similarly, plain ebonized curtain poles and rings will stand in place of the heavy gilt cornices of the conventional style.

Having thus arranged the whole framework and fixtures of our room, we have next to consider the arrangement of the furniture. This, however, is comparatively a minor point; for, if our room is pretty to look at in its own six boundary surfaces, the things we put into it can not be so very important. In choosing our furniture, we have but one main principle to remember—that a drawing-room is essentially a place to lounge in. An awful heresy this, no doubt, to the matrons of Philistia, but none the less a guiding principle if our drawing-room is to be of any use or comfort to us whatsoever. We don't want to sit up in high-backed chairs, like Pip of "Great Expectations," in his "stiffest and most uncomfortable Sunday suit." We want a room where we can take our ease after dinner, read our paper or magazine in peace, and converse with our friends at leisure. So the first grand requisite of every chair or sofa should be that you can sit or lie on it. Rickety frames, slight cane legs that seem for ever in imminent danger of giving way, stiff-backed chairs that catch the shoulder-blade on their sharpest angles, hard sofas with seats so broad that you can not lean back without dislocating your spine—these are not fitting furniture for a rational drawing-room. The sensible man will *try* every seat before he buys it, and will accept nothing in which he and his friends can not be perfectly comfortable. There is a curious notion abroad that "artistic" furniture is very pretty, but very awkward and unpleasant to use. No idea can be more mistaken. Artistic in furniture means well-made and comfortable. The best furnished room is the one in which you can sit or lie most at your ease, and be least troubled or worried by any discordant or disagreeable sight, sound, or feeling.

For this reason I can not agree with those people who wish to make their rooms into furniture museums of the Early English, Renaissance, or Louis Quinze styles. A museum is a very good thing in its way, but it is not a place in which to take up one's permanent abode. Nobody would like to live in Prince Jérôme Napoleon's Pompeian villa, or in the Alhambra Court at the Crystal Palace. Why, then, should they wish to live in a revived Italian or Elizabethan mansion, or even, for the matter of that, in a Queen Anne manor-house? If some of our ancestors liked stiff-backed sofas, why should we, their descendants, endanger the stability of our vertebral columns by literally as well as metaphorically sitting in their places? If our great-grandfathers preferred uneasy leather seats, why should we, their great-grandchildren, discard our comfortable French springs or horsehair stuffing? I am myself an indifferent good Darwinian, but I do not therefore feel compelled to dwell in a cave, like my troglodyte predecessors, nor to use a flint-knife for carving a leg of mutton, like my palæolithic progenitors. Though certain æsthetic revivalists may be ascetically virtuous, there is no reason for supposing that there shall be no more cakes and ale.

Accordingly, if you like a particular chair or table, I do not see why you should be deterred from using it by an upholsterer who assures you that it will not "go historically" with the rest of your furniture. You may be eclectic in your taste if you choose. This is the free nineteenth century, and, if the eighteenth or the seventeenth produced anything worthy of imitation, there is no reason why you should not adopt it. Of course, if you begin the museum style, you must continue it. A single Renaissance chair in the midst of the Pompeian villa would naturally look ridiculous. But if you have chosen no special style, and are content that your room should simply represent the Victorian period, there can be no objection to a bit of Queen Anne or any other age that strikes your fancy. A surviving chair of your ancestors will come into your drawing-room just as well as a Chaucer or a Petrarch comes into your library.

The best chairs and couches, then, are those which you like best, and which best conform to the natural contour of the human figure in repose. A couch should allow of the feet being put up, if necessary, and should be of such a shape that you can lie upon it, either full length or half length, with perfect comfort. To be really serviceable, it should not be covered with pale-blue satin or maize-colored tabouret, but with a good tapestry covering in a neutral hue, say sage-green or dark rusty red, to wear well. The tapestry should not be too fine to lie down upon, or even, in the privacy of family life, to lay one's feet upon. And the whole couch should, if possible, turn toward the fire, so that its occupant may have his face toward the cheerful glow. At the same time, a little wickerwork table—black and gold if you will—may hold a lamp for reading. As to chairs, a couple of good, well-stuffed easy-chairs, also covered in the same tapestry,

and arranged so as to look toward the fire, ought to be sufficient for luxury, while six or eight little ebonized and cane-bottomed gossip-chairs are the simplest and prettiest "occasional" furniture you can have. The gossip-chair has a curved back which exactly fits the natural curve of the body, and the seat slopes gently downward and backward, so as to give one the best possible support with the least angularity or awkwardness. With these pretty little clean cane seats, a black wickerwork chair, two easy-chairs, and a couch, you should have enough places for family and guests in a quiet household.

Tables are of very little real use in a drawing-room; still, we must have one or two to give the whole a furnished look. A spare table near the bay-window will allow of a *jardinière* and a fern or India-rubber plant, to stand in the sun. You can have nothing better than black and gold for this purpose. Another, round of course, is needed for afternoon tea. There must be some place to lay books and other heavy articles; and the table for this office should be solid, and should stand against the wall. Nothing remains but the piano; and that must naturally be placed where the exigencies of space demand.

Few articles of furniture are more difficult to manage than the coal-scuttle. It is always getting in everybody's way, and it can hardly be made presentable even by the utmost pains of the struggling decorative imagination. It is almost lamentable to think of all the useless efforts lavished by the human intellect upon abortive coal-scuttles. Perhaps the best solution of the problem is that which combines scuttle and what-not in one comprehensive whole, having a box for the coal beneath, and a couple of shelves for knickknacks above. This composite piece of furniture may then stand against the wall beside the chimney-piece, where it adds to the general prettiness of the room, instead of being an unsightly incumbrance. Moreover, the weight of the coal gives stability to the what-not, and prevents it from having that topple-down air so common with its kind. Any such suggestion of imminent catastrophes should always be avoided in a drawing-room. We should feel that we can turn whichever way we like without danger of knocking over a Chinese teapot or a vase in Oriental jade. For this reason it is well to have no ornaments laid about in the room itself. The *étagère* over the mantel-shelf will hold a few such pretty things; and a Japanese cabinet, out of harm's way behind the sofa, may display a few more; but we should never make our living-room into a sort of domestic *succursale* to the South Kensington Museum. If we must have old Chelsea and plaques of Limoges-ware, we may fasten them against the wall or put them up on little brackets; but we should leave ourselves space enough to move unrestrainedly through the midst of our room. Too little furniture is far better than too much; and nothing can be more uncomfortable than the sense of constraint which one feels in some gilt drawing-rooms of the old school, where little top-heavy tables or what-nots are ready to tumble over at every turn of one's coat-tails, and bring down with them a miscellaneous collection of Dresden shepherdesses, glass paper-weights, porcelain flower-vases, Tunbridge-ware boxes, lava slippers, and Swiss chalets in wooden wafer-work.

As to books and pictures I can say little. Even if you have a separate room as a library, at least one small bookcase and a few stray volumes on the table ought to find a place in every drawing-room. They suggest literature and refinement, as the piano and the pictures suggest æsthetic culture. The dreariest of all the dreary blanks in the Philistine home is that betokened by the "Birthday Book" and the "Elegant Extracts" on the drawing-room center-table of our well-to-do mercantile classes. They belong, with the chess-board history of England and the publications of the Useful Knowledge Society, to Charles Lamb's class of Biblia Abiblia—books that are no books at all. No human being ever yet seriously dreamed of reading them. On the other hand, I can remember to this day seeing many years ago, in a little Canadian log-house, a Dante and a copy of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" many weeks out of date—lying carelessly on a side-table; and in a moment the log-house became irradiated with an Italian halo by the knowledge that a cultured lady had strayed somehow into that tiny islet of Lake Ontario. Of course, you can not lay on literary taste by ordering books, like successful Australian sheep-farmers, by the square yard; but you can give an outward expression to the feeling of the house, for good or for evil, by choosing between the "Epic of Hades" and the "Proverbial Philosophy," between "Daniel Deronda" and "Lady Audley's Secret," to stand before the face of men upon your drawing-room table. About pictures I shall keep discreet silence. For a room such as that here sketched out, oil-paintings in heavy gilt frames are too ambitious, and water-colors with white margins are perhaps a little out of keeping. So probably the best thing you can do is to confine yourself to good engravings or good autotypes of good pictures. These you can frame in simple black or wooden frames; and their absence of bright color will prevent them from clashing with your paper or vases. Everything beyond this must be left, like Mr. Weller's orthography, to the taste and fancy of the speller.

To sum up the philosophy of drawing-rooms,

as I have endeavored to set it forth briefly in this paper, a drawing-room ought to be emphatically a living-room, a place reasonably fitted for moments of relaxation after the work and worry of the day are over. Its framework should consist of restful colors and beautiful designs, so that wherever the eye falls it may be gratified without being wearied or over-stimulated. Its chairs should be meant for the human body to sit in comfortably and naturally, without being cramped, confined, or chafed. Its sofas should be similarly designed for the human body to lie upon, without being doubled up into a physiologically indistinguishable mass. Its tables should hold such things as are useful for the main purpose of a drawing-room, and not such things as merely incommode and bother the inmates. Its hearth should be placed where every one can see the fire, and its seats should be so arranged that they may all look in that direction. Its lights should occupy the best places for lighting the room as a whole, and the books, papers, or music in particular. Its purely ornamental objects should be set where they can be best and most effectively seen, while they are in no danger of being broken, and form no obstruction to one's freedom of movement. And, finally, it should contain such external evidences of culture and refinement as may give it an air not merely of material comfort, but of æsthetic and literary interest. In such a room as this one may sit at moments of leisure, and feel a positive though quiet delight in the mere act of looking around one. The picture is in itself a beautiful one, and, like every other thing of beauty, is a joy for ever. And, lest any reader should fancy that a room like that which we have imagined is beyond the reach of humble purses, it may be added that every one may gaze on such a picture himself for no greater outlay than one hundred pounds. That is not a penny more than is ordinarily spent upon the gilt-and-white paper and blue-satin chairs of the commonplace eight-roomed London cottage. Beautiful carpets, wall-papers, and curtains now cost no more than ugly ones; and only the taste, not the money, is wanting to-day wherever we find inartistic or uncomfortable homes.

(*Cornhill Magazine.*)

MONSIEUR FRANÇOIS.

A RECOLLECTION OF 1848.*

I PASSED the whole winter of 1847 and 1848 in Paris. My residence there was not far from the Palais Royal, whither I went nearly every morning to drink coffee and read the newspapers. At that time the Palais Royal had not yet become almost entirely desolate, though the days of its glory had even then long been past—that peculiar glory, I mean, which caused our Russian veterans of 1814 and 1815 to say, whenever they met any one who had just come from Paris, "And how does our dear good Palais Royal come on?"

One day in the beginning of February, 1848, I sat by one of the little tables which were placed around the Café de la Rotonde. A tall man, spare and withered-looking, with black hair turning to gray, and wearing on his aquiline nose a pair of spectacles with rusted metal and smoke-darkened glasses, stepped out of the *café*, cast a glance around, and, seeing that all the other tables were occupied, asked for permission to take his place at mine. On my consenting, he dropped into a chair, pushed back his old high hat, and, crossing his bony hands on his thick knobbed stick, ordered a cup of coffee. When the waiter brought him a paper, he motioned it away with a shrug of the shoulders. We exchanged a few careless words, and I remember that he muttered, half audibly: "Cursed times! Scoundrelly times!" Then he drained his cup quickly, and went away.

The impression he left upon me did not disappear so easily. He was evidently a native of the south of France, of Gascony, or Provence. His bronzed face, scored with furrows, his sunken cheeks, toothless mouth, hollow, croaking voice, even the soiled, worn-out coat, which seemed to have been made for some one else—all bore witness to a restless, wandering, troubled life. "A broken, beaten man," I thought; "one who has been driven hither and thither by storms, and who is not in difficulties for the first time. He has evidently passed his whole life in want and misery. Whence comes the half-conscious, half-involuntary expression of perplexity which shows itself in his face, his motions, his

* This little sketch has one great fault—it seems to contain prophecies made after the happening of the events foretold. But I affirm that the person of whom I speak really existed, and said to me what I repeat here.

bent form, and his slow gait? The poor and humble do not usually have such an aspect." I was especially impressed by his eyes, which were dark brown, with yellowish whites. Sometimes they were wide open, while he looked straight before him, gloomy and motionless. Then he would contract them in a peculiar way, while he elevated his bushy eyebrows and cast sidelong glances across the rims of his spectacles. At such times an expression of bitterness and scorn would spread over his face. However, I did not think about him very long just then. All Paris was excited over the anticipated Reform Banquet, and I soon began reading the papers.

The next day I returned to the Palais Royal, and again met there the man I had seen on the preceding day. He smiled slightly, and spoke to me immediately, like an old acquaintance. Although other tables were unoccupied, he seated himself at my side without speaking, as though his society could not be disagreeable to me. Then began the following conversation:

"You are a foreigner—a Russian," he said suddenly, while he slowly moved the spoon about in his cup.

"You can tell I'm a foreigner by my pronunciation," I answered. "But why do you conclude that I'm a Russian?"

"Why? You said 'pardon' in a drawling tone. Only Russians talk in that sing-song way. But I knew you were a Russian anyhow."

I was about to ask him to explain himself more clearly, but he began speaking again.

"You have done well to come here just at this time. It's an interesting time for travelers. You will see great things."

"What, for instance?"

"Listen! It's now the beginning of February. Before a month passes France will be a republic."

"A republic?"

"Yes, a republic. But don't be in a hurry to rejoice, if you consider it a thing to rejoice over. Before a year has gone by, the Bonapartes will own this same France."

His face, as he said this, assumed a cynical expression.

When he spoke of the republic I did not take much interest in what he said, but said to myself: "He takes me for an unsophisticated Scythian, and wants to enlighten me. But the Bonapartes! Why in the world did he select them? Who thought of the Bonapartes at that epoch in the reign of Louis Philippe? Or, at any rate, who spoke of them? Was my companion one of those persons who like to gull people? or one of those *chevaliers d'industrie* who infest the hotels and *cafés*, on the watch for strangers to fleece? And yet, his independent manner, the careless tone with which he uttered his paradoxes! No, he was not a confidence operator.

"You understand that the King won't consent to anything like a reform?" I said after a pause. "Yet the demands of the opposition don't seem unreasonable."

"I know that—I know that," said he carelessly. "Extension of the suffrage, formation of new voting classes—words! words! There will be no banquet. The King won't allow it. Guizot is opposed to it. However," he added, as he no doubt noticed the not very favorable impression his words made upon me, "the deuce take politics! To be engaged in them is interesting, but to stand and gaze while others do the acting is foolish. The little dogs do that, while the big ones—enjoy life. Nothing is left for the little dogs but to yelp and whine. Let's talk about something else."

I don't remember what we did talk of immediately after that.

"Of course you go to the theatre," he soon said, with a suddenness which I had already noticed, and which made me think he paid little attention to what any one said to him. "All you Russians are great patrons of the theatre."

"Yes, I go sometimes."

"And you are charmed with our actors, I suppose?"

"With some of them, especially at the Comédie Française."

"It is good taste," he continued, with a thoughtful manner, "that ruins our actors. These stage traditions and conservatisms are what destroy their acting. They are all frozen and lifeless, like the frozen fish one sees at your Russian markets in winter. Not one of our players knows how to say 'I love you' without stretching his legs apart like a pair of compasses and rolling his eyes around with a ridiculous, languishing expression. And that comes from good taste. One can see good players only in Italy nowadays. When I lived in Naples—by the way, what do you think of the new Constitution which King Bomba has just granted to his faithful subjects? He won't forgive them that act of grace very soon. Ah, surely not! Well, then, when I was in Naples, there were some good fellows at the People's Theatre there. But, the deuce take it, every Italian is an actor! It's in their natures, while, as for us, we only lag along, far behind nature. Our best comedians can't compare with the first Italian street-preacher you may chance to meet. *Per le santissime anime del purgatorio!*" he cried suddenly, with a nasal, drawling tone, and, as far as I could judge, with the purest Neapolitan accent.

I began laughing, and so did he, making no

noise, but opening his mouth wide, and looking at me over his spectacles.

"But Rachel—" I began.

"Rachel—yes, she is a power—she's like Meyerbeer, who cajoles and threatens us constantly with his 'Prophets.' 'I will give—no, I will not give.' He is a skillful man, a *maestro;* but not in the musical sense. Certainly not! Rachel has deteriorated lately, and you are to blame for it, you foreign gentlemen! In Italy there's an actress named Ristori. They say she has just married some marquis or other, and that the stage is going to lose her. It's a pity. She's good, though she *does* grimace a little."

"Were you in Italy long?"

"Yes, I wandered around in that country, too. Where haven't I been?"

"Even in Russia, it seems?"

"You love music, too?" he suddenly asked, without answering my question. "You go to the opera?"

"I do love music."

"Ah, that's a matter of course! You are a Slav, and all Slavs are enthusiasts about music. Well, now, that's the last of the arts, my dear sir. When music makes no impression on people it bores them, and when it does make an impression it's hurtful."

"Why is it hurtful?"

"Because it's enervating, like overheated baths. Ask the doctors."

"And what do you think of the other arts?"

"There is only one art, sir. It is sculpture. That's an art—cold, sensationless, and powerful. It gives men conceptions—or, if you will, *deceptions*—about immortality and eternity."

"And painting?"

"Painting? There's too much blood, too much flesh, too much sin in it. They paint nude figures. A statue is never nude. Why should any one heat men's blood? It's not at all necessary. All men are guilt-laden, criminal, eaten up by fleshly lust, from head to foot."

"All eaten up?"

"All! You, I, even that good-natured-looking old boy there buying a doll for his own or some other person's child. All are full of guilt. There's a criminal court in the life of everybody, and no one has a right to imagine that he ought not to be brought into that cursed little prisoner's dock."

"You must know this better than most people," I said, in spite of myself.

"I certainly do. *Experto credi*" (instead of *crede*) "*Roberto.*"

"And what do you think of literature?" I asked, carrying on my examination. "If you want to make a fool of me," I thought, "why shouldn't I make a fool of you, too—you who are at fault in quoting a Latin sentence which no one asked you to quote?"

The stranger smiled coldly, as though he had understood my thoughts.

"Oh, literature is not an art," he said, with a kind of carelessness in his manner. "Literature ought by all means to amuse, and biographical literature is the only kind that does amuse."

"You are particularly fond of biographies, then?"

"No, you don't understand what I mean. I was speaking of those works in which the author talks about himself, and exposes himself to the judgment—that is, to the laughter—of the reader. That's all a writer can do, and on that account Montaigne is the greatest of all writers. He's really the only one."

"He's considered a great egotist," I interjected.

"Yes, but that's his strong point. He alone has been sharp enough to exhibit himself in every case as an egotist and a subject for laughter. That's just why he amuses me. I read one page after another, think how ridiculous he is, and stop thinking how ridiculous I am myself. *E basta!*"

"How about the poets?"

"Oh, poets occupy themselves with music—with word-music—and you know my opinion of music."

"What should one read, then? And what should the people read? Or do you think people oughtn't to read at all?"

I had noticed on his finger a ring with a coat-of-arms, and, in spite of his miserable appearance, his manner made me think he was familiar with aristocratic ideas, and might even be of aristocratic extraction.

"The people ought to read," he answered. "But just what they read is of no importance. They say your Russian peasants all read one and the same book" ("Francile the Venetian,"* I thought). "After they have read one copy into tatters they buy another. And they're right. Their reading gives them a certain importance in their own eyes, and keeps them from thinking. As for those who go to church, they needn't read at all."

"Do you concede such importance to religion?"

The stranger eyed me over his spectacles.

"I don't believe in God, my good sir," he said. "But religion is an important thing. Priesthood is, perhaps, the best calling in the world. Droll fellows, these clergymen! They alone have gotten at the true nature of power.

* A popular tale, in the style of "The Four Children of Haimon."

To command with humility, to obey with pride, that's the whole secret. Ah, power! To possess power is the only real happiness on earth."

I had begun to be accustomed to the eccentric turns in our conversation, and merely took pains to keep up with my singular companion. Whatever came into his mind he uttered, with a cool, calm manner, as if all those axioms which he stated with such perfect confidence had followed each other in a thoroughly natural sequence. At the same time, one saw clearly that it was an indifferent matter to him whether any one agreed with him or not.

"If you love power so," I observed, "and if you have such respect for the clerical profession, why didn't you become a clergyman?"

"Your remark is just, my good sir. But I aimed at something higher. I intended to found a religion of my own. I tried the experiment in America. But I wasn't alone in making the attempt. Pretty much everybody over there is occupied with such matters."

"You've been in America, too, then?"

"I passed two years there. You have noticed that I've brought back with me the bad habit of chewing tobacco. I don't smoke, or use snuff, but I chew. Excuse me!" He turned away to spit. "To return to our subject, I had an idea of founding a religion. I had invented a very pretty little legend, and, to get people to accept it, I only needed to become a martyr. When that sort of cement is wanting, the foundations are not lasting. It's not like war, where it's much more advantageous to pour out the blood of others. But, to make an offering of my own blood —thank you, no! I gave it up. Just now," he continued, after a moment of silence, "you quizzed me about my love of power. It's true, and I'm convinced I shall yet be a king."

"A king!"

"Yes, a king of some uninhabited island."

"A king without subjects, then!"

"Subjects will soon come. You have a proverb in Russia which says, in effect, 'Wherever there's a trough there'll be hogs.' It's born in men to place themselves in subjection to some one. They'll be sure to cross the ocean, land on my island, and there find a master. What I shall say to them is clear."

"He is really insane," I thought.—"Is it for the same reason that you believe the French will subject themselves to a Bonaparte?" I asked.

"Certainly, just for that reason, sir."

"Pardon me! The French already have a master. So, in their case, this need of being in subjection, of which you speak, ought to be satisfied."

He shook his head. "That's just it," he said. "Our present king, Louis Philippe, doesn't feel himself to be a king, a despot. But let's drop politics."

"Would you rather talk about philosophy?"

He spat at long range, in the American style. "Ah," said he, "you're ironical! Well, I don't mind talking about philosophy, especially as my philosophy is peculiar. It has no resemblance to the German philosophy, which, it is true, I know very little about, but which I detest, as I do everything German." His eyes flashed as he spoke. "Yes, I detest the Germans, because I'm patriotic. And you, too, as a Russian, ought to hate them."

"Allow me—"

"If you don't hate them, so much the worse for you. They'll give you Russians something to attend to, some day—just wait a while! I hate them, and I fear them," he continued, in a lower tone. "One of my favorite recollections is, that I once had the pleasure of firing a couple of shots at the Germans."

"Where was that?"

"Well—in Italy. I took part— But let's come back to philosophy. I have the honor to inform you, sir, that my whole system of philosophy may be stated as follows: There are two great misfortunes in human life—birth and death. The second is the lesser of the two, for it may be voluntary."

"And life itself?"

"Well, that's not so easy to describe. Observe, though, that there are only two good things in life, namely, taking part in birth or in death; that is, in one of the two misfortunes I mentioned."

"Yes, war, the chase, and love, as the Spaniards say. But, it's true, they add, 'for one pleasure a thousand pains.'"*

"Bravo! They have good thoughts, sometimes, those infernal Spaniards. And there you have testimony to the correctness of my philosophy."

"But," he exclaimed, springing up, "we have talked long enough. *Au revoir!*"

"Wait!" I cried. "We've been talking for more than an hour, and I don't know yet with whom I have the honor—"

"You want to know my name? Why? I haven't asked yours. Neither have I inquired where you live, so I don't think it necessary to tell you in what hole I lodge. We shall meet here again; that's enough. My talk amuses you." He winked, with a malicious expression. "I amuse you, eh?"

I felt not a little insulted. Decidedly, this man was too free.

* "Guerra, caza, y amores,
Por un placer mil dolores."

"You excite my interest," I said. "But you don't please me at all."

"And you interest and please me too. That's enough, I think, for such interviews as our. If you choose, call me Monsieur François; and if it suits you I shall call you Monsieur Ivan. Nearly all Russians are Ivans. I had a chance to find that out for myself once, for I was unfortunate enough to be a tutor in the family of one of your generals, and to live in one of your provinces. What an ass that general was! And what a poverty-stricken province it was! I wish you a very good day, Monsieur Ivan."

He turned on his heel and went away.

"What a strange creature!" I thought, as I walked homeward. "Is he making fun of me? Does he really believe what he professes? What is he? A reduced author? An old student? A ruined tradesman? A poor countryman? An actor without engagements? And what impels him to make disclosures to me?" I asked myself these questions, but could arrive at no conclusion about him. My curiosity was excited, and it was with a good deal of interest that I looked for him, the next day, at the Palais Royal. I waited for my original in vain. But on the day after that he appeared again, under the portico of the *café*.

"Ah, Monsieur Ivan," he cried, as soon as he saw me, "good day! Fate brings us together again. How do you do?"

"Very well; and you, Monsieur François?"

"So-so. But yesterday I was very near giving up the ghost. Heart-disease. It's very much like death—infernally like it! That's nothing, though. Let's sit in the garden. It's too crowded here. I can't bear to have any one looking at me from one side, or leaning on my back. Besides, it's fine weather."

We seated ourselves in the garden. In paying his two sous for the chair he drew out an old, flat pocket-book in which he searched for a long time before finding the two sous which were its sole contents. I expected a new course of his paradoxes, but he began questioning me about certain important Russian personages of that era. I answered him, but he wanted more details, more biographical anecdotes. He knew many things which I had not suspected that he could know. His fund of knowledge was certainly remarkable. By degrees we approached the subject of politics. It was hard to avoid it in that time of public excitement. Carelessly, as though he attached little importance to them, he mentioned Guizot and Thiers. Speaking of the first, he said France was certainly in bad luck. "She has only one public man with a will, and he's the very one who is standing in her way. As for Thiers," he added, "his *rôle* was played long ago."

"What!" cried I. "Why, his *rôle* has hardly been begun. Think of the speeches he makes in the Chambers!"

"Other men will come," he murmured, "and all these speeches are nothing but sound—nothing more. He is like a man in a boat addressing a cataract. In a moment the flood will destroy the boat and him with it. However, you don't believe me. I know it, and I'll say no more."

"Do you think, then," I continued, "that Odilon Barrot would be—"

Here Monsieur François opened his eyes wide, laughed aloud, and shook his head. "Bum, bum, bum," he said, imitating the waiter who brought the coffee. "That's all there is of Odilon Barrot."

"Then," I returned, a little indignant, "according to your opinion we are really on the eve of the republic. And I suppose the other men of whom you spoke just now are the socialists."

Monsieur François assumed a somewhat more earnest aspect. "Socialism was born among us, in France," he said, "and in France it will die, if it is not dead already; or rather, it will be killed. There are two ways in which it can be killed: either by ridicule (for Monsieur Considérant will not always be able to state with impunity that men can grow tails, with an eye on the tip); or else in this way." He raised both hands, as though taking aim with a gun. "Voltaire said Frenchmen have no head for epic poetry. I venture to say Frenchmen have no head for socialism."

"People don't think so outside of France."

"Then foreigners show for the hundredth time that they don't understand us. Socialism to-day needs a creative power. It will seek it among the Italians, the Germans, perhaps among you. As for the French, they are discoverers. They have found out almost everything, but they don't originate. Frenchmen are sharp and narrow, like a sword. They penetrate the hearts of things. They discover, they explore. But to originate one must be broad and round."

"Like the English, or like your friends the Germans," I said, not without some intention of bantering him. But he did not notice my jest.

"Socialism!" he continued. "That's not a French principle. Our principles are very different. We have two of them, two corner-stones. They are revolution and routine. Robespierre and Monsieur Prudhomme—they are our heroes."

"Indeed? And how about the military element?"

"We are not a military people. Does that surprise you? We are a brave people, very brave; warlike, but not military. Thank God, we are better than that!" He bit the end of

his cane. "Yes, and yet, if it were not for the French, there would be no Europe."

"There'd be an America, then."

"No, for America is Europe too, only changed. The Americans have none of those fundamental elements on which the European fabric is based, and yet the result is the same. You remember what the sergeant said to the recruits: 'The left-turn is exactly like the right-turn, except that it's just the opposite.' Well, America is the left-turn of Europe. If France were Rome," he continued, after a short pause, "this would be the time for a Catiline to appear. For in a little while—you'll see it" (here he raised his voice)—"the stones of our streets, perhaps here, just by us, will again drink blood. We shall have no Catiline, but we shall have a Cæsar. By the way, don't you think it a pity that Shakespeare never wrote a 'Catiline'?"

"Then you have a high opinion of Shakespeare, although he was only a poet?"

"Yes; he was a man born under favorable circumstances, and not without talent. He could see black and white at the same time, which was remarkable, and he didn't advocate either of them, which was still more remarkable. He wrote one very good thing—'Coriolanus.' That's his best piece."

The notion that Monsieur François belonged to the aristocracy came into my mind again. "You probably like Coriolanus because in it Shakespeare speaks without respect, even with contempt, of the common people," I said.

"No," he replied, "I don't despise the common people—I don't despise people at all. Before a man despises others he ought to begin by despising himself. I only do that now and then—especially when I'm hungry," he added with a gloomy look. "Despise the people? Why? The people are like the ground. If I choose I cultivate it, and it supports me. If I don't choose I let it lie idle, and tread it under my feet. Sometimes, it's true, it takes a notion to shake itself, like a wet poodle. Then it throws down everything we have built—all our pretty little houses. But they're rare, those earthquakes. Oh, I know very well they'll destroy the earth some day, and that the people will destroy me, too. But there's no help for it. Despise the people? We only despise what we should, under other circumstances, be forced to respect highly. In their case there's no occasion for either contempt or respect. With regard to them one need only know his own advantage and be able to make use of cat's-paws."

"Allow me to ask whether you have ever understood that?"

Monsieur François heaved a sigh. "No," he said, "I've never understood it."

"Really?"

"I've never understood it, I tell you. You look at me and seem to think: 'You prophesy that there'll be catastrophes in France very soon; then this is the moment for you to fish in troubled waters.' But the pike doesn't catch fish when the water is troubled, and I've not yet been a pike." He turned around and struck the back of his chair with his clinched hand. "No, I've not known how to take advantage of anything. If I had, should I have presented myself before you in such a condition as this? I should probably not have made your acquaintance, which I would have regretted." He said this with a forced smile. "I shouldn't have lived in the miserable garret I now inhabit. Neither should I have occasion, every morning when I leave my wretched bed and cast a glance over the sea of houses in Paris, to repeat Jugurtha's words, '*Urbs venalis!*' And yet, if I'd been like this city, I shouldn't be in this poor and miserable state to-day."

"Now he's going to ask me for money," I thought.

He remained silent for a little while, with his chin resting on his breast, and stirred the sand with his cane. Then he sighed again, took off his spectacles, drew out an old, tattered handkerchief, and rubbed his forehead with it, raising his elbow quite high. "Yes," he went on, in a peculiar tone, "life is a sad thing, sir—a sad thing! I have one consolation. It is that I shall soon die, and, no doubt, by violence."

"You'll never be a king, then?" I felt like asking him, but restrained myself.

"Yes, by violence," he continued. "Look at this!" He held out his left hand toward me, with the palm upward, and laid the index-finger of his right hand in it. Neither of them was very clean. "Do you see this line, intersecting the line of life?"

"You believe in palmistry, then?"

"Do you see this line?" he repeated, persistently. "Well, look at it carefully. If you ever notice it again when there's nothing around to remind you of me, and yet think of me suddenly, you may be sure I shall then be dead."

"You believe in fate, too?"

He moved his shoulders slightly. "Well, sir," he said, "I'm like Socrates, who knew many things and professed to know nothing. I believe nothing, and I believe a great deal. My luck is the only thing I don't believe in."

He bowed his head again, letting one hand, which still held his handkerchief, fall on his knee, while the other, with his spectacles, hung loosely by his side. I took this opportunity to observe him more closely than I had before done. He seemed to me very old and broken. A great

weariness showed itself in his drooping shoulders and even in the position of his large flat feet. There was something indescribably pitiable in his compressed lips, in the bending of his long, thin neck, in his ill-shaven face, and in the unkempt gray hair falling over his furrowed forehead. "Poor, unhappy man!" I thought. "You have been unfortunate in everything—in your family and in your undertakings. If you are married, your wife has deceived and deserted you. If you have children, you don't know them. You are all alone in the world."

A loud call in the Russian language interrupted my reflections. Somebody pronounced my name. I turned, and saw a few steps away Alexander Herzen, the well-known Russian author, who then lived in Paris. I went toward him.

"Who is that you were sitting with?" he asked in Russian, without lowering his high, clear voice. "What sort of object is that?"

"That man?"

"My dear fellow, he's a spy."

"Do you know him?"

"Not at all. It's only necessary to look at him. That's the style of them all. What brought you into his company? Take care of yourself!"

As I knew that Herzen possessed no great insight into character, especially at first sight, and as I remembered that one often saw at his table men of very suspicious aspect who had won his confidence by a few pretentious words, and who afterward developed into government spies, as he has confessed in his memoirs, I attached very little importance to his warning. I merely thanked him for his friendly interest, and returned to Monsieur François. The latter still sat in the same place and in the same position.

"I must tell you," he said, when I had resumed my place at his side, "that you Russian gentlemen have a bad habit. On the street, before friends or Frenchmen, you say anything in Russian, as if no one could possibly understand you. That is, at least, impolitic. I, for example, understood all your friend said just now."

I colored involuntarily. "I beg you to think nothing of it," I said. "My friend certainly—"

"I know him," he interrupted. "He is a talented man. But *errare humanum est*" (he was particularly fond of parading his Latin). "However, I don't blame him. Judging from my exterior one might take me for anything. But, if I were really what he supposes, what interest should I have in pumping you?"

"You are certainly right."

He gave me a gloomy look.

"You probably learned Russian when you were a tutor at the General's," I said, anxious to remove the impression Herzen's remark had produced.

His face brightened; he smiled, and then tapped me on the knee as if to show that he understood and thanked me. He replaced his spectacles and took up his cane, which had fallen to the ground. "No," he replied, "I learned your language before that, while I was in Siberia, after leaving America. For I've been in your Siberia, and experienced there everything you can think of."

"For instance—?"

"No, I shall not say anything to you about Siberia, for several reasons. The principal one is that I'm afraid of offending you. *Pamalchime loutchi*," * he added, in bad Russian, with his sardonic smile. "Let me tell you, instead, what happened to me in Texas."

Then, in a very circumstantial manner, quite unusual to him, he related to me how, during his winter wanderings in Texas, he had been forced to seek shelter in the *adobe* hut of a Mexican *vaquero*. He awoke in the night, and found his host sitting on the bed with a huge knife in his hand; and this man, who was of immense size and as strong as an ox, told him he was going to cut his throat because he looked like his deadliest enemy.

"'Tell me, now,' said the Mexican, 'whether I'm not right to rip you open like a hog! Nobody will ever know anything about it, and, even if it should be found out, nobody cares enough about you to do anything to me for it. So begin now and confess your sins; for, thank God, we have time to talk!'

"And so," continued Monsieur François, "I was forced to confess to this drunken brute all night. Sometimes I would follow the words of the Bible, for he was a Roman Catholic, and I thought that might make an impression on him. Then I would assure him, by every means in my power, that the satisfaction he would get out of my death wouldn't pay for soiling his hands; that he would be obliged to bury me if only for sanitary reasons; that it would put him to a great deal of inconvenience, etc. Then I was obliged to tell him stories and sing songs. 'Sing with me!' he yelled. 'Sing *La Muchacha!*' So I sang second while the edge of his infernal *navaja* was within an inch of my throat. At last he fell asleep, with his cursed long-haired head on my breast."

Monsieur François told me the whole of this story in a slow, sleepy way, without the least excitement. As he stopped suddenly he opened his eyes wide.

"And what did you do with this Mexican?" I asked.

* "Least said, soonest mended."

"Well, I deprived him of the means of playing any more such silly jokes upon me."

"What do you mean?"

He drew his hand along under his chin.

"I took his knife away from him," he said. "You would have done so, too—wouldn't you?"

"And then—?"

"And then—after that matter was attended to—I went to California. There I had a great many other adventures, and all on account of those detestable things." He pointed to a woman of a certain age, who, attired very modestly, was passing by.

"On account of what?"

"Of the petticoats. Oh, the women!—the women!—those wing-breakers, those poisoners of our blood! But, good-by, sir. It seems to me that I'm beginning to bore you, and I don't like to bore people, particularly when I'm not trying to get anything from them."

He stood up, gave me a slight nod, and went away, carelessly swinging his cane.

I confess that I had very little faith in this Mexican story. It injured Monsieur François in my eyes, and I began thinking again that he might be trying to humbug me. But why? "He is an original," I said to myself. And I could not consider him a spy, in spite of my friend Herzen's opinion. It surprised me very much that none of the hosts of visitors to the Palais Royal seemed to know him. It was true I had sometimes thought I saw him wink to some of the passers-by, but I might have been mistaken.

I forgot to say that he never seemed to me to have been drinking. Perhaps he had no money to buy liquor. But at any rate he always gave me the impression that he was a temperate man.

He was not at our place of meeting either on the next day or the day afterward, and I gradually ceased to think of him.

A short time before the 24th of February, 1848, I went to Brussels, and there heard of the new French Revolution. During a whole day nobody received letters or papers from Paris. Crowds filled the streets and squares, full of excitement and expectation. On the 26th of February, about six o'clock in the morning, I was lying in bed at my hotel. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and some one shouted, "France is a republic!" A waiter was running through the corridor, opening the doors and announcing the news at the top of his voice. Half an hour afterward the cars were carrying me toward Paris. The rails were torn up at the frontier, but my traveling companions and I managed to reach Douai in a hired conveyance. Toward evening we arrived at Pontoise, but we could go no farther, for the rails were torn up around Paris too.

This is not the place to tell what I saw, heard, and experienced during that journey. But I remember that at one station a locomotive with a single car attached to it rushed by with a vast deal of noise. It was an express-train, carrying Citizen Antoine Thouret, the commissioner of the republic, to the north. Those who accompanied him were waving tricolored flags and shouting wildly, while the railroad officials gazed in silence at the huge figure of the commissioner, who leaned out of the window and raised his arm with a gesture of authority. And I remember that the famous Madame Gordon was once in the same car with me, and that she suddenly began holding forth about the necessity of seeking safety by applying to "the Prince." The Prince alone was able to save the country; the Prince was the man chosen by Fate. At first nobody understood her. But, when she at last mentioned the name of Louis Napoleon, everybody turned away from her as if she were mad. Then I thought of what Monsieur François had said about the Bonapartes. His first prophecy had been fulfilled. I remember, also, that before we reached Pontoise our train came in contact with another train, going in the opposite direction. Some passengers were hurt, but no one seemed to care anything about that. The only question asked was, "Shall we be able to reach Paris?" As soon as the train went on, everybody began talking again with animation—everybody, that is, except one little old white-haired man, who, ever since we had left Douai, had cowered in a corner, repeating in a low voice, "All is lost!—all is lost!"

Neither will I try to describe my sensations on entering Paris, seeing the tricolored cockades on hats, caps, and even on signs, and watching the men in blouses, with guns strapped to their shoulders, who were singing "La Marseillaise" as they removed the barricades from the streets. I passed the whole of the first day in turmoil and confusion. The next day I went, according to my custom, to the Palais Royal to take breakfast. I did not see Monsieur François there, but it was evident that his prediction about blood flowing in that place had been verified. The only serious conflict during the February days took place within the Palais Royal. I did not meet him on the succeeding day either, but saw him first on the 17th of March—the day on which a vast crowd of workmen betook themselves to the Hôtel de Ville, to protest against the edict which is known as that of the *bonnets à poils*. Swinging his arms, and taking huge strides, he marched swiftly in the midst of the crowd, a red scarf around his waist and a large red cockade on his hat. Our looks met, but he did not seem to want to recognize me, although he stared at me

with what I considered a scornful expression. "Yes, it's I!" he seemed to say, and immediately went on shouting, stretching his gloomy mouth wide open.

I saw him again at the theatre. Rachel was singing "La Marseillaise" with a voice already almost hushed by death. He was in the pit, where the *claqueurs* are usually seen. But he did not shout or applaud. He stood with folded arms gazing at the singer with a wild eagerness as she, wrapped in the folds of the tricolor, called on the citizens to "pour out the impure blood!"

I am not sure whether or not I saw Monsieur François on the 15th of May, among the mass of people who crossed the Place de la Madelaine, on their way to break in upon the National Assembly. Yet I thought I heard—amid the cries of "Long live Poland!"—his strange voice, deep and yet tremulous. But early in June he suddenly appeared before me in the old *café* of the Palais Royal. He spoke to me, and even offered me his hand, which he had never done before. But he did not seat himself at my table, seeming to be ashamed of his coat, which literally hung in strips, and of his hat, the crown of which was beaten in. A sort of restless impatience seemed to consume him. His cheeks were more sunken than ever, and slight convulsive motions ran over his lips and his whole face. His reddened eyes were obscured by his spectacles, which he was continually adjusting, as though anxious to conceal himself as thoroughly as possible. I became convinced, then, of what I had conjectured before; namely, that his spectacles contained window-glass, and only served as a disguise. The melancholy anxiety of a man without food or shelter was perceptible in his whole manner. I was astonished at the miserable condition of this strange man. "If he is a government agent," I thought, "how does it happen that he is so poor, and why does he lead such a life?"

I reminded him of his prophecies.

"Yes, yes," he muttered, with feverish haste, "all that's an old story now. But you—shall you not go back to Russia? Are you going to stay here?"

"Why shouldn't I stay?"

"That's your affair. But we're going to have a war with you soon."

"With us?"

"Yes, with the Russians. We shall need glory, great glory. War with Russia is inevitable."

"Why not with some other nation?"

"No, no, with Russia. You are young yet—you'll see it. As for the republic" (he made a contemptuous motion with his hand), "it amounts to nothing. The national workshops!" he cried, suddenly rousing himself—"have you seen them? Have you seen how they cart earth from one place to another in the Parc Monceau? Everything will come from that! And there will be blood—a whole sea of blood! What a situation! To see it all beforehand and not be able to do anything! To be nothing, nothing! To take in everything" (he stretched out his arms, showing his tattered, hanging sleeves, while I noticed that his ring was still on his hand), "and to get nothing at all. Not even a piece of bread!"

It was the day before the 5th of June.

"To-morrow's elections are very important, too," he went on, quickly, as though he wanted to get rid of his last thoughts. He mentioned by name the different deputies who would be chosen by the Parisians. He even gave me, approximately, the number of votes each would receive. Among these names was that of Causidière, to whom he accorded the first place.

"In spite of the 15th of May?" I asked.

He smiled bitterly.

"Do you think I include him because he is a prefect of police?" he said.

Louis Napoleon was also among the number.

"He will be among the last," said Monsieur François. "But that's enough. When one wishes to climb up a ladder one must begin at the last round to reach the first."

That evening I communicated to Herzen all these names and figures, and I well remember his astonishment when, on the next day, the predictions of Monsieur François were literally fulfilled.

"Where the deuce did you get all that news?" he asked me, once.

I mentioned my informant.

"Oh, that mongrel blackguard!" said he.

I return to our conversation. Among the names one heard very often at that time was that of Proudhon. I spoke to Monsieur François about him, for he was also on the latter's list—in the last place, it is true, as was actually the case. But it appeared that Monsieur François had not a high opinion of him, nor of Lamartine, nor of Ledru-Rollin. He spoke slightingly of all these men, but with a suggestion of sympathy for Lamartine and of contempt for Proudhon—"that sophist in wooden shoes," he called the latter. As for Ledru-Rollin, he merely referred to him as "that thick-headed Ledru." But he always came back to the national workshops. Our whole conversation did not last longer than a quarter of an hour. He stood the whole time, and was continually casting restless glances around him, as if looking for some one. Remembering his red cockade, I said, "So it seems you are a republican."

"What kind of republican?" he exclaimed,

vehemently. "How do you know I'm a republican? That will do for the shopkeepers. They are the only people who believe in the principles of '89, in progress, in universal brotherhood."

Here he suddenly stopped. I looked around to see what had attracted his attention. An old man with a long white beard, and dressed in a blouse, made a sign to him with his hand. He returned it in a peculiar way, ran to him, and they both disappeared.

After that I only saw Monsieur François three times. On the first occasion I descried him afar off, in the garden of the Luxembourg. He was in company with a poorly clad young woman. She seemed to be imploring him to do something. She wrung her hands and raised them to her face, with every appearance of mortal anguish. He listened in gloomy silence. But suddenly he pushed her away with his elbow, pressed his hat on his head, and went away. She, apparently almost distracted, disappeared in another direction.

Our second meeting was of more consequence. It took place on the 13th of June, the day on which an assemblage of Bonapartists was to have been held in the Place de la Concorde, which Lamartine referred to from the tribune, and which was quickly dispersed by regular soldiers. In one of the recesses constructed in the garden-walls of the Tuileries I noticed a man in the dress of a juggler, who, mounted on a two-wheeled cart, was distributing pamphlets. I took one, and found that it contained a biography of Louis Napoleon, chiefly noticeable for its fulsome adulation. I had often seen this man, who was a Breton, with an enormous head of hair combed straight upward. He frequented the boulevards and street-corners, peddling elixirs for toothache, pomades for rheumatism, and other pretended panaceas. While I was looking through the pamphlet some one touched me lightly on the shoulder. I turned and saw Monsieur François. He smiled ironically over his spectacles.

"Now we have it! It's just beginning," he said, rubbing his hands and stamping his feet. 'There's the apostle, the harbinger! How do you like him?"

"Who?" I cried. "That charlatan with the shock head? That jack-pudding? You're making fun of me!"

"Yes, yes, a charlatan, a mountebank! That's just what we need. A wonderful head of hair, bracelets on the arms, a cocked-hat with gilt spangles—all that acts on the imagination. Legends, my good sir, legends are needed! Claims, dramatic effects, miracles, wonders! Men begin by being astonished; then they respect you—yes, respect; and at last they actually believe. Now mark what I say! This thing has begun in earnest, and when we shall have passed through the Red Sea—"

At that moment a crowd of men, flying before the bayonets of the soldiers, rushed toward us, and we were separated.

During the fearful June days I saw Monsieur François for the last time. He was dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, and had his gun in his hand, the point of the bayonet to the front There was a sort of cold ferocity in his expression which it would be hard to describe. After that I never saw him again.

About the year 1850 I was in the vicinity of the Russian Church, having gone thither to attend the wedding of a friend. Suddenly, I don't know why, I thought of Monsieur François. Immediately it occurred to me that he was a prophet in this case also, and that he was no longer alive. Some years later this impression was confirmed. One day I saw, behind the counter of a shop, a woman whom I recognized as the one I had seen with Monsieur François in the garden of the Luxembourg. I determined to recall the scene to her recollection. At first she looked at me in astonishment. But when she understood what I meant she turned pale, then reddened, and finally begged me not to ask her any questions about that man.

"Tell me, at least," I said, "whether he is still alive."

She looked at me earnestly.

"He is dead," she said, at last. "He died as he deserved to die. He was a very wicked man. But he was very unhappy, very unhappy!"

I could find out nothing more from her.

And who was Monsieur François? The question remains unanswered.

There are sea-birds that never appear except during a storm. The English call them "stormy petrels." They fly low down in the tumultuous air, beating the crests of the raging waves with their wings, and when the clear weather comes back they disappear.

IVAN TOURGUENIEFF (*Die Rundschau*).

THE STORY OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

THE discussions concerning "The Merchant of Venice" which have been brought out by its recent revival at the Lyceum betray a state of opinion which Shakespeare could hardly have anticipated. There are people, it seems, who think not only that Shylock is a man more sinned against than sinning, and more interesting and respectable than any of the Christians about him, but that this was the impression which Shakespeare meant to produce; and in "The Theatre" (November, 1879, p. 193) Mr. Frederick Hawkins goes so far in this direction as to maintain that the play was suggested, written, and brought out with special reference to a temporary outbreak of intolerance in the English people, caused by an apprehension of "an irruption of Israelites into London," about the year 1594. For the purpose of rebuking this intolerance, we are told, and persuading the frequenters of the Globe that a Jew would be as good as a Christian if they would only treat him like a Christian, Shakespeare chose for the subject of a new play the story of a Jew in Rome, who, having borrowed money of a Christian on condition of letting him cut out a pound of his flesh if he did not repay it on the day named, and being threatened with exaction of the penalty, appealed to the Pope—a story told, it seems, by Gregorio Leti, in his "Life of Pope Sixtus V.," and therefore then quite new, of which the editors of the Clarendon Press edition of the play give the following summary:

"The Pope is the judge, and the evasion of the bond the same as in the play. Both merchant and Jew were condemned to death, the one for premeditated murder, the other for selling his life; but in the issue the sentence was commuted to that of the galleys, with the option of buying off that too by paying each two thousand crowns to the hospital lately founded by the Pope."

The story was apt enough for the exhibition of a Jew in a case to move sympathy; and, if Shakespeare's only care had been to make his audience feel what brutal treatment the Jews had to endure at the hands of the Christians, he could have wanted nothing better. But, being a manager as well as a poet and politician, he was bound to avoid any risk of offending his audience; and to represent, during the continuance of that popular excitement, a Christian as a cold-blooded murderer, and a Jew as his innocent and unfortunate victim, would have been too great a shock to the prejudices of the time. He went to work more cunningly. By simply changing the parts —making the Jew the inexorable creditor, and the Christian the overthrown debtor—he first beguiled a Jew-abhorring audience to listen with patience to the play, and then contrived to steal into his portrait of the cold-blooded murderer so many traits of magnanimity, tenderness, patriotism, pride in his ancient race, and reverence for his religious traditions; so many respectable prejudices, moral, legal, and theological; such "wealth of ideas and felicitous language"; to arm him also with such a catalogue of wrongs and grievances, and at the same time so to degrade the character of the whole Christian community of which the man who was to suffer the vivisection was a characteristic, distinguished, and universally honored member—that the people who came to enjoy the sight of a money-lending Jew undergoing poetical justice for attempting to take the life of a money-borrowing Christian should go away full of tender compassion for the defrauded creditor and indignant disgust with the rescued debtor, and, by consequence, in a spirit of toleration for the whole Hebrew race.

It seems a bold speculation, even if the premises be all granted; and yet there is certainly one of them (not to mention the others) which can not be allowed to pass unquestioned.

When Mr. Hawkins took it for granted that "the idea of the forfeiture of the pound of flesh was manifestly derived from *this* story," he could not have known that there was another Italian story current at the time, containing not only the general plot, but almost all the leading incidents of the play, presented nearly in the same order, and showing a closer resemblance between the dramatic version and the tale to be dramatized than will be found, I think, in any other play of Shakespeare's not professedly historical. This story, though too Italian in one of its features to be admitted into our popular collections for general reading, is nevertheless well known by name and easily accessible (being referred to by all modern editors in treating of the sources of the play, noticed by all modern antiquarians in their searches after the origin of the legend, and printed at full length in Collier's "Shakespeare's Library"); and, to students who are curious as to the manner in which the great artist treated material of this kind in order to fit it for exhibition on the stage, it has a special value; being one in which the transmutation is most perfect and the process most traceable. That Mr. Hawkins knows nothing of it, and that the editors and antiquarians do not know enough to see that it is

not *one of the sources*, but *the one source*, of the play, I may take as a proof that it is not familiar to modern readers even of the studious sort; and since it is a very pretty story very prettily told, and loses nothing—I might say, gains considerably—by the entire omission of the only part which has excluded it from good company in modern times, an account of it may be acceptable to many. Its bearing upon the question concerning the secret purpose of the play will be seen when it is before us.

Giannetto, the youngest son of a rich merchant in Florence, receives from his dying father a letter addressed to his dearest friend, Ansaldo, the greatest of the Christian merchants in Venice, who, being a childless man and Giannetto's godfather, had long been anxious to adopt him. This letter, he tells him, is to be instead of any other provision. "Behave well," he says, "and you will certainly be a rich man." Ansaldo welcomes his godson with delight, orders his servants to attend to him as to himself, gives him the keys of his money-boxes, and desires him to spend all freely in distinguishing himself and entertaining his friends; and to remember that "the more he gains the good will of everybody the more dear he will be to him." Giannetto follows his direction, quickly distinguishes himself in all the qualities of a gentleman, becomes a universal favorite and the most accomplished youth in Venice, and behaves in all ways to his godfather's entire satisfaction. Such a man, it is thought by his friends, should have something more to do—should see more, and be more seen—and two of the most intimate, intending a mercantile voyage to Alexandria, urge him to go with them in a ship of his own. He would like to go if Ansaldo will give him leave; Ansaldo is willing to furnish him if he would like to go. He is provided with a fine ship richly freighted, and the three friends set sail together. The ships keep each other company until Giannetto, early one morning, seeing a fine port and hearing that it is the port of the Lady of Belmonte—a beautiful widow, but dangerous to visit, every visitor being obliged to undertake a certain task on condition that if he accomplishes it he shall take her for his wife and be lord of the port and all the country, but if he fails he shall give up to her all that he brings with him, and many had gone in rich and come out with nothing—resolves to take his chance; sails in, unperceived by his companions; is received with festive welcome; after due warning of the conditions, goes to his trial; fails; loses all; and returns to Venice, much ashamed, and obliged to say that his ship had been wrecked and all on board lost except himself. Ansaldo makes light of the accident. Since his son has come back safe, all is well; he may be cheerful and easy; they have enough left. But when the two friends with whom he had set out return rich from their voyage, and tell him that if he will go with them again the next spring he may easily gain as much as he has lost, Ansaldo, seeing that he could not be happy without making the trial, provides him with another ship, more richly freighted than the first; and the three set out again in company, as before. But Giannetto, whose real aim was to get without their knowledge into the port of Belmonte, contrives to elude them; sails in; is recognized and received as before; undertakes the same task again; again fails; and returns again to Venice, having lost all, and saying that he had suffered another shipwreck. These repeated losses had nearly exhausted Ansaldo's means, but not his affection or his patience; and when the two friends return again very rich from their second voyage, and he finds that Giannetto can not be happy without one more effort to recover his losses, he sells all that he has in order to provide a third ship for him; and because all that he has is not enough to do it as handsomely as he would, and he "wants still ten thousand ducats, he applies himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrows them on condition that if they are not paid on the Feast of St. John, in the next month of June, the Jew may take a pound of the merchant's flesh from any part of his body he pleases. Ansaldo agrees, and the Jew has an obligation drawn and witnessed with all the form and ceremony necessary, and then counts him the ten thousand ducats of gold, with which Ansaldo buys what was still wanting for the vessel. . . . When it is time to depart, Ansaldo tells Giannetto that, since he well knows of the obligation to the Jew, he entreats him, in case any misfortune happens, that he will return to Venice, that he may see him before he dies, and then he can leave the world with satisfaction. Giannetto promises to do everything he conceives may give him pleasure. Ansaldo gives him his blessing, they take their leave, and the ships set out."

Giannetto, still secretly bent upon the Lady of Belmonte, contrives again to give his companions the slip and find his way into her port; is recognized and received as before, and makes himself as popular; but this time, by the help of a friendly hint from a sympathetic damsel who thinks it hard that such devotion should be so rewarded, he avoids the cause of his previous failures, accomplishes his task triumphantly, marries the Lady of Belmonte, is proclaimed sovereign of the country, to the great joy both of herself and all the people, and is still absorbed in the duties and enjoyments of his new fortune, when one day, seeing a procession with torches passing the window, and being told that it is a

company of artificers going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, the day being his festival, he suddenly remembers with horror that St. John's festival was Ansaldo's pay-day, and he had forgotten all about it! His wife, observing his emotion, draws from him the confession that "his father was engaged for ten thousand ducats, that the term was expired, and if they were not paid that day he must lose a pound of his flesh." She at once desires him to take a hundred thousand ducats, mount his horse, and not stop till he arrives at Venice; and, if he arrives in time to save him, to bring him to Belmonte.

The Jew in the mean time had seized Ansaldo; but, in consideration of his wish to see Giannetto before he died, consents to wait some days, provided that the delay do not invalidate the bond. "'But,' says he, 'if he comes a hundred times over, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation.' Ansaldo answered that he was content."

This determination to reject all proposals to redeem the bond by paying the money with cost and interest, which goes for so little with Shylock's modern apologists, is carefully marked and brought out by the teller of the story, who evidently thought it an important feature in the case.

"Every one," he adds, "at Venice who had heard of the affair was much concerned. Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might commit this homicide (*anzi voleva fare quello homicidio*), to have the satisfaction of saying (*per poter dire*) that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants."

Giannetto again, as soon as he arrives, offers to pay the whole debt, and as much more as the Jew would demand. The Jew replies he will take no money, since it was not paid at the time due: he will have the pound of flesh. "Every one blamed the Jew," says the narrator; "but, as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded on public and received forms, nobody dared to oppose him, and when the merchants of Venice applied to him he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, which he refused; then thirty thousand; afterward forty, fifty, and at last one hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him if he would give him as much gold as the city of Venice was worth he would not accept it. 'And,' says he, 'you know little of me if you think I will desist from my demand.'"

While matters stood thus there alighted at an inn in Venice a young man, described by his servant as "a lawyer (*un gentil' huomo giudice*) who had finished his studies at Bologna, and was returning to his own country." And what followed I must give from the old story, without abridgment:

The landlord upon this shows his guest great civility; and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer inquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, "Justice in this place is too severe." "How comes that?" says the lawyer. "I will tell how," says the landlord. "You must know that some years ago there came here a young man from Florence, whose name was Giannetto; he was recommended to the care of a relation, who is called Ansaldo. He behaved here so well as to possess the esteem and affections of every living creature, and never was a youth so well beloved. Now, this Ansaldo sent him out three times, each time with a ship of great value. He every time was unfortunate; and to furnish the last Ansaldo was forced to borrow ten thousand ducats of a Jew, on condition that if he did not repay them in June, at the Feast of St. John, the Jew might take a pound of his flesh. This excellent young man is now returned, and offers to pay a hundred thousand ducats. The wicked Jew won't take them, although the best merchants in the city have applied to him, but to no purpose." Says the lawyer, "This question may be easily answered." "If you can answer it," says the landlord, "and will take the trouble to do it, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of a most deserving young man and of all the best men of this city." The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made that whoever had any law matters to determine they should have recourse to him. So it was told to Giannetto that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. "With all my heart," says the Jew; "but, let who will come, I will stick to my bond." Giannetto and the Jew each told the merits of the cause to the judge, who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, "I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favor done to him." The Jew replied, "I will do no such thing." The judge answered, "It will be better for you." The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments; and our judge speaks in favor of Ansaldo, and, desiring that the Jew may stand forth, "Now," says he, "do you" [to the Jew] "cut off a pound of this man's flesh where you choose." The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked, and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto seeing this, turning to the judge, "This," says he, "is not the favor I asked of you." "Be quiet," says he; "the pound of flesh is not yet cut off." As soon as the Jew was going to begin, "Take care what you do," says the judge; "if you take more or less than a pound I will order your head to be struck off, and I tell you

besides, that if you shed one drop of blood you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood, but says expressly that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less; and if you are wise you will take great care what you do." He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax. "And now," says he, "if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head." The Jew began to be in great fear, and Giannetto in great joy. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him: "You are more cunning than I can pretend to be; however, give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content." "No," says the judge; "cut off your pound of flesh, according to your bond; I will not give you a farthing. Why did you not take the money when it was offered?" The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand; but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty; but he replied, "Let me manage him." Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand. He said, "I will not give you a penny." "Give me at least," said the Jew, "my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all!" The judge replies: "I will give you nothing. If you will have the pound of flesh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled." Every one present was greatly pleased, and, deriding the Jew, said, "He who laid traps for others is caught himself." The Jew, seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto. The hundred thousand ducats he carried to the inn to the lawyer, whom he found making ready to depart. "You have done me," says he, "a most important service, and I entreat of you to accept of this money to carry home, for I am sure you have earned it." "I thank you," replied the lawyer; "I do not want money. Keep it and carry it back to your lady, that she may not have occasion to say that you have squandered it away idly." Says Giannetto: "My lady is so good and kind that I might venture to spend four times as much without incurring her displeasure; and she ordered me, when I came away, to bring with me a larger sum." "How are you pleased with the lady?" says the lawyer. "I love her better than any earthly thing," answers Giannetto. "Nature never produced any woman so beautiful, discreet, and sensible, and seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will do me the favor to come and see her you will be surprised at the honors she will show you, and you will be able to judge whether I speak truth or not." "I can not go with you," says the lawyer; "I have other engagements; but, since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her." "I will not fail," Giannetto answered. "And now let me entreat you to accept some of the money." While he was speaking the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, "If you will give me this ring I shall seek no other reward." "Willingly," says Giannetto; "but as it is a ring given me by my lady to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she may think, not seeing it on my finger, and will believe that I have given it to a woman that I love, and quarrel with me, though I protest I love her much better than I love myself." "Certainly," says the lawyer, "she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me; but, I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice." "So great," says Giannetto, "is the love and reverence that I bear to her that I would not change her for any woman in the world, she is so accomplished in every article." After this he takes the ring from his finger and presents it to him; and embracing each the other, "I have still a favor to ask," says the lawyer. "It shall be granted," says Giannetto. "It is," replied he, "that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady." "It appears to me a thousand years till I see her," Giannetto answered. And immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked and left Venice. Giannetto made entertainments and presents of horses and money to his former companions; and, having made a great expense for several days, he took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Ansaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them. Everybody shed tears at his departure, both men and women; his amiable deportment had so gained the good will of all. In this manner he left Venice and returned to Belmonte.

The lady arrived some days before, and gave orders to have everything prepared, and the streets lined with tapestry and filled with men armed for the tiltings and exercises; and, when Giannetto and Ansaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them, crying, "Long live our sovereign lord! Long live our sovereign lord!" When they arrived at the palace the lady ran to embrace Ansaldo, but feigned anger against Giannetto, though she loved him excessively; yet the feastings, tilts, and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords and ladies assisted. Giannetto, seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and inquiring the reason would have saluted her. She told him she wanted not his caresses. "I am sure," says she, "you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses at Venice." Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him where was the ring she had given him. "It is no more than what I expected," cries Giannetto, "and I was in the right to say you would be angry with me; but I swear by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause." "And I can swear," says the lady with as much solemnity, "that you gave the ring to a woman, and I know it certainly; therefore swear no more." Giannetto said, if what he had told her was not true, he wished every misfortune to fall upon him that might destroy him, and that he said all this to the lawyer when he asked for the ring. The lady replied: "You would have done better to have staid at Venice with your mistresses,

and have sent Ansaldo here; for I hear they all wept when you went away." Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her that what she supposed could not possibly be true. The lady, seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter showed him the ring, told everything which he had said to the lawyer, that she was herself the lawyer, and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and was highly delighted with what he had heard, and went out of the chamber and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice, and gave her to Ansaldo for a wife; and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

This is the story told "in a collection of tales called 'Il Pecorone,' written by Ser Giovanni, a notary of Florence, about the year 1378," * and published at Milan in 1558; and though it is not known to have been translated into English before 1755, I suppose nobody who reads it and knows the play—two conditions which do not seem to have been generally united—will doubt that Shakespeare had either read or heard it, and that it was from this, and not from Leti's story of the Christian creditor who wanted to perform the operation upon the Jewish debtor, or from any other of the fifteen versions of the bond story enumerated by Miss Toulmin Smith,† that he derived his idea not only of "the forfeiture of the pound of flesh," but of the entire train of incidents, and the characters and relations of the persons in the drama. Those who are most anxious to give him the credit of originating in the last decade of the sixteenth century "the movement which resulted in the removal of Jewish disabilities" ‡ in the last half of the nineteenth will be glad to find that he was not constrained to begin the work by transferring to a Jew the crime of a Christian, and this, too, not only in contradiction of the legend, but in "defiance of all probability" (that particular mode of murder being, I suppose, one that none but a Christian would have been *likely* to think of), and all for the sole purpose of conciliating the audience by flattering their prejudices. That Shakespeare ever, on any occasion, flattered a popular prejudice which he did not share, I have yet to learn; but on this occasion at least he had no motive for it. The story which he had to exhibit was sufficiently in accordance with the popular prejudice, and he reproduced it in all its essential features exactly as he found it.

* Introduction to Clarendon Press edition of "The Merchant of Venice."

† "New Shakespeare Society's Transactions," 1875–'76, Part I.

‡ "The Theatre," p. 198.

The changes which he introduced were only such as the conversion of a narrative into an actable play required. The action had to be brought within compass; the stage to be peopled; the persons to speak and act, instead of being described; new incidents to be invented or imported for entertainment and variety. But all this he did in careful conformity with the fundamental conception of the several characters as indicated in the old story. Giannetto's first two voyages being ignored, the play begins at once with the preparations for the third, which involves the bargain with the Jew; whereby, without sacrificing anything material, the action is considerably shortened. The original condition of the marriage, being at once unpresentable to a Shakespearean audience and irreconcilable with the lady's character as shown in the sequel, is rejected altogether; but, in substituting for it the device of the three caskets, care is taken to preserve all the essential features of the situation. Bassanio, having run into debt by living beyond his income, resolves to try his chance with a great heiress—a lady for whom, in her father's time, he had conceived an affection which he had reason to believe was mutual—but who could only be sought in marriage upon the perilous condition of losing all if a riddle were not rightly read. To furnish himself for the adventure he has to borrow money from his kinsman and dearest friend and benefactor, Antonio; who, in order to supply him without delay, borrows it from Shylock on the security of the pound of flesh. Thus we have Bassanio and Antonio essentially in the same position toward each other as Giannetto and Ansaldo when parting for the final voyage; while Bassanio, as soon as he has chosen the right casket, is in exactly the same position as Giannetto after the successful performance of his appointed task; and in all the scenes that follow we have only to imagine Giannetto in Bassanio's place, and we feel that he would have both spoken and acted in the same way—that the characters are, in fact, identical. So, again, the Ansaldo of the story and the Antonio of the play are only two portraits of the same man by different artists, one of whom sees further into him than the other. We are not told by the novelist that Ansaldo suffered from a constitutional depression of spirits, but it probably occurred to Shakespeare as necessary to account for that extraordinary indifference to all mortal accidents (the happiness of his adopted son excepted) which, in the degree to which it is carried in the novel, he appears to have thought impossible in nature after all, and has therefore shown in Antonio much mitigated; for whereas Ansaldo, knowing himself to be ruined, signs the bond with a clear presentiment of the consequence, and yet asks Giannetto for

nothing more than a promise that he will see him before he dies, Antonio, when he signs, though short of ready money for the moment, is still in the full flow of his fortunes, and laughs at the idea of being called on to pay the forfeit. It is true that when the danger fronts him, and can not be escaped, he meets it as patiently, and with as much apparent indifference, as Ansaldo—making no vain remonstrance, not complaining of the rigor of the law, but justifying its execution, and content to die provided only that he may see Bassanio again before he is put to death. But there is a great difference between accepting such a fate with equanimity when it is inevitable and deliberately incurring it when it is foreseen and may be declined.

Then, again, the absolute inoffensiveness of Ansaldo, who does not seem to have uttered a harsh word or entertained an unkind thought against anybody—with whom the very man who is avowing his determination to take his life, though all Venice were offered him to spare it, does not pretend any cause except his being the greatest of the Christian merchants—seemed to make the Jew's proceeding too monstrous to be endurable by an English audience. Such malice needed some provocation to make it credible enough for the human imagination, and a probable cause of provocation readily offered itself in the disputes which must have occurred on the Rialto between two such men. A man who would enforce his contract for the pound of flesh in such a case was sure in all his transactions to take advantages of the helpless, which a liberal and beneficent merchant would be sure to be disgusted with and interfere to thwart. On such occasions feelings would be expressed and words uttered which would not sting the less for being just and well deserved. And that this was the real history of the revengeful hatred on one side, and the contemptuous dislike on the other, we are made to understand at once, as soon as they meet, by the irritating and sarcastic speech of Shylock (finding himself for the first time at an advantage) and the angry retort which it provokes from Antonio. This revelation of their respective feelings toward each other shows ground enough for Shylock's malice to bring it within the range, not indeed of human *sympathy*, which was not intended, but of possibility in human nature. We can imagine nature so diseased and perverted as to be capable of it without ceasing to be human.

But, though we can accept these manifestations of dislike and scorn (the only wrongs he has to complain of) as accounting for Shylock's general disposition toward Antonio, we are not allowed to suppose that his *determination to kill him* (upon which the whole action of the play turns) rested upon any such sentimental considerations. He makes a great parade about them when he replies to the remonstrances of Antonio's friends, but Shakespeare has not forgotten to inform us, through his confidential communications to himself and his own countrymen, what his real motive was for this determination. In his first soliloquy, which is the expression of his secret thoughts, he explains it frankly enough:

> I hate him, for he is a Christian,
> But more for that in low simplicity
> *He lends out money gratis, and brings down*
> *The rate of usance here with us in Venice.*
> If I can catch him once upon the hip,
> I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

And when he learns from Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of the same trade, that he has a good chance of "catching him upon the hip," he repeats both the why and the how without any reserve or flourish. "I will have the heart of him if he forfeit; for, *were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will.*" The Jew in the novel is a sentimentalist in comparison; *he* wants "to be able to *say* that he has put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants." Shylock is a mere utilitarian and man of business. Nor are we left in doubt as to the manner of Antonio's interference with Shylock's merchandise, and the arts by which he has "thwarted his bargains" and "hindered him of half a million." As evidence of the fact itself, indeed, Antonio's word will not go for much with a modern apologist for Shylock; but our question is what *Shakespeare meant us to believe* as to the fact, and of this Antonio's words are good evidence:

> He seeks my life: his reason well I know:
> *I oft delivered from his forfeitures*
> *Many that have at times made moan to me:*
> Therefore he hates me.

That Shakespeare meant us to understand that Shylock insisted upon the pound of flesh because he wanted to remove from his path a man who was in the habit of rescuing debtors from his clutches by helping them to pay their debts, does not in my mind admit of a doubt. That he did *not* mean us to regard it as an interference which Shylock had a right to resent, or his mode of resenting it as a just retaliation, or himself as entitled to one drop of pity for the miscarriage of his plot, or the delight of the bystanders at his discomfiture—who (according to the story), deriding the Jew, said, "He who laid traps for others is caught himself"—as other than the expression of a natural, just, and healthy popular sentiment, appears to me no less certain. And, yet it is true that he has contrived to enlist on his behalf "a certain measure" of what Mr.

Hawkins calls "sympathy," but I should rather call respect. Why? Not because he was a down-trodden Jew—he would have done as much for the most orthodox and prosperous Christian in the land, and *has* done as much for men as thoroughly depraved as Iago and Edmund in "Lear"—but because, though not the hero of the comedy, he had a conspicuous part in it, and Shakespeare never puts in a conspicuous part a man absolutely devoid of all qualities that can inspire respect or sympathy. Of the Jew in the story we know nothing except in relation to the bond and the forfeiture, and in that part Shakespeare has kept close to his original. But, having also to show him in his relation to other men, he endows him with such respectable qualities as are not incompatible with the work he has to do —courage, intellect, eloquence, force of character, strength of will, attachment to his race and creed, and a show of respect for his law. I say a "show"; for, though he makes a great profession of religious scruples, he never lets them interfere with business. His religion forbids him to eat or drink with Christians; and yet, when he remembers that by "feeding upon the prodigal Christian" he may help to disable Antonio from payment of his debt at the day, he overcomes his objection to the smell of pork and consents to dine with Bassanio. He refuses payment of his debt in full, with two hundred per cent. interest for the few days' delay, because he dares not break his oath; he has sworn by the holy Sabbath to have the pound of flesh and nothing else; to forbear would be to "lay perjury upon his soul," which he will not do for Israel. But, when he finds that he can not take the other man's life except at the peril of his own, he does forbear; leaves his soul to settle with the perjury as it can; is ready for any compromise, even though "involving a renunciation of a cherished faith." * What he would not do for Israel he will yet do for himself. From all which I conclude that Shakespeare did not mean us to be taken in by the solemnity of his professions, or to look up to him as the martyr-hero of "an old, untainted religious aristocracy," but only to regard him with a certain interest as a man qualified by nature for a better part than he has chosen.

If the characters of Bassanio, Antonio, and Shylock are manifestly and directly derived from Ser Giovanni's story, it need hardly be said that the Lady of Belmonte suggested the idea of Portia, every one of whose qualities, as we see them brought out in the play by Shakespeare's own hand — the generosity, the affection, the spirit, the intellect, the gayety and playfulness— he found hints of in the novelist's account of the lady's proceedings between her discovery of Ansaldo's position and her reception of him and her husband at Belmonte.

What need, then, have we to seek further, either for the source of the plot, or the choice of the subject, or the manner of its treatment? To hear our modern apologists, one would suppose that the argument of the play was the persecution of a Jew by Christians; a description of it for which, if the Venetian law had been represented in it as sanctioning the claim of a *Christian* to cut the flesh out of the body of a *Jew*, there would have been some color. As it is, to call it the persecution of a Christian by a Jew would be nearer the mark. But the truth is, that the question at issue has nothing to do with the question of religion. The law of Venice, in so far as it is brought before us in the action, knows a distinction between citizens and aliens, but not between Christians and Jews. It is administered strictly, without respect of race or creed. Nor is there anything in the play, from the first scene to the last, from which it can be inferred that a Jew in Venice labored under any disadvantage, political or social, as compared with a Christian. On the contrary, pains have been taken to remind us that there was none, all such inequality of dealing being against the cardinal policy of the state. See act iii., scene 3:

Salarino. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Antonio. The Duke can not deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations.

Shylock, it is true, who hates Antonio because he is a Christian, naturally assumes that Antonio quarrels with his usances because he is a Jew. But that is only his own fancy; and even if it had been true it would not have been in point; for his quarrel with Antonio was a private one, with which the state had nothing to do. If Shakespeare had meant his audience to feel that the Hebrew race was suffering under Christian oppression, he would surely have shown them some case in illustration. Yet the only Hebrews he shows us or tells us of are Shylock himself and his friend Tubal—both of them rich, and at liberty to make their bargains in their own way, and assisted by the laws to enforce the terms according to the letter, even when most iniquitous and unjustifiable. And what oppression by the state has Shylock to complain of, either on his own behalf or on that of his sacred nation? When he demands judgment on his bond, the

* "The Theatre," December, 1879, p. 261.

court warns him that if he insists on exacting a penalty involving the death of a citizen he will himself have to pay the penalty prescribed by the law for shedding Christian blood—namely, confiscation of land and goods. When he declines to press his demand on this condition, the court informs him that he has already incurred the penalty prescribed by the law for "seeking the life" of a citizen—namely, the forfeiture of one half of his goods to the person whose life he had sought, of the other half to the state, and his life to the Duke's mercy. Of which penalty the court enforces so much only as amounts to the sequestration of one half of his property for the benefit of his daughter; the rest being remitted on two conditions—one, that he bind himself to leave her the whole after his death; the other, that in the mean time he "become a Christian," whatever that may mean. This is the full extent of the oppression, in consideration of which we are called on to excuse him—as the representative victim of unreasoning prejudice against Jews in general—for contriving by a fraudulent contract to murder a rival; these the "inherited and personal wrongs" by which "his fine nature has become so warped and soured." *

This strange notion, that the secret purpose of the play was to expose the mischiefs of religious intolerance, was probably suggested by the last of the two conditions of pardon. And though I do not think that Shakespeare meant it to be so taken—for I suspect that in the eyes of a Globe audience a Jew consenting to "become a Christian" was simply an infidel seeking admission into the fold and qualifying his soul for salvation—I admit that to modern ears it sounds like a wanton insult, and (as producing on a modern audience an effect the very opposite to that which was intended) ought to be left out. Nothing would be lost by the omission, and it would be universally felt that Christianity could have no interest in enlisting such a recruit.

The other condition has reference to an episode which is not to be found in the original story, but was introduced into the play partly to vary and enliven the action, and partly, perhaps, to account for Shylock's determination to revenge himself on one Christian by giving him a just ground of quarrel with another. In the course of which episode the moral sensibilities of a modern spectator suffer a little shock, from which a judicious adapter might relieve him by the omission of a few lines. Not that I would debar Jessica from seeking relief from her Jewish disabilities by the nearest way. We are all glad to see her at liberty to choose her husband and her religion for herself; to escape from a house which to her was a hell, with only the "merry devil" Launcelot to cheer it; from a father of whose manners she was (not without reason and to her credit, though to her regret) ashamed; and from the chance, should it suit *him*, of having to take "any of the stock of Barrabas" for a husband; nor do many of us object to see advantage taken by Antonio of the pressure which the law enables him to put on Shylock for the purpose of securing a comfortable provision for her. But we all feel that she ought to have left the ducats and jewels behind; and the fact that Shakespeare allowed her to carry them off without a hint of disapprobation from anybody (there being no dramatic necessity for it) suggests a doubt whether in those early days he was fully alive to the impropriety. Perhaps the easy morality of the comic theatre in all such questions—the large privilege which the young lovers have always enjoyed of deceiving and overreaching the stern parent—had become so familiar as to hide from him the true nature of the transaction; which in so tragic a business as Shylock's revenge can not be regarded with the levity which comedy permits. But, however that may be, I can not doubt that the effect would be much better in modern eyes if Jessica were allowed to escape without the treasure. The loss of his daughter to her race and faith would supply Shylock with as fair a motive for vengeance; he could make as much noise about it; and the secret that he really cared more for the ducats than the daughter would not be forced upon the knowledge of his admirers, who regard paternal tenderness as one of his most conspicuous virtues. Two lines struck out from Jessica's part in the sixth scene of the second act, a few from Salanio's in the eighth, and a few more in the interview with Tubal at the beginning of the third act, would (without at all disturbing the action of the play) remove completely our only remaining scruple as to the poetic justice of the final settlement. For, though Shylock has escaped with a punishment which any one who considers the character of his crime must feel to be very far short of his desert, he is far away in Venice among his money-bags, and does not trouble us. We saw him baffled and dismissed in the fourth act with general satisfaction, and can leave him to meditate upon the example of Christian mercy which he owes to the generosity of his intended victim at the suggestion of the "wise young judge," and hope that he may profit by it. In the mean time Antonio's fortunes are happily restored by the safe arrival of his argosies with all their merchandise, and everybody is well pleased.

JAMES SPEDDING (*Cornhill Magazine*).

* "The Theatre," November, 1879, p. 194.

SCIENCE AND CRIME.

THE scientific study of criminals and the philosophic study of crimes is not merely an interesting, but a highly warrantable exercise of intellect. Only through some such investigation into these subjects can a knowledge of the nature, cause, and cure of crimes be attained—if, indeed, such knowledge in its perfect phases be ever reached in human history. And only, when aided by the skilled expert—the chemist, surgeon, physiologist, or engraver—and by the deductions and inductions science is able or prepared to draw from any given set of circumstances, is Justice enabled to enter upon the pursuit of crime, and to make her name a terror to evil-doers. It is not our intention to follow, at present, such experimenters as Mr. Francis Galton in his remarkable researches into the conformation and configuration of the criminal head, among other types of human character. Readers interested in knowing what may be done in the way of a scientific study of character should peruse Mr. Galton's address to the Anthropological Section of the British Association for 1877. In that address will be found embodied some curious facts and inferences relative to the classification of groups and types of men based on their habits of mind and physiognomy. By the application of an ingenious method of observation, in which, by an arrangement of mirrors, four views of a person's head can be simultaneously photographed, the full and complete comparison of types of head-conformation can be effected. As the result of investigations conducted on this basis, Mr. Galton mentions that by physiognomy, together with the general contour of the head, a practical arrangement of criminal types becomes possible. Provided with a large number of photographs of criminals, and by familiarizing himself with this collection, certain natural classes of criminals became discernible; and thus a scientific study of character may assist in the determination of the results of criminal tendencies, and, through these, toward the amelioration of the race.

Thus much for the part Science promises to play in determining the causes of crime and criminals. With the results of crime, however, Science at present concerns herself much more nearly; and it is with the ways and means Science brings to bear on the detection of crime that we purpose chiefly to concern ourselves in the present paper. Our newspapers familiarize us, day by day, with instances of the application of scientific methods to criminal investigation. Not a case of forgery is tried but the expert in caligraphy and engraving is appealed to in order to aid the cause of justice, by the detection, through scientific means, of likenesses or differences in handwriting, or of alterations and erasures in disputed deeds or manuscripts. Every case of homicide brings its array of medical and surgical evidence, or its quota of chemists, prepared to do battle for the truth. Even the identification of a *corpus delicti* may be a matter in which medical science alone has absolute sway, and in which the skill of the medical jurist, with his testimony to the probable time and circumstances of death, may first point the way in which detective science should travel. A blood-stain and its nature, when interpreted by the microscopist, may convict the suspected, or may, on the other hand, set him free. And, in many other ways and diverse fashions, the art of the detective may be shown to owe more to science than most people unacquainted with the routine of criminal investigation could readily imagine.

To select a simple case, and one, nevertheless, regarding which much popular misconception exists, let us try to discover the place and power of the microscope in medical jurisprudence. In such a study we may discover that certain powers, popularly imagined to be at the beck and call of the microscopist, are grossly exaggerated; while it may also be shown that the actual extent of the microscopist's ability fully outweighs the fallacies just alluded to. Chief among the cases in which the microscope becomes of paramount importance, as an agent in the detection of crime, are those in which blood-stains, or marks of allied characters, and fragments of clothing or hairs, require to be examined and referred to their exact source. An actual case may be related by way of exemplifying the conditions demanding inquiry. A man was tried in 1857, at one of our English assizes, for the supposed murder of a companion. The dead man's throat had been cut in such a fashion as to preclude the idea of suicide. The prisoner had been last seen in the company of the deceased, and in his possession a knife stained with blood was found. This knife was alleged by the prosecution to be that with which the murder was committed, and the stains thereupon were alleged to be those of human blood. The defense explained the presence of these stains by asserting that they were produced by cutting raw beef. Now, it may be asked, in what position is science

placed in such an issue as the present? Could the microscopist, placed in the witness-box, swear to the identity of the stain with blood; and could he testify to its being human blood as distinguished from that of the ox? To the first query, an affirmative answer must be returned. Chemical tests of great delicacy are known whereby the presence of blood can be infallibly detected. Mr. Sorby tells us that spectrum analysis will reveal the presence of blood where the stain is only the tenth of an inch in diameter, or where a quantity of the red coloring matter of blood, not exceeding the one hundredth part of a grain, can be obtained. In so far as blood itself and its mere presence are concerned, there are no scientific difficulties in the way of its exact determination and separation from all other red-colored stains. But, when we turn to the question of the exact source of the blood-stains, we find the powers of science to be limited in some degree. In the case just alluded to, in which the defense rested upon a statement that the blood-stains were obtained from beef, the fallacies of evidence which grossly departed from a scientific standard were exemplified. A chemist gave evidence, in which he alleged that the knife in question had been immersed in living blood to its hilt, and that the blood was certainly not that of the ox or sheep. This testimony was offered, despite the fact known to every physiologist that there exist no appreciable differences between the stain of living blood and of blood from a recently killed animal, and that the microscopist is as yet unable to detect differences between the blood of man and that of the ox or sheep sufficiently clear to enable him to decide their exact and specific nature. Even spectrum analysis, with all its subtilty of method and delicacy of research, can not decide upon exact differences between new and old blood-stains; nor can it enable the experimenter to say if the blood be human or that of a lower animal. Fortunately, for the cause of justice in the foregoing case, the crime was brought home to the prisoner by evidence other than that of the chemist in question, and by testimony which depended on no fallacies of microscopic testimony.

To discover the limitations of science in such a case, we must make ourselves familiar with the details of an elementary study in physiology. When a thin film of human blood is examined under a high power of the microscope, it is seen to present the appearance of a clear, watery fluid —the serum and plasma of the physiologist—in which float an immense number of small, round bodies, the blood-corpuscles. These latter are of two kinds, red and white; the red being by far the more numerous, and imparting, through their immense numbers, the red hue to the blood. The red corpuscles of human blood are round and biconcave in form, each measuring from the one three-thousandth to the one four-thousandth of an inch in diameter. The white corpuscles are a little larger and attain a diameter averaging the one two-thousand five-hundredth part of an inch. Thus it may be safely asserted that, when the microcopist is able to discern in any liquid those characteristic blood-globules, he may positively allege that the liquid in question is certainly blood. When the further and equally important question of the kind of blood is submitted to the scientific observer, his answers should savor of caution. The red corpuscles of man, unlike the white, do not possess a central particle or nucleus. They are, therefore, in physiological language, said to be "non-nucleated." But it is noteworthy that, in this latter feature, man's blood-globules agree with those of all other mammals or quadrupeds. Every quadruped, in short, possesses red blood-globules which want a central spot or nucleus. Moreover, all quadrupeds, except the camel-tribe, possess red blood-globules of circular shape; those of the camel being elliptical in form. But, when we descend in the animal scale and pass to the birds, as most nearly approaching quadrupeds, and from the birds to reptiles and fishes, the blood-globules are found, in these lower classes, to be not merely oval or elliptical in shape, but to be invariably nucleated —that is, possessing each a central particle.

With this zoölogical information at hand, we may be able to appreciate the power of the microscope as a detector of crime. In 1851, the defense, in a case of murder tried at the Essex Assizes, rested partly on the statement that the blood-stains on the clothes of the prisoner were derived from chicken's blood. In such a case the microscopic evidence is invaluable, since the blood of the bird will contain oval and nucleated globules; and, from an examination of these blood-stains, the prisoner's statement in the case referred to was proved to be false, the corpuscles being those of some mammal. Similarly, when the late Professor Hughes Bennett, of Edinburgh, was confronted with a patient supposed to be troubled with chest-disease of serious type, an examination of the fluid blood supposed to have come from the lungs revealed the presence of oval blood-globules. The patient's wonder may be better imagined than described when her imposture was thus declared plain. Seeing, then, that the blood of quadrupeds is distinguishable from that of all other animals, the question yet remains, How far does microscopical evidence proceed in determining human blood from that of other mammals? Here, leaving aside the singular and exceptional case of the camels and their neighbors with oval but non-nucleated globules,

the chief, and indeed the only, guide to the microscopist must be size. This guide, it may be further noticed, is by no means a certain or exact test, since even in one and the same animal the blood-globules may vary in dimensions. In some quadrupeds, it is true, the excessively minute nature of the globules would, of itself, form a feature distinguishing them from those of man. Thus the blood-corpuscles of the musk-deer measure the one twelve thousand three hundred and twenty-fifth part of an inch in diameter, such a size being infinitesimal when compared with those of man. When, however, we compare the blood of ordinary domestic animals with human blood, the difficulties in the way of exact determination increase in a very marked fashion. It is known as a fact that the blood-globules of the horse, ox, ass, mouse, cat, pig, and bat are nearly of the same size; the dimensions of the blood-globules bearing no reference to the size of the animal to which they belong.

The blood-globules which approach most nearly to those of man in size are found in the dog, rabbit, and hare. Supposing, therefore, that in a case of suspected murder a blood-stain were declared to be that of a dog, he would be a worse than foolish scientist who would even venture to hazard his reputation by stating, in a witness-box, his ability to distinguish the stain as that of human blood. Cases in illustration of the foregoing facts are abundantly met with in the records of criminal jurisprudence. A medical witness, giving evidence some years ago at an English assizes in a case of suspected homicide, was sharply rebuked by the presiding judge for the enunciation of speculative niceties regarding blood; and in no eyes does such a witness seem more foolish than in those of scientific men, who know best the fallible ground on which he is treading. In another case a scientific witness alleged his ability to distinguish certain stains as those of horse's blood, and others as those of human blood—such evidence being inadmissible on scientific grounds, and therefore morally and legally wrong.

The power and value of the microscope as an aid to the discovery of the truth in criminal cases is, however, by no means limited to the determination of blood-stains. On weapons alleged to have been used with homicidal intent or effect, the merest traces of various substances may occasionally be found, and may serve, in the hands of the man of science, as important clews. A Dr. Lyons has left on record a case in which the supposition of a person's guilt as a murderer appeared to be materially strengthened by the discovery, beneath a bed, of a hatchet to which clotted blood and hairs were adherent. The hair, submitted to microscopical examination, was discovered to belong to some animal, and this fact helped to turn the tide of evidence in favor of the accused, although, had this case occurred before the day of the microscope and its use in medicine, it is not difficult to predict what would have been the result of the trial in question. Cotton fibers, proved by microscopical research to be such, served as a link in the chain of evidence adduced against a prisoner tried for homicide at an Essex Assizes in 1852. On the boots of another man charged with a like crime at Maidstone, in 1863, Drs. Taylor and Pavy discovered some hairs corresponding with those taken from the head of the deceased, who had been fatally assaulted by kicking, while some red woolen fibers, also found on the boots of the accused, corresponded with those of a woolen comforter with which the deceased had been provided. So also in a case of much mystery, in which a young woman was found brutally murdered, a knife which had been placed in the hand of the deceased—presumably for the purpose of simulating death by suicide—bore on its blade, amid a small blood-clot, a number of woolen fibers of a peculiar hue. These fibers exactly corresponded with those of a woolen jacket worn by the accused, who was convicted, and duly confessed his crime. Such examples certainly serve to show the exceeding importance, in medical jurisprudence, of the veriest trifles, and to demonstrate how the most insignificant clews may, when welded into the chain of circumstances, literally form "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ." By aid of the microscope, linen fibers may be distinguished from those of cotton, and both from those of wool; while marked differences are observable in the hairs of different animals.

Shreds and patches may thus literally piece out evidence of importance for or against an accused person. And not less clearly is this fact shown when the trifling details on which grave discoveries often hinge are illustrated. One Sellis, who had attacked the Duke of Cumberland, thereafter destroyed himself. Sellis committed suicide by cut-throat, and on the left side of the bed on which he was found a razor was laid. This otherwise suspicious circumstance, which laid the late Duke of Cumberland under some suspicion in 1810, was clearly explained when Sellis was proved to be equally dexterous in the use of both hands. A man was found dead in 1865, in London, under similar circumstances to Sellis, the left hand having been used to inflict the fatal injury. The unusual situation of the wound was explained when the deceased was proved to be a wood-carver by trade, and to have been accustomed to use both hands when at work. A singular and shrewd observation of

Sir Astley Cooper's was the means of detecting a criminal of no ordinary type. A Mr. Blight, of Deptford, was fatally wounded by a pistol-shot in 1806, and Sir Astley was called in to see the sufferer. Proceeding to the scene of the assault, Sir Astley, from an examination of the locality and the position of the wounded man, together with the situation of the wound, came to the conclusion that the assassin must have been a left-handed man. A Mr. Patch answered to the latter description. He was near the locality at the time of the murder, and, hitherto unsuspected, he was arrested, tried and convicted for the offense, fully confessing his guilt before his execution.

The case of Bolam, who was tried at the Newcastle Summer Assizes, in 1839, for the murder of a man named Millie, presents some features worthy of note as showing the difficulties against which the medical jurist may have to contend. The circumstances of the case were altogether of a peculiar kind. Millie was killed by direct violence done to the head, and, when discovered, Bolam was found lying close by in a state of insensibility, real or pretended, while the apartment in which both were found had been set on fire. Bolam stated that he had been attacked by some person, and had been knocked down by a blow on the head. Attempting to escape, he was again thrown to the ground, and then became aware of an attempt being made to cut his throat, although by his own showing he did not use his hands to prevent the injury, and no wounds or cuts were found upon his hands. The only injury Bolam appeared to have sustained was a wound on the left side of the neck, but this wound was neither considerable in extent nor in depth; it had involved no deep tissue, and had caused but little bleeding. His coat and other garments were cut in many places, but the incisions were entirely unrepresented upon his body. The case really turned upon the nature of these injuries, and the solution of their infliction. If they were likely to have been inflicted by a third person, then this third party might have also murdered Millie. If Bolam were the self-inflictor of these wounds, the theory of the prosecution that they had been caused with the view of screening his own crime became, on the other hand, highly probable. The scientific evidence, aided by a full consideration of all the circumstances of this case, was given decidedly against the prisoner. The case terminated in a verdict of manslaughter against Bolam, who was accordingly sentenced for that crime. Equally interesting, as showing the complex nature of the cases which await solution, and of the occasionally simple fashion in which such solution may dawn upon the investigators, is an instance related as having occurred at Nottingham in 1872. In this case a young man preferred a charge of assault and wounding against a person whose motives for committing such an offense were undiscoverable. As evidence the prosecutor submitted his wounded arm, his coat, and his shirt-sleeve. He showed that they had indeed been cut, but a more careful examination revealed the interesting fact that the lining of the coat-sleeve was intact. No clearer proof was required to show that the charge was false, and the accused person was at once liberated.

No more interesting details in the annals of criminal science can be presented than those which bear upon cases in which the evidence for suicide, as against homicide, has to be weighed and determined. Allusion has already been made to cases, such as those of Sellis and the wood-carver, in which a knowledge of the peculiarities of the deceased served to explain the cause of death. An historical instance, illustrating this phase of our subject, is that of the Prince of Condé, whose death occurred in 1830. On the 27th of August in that year, the Prince was found dead in his bedroom under somewhat unusual, and it may be added suspicious, circumstances. The body was suspended from the window-sash by a linen handkerchief, which was in turn attached to a cravat round the neck of the deceased. An important feature in this case, and one which certainly lent an air of mystery thereto, was found in the fact that the toes of both feet rested on the ground, the heels being elevated, and the knees bent forward. A chair stood near the deceased, and the only marks of violence discernible were a few slight abrasions on the lower limbs; such, indeed, as might have been produced by contact with the chair. It may be added that the handkerchief was attached to the window at a height of about six and a half feet above the floor. The discovery of the manner of death, added to the circumstances attending the decease, gave rise to uncomfortable suspicion that the case was one of murder. Living in unsettled times, it was contended that the Prince had been killed by assassins, and that his body had been placed in the position in which it was found in order to suggest suicide by hanging as the cause of death. The abrasions on the limbs, certain peculiarities attending the mark left by the ligature on the neck, and the fact that the feet of the deceased rested on the floor, were urged as so many facts supporting the theory of homicide. Certain other circumstances, such as a want of power in one arm, and the fact that the handkerchiefs were tied in knots of a complicated character, were duly urged in support of the latter view. But the experience of medical

science gave powerful support to the opposite conjecture—that of suicide. Every medical jurist can point to cases of suicide by hanging, in which the mere position of the body at first appears strongly suggestive of its having been placed in that position with a view of simulating self-destruction. So far from persons suspending themselves in a free posture in such an act of suicide, it is comparatively rare to find their bodies in other positions than those from which it would appear they could have readily released themselves. Persons have been found dead almost in a sitting posture, and suspended in a position which at first sight would seem strongly to invalidate the theory of suicide. A man has been known to commit suicide by hanging himself from a hook in the top of a tent-bedstead, being found with his knees wellnigh resting on the bed; and one hospital patient was actually discovered resting on his knees by the side of his bed, having hanged himself from the top of the bedstead. It is, in fact, exceedingly rare to find the suicide imbued with sufficient determination to take a leap into space; and the explanation of the readiness with which death may take place under these seemingly unfavorable circumstances may be held to rest on the fact that suspension in any position, in which the weight of the body is gently thrown on the neck, induces at first a state of insensibility, which, as it gradually deepens, causes increased pressure on the windpipe, and consequent death. In some few cases, the suspicious elements in the cases before us have been strengthened by the observation that the limbs of the deceased persons have been found to be firmly secured. Not merely may the hands be secured in a case of veritable suicide, but the weight of the body may actually be intentionally increased (as was found in a case of suicide occurring in 1844 at Worcester) by the attachment of a couple of flat-irons to the wrist! Thus much for the curiosities of suicide; and when it is added that the blind have been known to destroy their own lives, and that the act of suicide has been perpetrated by a boy of nine, and by a man of ninety-seven years of age, as representing the opposite extremes, little is wanting to invest the subject with more than ordinary interest in the eyes of the psychologist.

Passing somewhat from the domain of actual crime, we may find an interesting study in the details of cases relating to the "presumption of death," and to questions of "survivorship." Both subjects present some of the gravest puzzles of both science and law. In the quiet course of ordinary existence it seems hardly possible that even the "presumption" of death should require to be legally established. But the romance of life teems with tales stranger even than that of Enoch Arden, which show that the possibilities of a person's decease may require to be duly argued and decided upon by our courts of law. "The fact of death," says that eminent authority on medical law, Dr. Alfred S. Taylor, "may be proved by presumptive as well as by direct evidence." Thus the question of decease may fail to be determined by a jury; and when the *corpus delicti* is not forthcoming, as in all cases of the kind referred to, "the legal presumption" is in favor of life, and the burden of proof rests on the plaintiff's case.

As most readers are aware, seven years' unexplained absence from home and friends constitutes the period at the expiry of which the presumption of death may legally be inquired into. With the caution which everywhere marks the footsteps of legal procedure, an English court once held itself incompetent to pronounce judgment confirming the presumption of death in a case in which a woman had left her father's house in 1810, and had not, for a period of thirty-four years, been seen or accounted for; and, according to Best, in his "Presumptions of Law and Fact," the Court of Queen's Bench held that it could not assume "judicially" that a person who was alive in the year 1034 was dead in the year 1827! From which statement, the non-legal mind may reasonably enough regard the "judicial" faculty as decidedly opposed both to the logical and the scientific. In the suit of Church *versus* Smith, tried in London in 1853, the husband of the plaintiff was proved to have been unheard of for twelve years, and the question for decision was, whether she could sue, as a widow, in her own right. The husband, however, ultimately appeared in the witness-box; but the presiding judge remarked to the jury that, in the face of the twelve years' absence, he should have directed them, but for the sudden appearance of the missing spouse, to return a verdict for the plaintiff, on the presumption that her husband was dead. Missing husbands thus occasionally crop up under awkward circumstances. Four months after marriage a husband deserted his wife, and disappeared for seven years, the woman meanwhile contracting another marriage in her maiden name. She was indicted for bigamy and convicted, but her conviction was quashed on appeal. In another case an application for probate was made to the Probate Court in 1858, by the relatives of a ship-captain who had sailed from Southampton in December, 1856; arrived in Calcutta in October, 1857; and thence sailed for Port Louis, but had never reached his destination. Here, the presumption of death was strong enough to cause the Court to grant probate of the will, although

a modern Robinson Crusoe or Alexander Selkirk would naturally feel rather chagrined at the course of events, on a possible return home after rescue from enforced residence abroad as a castaway.

The subject of "presumption of death" may, in some cases, join issue with the criminal side of character. A curious and somewhat mysterious case in point was tried in London. A man had insured his life against accident for a sum of two hundred and fifty pounds on the 6th of September, 1856. This person was single, and was aged twenty-six. A week after insuring his life he took a return ticket to Brighton, leaving London on Saturday, September 13, 1856, by an evening train. The succeeding Sunday and Monday were spent in the company of his friends. He bathed in the sea on the morning of Monday (the 15th), and in the evening intended to return to London, announcing, however, to his friends, when he left at 7 P. M., his intention of again bathing before his departure. He was traced to the sea-beach, but was not again seen alive. A suit of clothes was found on the steps of a bathing-machine, the owner of the garments being missing. The police could discover no clew to the identity of the owner, save a purse containing part of a return ticket. Ultimately, the clothes were identified as those of the intending bather, who was duly searched for and advertised for, but without success. Forty-five days after his disappearance, and on the 30th of October, a dead body, completely divested of clothing, was found on the beach at Walton-on-the-Naze, in Essex, situated about one hundred and sixty miles from Brighton. The evidence of medical men showed that the body had been in the water from six to seven weeks. The features were unrecognizable, but a brother of the missing man maintained that, to the best of his belief, the body was that of the bather who had disappeared from Brighton on the 15th of September. The brother accordingly entered an action against the insurance company, who had refused payment of the policy on the ground of want of identification; and the defense also rested upon the assumption that the assured person was alive, and that, in short, the report of his death was merely a *ruse* to obtain money from the insurance-office. The alleged deceased, it was proved, had been declared bankrupt in 1855, and he had further effected in 1856 insurances in different offices. His will ordered that the money due under the policies should be applied to the discharge of his debts. In such a case, the conflicting features of the evidence and the uncertainty of identification resulted in the disagreement of the jury and in their consequent discharge. Clearer in all its details was the case of Vibal Douat, a Bordeaux merchant, who insured his life in Paris for one hundred thousand francs, and was shortly thereafter declared a fraudulent bankrupt. Douat next disappeared suddenly, and his wife lodged in Paris a certificate of the death and burial of her husband in England, and claimed the payment of his policy of insurance. That the case was one of fraud, however, was clearly proved. Douat had actually ordered his own coffin, had registered his own death, and had actually attended his own funeral —or rather that of the mass of lead which was found to be inclosed in the coffin. Douat was arrested, and, in due course, convicted of the fraud.

The subject of "survivorship," in its obvious and important relations determining succession to property, presents us with features no less remarkable than those involved in the preceding topic. Some dread calamity overwhelms, it may be, an entire family circle, and it may be left to science to decide from the circumstances of the case which member probably survived the others. Such a case came before the Rolls Court in London in 1854. The circumstances of the suit in question are given by Dr. Taylor as follows: A Mr. Underwood, aged forty-three, and his wife, aged forty, being about to sail for Australia, and being each entitled to certain property, made their wills before their embarkation. By these wills each testator gave to the other, absolutely, the whole property he and she possessed respectively. Each will also declared that "if the one to whom the same was given should die in the lifetime of the donor," the property should be divided among their three children on the latter attaining their majority. It must be mentioned that the family of the testators included three children—two sons, aged fifteen and thirteen respectively, and a daughter, aged eighteen. In case all of the children died before reaching the age of twenty-one years, the wills directed that a mutual friend, a Mr. Wing, should receive the entire property. The parents and children embarked on board the ill-fated ship Dalhousie, which sailed from London on October 13, 1853, and which foundered off Beachy Head. Only one survivor, a seaman named Read, escaped; his testimony showing that the ship foundered on the morning of October 19, 1853, lay on her beam-ends for about twenty minutes, and finally disappeared in the deep. After the ship lay over, the Underwoods, with the exception of the girl, escaped through the cabin-window and clung to the side of the vessel, but while in this position a heavy sea swept them from their hold, and Read declared that they must have perished thereafter. Not a single trace of them was found. But an important addendum to this in-

formation was contributed by Read, who said that not only did the daughter appear on the deck after her parents and brothers had been swept away, but also that he lashed her to a spar and cast her adrift as her sole hope of safety. He stated also that he saw Miss Underwood alive in the sea lashed to the spar. Mr. Underwood, it may be added, was described as a tall man of powerful build, and his wife as of small stature and of delicate constitution.

The suit before the Rolls Court turned on the question which of the testators—husband or wife—survived the other? The testimony of Read established the fact that the daughter had unquestionably survived her relatives. The Master of the Rolls inclined to believe that death was simultaneous in the case of the parents and brothers, and the result of his decision was that the property must pass to the next of kin of the daughter. Mr. Wing, the mutual friend who was entitled to succeed, had thus no claim, owing to the simultaneous death of the testators, and judgment was accordingly given for the plaintiff Underwood as next of kin.

The case was taken on appeal to the Lord Chancellor's court, and was finally carried to the House of Lords. Medical evidence was now sought to substantiate the appellant's case. All the children having died under the age of twenty-one years, the case of the daughter's survival was not made a part of the pleadings. The question submitted for consideration to the medical experts related to the probabilities of the husband having survived the wife, it might be even for a very brief period of time. As the stronger of the two, the appellant contended Mr. Underwood should be held to have survived his wife, in which case Mr. Wing would claim the property of deceased under the terms of the will. Even if the latter had survived her husband—the more unlikely alternative—Mr. Wing would in that event also gain his case. Medical and physiological evidence went to show that, in face of the facts that Mr. Underwood was known to be a good swimmer, and that he was a strong and powerfully built man, the probability was that he survived his wife. The difference in age, sex, and strength, said the experts, rendered it highly improbable that death by drowning or asphyxia, depending on cessation of the heart's action among other things, would take place exactly at the same moment, and in this view the more robust subject would therefore in all probability be the longest liver. The medical testimony was thus clearly in favor of Wing. Upon technical grounds the Lord Chancellor, in February, 1855, affirmed the judgment of the Master of the Rolls, and the House of Lords confirmed these decisions, one of the judges dissenting. Dr. Taylor's remarks upon this case are so apt and interesting that they may bear quotation by way of commentary on this singular case. This authority remarks: "The difficulty was created by the legal rule which threw the onus of proof on the claimant (Wing) under the two wills. The case of the next of kin, who was not mentioned in the will, was that the husband and wife died at the same instant of time; but this was a physiological impossibility; and had the proof of this been thrown upon the plaintiff (Underwood) the case must have failed. The contention of the defendant was, that the testator and testatrix could not have died at the same instant. This negative proposition could not of course be proved by direct evidence; it simply became a medical inference; but when the law declares that in the absence of evidence the property shall go in the same way as if the parties had expired at the same instant—i. e., as if they had died intestate—this is deciding such questions by a rule which is as arbitrary in its operation as that of the Code Napoleon. In Underwood *versus* Wing," concludes Dr. Taylor, "this rule of law practically affirmed that an event took place which was physiologically impossible, and upon that event the wills of husband and wife were set aside, and the property was handed to one whose name was intentionally excluded from the wills of both."

An analogous case tried in November, 1856, in the Rolls Court, presents the melancholy interest of having arisen out of the untoward fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition to the polar seas in 1845. The issue depended upon the determination of the survivorship of a father (James Couch) or son (Edward Couch). It was not disputed that the father died at home, in January, 1850. Edward Couch went as mate of the Erebus in August, 1845, and it had to be determined whether Edward had predeceased his father, or had survived him. Dr. Rae deposed that in 1854 some Esquimaux informed him that in April or May, 1850, a party of white men were seen dragging a boat across the ice, and that these men killed birds which were never found in those regions before the month of May. Of course no evidence was at hand to show that Edward Couch was one of these survivors of 1850; but the law in this case declared for the probability of the son's survival; this course being adopted with a view to avoid further litigation.

A somewhat notorious case occurred in London, in 1870, which gave rise to the question of survivorship, complicated with the additional interest of criminal procedure. A person named Huelin had made a bequest to his housekeeper, with whom he lived at Brompton. In May, 1870, both were murdered by a man named Millar, who was tried for the crime. The body of Huelin

was buried by way of concealment; that of the woman was packed by the prisoner in a box, which he requested a carrier to rope and cord. During the performance of his task, the carrier noticed that blood was oozing from the box, and this circumstance excited suspicion, and led to the discovery of the crime. In 1871 a suit was raised to decide the disposal of Huelin's belongings. If the housekeeper were proved to have survived the master, then the bequest to her would take effect; while, assuming the opposite view, the heirs of Huelin would claim the entire property. Here medical evidence assisted the decision of the Vice-Chancellor's court, by declaring that the signs of death were more recent in the case of the woman than in that of Huelin; and circumstantial evidence lent its aid toward substantiating that of the experts. The court decided in favor of the heirs of the unfortunate housekeeper. A case has also been related in which, during a quarrel between husband and wife, the latter in an ungovernable passion rushed from the house across a lawn and flung herself into a pond. Her husband tried to rescue her, but both were drowned. Evidence failed to elicit any satisfactory details regarding the priority of death, and the suit which had been entered into was compromised accordingly.

Little need exists for expatiation on the curious nature of such studies in the shady paths of life, or on the singular blending of fact and romance in certain phases of human existence. But one idea may be fairly expressed by way of conclusion: namely, that science and law together, while often achieving veritable triumphs in the patient pursuit and discovery of the truth, are yet unable to save humanity from one of its worst enemies—its contorted and debased self.

All the Year Round.

THE SUEZ CANAL HISTORY.

[We have from the Count de Lesseps a reply to the article in our last number on the SUEZ CANAL, which we subjoin. That article, as M. de Lesseps suspects, was written by Judge Philip H. Morgan, lately member of the "Tribunal de Première Instance" of Egypt, and recently appointed Minister from this country to Mexico.]

To the Editor of Appletons' Journal.

SIR: In your April number I find an article entitled "The Suez Canal: a History," and signed P. H. M., which initials I understand are those of Judge Philip H. Morgan, of the United States; and, deeply sensible of the falseness of the accusations he has made against the Suez Canal Company, of which I was and am president and managing director, I feel it a duty to myself and to those so long associated with me to send you the following article in reply to his charges.

On November 30, 1854, M. de Lesseps was empowered to form an Egyptian and Universal Company, by virtue of the concession which was given him to open a ship-canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Seas. At the same time the Viceroy, Saïd Pasha, decreed the building of the railroad between Cairo and Suez in order to please the English, who were clamorous for it. The railroad had to be built at the expense of Egypt, while the Suez Canal was to be constructed without any subvention, at the expense of the company, which was to call upon all countries to take part in the work without any government aid. M. de Lesseps, with his family and friends, got together the first money necessary to begin the preliminary studies. A rough plan was drawn up by two of the Viceroy's engineers, Messrs. Mougel Bey and Linaut Bey. A superior committee, composed of twelve famous engineers selected from England, France, Holland, Austria, Germany, Italy, and Spain, examined the rough plan, and sent a sub-committee to Egypt and published its final report. As the result of this publication, the Viceroy, Saïd Pasha, renewed in January, 1856, his concession of 1854, but, as the policy of Lord Palmerston threatened Egypt with serious complications on account of the canal, the Viceroy thought it best to put off seeking subscriptions to form the company. He then undertook to furnish himself a monthly sum of 30,000 francs, in order to have control of the enterprise until he should judge it advisable to apply for capital. M. de Lesseps, on his part, agreed to give him back the concession without any indemnity if political events should prevent him from carrying it out. The preliminary work was continued until the end of 1858. The time was then considered favorable to ask for a subscription of 200,000,000 francs, the sum fixed by the superior international committee, but the Viceroy requested M. de Lesseps not to have all the stock taken by France alone, but to reserve a part for other countries, holding

himself ready to retain that portion for distribution later, as it might be, in order that it should not be said that the canal company was only composed of French capital. This first sum amounted to 120,000,000 francs, represented by 240,000 shares of five hundred francs each; and the part reserved for the Viceroy was 80,000,000 francs, represented by 160,000 shares. The company was thus regularly formed. The first care of the Council of Administration was to decide upon reimbursing the sums expended in the study of the preliminary works, about 3,000,000 francs, which was at once done, to the profit of the Viceroy and the founders of the company.

At the time of the first steps taken by English diplomacy against the canal, one of Lord Palmerston's arguments was that France would send Zouaves disguised as canal workmen in order later to attempt to take possession of Egypt. It was then that the Viceroy, in harmony with M. de Lesseps, decreed that four fifths of the workmen on the canal should be Egyptians. As a corollary to this agreement he bound himself, after having disbanded twenty thousand men from his army, which then numbered sixty thousand, to send every month the workmen necessary for the undertaking to the number of twenty thousand men. The decree as to the employment of fellahs, which appeared in the first volume of the documents of the history of the Suez Canal (published by the house of Didier, 55 Quai des Augustins, Paris), is considered a model of justice, humanity, and wise foresight. It has now been published a long while, and has closed the mouth of English attacks, which were founded upon supposed forced labor. I challenge Judge Morgan to prove what he has falsely written in relation to the mortality of the fellahs, the bad treatment of which they were victims, and a barbarous system of forcing the children to work. What he has said is a pure invention. Among the many Americans who visited the Suez Canal during its construction, one can easily inquire of the former agent and Consul-General of the United States of America, Mr. Edwin de Leon, and also of Dr. Washington M. Ryer, now a resident of San Francisco.

At the death of Saïd Pasha, his successor Ismaïl declared, on entering office, before the representatives of the foreign nations, that he had no other wish than to carry out faithfully the agreements of his predecessor toward the Suez Canal Company, and consequently workmen continued to be sent to the ground, receiving in accordance with the above-mentioned decree a daily pay greater than that given to workmen on private estates in Egypt, their ration of bread, vegetables, water, etc. A circular from the President informed them that any employee of the company who should strike an Arab should be dismissed, whatever might be his services or his rank. As for the imagined mortality of the workmen, the reports of the doctors, published at the annual meetings of the company at Paris, have proved that the figures of mortality were less than in the healthiest garrisons of France, and that it was less among the natives of the country than among the Europeans.

Everything, therefore, was going on smoothly, when Lord Palmerston sent to Egypt Sir Henry Bulwer, her Majesty's ambassador at Constantinople, who obtained from the Viceroy the promise to take away from the company the Egyptian contingent of workmen, the canal of fresh water, built at the expense of the above-mentioned company, and the sixty thousand hectares of land granted along this canal. The object was to ruin the company, and to prevent it from going on with the work. The game was first to violate our contracts, without in any way indemnifying the company. The President and the members of the Council of Administration of the company very naturally resisted such pretensions, and even had condemned by the tribunals an Egyptian Minister who had come to Paris to sustain the idea of robbing the company by means of the press.

In the face of our resistance, and to put an end to a painful struggle, the Viceroy spontaneously wrote to the Emperor Napoleon III. to ask him to be the arbiter in the differences existing between the Egyptian Government and the Suez Canal Company. The Emperor accepted the position, and the Council of Administration was also invited to accept it.

The Emperor delegated the examination of the questions presented to him to a Committee of Inquiry, chosen from the Council of State, the Senate, and the Chamber of Deputies, under the presidency of M. Thouvenel, former ambassador at Constantinople, and former Minister of Foreign Affairs. This committee, after an exhaustive study and a minute examination, declared that indemnities were due the company in compensation for the new conditions imposed upon it, and which it refused to accept. It made it understood that it preferred the execution of the original contract, and the continuation of the work as already begun, to any kind of indemnity, but that, at the same time, it would respect the decision of the Emperor. The committee, in its report, proposed to indemnify the company in the following manner:

1. For the cession of the fresh-water canal; this figure was estimated from the exact expenses of the com-

pany, as made out by M. Voisin Bey, Director-General of the works.....	10,000,000 frs.
2. The ceding back 60,000 hectares arable land bordering the fresh-water canal.....	30,000,000 "
3. Loss occasioned by removing the workmen.....	30,000,000 "
4. Loss of time to the company by changing the kind of labor-minimum estimate.....	14,000,000 "
Total indemnity.....	84,000,000 frs.

Later on the Viceroy, wishing to acquire the property of Ouady, bought it of the company at public auction, from the succession of the late Viceroy, Abbas Pasha, and was very well satisfied at the moderate terms of the company, who accepted the price of 10,000,000 francs for a piece of land of ten thousand hectares that he had cultivated, and which was already partly let out on rent at a yearly sum of 850,000 francs.

Such is the exact recital of the financial relations of the company to the Egyptian Government. Now, when Judge Morgan pretends that the Suez Canal Company has ruined Egypt, it can be said, in reply, that it is the canal that has given to Egypt the credit it never had before, and that later it made a bad use of this credit. It is enough to compare the state of Egypt in 1854 with its present condition.

It is another error to suppose that formerly Egypt had the carrying trade of the Indies and China, which entirely was done by the Cape of Good Hope until the opening of the canal, as the railroad only went from Alexandria to Cairo. As regards this railroad, when opened through to Suez a few years before the completion of the canal, its business has since that time increased tenfold, and to-day it is considered as one of the best assets of the Egyptian creditors.

What has burdened the finances of Egypt is, I repeat, the abuse of the credit given by the canal. This abuse was not occasioned to pay the expenses of the canal, which, on the contrary, have brought into the Egyptian Treasury, first, the interest at five per cent. on its stock, from the formation of the company in 1858 down to the present time; second, the fifteen per cent. stipulated in the act of concession from the net profits of the company, which fifteen per cent. was pledged by the Viceroy to the Credit Foncier of France, and was paid into that company for the account of the Egyptian Government, in a lump sum of 1,631,000 francs; and this fifteen per cent. was demanded of the Egyptian Government by different groups of creditors, but with it was paid the syndicate, called that of the hundred and five millions.

Judge Morgan pretends that the great European engineers, the authors of the Suez Canal enterprise, were mistaken in their calculations in estimating at 200,000,000 francs the cost of the canal. They were, on the contrary, exactly right, and this estimate would not have been exceeded were it not for the delays and the difficulties occasioned for several years by the policy of Lord Palmerston.

The sums honestly acquired by the company beyond the 200,000,000 francs are as follows, and equal the capital it acquired from these sacrifices:

SUPPLEMENTARY CAPITAL.

1. Indemnity from the decision of Napoleon III.....	84,000,000 frs.
2. Sale of Ouady.....	10,000,000 "
3. Bonds placed by the company in France to make up for the loss and delays caused by politics, which could not be entirely estimated in the arbitration.....	100,000,000 "
4. The Viceroy, wishing to acquire the freehold of Port Saïd, the large buildings and property of the company at Cairo and Damietta, as well as all the buildings along the canal from Port Saïd to Suez, the telegraphs and the posts on the line, and the small canals for irrigation, for which the company paid a rent of five per cent., offered for it all...	30,000,000 "
Original capital.....	200,000,000 "
Entire capital.....	424,000,000 frs.

The difference between this sum and that of 457,000,000 which represents the actual cost of the canal with the interest paid to stockholders, comes from the interest on the money belonging to the company and invested by it during the execution of the work.

It must also be noted that the 30,000,000 francs above mentioned (4) did not come out of the Egyptian Treasury, the Viceroy having given to the public for this sum the coupons cut off his bonds up to the year 1895.

If the Egyptian finances have been burdened, if a liquidation has recently become necessary which would satisfy the creditors, the cause of this deficit will be found in the large sums sent to Constantinople, besides the annual tribute, during the war between Turkey and Russia; in the sad war between Egypt and Abyssinia; in the multiplication of railroads and telegraphs and irrigating canals all through Egypt as far as Soudan; in the fortunate but expensive submission of the people bordering the Nile as far as the equator, and their freedom from slavery; in the establishment of large sugar-factories in Upper Egypt, which have cost more than 100,000,000 francs, but which will later be remunerative; in a great number of palaces and public edi-

fices; in the embellishment of Cairo, etc. The Suez Canal had nothing whatever to do with all these expenses. And in conclusion it must not be forgotten that Egypt, in selling its stock to England at the price at which it was done, received 20,000,000 francs more than it originally gave.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

March 25, 1880.

[We have received from Judge Morgan a long article, written before the above reply came to hand, giving the official authority for every statement made by him so far as regards the expenditures of the Suez Canal Company; but, as we do not see that M. de Lesseps really disproves the figures given by Judge Morgan, we do not now print it, but hold ourselves ready to do so should it become necessary or desirable. We append, however, a note from Judge Morgan, glancing briefly at the points made by M. de Lesseps.]

To the Editor of Appletons' Journal.

SIR: I see little in M. de Lesseps's article to answer. I did not pretend to write "a history" of the Suez Canal. The main object of my effort was to show what the canal cost Egypt. The methods employed to that end were purely incidental, as was also my reference to them.

To substantiate my statements I have furnished you with all the data upon which I could, at the moment, lay my hands. But they are not denied, and this is my justification.

As to the effect which the canal has had upon the commerce of Egypt, I only expressed the opinion which was repeated to me, by every person not interested in the canal, with whom I conversed while I was in Egypt. The fact that the railroad from Cairo to Suez is good stock does not disprove the statement. The ships with their passengers, passing through the canal, substantiate it.

As regards the "pure invention" about the workmen, it was not my invention. I only stated what I had heard from persons who were on the spot when they were at work. You will observe that the mode of working these people and the pay which they were to receive are not denied, and the statement that 4,500,000 francs had been curtailed out of the pay which was due to them has not even been alluded to. The effect upon them, physically, is more graphically described in an article which I find in the "Springfield Republican," which was intended, it would seem, as a defense of the company: "Villages were cut off, families were destroyed, the prosperity of Egypt was lessened by the fearful sacrifice of life." If any official statistics have been kept of the number of people who perished on the work, they are, or should be, within reach of the officers of the company. Let them produce them.

The judgment of the Emperor was criticised by me, and it is no answer to what I have written upon the subject to say that it was the result of the investigations of a Committee of Inquiry, chosen from the Council of State, under the presidency of an important man.

I do not remember to have stated that all the money which the canal cost Egypt went into the treasury of the company. I simply endeavored to show the cost thereof, and I said in the article, and I repeat it now: "In so far as Egypt is concerned, it matters not where it went; it is sufficient to know that Egypt had to pay it."

The amount which the last 30,000,000 francs cost is not denied. It is no answer to say that the sum was not taken from the Egyptian Treasury. The Government is paying it now in yearly installments to England in sums of about £200,000 each.

I have not said that the canal was the only cause of Egypt's financial ruin—I said and I repeat it, that it was *one* of the causes thereof—and a principal one besides; and it can be shown by authentic documents that the enterprise which was to have cost Egypt nothing has resulted in having taken from her, first and last, some 500,000,000 francs; that the money it has cost her would have built it, and that she has no canal. And in what way the money was spent by the company, whether in the payment of interest or not, is nothing to the purpose. The cost of the work is in the near neighborhood of what I stated it to be.

But I regret to see that upon a question of fact—though not of figures, or, as I believe, of law or justice—I have made a mistake.

On p. 308 ("Journal" for April) you will find, "But inasmuch as the company claimed interest on the sums which *they had paid* to laborers, up to the time when their further employment was prohibited, amounting, as they stated the sum, to 9,000,000 francs," etc.

In reality, the interest claimed was upon the ground that the change in the labor would protract the work a year, and what was claimed was interest on the capital which would be employed for that additional time; and it was with this sum, prospectively due, that the Emperor compensated the 4,500,000 francs which had been reserved from the laborers.

The fact is worse than the statement, and the result is always the same, for the Government was awarded to pay for capital, the expenditure of which had not been made, and which in no case was due.

I take this occasion to say that the article was written while I was in Egypt, and long before I was appointed Minister to Mexico.

Very truly yours,

P. H. MORGAN.

WASHINGTON, *April* 1, 1880.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SHAM ADMIRATION.

THERE is no sham so prevalent and yet so detestable as sham admiration in literature and art; and consequently many readers will rejoice in a recent paper by Mr. James Payn, in which he protests cogently against this form of subjection and cowardice. There has arisen, he declares, "a wellnigh universal habit of literary lying—of a pretense of admiration for certain works of which in reality we know very little, and for which, if we knew more, we should perhaps care less," which he in part attributes to the English system of compulsory classic education. But, while there is a great deal of bastard admiration for the Greek and Latin poets, the English classics are only a little less made objects of pretended liking.

There are certain books which are standard, and as it were planted in the British soil, before which the great majority of us bow the knee and doff the cap with a reverence that, in its ignorance, reminds one of fetich-worship, and, in its affectation, of the passion for High Art. The works without which, we are told at book-auctions, "no gentleman's library can be considered complete," are especially the objects of this adoration. "The Rambler," for example, is one of them. I was once shut up for a week of snow-storms in a mountain inn, with "The Rambler" and one other publication. The latter was a "Shepherd's Guide," with illustrations of the way in which sheep are marked by their various owners for the purpose of identification: "Cropped near ear, upper key bitted far, a pop on the head and another at the tail head, ritted, and with two red strokes down both shoulders," etc. It was monotonous, but I confess that there were times when I felt it some comfort in having that picture-book to fall back upon, to alternate with "The Rambler." . . .

A good deal of this mock worship is of course due to abject cowardice. A man who says he doesn't like "The Rambler" runs, with some folks, the risk of being thought a fool; but he is sure to be thought that, for something or another, under any circumstances; and, at all events, why should he not content himself, when "The Rambler" is belauded, with holding his tongue and smiling acquiescence? It must be conceded that there are a few persons who really have read "The Rambler," a work, of course, I am merely using as a type of its class. In their young days it was used as a school-book, and thought necessary as a part of polite education; and, as they have read little or nothing since, it is only reasonable that they should stick to their colors.

Mr. Payn thinks that it is women who have the most courage in the expression of their literary opinions, citing as evidence Harriet Martineau, who confessed to him that she found "Tom Jones" a wearisome book; and Charlotte Brontë, who declared that she could not read Jane Austen's novels with pleasure. He adds:

It may here be said that there are many English authors of old date, some of whose beauties are unintelligible except to those who are acquainted with the classics; and "Tom Jones" is one of them. Many of the introductions to the chapters, not to mention a certain travestie of an Homeric battle, must needs be as wearisome to those who are not scholars as the spectacle of a burlesque is to those who have not seen the original play. This is still more the case with our old poets, especially Milton. I very much doubt, in spite of the universal chorus to the contrary, whether "Lycidas" is much admired by readers who are only acquainted with English literature; I am quite sure it never touched their hearts as, for example, "In Memoriam" does.

I once beheld a young lady, of great literary taste and of exquisite sensibility, torn to pieces (figuratively) and trampled upon by a great scholar for venturing to make a comparison between those two poems. Its invocation to the Muses and the general classical air which pervades it had destroyed for her the pathos of "Lycidas," whereas to her antagonist those very imperfections appeared to enhance its beauty. I did not interfere, because the wretch was her husband, and it would have been worse for her if I had, but my sympathies were entirely with her. Her sad fate—for the massacre took place in public—would, I was well aware, have the effect of making people lie worse than ever about Milton. On that same evening, while some folks were talking about Mr. Morris's "Earthly Paradise," I heard a scornful voice exclaim, "Oh! give ME 'Paradise Lost,'" and with that gentleman I *did* have it out. I promptly subjected him to cross-examination, and drove him to that extremity that he was compelled to admit he had never read a word of Milton for forty years, and even then only in extracts from "Enfield's Speaker."

This habit of adhesion to received opinions strikes, as Mr. Payn well says, at the root of all independence of thought, and is peculiarly unjust to living authors. But, if there is far too much sham admiration in literature, it is yet fairly insignificant beside the would-be passion for old art, and, in truth, for all kinds of art. In nothing is Pretense so flagrant, so unblushing, so radically ignorant, so free with pat but meaningless terms, so wholly senile and artificial. There is a class of art-admirers who are pedants, not merely without independent thought, but utterly without thought of any kind. They have become learned in names and catalogues; they know the place which artists fill in the estimation of connoisseurs; they know where certain noted pictures are, who painted them, and when they were painted; they can rattle off names of artists and talk about periods of art with astonishing ease. But they have never in their lives been really stirred by any of the works of art they praise so freely. Parrot-like, they echo the commonly received opinions and criticisms, and repeat with frigid exactness the traditional theories that have come down to us, but, being ignorant of the true principles of art, they can not for their lives detect unaided the essential or genuine quality of any work before them. Everything with these people that is old is necessarily good, and everything new is necessarily bad. From this class come

hosts of would-be critics and historians—people who write guide-books to art, art manuals, dissertations on the old masters, and what not, performances that solemnly and ponderously echo the stale ecstasies of enthusiastic but undiscriminating admirers.

Art writers who manufacture admiration for the market are commonly discreet enough not to betray themselves by glaring mistakes, but many persons in society who rave about High Art and the Old Masters are very apt, like untrained *claqueurs*, to applaud in the wrong place. A great many old paintings are admired by artists solely because of their technical qualities—the arrangement of lines, the balance of parts, the harmony of tints, the mastery of difficulties in drawing, but which are admitted to be inferior in their literary quality, that is, in the conception and *vraisemblance* of the scene depicted. But your imitator does not discern this difference, and admires, through thick and thin, good qualities and bad qualities alike. In truth, it is only by comprehending the artist's point of view that old art generally has any valuable significance whatever. The Scriptural subjects especially, that so abound in Europe, are for the most part simply repellent to every discerning mind not under subjection to current notions, not attitudinizing for the sake of effect, or not in the position of a student who sees in them indications of growth or record of changes in the history of art. Beautiful they commonly are not. Inspiring they are not. In any right sense, adequate or effective reproductions of the times or the events they are not. Full of absurdities, puerile in idea, melodramatic and sensational, they often are; but some noted critics have found some special things in them to praise, and as a consequence intellectual apes everywhere fall down and worship them without reservation.

But sham admiration in art is by no means confined to those who prostrate themselves before old productions. There is another class that reverse the process and manufacture raptures over everything that, being new, is also *outré*. In the school of painting that this class admires, everything that is established is worthless, and nothing commendable but extravagance and novelty. It has set up ugliness instead of beauty, the meaningless instead of meaning, incompleteness instead of completeness, rude slap-dash instead of masterly method; and all these things are indiscriminately praised by a disorderly camp of followers.

It is not easy, doubtless, for one to maintain a just and discreet ground in these things—to respect authority without surrendering one's independence to it; to distrust one's own knowledge and susceptibilities without blindly following the lead of others; to try honestly to appreciate everything we are called upon to admire, but bestowing praise only when we genuinely feel it—it is doubtless difficult to hit this golden mean, but the main difficulty is, we do not commonly want to hit it. People are too often dogmatic and self-sufficient, and refuse their franchise from pure insensibility or from pure obstinacy; or else they affect an appreciation which at heart they do not feel. Whether it is more agreeable to encounter the Philistinism that does not feel, or the counterfeit that pretends to feel, we leave each reader to decide for himself.

TAXING SAVINGS BANKS.

In the early part of the century a device known as banks for savings came into existence in all the principal cities of Great Britain. The genesis of these institutions had been a plan on the part of an English gentlewoman to encourage her tenantry in habits of industry and economy, by promising a bounty on Christmas-day to all who would each week deposit in her hands, for safe-keeping, a certain proportion of their earnings. A Scotch clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Duncan, took up the idea and extended it, organizing the first plan of an institution for savings. The sole purpose was a benevolent one, being simply to encourage the poor to save for future emergencies a part of their earnings by paying them a bounty for doing so. This bounty was not paid from interest derived from investments of the funds deposited, but from contributions of the benevolent. A little later we find savings banks organized under laws of Parliament, which paid a stipulated interest, the Government guaranteeing subsidies sufficient for the purpose. Under this plan banks multiplied, until at last the Government bounty was withdrawn, leaving them wholly to their own resources. They went on prosperously nevertheless, and, although ceasing to be eleemosynary institutions, their moral and benevolent character was still acknowledged and recognized. Savings banks were not organized in our own country until they had reached in England their fully developed form. Here they were from the beginning self-supporting and independent institutions, organized under charters from the State, but in no way depending upon public bequests. But this fact, instead of lessening their primary benevolent character, simply increases it; for it is assuredly better that institutions should confer the good they do without public expenditure than by means of it. But the fact that savings banks do not now depend upon State bounties has led many people to overlook their fundamental character, and has absolutely brought about schemes for taxing them. The State supports prisons and almshouses, and bestows large sums upon charitable institutions of all kinds; but a system of savings which reduces the number of candidates for almshouses and prisons, and renders the service of the charitable less imperative, is looked upon in the same light as a whisky-still, a tobacco-shop, or a dance-house, and is taxed. Now, what is it that the State proposes to tax? The slowly accumulated savings of hard-working sewing-women; the mite which widows put aside for their little ones in time of sickness; the small savings which the ill-paid artisan manages by strict self-denial to bring together; the innumerable small sums that sober and abstemious living withholds from the alehouse and the gin-palace; the little beginnings of capital

that industry brings together after desperate effort as the foundation of better things in the future; the humble consecrated products of prudence, temperance, energy, thrift and wise forethought. These are the elements of the wealth that a great State lays its hands upon for the purpose of taxation! To state the fact is to establish the rank injustice of the proposition. The State does not tax churches, although churches represent a good deal of wealth; it does not tax schools, nor hospitals, nor asylums, nor charitable guilds—it aids and encourages them all; but it proposes to tax savings banks, which are as beneficent in their practical operation as any or all of these institutions. The savings banks of New York are not business schemes. They are not organized for profit. They do not issue stock and do not pay dividends to stockholders. They are not in any particular money-making devices, but are distinctly institutions of trust, and should be exempted from taxation as well as trust companies. It is, indeed, impossible to understand why trust companies, which are depositories for specific purposes of funds belonging to the richer classes, are not taxed, while savings banks, which are depositories of funds belonging to the poorer classes, should be expected to pay taxes. The scheme to tax our savings banks may, ere this reaches our readers, have been consummated, or may have come to naught, but the attempt must in either case be characterized as eminently unwise and unjust.

THE SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

THE annual spring exhibitions of pictures are occasions when we may properly take note of the progress or the variations that mark the course of our national art. In using the term "national art," we are well aware that art in this country is generally declared to be utterly without national character; but, whether this is true or not, the question momentarily before us relates to those indications of movement and those manifestations of taste that pertain to our American group of painters, and consequently the subject has sufficient national significance to justify the use of the term.

The exhibitions of the National Academy of Design and of the Society of American Artists are peculiarly indicative of current artistic tendencies, the latter embodying the latest and the most revolutionary ideas in art, and the first displaying the conservative principles of established methods, with such modifications as current theories have produced. The old and the new school for the most part occupy hostile camps, and yet they manifestly need each other. All reactionary movements go too far, just as all conservatism is too tenacious. The artists of the new society are inspired by some very just ideas. They have a great contempt for mere prettiness, for emasculated art in all its forms, for sentimentalism and feebleness, for mere smoothness and polish, and they paint with great directness, simplicity, and vigor. But they have carried their contempt for sentimentalism so far as to exclude sentiment, and in their delight in rude strength have forgotten that the real purpose of art is the illustration of beauty. "Among the best gifts bestowed upon us is the sense of beauty, and first among the servants of beauty is art," declares a recent writer on art; and he adds, "The picture that does not fan into a glow our sense of beauty, whether as connected with charm or glory, *has no sufficient reason for existence*." The italics here are our own. How many of the paintings produced by the artists of the new school will stand this test? No doubt this question can also be asked of the pictures in the Academy Exhibition, but at least we see recognition there of the prime necessity of beauty, and occasionally a painting may be said to have attained it. But our younger men seem to deny the principle. They produce works that are sometimes interesting in technique, but they do not conceive things or paint things that even touch our sense of beauty, let alone "fan it into a glow." In truth, they appear to conceive things and paint things that shall purposely deny the principle of beauty in art, that shall be servants of ugliness rather than servants of the elements that charm and delight. But these gentlemen will find their ground permanently untenable. Mutual admiration may hold them together for a time, but Mutual Admiration Societies are tolerably sure to ultimately degenerate into societies of mutual disgust. Artists can not flourish except by their hold on human sympathies and susceptibilities, by their power to move the public heart. Judged by this test, we do not see that the new school has made any advance over last year. They still persist in disdaining finish, imagining that brush-marks are acceptable instead of textures. Their flesh rarely looks like flesh, but commonly like fresh layers from the palette. They are fond of painting turbulent skies, but it is whirls of paint and not sweep of clouds that they give us. Their canvases, however, are always vigorous, and are valuable as giving unqualifiedly the artist's own impressions, rather than artificial and studied pretense. Their work, in its extreme forms, can never stand, but as a protest against opposite extremes of smoothness and lifeless imitation it will do some good, and force freshening ideas into conventional methods—advancing art just as pre-Raphaelitism advanced it, but, like pre-Raphaelitism, failing as a distinct method.

The Academy Exhibition is very large, and has more reputable pictures than usual, but the only striking subjects are four or five landscapes, and perhaps as many portraits. We can not say that the portraits exhibit any new characteristics, but in some of the landscapes there is a distinct indication of modern thought. This is specially manifest in a painting by Mr. Swain Gifford, representing a wind-swept plain on the coast, on which stands one solitary twisted tree. The subject is nothing, but the painting is everything; it shows that landscape art does not really consist, as once supposed, in selecting place and picturesque conditions, but in method of treatment, by means of sky and clouds and atmos-

phere and light (conditions found everywhere), painting a picture full of strange and subtile fascinations. This is the most important and significant revelation, as it seems to us, that recent art has made, and, Mr. Gifford's picture being an excellent exemplification of it, we for this reason select it for special mention. We could wish that the exhibition gave us in other directions fresh suggestions; but, for the most part, while there is much to please, there is little that is bold or new. "It should be expected from the artist," says a writer, "that the sentiments, requirements, and aspirations of his country should find worthy expression in the character of his work." This expectation has little realization in anything that our artists are doing. A good many painters show advance in technical skill, and there are indications of larger artistic knowledge; but there is almost no evidenee that art beyond its mere decorative form is coming into closer relations with the people, or is even attempting to reflect the longings, sympathies, and emotions of the great turbulent life that lies all around us.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in its new building in Central Park occurred on the 1st of April, certain notable official ceremonies taking place two days earlier. Our citizens and visitors to New York have long known the museum as it stood in its temporary quarters in Fourteenth Street, but its installation in its present permanent place must be, and will be, looked upon as the real beginning of its career. It is a noble and worthy beginning. The museum occupies a building that is only a twelfth part of the structure as it will appear when completed, and, although the spectacle that opens to the visitor as he enters the main hall is not strikingly extensive, it yet impresses him as a noble segment of a large and promising whole. A great museum can not be built up in a day nor in a generation. The Metropolitan Museum starts with the Cesnola collections of Cypriote antiquities, which in themselves are of almost priceless value; it has a large collection of Flemish paintings; a collection of Oriental porcelain that is very noticeable; there are ancient glass from Cyprus and old Venetian glass; a collection of old lace and embroideries; and some examples of modern sculpture. In addition to these there are many objects lent to the museum—statuary, bronzes, porcelain, carved ivories, old books, and a very extensive collection of modern paintings. The loan-collection of pictures is of itself of immense interest, and gives New York the best permanent gallery it has ever had. We say permanent, because the present collection will remain on exhibition until next October, and we may depend, judging by the past, on the generosity of collectors and private owners to maintain the loan-gallery at its present standard.

This museum has been projected on a large scale. It has been planned with the ultimate expectation that it will reach the dimensions of the great museums abroad, and attain a reputation in no wise inferior. This in itself is a satisfaction; but, while we are glad that the scheme is a comprehensive one, it is a pleasure to know that the part carried out has its measure of completeness, which, so far as it goes, is of profound interest.

Books of the Day.

OF all the reasons for regret furnished by the incomplete and fragmentary state in which Lord Macaulay left his "History of England," perhaps none has been so keenly felt or so frequently expressed as that caused by the reflection that his pen dropped from his nerveless fingers when he was just at the threshold of what must necessarily have been the culminating feature of his great work—the story of the reign of Queen Anne. No one before him was ever so qualified as he to give an adequate and satisfactory account of that most brilliant and momentous epoch in the modern history of England; and in the nature of things it can hardly be expected that another writer with his peculiar qualifications for it will again address himself to the task. The vivid imagination and graphic pen which have given immortal interest to the battle of the Boyne and the siege of Londonderry would have found still more congenial employment in describing the campaigns of Marlborough; and, when one thinks of the manner in which he could and would have treated the Augustan age of English literature, the loss becomes almost too grievous to contemplate.

If this loss was but slightly repaired by Earl Stanhope's lively and readable but rather superficial history, the regret which it causes will hardly be dissipated by the "History of the Reign of Queen Anne," which Dr. John Hill Burton, the historian (and historiographer-royal) of Scotland, has just published.* To read a chapter of Burton immediately after a chapter of Macaulay is like passing from the brilliant sunshine and purple magnificence of the East to the foggy atmosphere and arid wastes of an English down unreclaimed and scarcely encroached upon by the civilizing hand of art. Dr. Burton's theory of history is that it should be "a plain, undecorated statement of well-ascertained facts"; but, while it will be candidly acknowledged that he has gotten rid of the "decorations," the reader will hardly admit that the statements of fact are thereby rendered "plain"—the truth being that Dr. Burton's style is as pedantic and laboriously in-

* A History of the Reign of Queen Anne. By John Hill Burton, D. C. L. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. Three Volumes. 8vo. Pp. 350, 352, 338.

volved as if he consciously avoided that directness and simplicity of statement which a writer should aim at who is so hostile to "rhetoretic effects." The following passage is a fair example of his average style, selected because it is at once short and complete in itself:

> The army had made all arrangements for departure, whether to fight elsewhere or to return home. The heavy siege-artillery had been embarked. It is not distinctly known whether the commander [Marlborough] arranged all this as a deep strategem, or, on the other hand, struck by an appearance of favorable conditions, he at once abandoned a fixed intention to depart. Whichever alternative we adopt, we see a man who must have possessed, for giving effect to it, two great qualities—the one a supreme capacity for manipulating the movement of troops, the other a clearness of judgment and perception impervious to confusedness or unsteadiness of nerve.

Forbidding as the style is, however, this is not the worst defect that can be alleged against the work. The simplest record of the events of Queen Anne's reign, provided it were tolerably complete, could hardly fail to possess both interest and value, and these qualities can not be altogether denied to Dr. Burton's history; but, while the arbitrary arrangements dictated by chronology must be carefully avoided by the historian who aims at being something more than a mere annalist, yet it is no less important that the proper sequence of events should be preserved than that their relation to each other should be pointed out. And it is in this regard that Dr. Burton's work is most open to criticism. His grouping of subjects is intelligible enough, and on the whole helpful; but, in his treatment of them, the different groups are so completely detached from each other that it is impossible for the reader either to gather from them a general impression of the reign as a whole, or to learn what occurrences in the several groups were contemporaneous with each other. This is due partly to the scanty use of dates and to the curious inexactness of those which are used; but, it is due much more decidedly to the method of treatment adopted by the author, which renders his chapters separate and complete essays rather than closely interlinked parts of one organic whole. All sense of the progression or sequence of events is completely lost, and, when one of the infrequent dates is encountered, the reader will be quite as likely to be perplexed as assisted by it. A slight experiment has convinced us that, for one who desires really to study the period, it would be quite worth while to go over the book once, inserting copious marginal dates, and then reperuse it with special attention to the significance of these dates.

Even when we confine our examination to the separate topics to which special prominence is given, the result is scarcely more satisfactory. Far too much space is used in detailing the causes and circumstances of the Union between England and Scotland. This was undoubtedly an event of the first importance not only in the history of England but in the history of Europe; but, while its results were of the utmost consequence, the motives which inspired it and the steps which led to it were curiously destitute of either magnanimity or dignity. No community of blood or kindred, no memories of the past or aspirations for the future shared in common, no generous resolve to bury old wrongs in a new career of mutual helpfulness, no reciprocal sentiments of friendship or kindness, brought the two peoples together: the Act of Union was simply a hard and reluctant bargain between two trading nations, each trying to get the better of the other, and each grudging the other every shilling of possible profit that might be made out of the transaction. Scotland demanded as the price of union a share in the lucrative trade monopolies enjoyed by the then rapidly expanding English commerce: England grumblingly paid the price under the conviction that it was cheaper to grant a share in the trade than to risk losing it all in the dubious and costly alternative of war. A really significant event in the history of the world was probably never brought about by paltrier motives or marked by meaner incidents; and, though he deals with it at great length, Dr. Burton is constrained to admit that "the interest is not of a kind to hold its intensity through after-generations."

Another topic, which is treated at a length altogether disproportionate to its relative importance, is "The Sacheverell Commotions." Two long chapters are devoted to these, and the trial of Sacheverell is rehearsed with a minuteness of detail that would hardly be justified if the work were five times as extensive as it really is. This disproportion is the more noticeable, because the influence which the Sacheverell "persecution" had in discrediting the Whigs and changing the Queen's policy and advisers is by no means rendered clear by Dr. Burton.

But the most conspicuous defect of the work in this regard is the closing chapter on "Intellectual Progress." Next to Marlborough's victories, the thing that gives its most distinguishing feature to the reign of Queen Anne is the literature then produced; and the very first question which an historian, proposing to deal with that reign, should ask himself should be, whether he is competent to deal with that literature. The task is certainly one that might discourage the most adventurous, and little surprise would be caused by a failure to do it complete justice; but Dr. Burton's method of getting over the difficulty is surely the very worst that could possibly have been adopted. In point of fact, he does not get over the difficulty at all, or even make an attempt to do so; he simply evades it. He begins his chapter by saying that "it would be a discourtesy to suppose that any reader requires to be informed about" Pope, Addison, Arbuthnot, Steele, and the more important works of Defoe; and, accordingly, of the fifty-three pages devoted to literature, eleven are devoted to "Tom Brown" (not Sir Thomas Browne, but a forgotten scribbler of that name), ten to Defoe's "Review" (the least important of all his publications, and only interesting to Dr. Burton because of its rarity), seventeen to showing that Swift was a vain, fussy, ambitious, pushing, and heartless man, and an indecent writer, five to the "Law of Libels," one to

the newspaper press, three to copyright, and two to the study of classical literature. Neither Addison nor Steele is mentioned, Pope is dismissed in a page and a half, Gay in half a page (while Brome, whom Gay is thought to have imitated, gets three times as much), Arbuthnot and Parnell in half a page each.

The objections to such a method are so numerous and obvious that it would be a "discourtesy to the reader" to attempt to mention them all; but it may be worth while to point out the fact that a consistent application of the author's rule would have curtailed his narrative in a similar degree throughout. A larger number of readers, doubtless, know that Marlborough was the hero of Blenheim, Ramillies, and Malplaquet, than are familiar with the characters, works, and literary qualities of the group of authors named; therefore the author has betrayed "discourtesy to the reader" in narrating those battles in full, instead of confining himself to digging out from the rubbish-heap of forgotten history an account of the minor skirmishes and marches that marked the campaigns. Every reader of history knows the significance and results of the Treaty of Utrecht; hence, in accordance with his rule, Dr. Burton should have excused himself from treating that, and refreshed our recollections with a minute account of the abortive Conference of Gertruydenberg, which preceded it, and which the world has totally forgotten. The truth is, however, that, if such a doctrine were accepted as valid, the historian would be excluded from every field or subject that had been treated before him in such a way that a well-informed reader might fairly be supposed to be acquainted with it; and no long time would elapse before this entire department of letters would be fenced off and prohibited to all future intruders.

It can not be denied, of course, that there are both reason and plausibility in the doctrine of Professor Seeley and his school, that history proper has nothing to do with literature, the arts, industry, science, social progress, and the like; and a writer could hardly be blamed who, having accepted this doctrine, should write a history of the reign of Queen Anne without attempting to deal with its literature. But this, it will have been seen, is not the position of Dr. Burton. He acknowledges the obligation to deal with literature as one of the most significant phenomena of the period of which he treats; and, since he recognizes the obligation, his manner of fulfilling it becomes, of course, a legitimate subject of criticism. This being so, the inadequacy of his method of treatment can hardly be emphasized too strongly. An audience collected for the purpose of seeing "Hamlet," who, on the rising of the curtain, should be calmly informed by the manager that, owing to their presumed familiarity with the leading character, it would be omitted in order to secure prominence for the minor and less familiar *rôles*, would hardly have better reason to complain than would the reader of a history of the age of Anne, who, on coming to the chapter on "Intellectual Progress," should find Pope, Addison, Steele, Swift, Defoe, and Arbuthnot, calmly confided to the relations he may already have established with them. The parallel, indeed, is closer than may at first sight appear; for, as to the play-goer the character of "Hamlet" is the main attraction of the play, so, to many students of the reign of Queen Anne, its literature is incomparably more interesting than any other feature of the time.

Less important than this, but still requiring notice at our hands, is the inexactness in the matter of dates. The mistakes here are so numerous that they can be explained more easily on the supposition of carelessness than of lack of knowledge; but this can not apply to such a slip as calling Madame de Maintenon a "concubine" of Louis XIV. Somehow, the adroit and wily Widow Scarron takes a feebler hold upon our sympathies than do the frail sisters who really deserved the epithet; but few facts relating to the private life of the Grand Monarch are now better established than that Madame de Maintenon was his honestly-married wife, and no serious historian should permit himself either to remain ignorant of this or to ignore it.

When engaged in fault-finding, it is incumbent upon the critic to state his reasons and marshal his evidence; but, in the pleasanter task of according praise, it is permitted to him to be brief: so we may say in a concluding paragraph that, in spite of the grave defects which we have pointed out, Dr. Burton's history is not without interest for the reader and value for the student. The preference of the author for what is curious and obscure has enabled him to bring to light many facts and suggestive details that had been overlooked or rejected by previous workers in this field; and, however arid the text may be at times, the notes, in which many of these details are embodied, are nearly always entertaining. Moreover, it can not be denied that Dr. Burton has really contributed something to the understanding of the characters of Queen Anne, of Marlborough, and of the mighty Duchess, Sarah. During the period covered by this history, Marlborough was enacting the most brilliant scenes of his long and checkered career; and, in the splendid figure of the conquering general and all-powerful diplomatist, one hardly recognizes the treacherous hypocrite of Macaulay's earlier narrative. The general effect of Dr. Burton's work is to make us think more favorably than heretofore of all those who were conspicuous upon the great stage of politics and war; and it seems strange that, with his amiable disposition to take a lenient view of most faults and frailties, he should deal so harshly with Swift, the self-torturing cynic whose sufferings so far outweighed his mistakes of judgment and infirmities of temper.

To many readers, perhaps, in first taking up the new volume of the "International Scientific Series," it will seem surprising that a scientist so eminent as Professor Huxley should devote an entire book to a creature so common, and so low in the scale of life, as the crayfish; but such readers will speedily discover that not only is the volume "An Introduction to the Study of Zoölogy," as the author says, but that it will serve for the general reader as a most

admirable and instructive outline of the whole of biological science.* "Whoever," says Professor Huxley, "will follow its pages, crayfish in hand, and will try to verify for himself the statements which it contains, will find himself brought face to face with all the great zoölogical questions which excite so lively an interest at the present day; he will understand the method by which alone we can hope to attain satisfactory answers of these questions; and, finally, he will appreciate the justice of Diderot's remark, 'Il faut être profond dans l'art ou dans la science pour en bien posséder les éléments.'" Of course, within the dimensions of such a treatise, many of the larger problems can be only touched upon, and the way to approach them pointed out; but a right beginning is of the utmost importance in such matters, and Professor Huxley not only puts the student in complete possession of "the elements," but shows him how "the careful study of one of the commonest and most insignificant of animals leads us, step by step, from every-day knowledge to the widest generalizations of . . . biological science in general."

The method of exposition followed by Professor Huxley in the present case is the same as that adopted with such happy results in his previous work on "Physiography": beginning with the simple and particular he proceeds to the more complex and general—dealing first with the most commonplace facts of observation, then with the special law which governs the facts, then with the wider facts from which the special law was deduced, ascending gradually to those heights whence the fixed boundaries of human knowledge are clearly visible. In the opening chapter, the reader is confronted with what is called the common knowledge of the crayfish—that knowledge which is acquired by ordinary observers who may happen to see them in the streams which they frequent; and this leads up to "that accurate, but necessarily incomplete and unmethodized knowledge, which is understood by natural history." In the two following chapters the physiology of the crayfish is discussed under two general heads: 1. "The Mechanism by which the Parts of the Living Engine are supplied with the Materials necessary for their Maintenance and Growth"; 2. "The Mechanism by which the Living Organism adjusts itself to Surrounding Conditions and reproduces Itself." The fourth chapter treats of "The Morphology of the Common Crayfish: the Structure and the Development of the Individual"; and the fifth of the "Comparative Morphology of the Crayfish: the Structure and Development of the Crayfish compared with those of other Living Beings." Then comes, in the sixth chapter, a discussion of the geographical distribution of the crayfish, followed by a summary of what is known and may legitimately be conjectured concerning the ætiology (or origin) of the crayfishes. A few notes at the end treat of certain important points of detail that are only referred to in the text; and under the head of "Bibliography" are given "some references to the literature of the subject which may be useful to those who wish to follow it out more fully."

This description or summary will convey a tolerably definite idea, perhaps, of the scope and general contents of the work; and a few passages which we may be able to detach from the close-knit exposition will serve to indicate its special features of interest. We mean, of course, those features which are special to this particular book, and not due simply to the author's lucid and luminous style. Everything that Professor Huxley writes has the charm of forcible argument and an incomparable clearness and vigor of expression; but the present work is illuminated more often than common with those quick flashes of sly and caustic humor that are characteristic of him—as where he says: "Crayfishes, in fact, are guilty of cannibalism in its worst form; . . . and, not content with mutilating and killing their spouses, after the fashion of animals of higher moral pretensions, they descend to the lowest depths of utilitarian turpitude, and finish by eating them."

Perhaps as useful to the beginner in science as any other passage in the book is that in which Professor Huxley explains the reason and use of that technical nomenclature which is so difficult to master, and which, to many, seems so superfluous:

> Many people imagine that scientific terminology is a needless burden imposed upon the novice, and ask us why we can not be content with plain English. In reply, I would suggest to such an objector to open a conversation about his business with a carpenter, or an engineer, or, still better, with a sailor, and try how far plain English will go. The interview will not have lasted long before he will find himself lost in a maze of unintelligible technicalities. Every calling has its technical terminology; and every artisan uses terms of art, which sound like gibberish to those who know nothing of art, but are exceedingly convenient to those who practice it. In fact, every art is full of conceptions which are special to itself; and, as the use of language is to convey our conceptions to one another, language must supply signs for those conceptions. There are two ways of doing this: either existing signs may be combined in loose and cumbrous periphrases; or new signs, having a well-understood and definite signification, may be invented. The practice of sensible people shows the advantage of the latter course; and here, as elsewhere, science has simply followed and improved upon common sense.
>
> Moreover, while English, French, German, and Italian artisans are under no particular necessity to discuss the processes and results of their business with one another, science is cosmopolitan, and the difficulties of the study of zoölogy would be prodigiously increased, if zoölogists of different nationalities used different technical terms for the same thing. They need a universal language; and it has been found convenient that the language shall be Latin in form, and Latin or Greek in origin. What in English is Crayfish, is *Ecrevisse* in French; *Flusskrebs* in German; *Cammaro* or *Gambaro* in Italian; but the zoölogist of each nationality knows that, in the scientific works of all the rest, he shall find what he wants to read under the head of *Astacus fluviatilis*.

* The Crayfish. An Introduction to the Study of Zoölogy. By T. H. Huxley, F. R. S. With Eighty-two Illustrations. Vol. xxviii. International Scientific Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 371.

But, granting the expediency of a technical name for the crayfish, why should that name be double? The reply is still, practical convenience. If there are ten children of one family, we do not call them all Smith, because such a procedure would not help us to distinguish one from the other; nor do we call them simply John, James, Peter, William, and so on, for that would not help us to identify them as one family. So we give them all two names, one indicating their close relation, and the other their separate individuality—as John Smith, James Smith, Peter Smith, William Smith, etc. The same thing is done in zoölogy; only, in accordance with the genius of the Latin language, we put the Christian name, so to speak, after the surname.

In the same line and equally useful is the explanation given in a later chapter of the proper meaning of those much-debated and seldom-understood terms, "species," "genus," and "family." After an extremely minute description of the common English crayfish, the author says:

The importance of this long enumeration of minute details will appear by and by. It is simply a statement of the more obvious external characters in which all the English crayfishes which have come under my notice agree. No one of these individual crayfishes was exactly like the other; and, to give an account of any single crayfish as it existed in nature, its special peculiarities must be added to the list of characters given above; which, considered with the facts of structure discussed in previous chapters, constitutes a definition, or diagnosis, of the Englisn kind, or *species*, of crayfish. It follows that the *species*, regarded as the sum of the morphological characters in question and nothing else, does not exist in nature; but that it is an abstraction, obtained by separating the structural characters in which the actual existences—the individual crayfishes—agree from those in which they differ, and neglecting the latter. A diagram, embodying the totality of the structural characters thus determined by observation to be common to all our crayfishes, might be constructed; and it would be a picture of nothing which ever existed in nature; though it would serve as a very complete plan of the structure of all the crayfishes which are to be found in this country. The morphological definition of a species is, in fact, nothing but a description of the plan of structure which characterizes all the individuals of that species.

This is followed by a description of the Californian and other species of crayfish, in so far as they differ from the English species; and then comes the following passage:

All the individual crayfish referred to thus far have been sorted out, first into the groups termed *species;* and then these species have been further sorted into two divisions, termed *genera*. Each genus is an abstraction, formed by summing up the common characters of the species which it includes, just as each species is an abstraction, composed of the common characters of the individuals which belong to it; and the one has no more existence in nature than the other. The definition of the *genus* is simply a statement of the plan of structure which is common to all the species included under that genus; just as the definition of the species is a statement of the common plan of structure which runs throughout the individuals which compose the species.

Pursuing his exposition, the author mentions crayfishes which are found in the fresh waters of the southern hemisphere, and which differ from the English crayfish still more widely than do the American kinds; and then adds:

The southern crayfishes, like those of the northern hemisphere, are divisible into many species; and these species are susceptible of being grouped into six genera . . . on the same principle as that which has led to the grouping of the northern forms into two genera. But the same convenience which has led to the association of groups of similar species into genera has given rise to the combination of allied genera into higher groups, which are termed *families*. It is obvious that the definition of a family, as a statement of the characters in which a certain number of genera agree, is another morphological abstraction, which stands in the same relation to generic as generic do to specific abstractions. Moreover, the definition of the family is a statement of the plan of all the genera comprised in that family.

It will be seen by the attentive reader that this involves much more than a mere definition of certain scientific terms. If accepted as correct, it really settles one of the crucial questions at issue between the advocates of evolution and the upholders of the doctrine of special creations. And it may be added that, at many points, the book trenches upon this debatable land of science, some of whose problems are encountered at almost every stage in the study of zoölogy. Any close examination of the comparative anatomy of the crayfish reveals the fact that one "plan of organization" is common to a multitude of animals of extremely diverse outward forms and habits. Remarking upon this, Professor Huxley says:

Nothing would be easier, were the occasion fitting, than to extend this method of comparison to the whole of the several thousand species of crab-like, crayfish-like, or prawn-like animals, which, from the fact that they all have their eyes set upon movable stalks, are termed the *Podophthalmia*, or stalk-eyed *Crustacea;* and by arguments of similar force to prove that they are all modifications of the same common plan. Not only so, but the sand-hoppers of the seashore, the wood-lice of the land, and the water-fleas or the monoculi of the ponds, nay, even such remote forms as the barnacles which adhere to floating wood, and the acorn-shells which crowd every inch of rock on many of our coasts, reveal the same fundamental organization. Further than this, the spiders and the scorpions, the millipeds and the centipeds, and the multitudinous legions of the insect world, show us, amid infinite diversity of detail, nothing which is new in principle to any one who has mastered the morphology of the crayfish. Given a body divided into somites, each with a pair of appendages; and given the power to modify those somites and their appendages in strict accordance with the principles by which the common plan of the *Podophthalmia* is modified in the actually existing members of the order; and the whole of the *Arthropoda*, which probably make up two thirds of the animal world, might readily be educed from *one primitive form*.

Nor does the apparent unity of animated nature cease when the entire animal kingdom has been included:

The most cursory examination of any of the higher plants shows that the vegetable, like the animal body, is

made up of various kinds of tissues, such as pith, woody fiber, spiral vessels, ducts, and so on. But even the most modified forms of vegetable tissue depart so little from the type of the simple *cell* [which Professor Huxley elsewhere defines as a particle of simple living matter, or *protoplasm*, in the midst of which is a rounded body termed a *nucleus*], that the reduction of them all to a common type is suggested still more strongly than in the case of the animal fabric. And thus the nucleated cell appears to be the morphological unit of the plant no less than of the animal. Moreover, recent inquiry has shown that, in the course of the multiplication of vegetable cells by division, the nuclear spindles may appear and run through all their remarkable changes by stages precisely similar to those which occur in animals.

The question of the universal presence of nuclei in cells may be left open in the case of plants, as in that of animals; but, speaking generally, it may justly be affirmed that the nucleated cell is the morphological foundation of both divisions of the living world; and the great generalization of Schleiden and Schwann, that there is a fundamental agreement in structure and development between plants and animals, has, in substance, been merely confirmed and illustrated by the labors of the half century which has elapsed since its promulgation.

We have exhausted our space without finding room for all (or even nearly all) of the striking passages which we had marked; but those we have quoted will suffice to show how important, and how varied in interest, are the subjects which the book discusses. It only remains to add that the volume is copiously and admirably illustrated—quite a number of the eighty-two engravings being, as Professor Huxley says in his preface, "excellent specimens of the xylographic art."

It is not only in the incisiveness and subtilty of his criticism that Mr. Henry James, Jr., shows the effects of his French studies and Parisian experiences. These effects are hardly more traceable in his essays on the French poets and novelists than in his more distinctly creative and original work, and it must be admitted that they are more conspicuous than ever in his latest, and in some respects best, novel, "Confidence."* We are not going to impair the reader's enjoyment of this piquant and graceful story by revealing its plot or *dénouement;* but we shall make no unfair disclosures if we say that the situation at the close is decidedly "French" in character and manner. There is nothing specifically objectionable about it, certainly nothing "immoral," as the phrase goes; yet the unassisted Teutonic imagination would hardly have conceived quite such a complication or exactly such a method of disentanglement. It is said that in the most elevated stratum of French society, a certain surprise, not unmingled with amusement, is felt at finding that a man is in love with his own wife instead of with somebody else's. This sentiment by no means finds expression in "Confidence"; and yet it required a certain easy familiarity with this sentiment — with the French view of the possible relations between men and women — to enable Mr. James to write the closing chapters of his story with such serene unconsciousness of there being anything unusual or unnatural about them. To the experienced Parisian, perhaps, the situation is scarcely complicated enough to pique the attention; but, to the unsophisticated and somewhat prudish Saxon imagination there is something repellent and distasteful in the attitude of the several parties toward one another just before the event which makes every one happy ever after.

Another comment which "Confidence" seems to suggest is, that Mr. James is losing his hold more and more upon the solid realities and permanent interests of life. "Roderick Hudson" presented a group of clearly defined and perfectly intelligible characters in a situation which, if unusual, was at least easily conceived and ardently sympathized with. In "The American," the characters deviated more widely from the ordinary types, and the situation was almost grotesquely artificial; while in "The Europeans" the incongruousness and lack of adjustment between the leading characters and their surroundings constituted the main interest of the story. In "Confidence" the characters are intelligible enough and inspire a sympathetic interest; but they are curiously disconnected from all those incidents, attachments, and surroundings which serve to give background and reality to a character. They seem to be moving in a sort of vacuum; and no opportunity is afforded for that association of ideas, so to call it, by which we identify and localize a person, whether in real life or in fiction.

The truth is, that Mr. James has confined himself of late to the study and portraiture of *dilettanti* leading more or less consciously the vacant, detached lives of *dilettanti*. To such, of course, it is not given to scale the heights or to penetrate the depths of life, or even to march sanely along those broad levels which are interesting because of the countless numbers of human creatures who must tread them. For this reason, the artist who deals with them must avoid all definite and pronounced colors, all contrasts of light and shade, all depth of tone or energy of expression. And this is the reason why Mr. James's love—and he is always dealing more or less directly with love and love-making — is a pallid, bloodless, conversational sort of an emotion, which never really agitates or dominates the man or woman into whose consciousness it is supposed to insinuate itself. No doubt much refinement of art may be displayed in portraying such persons and their *milieu;* but, after a prolonged diet of them, one feels as if he would gladly exchange them all for one single broadly human Jeems Yellowplush or Matilda Ann. In thinking of this, a passage from one of Charles Dickens's recently published "Letters" rises unbidden in the memory: "The more we see of life and its brevity," he says, "and the world and its varieties, the more we know that no exercise of our abilities in any art, but the addressing of it to the great ocean of humanity in which we are drops, and not to by-ponds (very stagnant) here and there, ever

* Confidence. A Novel. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 347.

can or ever will lay the foundations of an endurable retrospect." Not only so, but there is no other solid foundation for a genuine and enduring fame.

If the foregoing appears to the reader to have taken a too fault-finding tone, it is all the more incumbent upon us to say that no defects that may be pointed out in Mr. James's work can or should prevent cultivated readers from deriving from it a very refined and exquisite enjoyment. Regarded as what Matthew Arnold calls "an artist in words," Mr. James seems to us entitled to perhaps the highest rank among contemporary novelists who use the English language as a vehicle of expression; and in this respect "Confidence" is a distinct advance upon its predecessors. There are passages, sentences, and phrases in it which are literally too good to be imbedded in a narrative the interest of which is likely to distract the attention from everything else; and the entire work bears testimony to the conscientious painstaking of a writer who respects himself and his readers too much not to take the trouble to present them with the finished fabric instead of the raw material of the novelist's art.

ONE of the most curious and characteristic phenomena of French social life is the extravagance of homage that is offered at the shrine of a successful *littérateur* or man of letters, not only by his followers and disciples, but by that portion of the public which in other countries reserves its admiration for more showy if not more vulgar forms of success. The victorious general or the "eminent statesman" secures nothing in the way of public recognition that can be compared with the sort of idolatrous worship inspired by a Chateaubriand, a Lamartine, or a Hugo; and the two latter may be said to have made the nearest approach that our modern modes of thinking will permit to that deification during life which the Roman world reserved for its Cæsars. There is an admirable side to this, of course, and a Frenchman is entirely justified in regarding it as a testimony to his higher civilization that his profoundest homage is reserved for achievements of the mind; but there is a side of it which is not admirable, and this side seems to be reached when the attitudes and the phrases that are graceful enough, perhaps, in the *salon* or the sanctum of the poet, are carried into the cooler atmosphere and calmer moods which should "assist" at the making of a book. M. Henri de Lacretelle was the life-long friend and disciple of Lamartine, and one turns with the zest of anticipated enjoyment to the confidences he has chosen to impart concerning "Lamartine and his Friends";* but when we find him speaking of Lamartine as "an Olympian god" and "a second Plato," and declaring that "there ought to be a Bible written on the Acts of Lamartine," we are led not merely to question the validity of the author's own testimony, but to distrust in a measure the personality that inspired it. We feel that, if the influence of Lamartine had been thoroughly wholesome, it should have tempered and restrained the enthusiastic vagaries of the devotee.

And this leads us to the remark (which M. de Lacretelle would probably attribute to our Saxon obtuseness and lack of sympathy) that, in our opinion—an opinion that is confirmed rather than refuted by the disclosures of the present work—there was something hopelessly shallow, and vain, and theatrical about Lamartine's character. Standing (in his own eyes, at least, and in those of his friends) on the topmost pinnacle of Parnassus, he permitted himself to envy the laurels of the statesman, and was never content until he had descended into the miasmatic marshes of politics; having undermined and shaken down the throne, he lost faith in and denounced the republic as soon as he discovered that he himself was not to be its leader; and, while squandering an ample fortune, and bringing those dependent upon him to penury, he never ceased avowing his conviction that Providence had designed him for a financier. He resembled Goldsmith in the heedless profusion of his expenditure and giving, but he lacked that charming simplicity of character which endears Goldsmith to us through his very faults. Goldsmith squandered by reason of weaknesses which are almost amiable in their unselfishness: Lamartine squandered because he considered profusion becoming in a Lamartine, and because he felt a proud consciousness that the world owed Lamartine whatever portion of its lucre he might choose to demand.

It follows, of course, that the more intimate the disclosures concerning such a character and life, the less likely they are to please; and, certainly, M. de Lacretelle's reminiscences of Lamartine will have a very different effect, outside of France at least, from what he seems to anticipate. It should be said, however, that part of the unsatisfactoriness of the work is due to the author's own point of view and faults of method. It seems impossible for a French biographer to set down, with the necessary candor and impartiality, those minute personal details and items of talk and correspondence which give their chief charm to the best English works in this field: he idealizes the character which he undertakes to portray, and everything is made to vindicate or illustrate the ideal so formed. This fault is very conspicuous in M. de Lacretelle's reminiscences of Lamartine and his friends, and is sufficient to render the book a disappointing one, even when we acquit the author of those awkwardnesses and infelicities of language which are probably due to lack of skill on the part of his translator.

MR. FROUDE'S early training and experience as a theologian would necessarily prove very useful to him in such a task as writing the life of John Bunyan; and the book in which he has written it might fairly puzzle a cataloguer who guided himself by the contents of a volume rather than by its title in decid-

* Lamartine and his Friends. By Henri de Lacretelle. Translated from the French by Maria E. Odell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 329.

ing whether to place it under theology or biography.* Indeed, worthy of consideration as is anything that Mr. Froude might have to say upon such a subject, there is a trifle more of theological exposition and disquisition in the book than most readers will think quite fair. No doubt, in order to understand Bunyan's character and career, it is absolutely necessary to know something of the religious conditions under which he lived; and, in order to grasp these, it is indispensable that something should be learned regarding the beliefs and hopes and fears that shaped and colored these conditions. Still, granting all this, and conceding further, that a mere narrative of the events and description of the outward circumstances of Bunyan's life would go but a little way toward explaining what Bunyan really was, and how he came to be what he was, such a chapter as that on "Conviction of Sin" seems a little out of place in a brief biography intended for popular use, and gives the impression that Mr. Froude has used his theme as a pretext for ventilating his thoughts on a range of topics much wider than the theme itself quite justified.

With this limitation—if that can be called a limitation which some readers will regard as the chief merit of the book—Mr. Froude's study of Bunyan is one of the most profoundly interesting and touching of the little volumes that have been contributed to the series to which it belongs. Bunyan's character and career can never have been attractive in the sense of being pleasing, and, fortunately or unfortunately, the world has completely outgrown all sympathy with the dominant motives that shaped them; but interest of a certain kind must always attach to the man "whose writings have for two centuries affected the spiritual opinions of the English race in every part of the world more powerfully than any book or books, except the Bible"; and the fascination possessed by the narrative of the "Pilgrim's Progress" belongs also to the spiritual experiences of which that narrative is an almost exact record.

It is to these spiritual experiences that the biographical portion of Mr. Froude's work is mainly confined. To the mere outward circumstances and events he gives as little attention as Bunyan himself could have desired; but ample space is assigned to the delineation of those "tumults of the soul" through which Bunyan developed from a profane swearer and religion-contemner to a participation in what he called "the grace and life that is by Christ in His Gospel," and to such a vivid sense of the awful reality of the scheme of salvation, as offered by Protestant Christianity, that he became the most successful propagandist of the faith among the common people that the world has known since Luther.

Much space is also assigned to a descriptive analysis of Bunyan's less known works—his poems, "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman," and "The Holy War"—and here Mr. Froude's exquisite skill in narrative appears to best advantage. In the chapter on "The Holy War" criticism rises almost to the dignity of creative work; and, even with Southey and Macaulay in mind, one can confidently say that the chapter on "The Pilgrim's Progress" is as fine as anything that has been written on that prolific and inspiring theme.

* "English Men of Letters." Edited by John Morley. "Bunyan." By James Anthony Froude. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 178.

THE opportunity which the South affords to the genuine artist, in its picturesque scenery, its quaint customs and traditions, and its curiously definite and individual types of character, is strikingly illustrated by Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, in her "Southern Sketches."* Most of the stories which the volume contains are already known, probably, to the readers of magazines—four of them having appeared in this Journal, and the rest in "Harper's," "Scribner's," "Lippincott's," and the "Atlantic"; but the author has judged wisely in bringing them together in such shape that they not only stand a better chance of being permanently preserved, but get the benefit of the cumulative impression which they make upon the reader when read consecutively one after the other, with no breaking in of irrelevant matter. Read in this manner it is seen that, while each story is complete in itself, a certain identity of motive and purpose pervades them all, and that the relation between them is much closer than is implied by a mere similarity of subject. That motive may be described as not merely the artist's impulse to utilize excellent "material," but the nobler wish to interpret the North and the South to each other. Though a Northerner by birth and feeling, Miss Woolson has resided in the South during the greater part of the past six years, and the stories themselves show how keenly alive she was to "the inward charm of that beautiful land which the writer has learned to love, and from which she now severs herself with true regret." The pathos, the pitifulness, the splendor, the squalor, the beauty, the luxuriance, the passionate ardor, and the romantic charm of the South are in them; and the skill with which these paradoxical qualities are depicted can hardly be overpraised. The little book deserves a place on the same shelf with Bret Harte's California Sketches and Mr. Cable's Creole Stories; and, taken together, they suffice to show that American life is not really deficient in material for such artists as have the insight to perceive and the skill to utilize them.

. . . . To write a book which shall be sufficiently systematic in arrangement and exact in statement, to serve as a text-book for the schoolroom, and yet interesting enough to attract and please the general reader—this is the task assigned to the authors who contribute to Mr. Green's series of "Classical Writers"; and Professor Nettleship has happily fulfilled all the requirements of the task in his little monograph on "Vergil."† Much more, indeed, will be

* "Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches." By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 339.

† Classical Writers. Edited by J. R. Green. Vergil. By H. Nettleship. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 106.

found in the slender volume than a narrative of the few facts known about Vergil's life, and an analysis of and commentary upon his poems. In a brief but luminous introductory chapter, the author points out the essential characteristics of Greek and Roman poetry, and the features in which it differs most widely from that of our modern world; and in another chapter, equally valuable, he discusses the relations between literature and literary men and the early Roman Empire, and the "General Characteristics of the Poetry of the so-called Augustan Age." The narrative and explanatory chapters on Vergil's life and poems contain all the accessible information that the student or reader will care to have, and are extremely interesting; and the chapters on the general characteristics of Vergil's poetry, and on Vergil as a poet of nature, are full of the most instructive and luminous criticism, which has a value much wider than the topic which suggests it. Practical suggestions regarding the text of Vergil will be found helpful both to teachers and to students, and a table of dates enables us to place Vergil in his proper place in that great sequence of events of which history proper is the record.

. . . . Full of the racy charm of the frontier is Mr. J. Mortimer Murphy's "Sporting Adventures in the Far West."* The author has been "a wanderer for nearly seven years in the far West," and his object in writing the present work was to give "the general characteristics, the haunts, habits, and the best method of hunting the largest class of game" to be found there. As his facts are either derived from his own personal experience, or based on that of some of the most famous scouts and hunters of the frontier, they are doubtless entirely trustworthy; and the record of them is enlivened with numerous stories of hair-breadth escapes and stirring adventures. This latter feature renders the book interesting to those who are neither sportsmen nor tourists, and who will never, probably, find themselves among the scenes described; but it is painful to read of the butchery (it would be absurd to dignify it with the name of "sport") that is being carried on indiscriminately among all kinds of game. After Mr. Murphy's description of the murderous methods often employed, one can no longer be surprised that the buffalo is so nearly exterminated; the wonder is that any of the larger wild animals are left in any of the regions accessible to so-called "sportsmen."

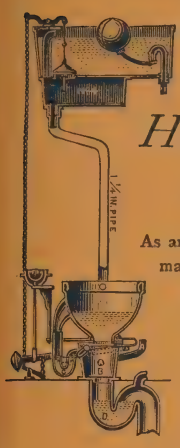
. . . . After reading the third and concluding volume of the "Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat,"† we find no reason to modify the opinion expressed in our review of the first volume, namely, that the work deserves a place beside the "Memoirs of Saint-Simon" for value and far above them for intrinsic interest. The interior life of a court has never been revealed so frankly or described so vividly and picturesquely; and all future writers who may attempt to deal with the character or times of Napoleon will find it necessary to accept Madame de Rémusat as one of the chief authorities. The period covered by the third volume is that from 1806 to 1808, and the principal events dealt with, aside from the daily life of the palace, are the establishment of the dependent kingdoms and duchies with which Napoleon buttressed his throne, the campaign of Jena, the first war with Russia, the peace of Tilsit, the first projects of the divorce from Josephine (1807–1808), and the beginning of the war with Spain. With the opening incidents of the latter event the Memoirs come to an abrupt close; but, though the reader will keenly regret this, his regret will be tempered by two considerations: first, as Madame de Rémusat retired from the court with Josephine on the divorce of the latter in 1810, her reminiscences of the declining years of the Empire could not have possessed that intimate cl[illegible]n that characterizes the portion we have; second, the son of Madame de Rémusat, who was entirely in her confidence, appends to the work a tolerably adequate summary of what she would have had to say concerning the principal occurrences which she did not live to treat of.

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* Sporting Adventures in the Far West. By John Mortimer Murphy. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 469.

† Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat. 1802–1808. With a Preface and Notes by her Grandson, Paul de Rémusat. Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and John Lillie. In Three Volumes. Vol. III. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo.

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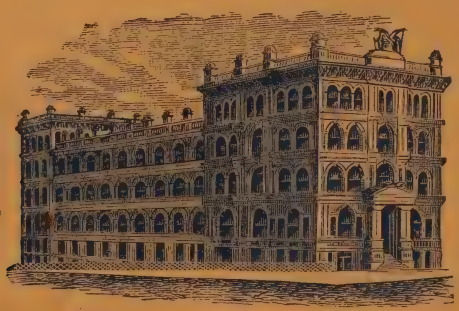
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A

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JUNE, 1880.

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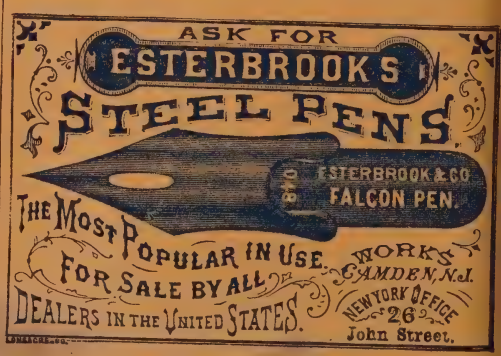


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THE SHAKESPEAREAN MYTH.

CONCLUDING PAPER.*—EXTRA SHAKESPEAREAN THEORIES.

"To save a Mayd St. George a Dragon slew—
A pretty tale, if all that's told be true:
Most say there are no Dragons, and, 'tis sayd,
There was no George—pray Heaven there was a Mayd!"

BETWEEN the affirmative theory of the Stratfordian authorship, then, and the demonstration of its utter impossibility and absurdity, there remains but the single barrier of the Jonsonian testimony, contained in the copy of verses entitled "To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us," written by Mr. Ben Jonson and prefixed to the famous folio of 1623. If this testimony should ever be ruled out as incompetent, there would actually remain nothing except to lay the Shakespearean hoax away, as gently as might be, alongside its fellows in the populous limbo of exploded fallacies.

However, let it not be ruled out merely on the ground that it is in rhyme. We have no less an authority than Littleton—"Auctoritas Philosophorum, Medicorum et Poetarum sunt in causis legandæ et tenendæ"†—to the effect that the testimony, even of poets, is sometimes to be received. It is to be ruled out rather by a process akin to impeachment of the witness—by its appearing that the witness, elsewhere in the same controversy, testifies to a state of facts exactly opposite. For the truth is that, whatever Ben Jonson felt moved to say about his "pal" William Shakespeare, whenever, as a friend, he dropped into poetry," he was considerably more careful when he sat himself down to write "cold prose." Just as Bully Bottom, fearing lest a lion should "fright the ladies" and "hang every other's son" of his troupe, devised a prologue to explain that the lion was no lion, but only Snug the Joiner, "a man as other men are," so Master Bully Jonson, however tropical and effusive as to his contemporary in his prosody, in his prologue in *prose* was scrupulous to leave only the truth behind him. Mountains—Ossa piled on Pelion—of hearsay and lapse of time, oceans of mere opinion and "gush," would, of course, amount to precisely nothing at all when ranged alongside of the testimony of one single, competent, contemporary eye-witness. No wonder the Shakespeareans are eager to subpœna Ben Jonson's verses. But, all the same, they are marvelously careful *not* to subpœna his prose.

And yet this prose is extant and by no means inaccessible. When Jonson died in 1637, he left behind him certain memoranda which were published in 1640, and are well known as "Ben Jonson's Discoveries." One of these memoranda—for the work is in the disjointed form of a commonplace-book of occasional entries—is devoted to the eminent men of letters in the era spanned by its author's own acquaintance or familiarity. It runs as follows:

> Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their empire. *Imperium par imperio.* We have had many, and in their several ages (to take in the former sæculum), Sir Thomas More, the elder Wiat, Henry, Earl of Surry, Chaloner, Smith, Eliot, B. Gardiner, were, for their times, admirable; and the more because they began eloquence with us. Sir Nicholas Bacon was singular and almost alone in the beginning of Elizabeth's time. Sir Philip Sidney and Mr. Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and

* See "Appletons' Journal" for February and June, 79.

† "Co. Lit.," 264 A.

in whom all vigour of invention and strength of judgment met. The Earl of Essex, noble and high, and Sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned, either for judgment or style. Sir Henry Saville, grave and truly lettered. Sir Edwin Sandys, excellent in both. Lord Egerton, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked. *But his learned and able, but unfortunate successor, is he that hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome.** In short, within this view, and about this time, were all the wits born that could honour a language or help study. Now things daily fall; wits grow downward and eloquence grows backward. So that he may be so named and stand as the mark and ἄκμη of our language.†

Only fourteen years before, this Ben Jonson had published the verses which *made* William Shakespeare. Only fourteen years before he had asserted—what the world has taken his word for, and never questioned from that day to this—that his "best beloved" William Shakespeare had been the "soul of the age"—"not for an age, but for all time"—and his works "such as neither man nor muse can praise too much."

We have no means of knowing the precise date at which Ben Jonson's grief for his dead friend cooled, and his feelings experienced a change. But he leaves behind him, at his death, this unembellished memoranda, this catalogue "of all the wits" living in his day, who, in his opinion, "could honour a language or help study," and in this catalogue he inserts no such name as William Shakespeare—William Shakespeare, the name, not only of the "soul" and epitome of all that—only about fourteen years ago—he had deemed worth mentioning among men "born about this time"; but of his late most intimate and bosom friend! Had the "Discoveries" preserved an absolute silence concerning William Shakespeare, the passage we have quoted might, perhaps, have been considered a studied and deliberate slur on his dead friend's memory, on the part of Jonson, made for reasons best known to Jonson himself. But they are not silent. They devote a whole paragraph to William Shakespeare—but in the proper place, that is to say, not among "the wits who could honor a language or help study," but among the author's personal acquaintance. This is all there is of this paragraph as to the real William Shakespeare:

I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted out a thousand!" which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted. And to justify mine own candour (for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry, as much as any). He was (indeed) honest and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasie, brave notions, and gentle expressions: wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar—one speaking to him—"Cæsar, thou dost me wrong;" he replied, "Cæsar never did wrong, but with just cause," and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than pardoned.*

That is every word which a man who "loved him" could say of William Shakespeare!—that he was a skilled and careful penman, "never blotting out a line"; that he talked too fast, sometimes, and had to be checked; that, in playing the part of Cæsar on the stage, somebody interpolated the speech, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong," and he made a bull in response;† and that he (Jonson) wished he (Shakespeare) had blotted out a thousand of his lines. Blot out a thousand Shakespearean lines!—a thousand of the priceless lines of the peerless book we call "Shakespeare"! Fancy the storm which would follow such a Vandal proposition to-day! Ben Jonson does not specify *which* thousand he would have expurgated, but would be satisfied with any thousand, taken anywhere at random out of the writings of his "soul of the age," the man "not of an age, but for all time." And yet it is on the uncorroborated word of this man Jonson that we build monuments to the Stratford lad, and make pilgrimages to his birthplace and worship his ashes, and quarrel about the spelling of his name! If there is not a strong smack of patronage in this prose allusion to Shakespeare, we confess ourselves unable to detect its flavor. Very possibly the fact was that, so far from having been an admirer of William Shakespeare, Ben Jonson saw through his pretensions, and only through

* Judge Holmes ("Authorship of Shakespeare," third edition, p. 650) italicizes these words to point the allusion to Bacon, and to notice that the passage in "The Discoveries," immediately preceding the above, is a direct allusion to Bacon, while the phrase "insolent Greece and haughty Rome" occurs in line thirty-nine of the verses eulogistic of William Shakespeare.

† "Timber, or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter: as they have flowed out of his Daily Readings, or had their Reflux to his Peculiar Notion of the Time." By Ben Jonson. "Works," vol. vii., by Peter Whalley, p. 99.

* "Works," cited *ante*, vol. vii., p. 91.

† Possibly this may have occurred in playing the very version of the "Cæsar" we now possess, though there are, of course, no such lines to be found there.

policy sang his praises against the stomach of his sense. For Ben Jonson (though one of the ripest scholars of the day, we have history as authority for that) was poor and a borrower, over head and ears in debt to Shakespeare; he was a stock actor on the rich manager's boards, and could not take the bread out of his own mouth. But the poor scholar, and still poorer actor, could yet indulge himself, and take his covert fling at the rich charlatan:

"Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not bettered much,
Yet ours for want hath not so loved the stage
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age:
Or purchase your delight at such a rate
As for it, he himself must justly hate.
To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up in one beard and weed—
Past threescore years, or with three rusty swords
And help of some few foot and half foot words—
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tiring-house bring wounds to scars!
He [*that is, Ben himself*] rather prays you will
be pleased to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to
please."

Ben says this himself—in the prologue to his "Every Man in his Humour."* And yet this is the "immortal Shakespeare" whom Ben "honours *this side* idolatry," but whom we are not fearful of passing the bounds of idolatry in worshiping to-day.

Ben Jonson was an overworked rhymester, and made his rhymes do double and treble duty. The first couplet of the above—

"Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not bettered much"—

needs only a little hammering over to become the

"While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much"—

of the mortuary verses which—as we say—made Shakespeare SHAKESPEARE. When the rich manager's alleged works were to be collected, the poor scholar who had borrowed money of him in his lifetime was called upon for a tribute, and the poor scholar forbore to draw on the storehouse of his wits, but obligingly hammered over some of his old verses for the occasion, which was all he felt it justified. Is it possible that the ideal Shakespeare, the mighty miracle-working demigod, is only the accidental creation of a man who was poking fun at a shadow? Let us not proceed to such a violent surmise, but return to a serious consideration of Mr. Ben Jonson's unimpassioned prose.

If the paragraph from the "Discoveries" last above quoted—which estimates William Shakespeare precisely as history estimates him, namely, as a clever fellow, and a player in one of the earliest theatres in London—is not to be regarded as a confession that Ben Jonson's verses were written (or rewritten) more out of generosity to his late friend's memory—rather in the exuberance of a poetic license of apotheosis—than with a literal adherence to truth,* then it must be conceded that the result is such a facing both ways as hangs any Jonsonian testimony in perfect equilibrium as to the Shakespearean controversy, and entitles Ben Jonson himself, as a witness for anybody or to anything, to simply step down and out. For, admitting that his poetry is just as good as his prose—and probably the Shakespeareans would care to assert no more than that—it is a legal maxim that a witness who swears for both sides swears for neither; and a rule of common law no less than of common sense that his evidence must be ruled out, since no jury can be called upon to believe and disbelieve one and the same witness at the same time.

But, since numberless good people are suspicious of rules of law as applied to evidence, regarding them as over-nice, finical, and as framed rather to keep out truth than to let it in, let us waive the legal maxim, and admit the Jonsonian testimony to be one single, consistent block of contemporary evidence.

But, no sooner do we do this, than we find ourselves straightway floundering in a slough of absurdities far greater, it seems to us, than any we have yet encountered. To illustrate: It is necessary to the Shakespearean theory that in the days of Elizabeth and James there should have been not only a *man*, but a genius, a wit, and a poet, of the name of William Shakespeare; and that all these—man, genius, wit, and poet—should have been one and the same individual. Taking all the Jonsonian testimony, prose and poetry, together, such an individual there was, and his name was William Shakespeare, as required. But—still following Jonson's authority—at the same period and in the same town of London

* Again, in the "Induction" to his "Bartholomew Fair," he has his fling at "The Tempest": "If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it," he says, "nor a nest of antiques? He is loth to make Nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries." "The Tempest" of Ben's day was a "drollery," at least in William Shakespeare's hands.

* A confession, say the Baconians, that Jonson, as long as Bacon lived, was eager to serve him by shouldering on his *incognito*—in poetry—while he was under no compunction to do so in his own posthumous remains. See *post*, ii., the Baconian theory.

there was a certain gentleman named Bacon, who was "learned and able," and who had, moreover, "filled up all numbers—and" in the same days "performed that which may be compared either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome." We have, then, not only a "wit and poet" named Shakespeare, but a "wit and poet" named Bacon; and, since Jonson is nowhere too modest to admit that he himself was a "wit and poet," we have, therefore, actually not one but three of a kind, at each other's elbows in London, in the golden age of English literature. We have already seen that, of this trio, two—Bacon and Shakespeare, if we are to believe the Shakespeareans—were personally unknown to each other. It is worth our while to pause right here, and see what this statement involves.

They are all three—Bacon, Jonson, and Shakespeare—dwelling in the same town at the same moment; are all three writers and wits, earning their living by their pens. Ben Jonson is the mutual friend. He is of service to both—he translates Bacon's English into Latin for him,* and writes plays for William Shakespeare's stage, and, as we have seen, he ultimately becomes the Boswell of both, and runs from one to the other in rapture. His admiration for Bacon, on the one hand (according to his prose), amounts to a passion; his admiration for Shakespeare, on the other hand (according to his poetry), amounts to a passion. He declares (in prose) that Bacon "hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared and preferred either to *insolent Greece or haughty Rome*"; he declares (in poetry) of Shakespeare that he may be left alone—

> ". . . for comparison
> *Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome*
> Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

And yet he never, while going from one to the other, mentions Shakespeare to Bacon or Bacon to Shakespeare; never "introduces" them or brings them together; never gives his soul's idol Bacon any "orders" to his soul's idol Shakespeare's theatre, that this absolutely inimitable Bacon (who has surpassed insolent Greece and haughty Rome) may witness the masterpieces of this absolutely inimitable Shakespeare (who has likewise surpassed insolent Greece and haughty Rome); this Boswell of a Jonson, go-between of two men of repute and public character, travels from one to the other, sings the praises of each to the world outside (using the same figures of speech for each), and, in the presence of each, preserves so impenetrable a silence as to the other, that of the two public characters themselves each is absolutely ignorant of the other's existence! And yet they ought to have been close friends, for they borrowed each other's verses, and loaned each other paragraphs to any extent. Persons there have been who asserted, as we shall see, on merely the internal evidence of their writings, that Bacon and "Shakespeare" were one and the same man, and that what appeared to be "parallelisms" and coincidences in Bacon and "Shakespeare" were thus to be accounted for. But, admitting their separate identity, it is absolutely certain that the natural philosopher borrowed his exact facts from the comedies of the playwright, while the playwright borrowed the speeches for his comedies from the natural philosopher, which looks very much like friendship, or at least a speaking acquaintance. For, as we shall see further on, some of these "parallelisms" are not coincidences, but something very like *identities*. It will not lighten this new difficulty to rule out the prose and leave in the poetry, for we can not annihilate Francis Bacon nor yet William Shakespeare from their places in history. If, however, the Jonsonian poetry were wiped out, the Jonsonian prose would receive at least a negative corroboration, as follows: At the same time that Bacon and Shakespeare are living, unknown to each other respectively, in London, there also dwell there three other gentlemen—Sir Walter Raleigh, Edmund Spenser, and Sir Tobie Matthew. We therefore actually have four well-known gentlemen of the day, in London, gentlemen of elegant tastes—poets, men about town, critics who, if the town were being convulsed by the production at a theatre of by far the most brilliant miracles of genius that the world had ever seen, ought not, in the nature of things, to have been utterly uninformed as to the circumstance. We do not add to this list Southampton, Essex, Rutland, Montgomery, and the rest, because these latter have left no memorandum or chronicle of what they saw and heard on manuscript behind them. But the first four have left just precisely such memoranda of their times as are of assistance to us here. Bacon, in his "Apothegms," Spenser in his poems,* and

* Jonson assisted Dr. Hackett, afterward Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, in translating the essays of Lord Bacon into Latin. (Whalley, "Life of Ben Jonson," Vol. I. of works, cited *ante*.) Jonson was at this time "on terms of intimacy with Lord Bacon."—(W. H. Smith, "Bacon and Shakespeare," p. 29.)

* Spenser's well-known lines in "Colin Clout's come Home again," written in 1591, are:

> "And there, though last not least, is Ætion,
> A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found;
> Whose muse, full of high thought's invention,
> Doth—like himself—heroically sound."

"Ætion" is generally assumed by commentators to stand in the verse for "Shakespeare." But it is difficult to imagine how this can possibly be more than mere

Raleigh and Matthew in their remains—especially Matthew—who, like Bacon, kept a diary, who wrote letters and postscripts, and was as fond of playing at Boswell to his favorites as Jonson himself—appear to have stumbled on no trace of such a character as "Shakespeare" in all their saunterings about London. Especially on one occasion does Sir Tobie devote himself to a subject-matter wherein, if there had been any "Shakespeare" within his ken, he could very properly—and would, we think, very naturally—have mentioned him. In the "Address to the Reader," prefixed to one of his works,* he says, speaking of his own date, "We have also rare compositions made among us which look so many fair ways at once that I doubt it will go near to pose any other nations of Europe to muster out in any age four men who, in so many respects, should be able to excel four such as we are able to show—Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Francis Bacon. For they were all a kind of monsters in their various ways," etc.

Besides, these four—or, dismissing Spenser, who was a poet exclusively, then three, Bacon, Raleigh, and Tobie Matthew—however else dissimilar, were anything but blockheads or anchorites. They were men of the court and of the world. They mingled among their fellow men, and (by a coincidence which is very useful to us here) none of them were silent as to what they met and saw during their careers. They both live and move in the very town and in the very days when this rare poetry which Emerson says "the greatest minds value most" was appearing. But, if William Shakespeare was the author of it all, how is it possible to escape the conviction that not one of them all—not Bacon, a man of letters himself, a student of antique not only, but of living and contemporary literature, and overfond of writing down his impressions for the benefit of posterity (even if wanting in the dramatic or poetic perception, the scholarship of the plays could not have escaped him; and had these plays been the delight and town talk of all London, as Mr. Grant White says they were, some morsel of them must have reached his ear or eye)—not Raleigh, courtier, gallant, man-about-town, "curled darling," and everything of that sort (who probably was not afraid to go to a theatre for fear of injuring his morals)—not Tobie Matthew, who was all this latter with less of responsibility and mental balance—ever so much as heard his (Shakespeare's) name mentioned? That not one of these ever heard of a name that was in everybody's mouth—of a living man so famous that, as we shall presently consider, booksellers were using his name to make their wares sell, that his plays were filling the most fashionable theatre in London from cockpit to dome, whose popularity was so exalted that the great Queen Elizabeth herself stepped down from the throne and walked across his stage to do him honor, to whom in after-days her successor King was to write an autograph letter*—strikes one as just a trifle or so incredible to a mind not already adjusted to swallow any and every fable in this connection, rather than accept the truth of history! To be sure, it is not absolutely impossible that these three men should have been cognizant of William Shakespeare's existence without mentioning him in their favors to posterity. But, under all the circumstances, it is vastly improbable. At any rate, we fancy it would not be easy to conceive of three Englishmen in London to-day, in 1880—let us say Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Swinburne—without collusion, writing down a list of their most illustrious contemporaries, and not one of them mentioning Mr. Tennyson! Or, assuming

speculation, since Spenser certainly left no annotation explanatory of the passage, and it does not identify itself as a reference to Shakespeare. In "The Tears of the Muses," line 205, there is an allusion which on a first glance appears so pat, that the Bard of Avon has long been called "our pleasant Willy" on the strength of it. They run:

"And he, the man whom Nature's self had made,
To mock herself and truth to imitate
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah, is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent."

But, since Spenser died some seventeen years before Shakespeare, and if—as must be supposed from their flippancy—these lines point to the enforced or voluntary retirement or silence of some writer, rather than to his death—they appear more nearly to refer to Sidney than to Shakespeare. And this now appears to be conceded. (See Morley's "English Men of Letters: Spenser," by Dean Church. American edition, Harpers, New York, 1879, p. 106.) Besides, "The Tears of the Muses" was written in 1580, when Shakespeare was a lad of sixteen, holding horses at the theatre-door. "Will," or "Willy," appears to have been the ordinary nickname of a poet in those days.—(R. G. White's "Shakespeare," vol. i., p. 57, *note*.)

* "A Collection of Letters made by Sir Tobie Matthew, with a Character of the Most Excellent Lady Lucy, Countess of Carlisle. To which are added Many Letters of his Several Persons of Honour, who were contemporary with him." London, 1660.

* These must all be considered in the argument, though, as a matter of fact, we do not hesitate to say that, in our private opinion, they are all "yarns," cooked for occasion by commentators, or, more probably, fruits of the growth of rumor, in the orthodox procession from "might have been" to "was." The story of Elizabeth's order for "Falstaff in Love," resulting in the production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (which would prove that, whatever else she was, Elizabeth was no Anthony Comstock), is, to our mind, another sample of the same procession.

that Tennyson is the admitted first of poets of the Victorian age (as Mr. Ben Jonson and all the commentators at his heels, down to our own Mr. Grant White, tell us that "William Shakespeare" was the admitted first of poets of his contemporary Elizabethan age), it would not be the easiest thing in the world to conceive three chroniclers—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Swinburne—sitting themselves down to an enumeration, not of their illustrious contemporaries in general, but of their contemporaneous men of letters only, and, by a coincidence, omitting any mention of the great first of poets of their day! Either, then, it seems to us, we are to infer that three such men as Raleigh, Bacon, and his satellite Matthew, had never so much as heard that there was any Shakespeare, in an age which we moderns worship as the age of Shakespeare, or that there was no "Shakespeare" for them to hear about; that "William Shakespeare" was the name of an actor and manager in the Globe and Blackfriars playhouses, of a man not entitled, any more than any of his co-actors and co-managers in those establishments, to enumeration among the illustrious ornaments of an illustrious age, the stars of the golden age of English!

Of course, it can be well urged that all this is mere negative evidence; that not only three but three million of men might be found who had never mentioned or ever heard of Shakespeare, without affecting the controversy either way. But, under the circumstances, in view of what the Shakespearean plays *are*, and of what their author must have been, and of when and where these three men—Bacon, Raleigh, and Matthew*—lived and flourished, the chronicles left by these three men—Bacon, Raleigh, and Matthew—constitute, at the very least, a "negative pregnant" not to be omitted in any review of our controversy that can lay the faintest claim to exhaustiveness or sincerity; and, moreover, a negative pregnant which, if we admitted all the Ben Jonson testimony, in prose and poetry, as evidence on the one side, could not be excluded as evidence on the other. In which event it is fairest to the Shakespeareans to rule Ben out altogether.† Besides, Ben is what the Scotchmen call "a famous witness" (if the commentators, who enlarge on Shakespeare's bounty and loans to him, can be relied upon), as being under heavy pecuniary obligation to the stage manager, and so his testimony is to be scrutinized with the greatest care, though he certainly did not allow his obligations to overmaster him when writing the "Discoveries." But, in any event, it would be easier to believe that Ben Jonson once contradicted himself for the sake of a rhyme, and to "do the handsome thing" by the memory of an old friend and unpaid creditor, than to swallow the incredible results of a literal version of his prose and poetry, read by the light of the Bacon, Raleigh, and Matthew remains. And the conclusion of the matter, it seems to us, must be either that the poetry was the result of his obligations to William Shakespeare and to William Shakespeare's memory, or that, having sworn on both sides, Mr. Ben Jonson stands simply *dehors* the case—a witness for neither.

It is not, then—it is very far from being—because we know *so little* of the man Shakespeare that we disbelieve in his authorship of the great works ascribed to him. It is because we know *so much*.

No sooner did men open their histories, turn to the records and explore the traditions and trace the gossip of the Elizabethan days, than the facts stared them in the face. Long before any "Baconian theory" arose to account for these anomalies, at the instant these plays began to be valued for anything else than their theatrical properties, the difficulty of "marrying the man to his verse" began to be troublesome. "To be told that he played a trick on a brother actor in a licentious amour, or that he died of a drunken frolic, does not exactly inform us of the man who wrote 'Lear,'" cried Mr. Hallam.* "Every accession of information we obtain respecting the man Shakespeare renders it more and more difficult to detect in him the poet," cries Mr. William Henry Smith.† "I am one of the many," testified Mr. Furness, "who have never been able to bring the life of William Shakespeare and the plays of Shakespeare within a planetary space of

* And we might add to these Sir John Davies, Selden, Sir John Beaumont, Henry Vaughn, Lord Clarendon, and others.

† It is fair to note that another "negative pregnant" arises here, to which the Shakespeareans are as fairly entitled as the other side to theirs. Sir Tobie Matthew died in 1655. He survived Shakespeare thirty-nine years, Bacon twenty-nine years, and Raleigh thirty-seven years! Left in possession of so weighty a secret (as we should consider it), how could such a one as Matthew let the secret die with him? Although we do not meet with it among the arguments of the Shakespeareans, this strikes us as about the strongest they could present, except that the answer might be that, at the date of Matthew's death, 1655, the Shakespearean plays were not held in much repute, or that Matthew might have reserved his unbosoming of the secret too long; but it is only one fact among a thousand.

* "I laud," says Hallam, "the labors of Mr. Collier, Mr. Hunter, and other collectors of such crumbs, though I am not sure that we should not venerate Shakespeare as much if they had left him undisturbed in his obscurity. . . . If there was a Shakespeare of earth, as I suspect, there was also one of heaven, and it is of him we desire to know something."

† "Bacon and Shakespeare," p. 886.

each other; are there any other two things in the world more incongruous?"* It was necessary, therefore, in order to preserve a belief in the Shakespearean authorship, either that William Shakespeare should be historically known as a man of great mental power, a close student, of deep insight into nature and morals—a poet, philosopher, and all the rest—or else that, by a failure of the records, history should be silent altogether as to his individuality, and the lapse of time have made it impossible to recover any details whatever as to his tastes, manners, and habits of life. In such a case, of course, there would remain no evidence on the subject other than that of the plays themselves, which would, of course, prove him precisely the myriad-minded genius required. In other words, it was only necessary to so cloud over *the facts* as to make the "Shakespearean miracle" to be, *not* that William Shakespeare had written the works, but that history should be so silent concerning a "Shakespeare"! So long as the Shakespeareans could cry, "Behold a mysterious dispensation of Providence—that, of the two mightiest poets the world has ever held—Homer and William Shakespeare—we know absolutely nothing"! —so long as they could assign this silence to the havoc of a great deluge or a great fire, just so long the name "William Shakespeare" was as good and satisfactory a name as any other, and nobody could propose a better. But they can cry so no longer. It is not because we know *so little*, but because we know *so much* about the Stratford boy, that we decline to accept him as the master we not only admire and love, but in whose pages we find our wisdom vain and our discovery anticipated. As a matter of fact, through the accident of his having been a part proprietor in one of the earliest English playhouses, we know pretty accurately what manner of man he was. We know almost everything about him, in short, except—what we *do* know about Homer—that the words now attributed to him were *his*. Homer, at least, we can trace to his "Iliad" and his "Odyssey," as he sang them in fragments from town to town. But neither to his own pen nor his own lips, and only problematically, as we shall see further on, to his own stage, can we trace the plays so long assigned to William Shakespeare. Let the works be placed in our hands for the first time anonymously; given, then, the chronicles of the age of Elizabeth and James in which to search for an author of those words, would anything we found in either lead us to pronounce William Shakespeare the man? And has anything happened *since* to induce us to set aside the record and substitute an act of pure faith, of faith blind and obedient, and make it almost a religion to blindly and obediently believe that William Shakespeare was not the man *he was*, lest we should be "disrespectful to our birthright"?

Nothing whatever has happened since, except the labors of the commentators. By the most painfully elaborate explorations on the wrong track, by ingenious postulation upon fictitious premises, and by divers illicit processes of majors and minors, while steering carefully clear of the records, they have evolved a butcher, a lawyer, a physician, a divinity student, a schoolmaster, a candlestick-maker—but, after all, a Shakespeare. It will not detain us long, as an example of these, to briefly glance at the labors of one of the most intrepid of the ilk, to identify the traditional poet with the traditional man.

In 1839 Thomas De Quincey contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" its article "Shakespeare." That, about the story of the prankish Stratford lad, who loved, and wooed and won a farmer's daughter, and between the low, smoky-raftered cottage in Stratford town and the snug little thatch at Shottery trudged every sunset to do his courting, there lingers the glamour of youth and love and poetry, no patron of the "Encyclopædia" would probably have doubted. But that a staid and solemn work, designed for exact reference, should have printed so whimsical a fancy sketch as Mr. De Quincey supplied to it, and that it should have been allowed to remain there, must certainly command surprise. There can surely be no complaint as to the variety of the performance. Mr. De Quincey very ably and gravely speculates as to the size of the dowry old Hathaway gave his daughter; as to whether old John Shakespeare mortgaged his homestead to keep up appearances; as to whether that gentleman received the patronage of Stratford corporation when (as there is no direct authority for saying they did not) they had occasion to present a pair of gloves to some favored nobleman (and this portion of the composition winds up with a history of gloves and glove-making which can not fail to interest and instruct the reader). And the speculations as to whether the messengers who sped to Worcester for the "marriage-lines" did or did not ride in such hot haste, in view of an expected but premature Susannah, that they gave vicious orthographies of the names "Shakspeare" and "Hathaway" to the aged clerk who drew the document, are, especially, pretty reading. But, with facilities in 1839 for writing a history of

* In view of Mr. Furness's elegant contribution to Shakespearean study (his *Variorum* edition), this is worth noticing; the words quoted occur in a letter to Judge Holmes, printed at p. 628, third edition, of the latter's "Authorship of Shakespeare." In "Appletons' Journal" for February, 1879, will be found numerous other testimonies to the same effect as the foregoing.

the Stratford lad, which the Stratford lad's own contemporaries and near neighbors, two hundred years and more before Mr. De Quincey, seem never to have possessed, Mr. De Quincey quite surpasses himself in setting us exactly right as to William Shakespeare. And, first, as to the birthday. There has always been a sort of feeling among Englishmen that their greatest poet ought to have had no less a birthday than the day dedicated to their patron saint. The Stratford parish records certifying to the christening of William Shakespeare on the 26th day of April, 1564 (which Mr. De Quincey forgets was "old style," and so, in any event, twelve days before the corresponding date in the present or "new style"), and the anniversary of St. George's day having fallen in that year, as usual, on the 23d of April, it has come to be unanimously resolved by the commentators that, in Warwickshire, it was the custom to christen infants on the third day after birth, and that, therefore, William Shakespeare was born on the anniversary of St. George, April 23, 1564. But Mr. De Quincey will not deceive us. He would rather perish than mislead. "After all," he says, "William *might* have been born on the 22d. Only one argument," he gravely proceeds, "has sometimes struck us for supposing that the 22d might be the day, and not the 23d, which is, that Shakespeare's sole granddaughter, Lady Barnard, was married on the 22d of April, ten years exactly from the poet's death, and the reason for choosing this day might have had a reference to her illustrious grandfather's birthday, which, there is good reason for thinking, would be celebrated as a festival in the family for generations!" But even Mr. De Quincey concedes that, in writing history, we must draw the line somewhere; for he immediately adds, "Still this choice may have been an accident" (so many things, that is to say, are likely to be considered in fixing a marriage-day, besides one's grandfather's birthday!), "or governed merely by reason of convenience. And, on the whole, it is as well, perhaps, to acquiesce in the old belief that Shakespeare was born and died on the 23d of April. We can not do wrong if we drink to his memory both on the 22d and 23d." * Mr. De Quincey's proposition to drink twice instead of once ought to for ever secure his popularity; but it nevertheless appears to us remarkable that a famous encyclopædia should admit this sort of work among its articles on sugar, snakes, Sardinia, soap, Savonarola, and its other references in S! Like his fellow Shakespeareans, Mr. De Quincey makes no use of Jennings, or Aubrey, or the old clerk, or the Rev. Richard Davies, or any one else who lived at dates inconveniently contiguous to the real William Shakespeare, and therefore awkward customers about whom it was best to say nothing. He can not claim never to have heard of Aubrey, because he quotes him as saying that William Shakespeare was "a handsome, well-shaped man." * But this is the only allusion he makes to Aubrey or to anybody else who lived within eyesight or ear-shot of the William Shakespeare who, we admit, if a well-conducted

* Mr. De Quincey's own estimate of this performance we take from a preface to the article itself, in the American edition of his collected works (Boston: Shepard & Gill, 1873), vol. xv., p. 11: "No paper ever cost me so much labor; parts of it have been recomposed three times over." And again, "William Shakespeare's article cost me more intense labor than any I ever wrote in my life, and, I believe, if you will examine it, you will not complain of want of novelty." We should say not.

* The writer of these papers has been called to account for omitting, in his review of the attempts to produce an actually genuine portrait of Shakespeare, any account of the so-called German "death-mask." It was perhaps, not necessary. A plaster mask of an anonymous dead face is found in a rubbish-shop in Mayence, in 1849. Regarded as a mask of William Shakespeare, it bears a certain resemblance to the Stratford bust; and, regarded as a mask of Count Bismarck (for example), it would be found to bear a very strong resemblance to Count Bismarck. (We write from an inspection of photographs only, never having seen the mask.) Having always been annoyed that a creature so immortal as they had created their Shakespeare left no death-mask, the Shakespeareans at once adopt this anonymous mask as taken from the face of the two-days-defunct William Shakespeare, who died in 1616. *Credat Judæus!* Either William Shakespeare, at his death, was known to be an immortal bard or he was not. If he was, why should the sole likeness moulded of departed greatness be smuggled away from the land that was pious to claim him as its most distinguished son? If he was not, to whose interest was it to steal the mask from the family who cared enough about the dead man's memory to go to the expense of it? But, at any rate, in 1849 it falls into the hands of jealous believers. They search upon it for hairs of auburn hue, and for the date of their hero's death, and they find both. Had they made up their minds to find a scrap of Shakespearean cuticle, we may be sure it would have been there. Professor Owen, of the British Museum, declared that, if the fact of the mask having originally come from England could be established, there was "hardly any sum of money which the Museum would not pay for the mask itself." But the missing testimony has not been supplied, though doubtless it is incubating. For now and then we see a newspaper paragraph to the effect that old paintings have turned up (in pawn-shops invariably) which "resemble the death-mask," thus accustoming us to the title which, in time, we shall doubtless come to accept—as we have come to accept Shakespeare himself—from mere force of habit. The last of these discoveries is in Australia, farther off than even Mayence, "said to resemble the Becker death-mask" (see the "Academy," London, May 31, 1879, p. 475). The Stratford portrait of Shakespeare claims no authority further than a resemblance to the accepted ideal, and the terra-cotta bust in the possession of the Garrick club was "found to order," and represents a man who, it would seem, bore not even a resemblance to the accepted Shakespeare for authority.

person, *ought* reasonably to have been the man Mr. De Quincey and his ilk turn him out, and not the man his neighbors, or anybody who happened to be born within a hundred years of him, knew him. As to the difficulties Messrs. Coleridge, Goethe, Schlegel, Richter, Carlyle, Palmerston, Emerson, Gervinius, Hallam, Holmes, William Henry Smith, Furness, and Delia Bacon find so insurmountable—namely, as to where the material of the plays came from—Mr. De Quincey skips over them with his airy two terms at the little grammar-school on Stratford High Street!* (The identical desk which young William occupied during this period of attendance at that institution of learning was promptly supplied by the Stratford guides, upon hearing of Mr. De Quincey's discovery.) And for these "two terms" (of course), no further authority than himself being necessary, he vouchsafes none, although we must admit the *hiatus* is pleasantly compensated for by his favoring the reader in search for Shakespearean data with two dissertations upon the loveliness of female virtue, one of which covers fourteen pages octavo.†

So long, of course, as this cue was followed, it was easy enough to believe that "William Shakespeare" was the name of the marvelous man who wrote the plays. But, when one left the fiction of Mr. De Quincey and his ilk, and was forced to confront the William Shakespeare who wrote the Lucy lampoon and the epitaph on Elias James, who stuck calves and stole deer, the difficulty only recurred with redoubled emphasis. It was not, of course, because William stuck the calves and stole the deer, because he wrote the lampoon or the epitaph,* nor because he was son (or apprentice, as some say) to a butcher or a glover, a tallow-chandler or a seedsman, that he is conceived to have been unequal to the Shakespearean authorship. There never yet was cradle too lowly to be the cradle of genius, or line too ignoble for its genesis. George Stephenson was a colliery-stoker, Turner was the son of a barber, and Faraday the son of a horse-shoer. Coleridge was a charity lad, and the number of tanners' and tallow-chandlers' offspring, without whose names history could not be written, is something amazing.

We may trace the genius of Turner from the first impulse of his pencil to its latest masterpiece, but we can not find that he discovered the solar spectrum or described the Edison phonograph. He knew and practiced what he was *taught* (albeit he taught himself), and died quite contented to leave his own works behind him. Robert Burns was fully as unlettered and as rustic a plowboy as could be desired to prove the mighty miracle of genius. His history up to a certain point is the very duplicate of the history of William Shakespeare, the butcher's boy and prodigy of Stratford village. Both were obscure, schoolless, and grammarless. But, in the case of Robert Burns, this heaven-born genius did not set him straightway on so lofty a pinnacle that he could circumspect the past, and forecast the future, or guide his untaught pen to write of Troy and Egypt, of Athens and Cyprus, or to reproduce the very counterfeit civilizations and manners of nations born and buried and passed into history a thousand ages before he had been begotten, the very names of which were not dreamed of anywhere in the neighborhood of his philosophy; of the most unusual and hidden details of forgotten polities and commercial customs, such as, for instance, the exceptional usage of a certain trade in Mitylene, the anomalous status of a Moorish mercenary in command of a Venetian army, of a savage queen of Britain led captive by Rome, or a thane of Scotland under one of its primitive kings—matters of curious and occult research for antiquaries or *dilettanti* to dig out of

* Aubrey confesses that his authority for the statement that William Shakespeare was a schoolmaster was only a rumor, founded on the statement of one "Beeston"; but who was "Beeston"? Some of our modern commentators have conjectured that possibly William, being a sort of model or head boy, was trusted to hear some of the little boys' lessons, which gave rise to the "schoolmaster" story.

† I. e., of Shepard & Gill's reprint (see "Works," pp. 41, 69–83). But if Mr. De Quincey could have lived until November, 1879, even he might have been taught something. The Rev. John Bayley, in an article on "The Religion of Shakespeare," in the "Sunday Magazine" (New York: Frank Leslie, November, 1879, p. 518), says of William Shakespeare, "During the last years of his life it is stated that he and his family attended the parish church where the Rev. Richard Byfield, an eminent Puritan minister, and father of the distinguished commentator on the Epistle to the Colossians, commenced his ministry, A. D. 1676." Of course, the reverend contributor to the "Sunday Magazine" does not inform us where this fact "is stated," but concludes from the fact (he is sure it *is* a fact) that Shakespeare was "during the last years of his life the constant hearer of this eminent and energetic preacher of the gospel," and that "we may reasonably hope for the best of consequences." So simple a process has Shakespeare-making become!

* The version given in "Appletons' Journal" for June, 1879, is suspected of being the composition of John Jordan, "the Stratford poet," a harmless fellow enough, and a contemporary of Malone and Ireland. There is a verse, scrawled under an effigy of David and Goliath in the old Shakespeare house at Stratford, which has for some hundreds of years been assigned in that vicinity to our William:

"Goliath comes with sword and speare,
And David with a sling;
Although Goliath rage and sware,
Down David doth him bring."

But, possibly—like the "Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbeare," etc.—this is mere goodwife gossip.

old romances or treatises or statutes, rather than for historians to treat of or schools to teach! In the case of Robert Burns we are content not to ask too much, even of genius. Let us be content if the genius of Robert Burns could glorify the goodwives' fables of his wonted firesides and set in aureole the homeliest cipher in his vicinage, until a field-mouse became a poem or a milkmaid a Venus! It were unreasonable to demand that this genius, this fire from heaven, at once and on the instant, invest a letterless peasant-lad with all the lore and law which the ages behind him had shut up in clasped books and buried and forgotten—with all the learning that the past had gathered into great tomes and piled away in libraries. And yet, if Robert Burns had sung of the wars of the Roses, or molded a system of ethics, some Malone or Grant White would doubtless—with history staring him in the face—have arisen to put his index-finger upon the sources of his authority. Judging by the record in the case of William Shakespeare, history is able to oppose no difficulty over which a Malone or a Grant White can not easily clamber.

If William Shakespeare was a born genius, a true son of nature, his soul overflowing with a sense of the beauty of life and of love, and of all around him, we might expect to find his poems brimful of the sweet, downcast eyes of his Anne, of sunny Stratford fields, of Shottery and the lordly oaks of Charlecote—to find him "Fancy's child," warbling "his native wood-notes wild," indeed! But of Troy, Tyre, and Epidamnium, of Priam and Cressid and Cleopatra, of the propulsion of blood from the vital heart, and of the eternal mysteries of physics, who dreams that "sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child," could sing in the very speech and idiom of those forgotten towns and times, or within the mathematical exactitude of sciences that had not yet been treated of in books? Or, again, John Bunyan is a case in point. John Bunyan was as squalid and irredeemable a tinker as ever flourished in the days when "a tinker was rogue by statute."* And yet he, according to Macaulay, produced the second of the two books of which England should be proudest.† What was the miracle in the case of John Bunyan? He produced a book which, "while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. . . . This is the highest miracle of art, that things which are not should be as though they were; that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought." But this great praise was not abstracted from Macaulay by wealth of antique learning, universal accuracy of information, or vivid portraiture of forgotten civilizations. There was no trace of Bunyan's perfect familiarity with Plato and Euripides, with Galen, Paracelsus, Plautus, Seneca, and the long line of authors down to Boccaccio, Rabelais, Saxo-Grammaticus, and the rest! The critic did not find in Bunyan's pages the careful diction of a scholar, the sonorous speech of the ancients, or the elegant and punctilious Norman of the court. "The Bunyan vocabulary," says Macaulay, "is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical theological terms, which would puzzle the rudest peasant." In short, we need not pause, marvelous as are the pages of the "Pilgrim's Progress," to ask of John Bunyan, as indeed we must ask of William Shakespeare, the question, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" Peerless as the result all is, there is nothing in the writings of John Bunyan which can not be accounted for by natural (that is to say, by what we have been obliged by the course of human experience to accept as not impossible) causes. "The years of Bunyan's boyhood were those during which the Puritan spirit was in the highest vigor over all England. . . . It is not wonderful, therefore, that a lad, to whom nature had given a powerful imagination and sensibility which amounted to a disease, should have been early haunted by religious terrors. Before he was ten, his sports were interrupted by fits of remorse and despair, and his sleep disturbed by dreams of fiends trying to fly away with him. . . . He enters the Parliamentary army, and, to the last, he loves to draw his illustrations of sacred things from camps and fortresses, guns, trumpets, flags of truce, and regiments arrayed, each under its own banner. . . . His 'Greatheart,' his 'Captain Boanerges,' and his 'Captain Credence' are evidently portraits of which the originals were among those martial saints who fought and expounded in Fairfax's army. . . . He had been five years a preacher when the Restoration put it in the power of the Cavaliers . . . to oppress the Dissenters. . . . He was flung into Bedford Jail, with pen and paper for company,"* etc., etc. Here are the school and the experience, and the result is writings "which show a keen mother wit, a great command of the homely mother tongue, an intimate knowledge of the English Bible, and a vast and dearly bought spiritual experience."†

* Cockayne *vs.* Hopkins, 2 Lev., 214.

† "Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of these minds produced the 'Paradise Lost,' and the other the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

* "Bunyan," in "Encyclopædia Britannica," by Macaulay.

† Ibid.

Moreover, here is a scholar like Macaulay striving to account for the extraordinary phenomenon of a "Pilgrim's Progress" written by a village tinker. But in the case of the at least equally extraordinary phenomenon of the Shakespearean drama, the creation of a village butcher, the scholar has not yet been born to the Shakespeareans who deems it necessary or profitable to try his hand at any such investigation. "Where did he get his material?" "Oh, he picked it up around Stratford somehow!" "But his learning?" "Oh, he found it lying around the theatre somewhere!" Probably there were encyclopædias to be fished out of the mud of the bank-side in those days, of which we can find no mention in the chroniclers! And so, although scarcely a commentator on the glowing text has not paused in wonder at the vastness and magnificence of this material, leading him on to vaster and more magnificent treasuries at every step, so far as we are able to discover, not one of them has attempted to trace the intellectual experience of the man who wrought it all out of the book and volume of his unaided brain. Not one of them has paused to ask the Scriptural question, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?"

It is simply impossible to turn one's researches into any channel that leads into the vicinity of Stratford without noticing the fact that the Shakespeare family left in the neighborhoods where it flourished the unmistakable trace—familiar in all cases of vulgar and illiterate families—namely, the fact that they never knew or cared, or made an effort to know, of what vowels or consonants their own name was composed, or even to preserve the skeleton of its pronunciation. They answered—or made their marks—indifferently to "Saxpir" or "Chaksper"; or to any other of the thirty forms given by Mr. Grant White,* or the fifty-five forms which another gentleman of elegant leisure has been able to collect.† The name Shakespeare as now accepted and the face now accepted as belonging to William of that name are both modern inventions. Even the "best of that family" (according to the old clerk), William, when called to sign his own last will and testament (obliged by law to sign each of the three sheets upon which it was engrossed) three times, spelled it a different way each time. His daughter Judith lived and died without being able to spell or write it at all; Milton, Spenser, Sidney, even Gower and Chaucer (whom even our own Artemus Ward pronounced "no speller"), had but one way of writing their own names—and never dreamed of thirty ways—let alone fifty-five.

* "Shakespeare's Scholar," pp. 478–480.

† George Russel French, "Shaksperiana Genealogica," p. 348.

The name is now supposed to have been simply "Jacques-Pierre" (James Peter), which had been mispronounced—as Englishmen mispronounce French—for unnumbered generations.* But, still this most unsatisfactory person—this man who answers, like Mr. Carroll's skipper, to "hi, or to any loud cry"—

> "To what-you-may-call-um or what-is-his-name"
> But especially thing-um-a-jig"—

or to whatever the nearest actor or scene-shifter may happen to hit on when he wants the poor little "supernumerary," and "Joannes Factotum"—actually lived to clamber astride of the most immortal birthright of his own or of any century, and has clung thereon like another old man of the sea on Sindbad's shoulders, and been carried down through these three hundred years, and is being carried yet, down or up, to an undeterminate immortality of fame that is the true estate of somebody else! For, not only has the world not yet gotten its eyes half open, but it contumaciously refuses to open them to the facts in the case, and prefers to hug as tightly as it ever did this stupendous hoax—("*Shakespearean*" indeed, in that it has outlasted and outlived all the other hoaxes put together—the witchcraft hoax, the Chatterton hoax, the Ossian hoax, the moon hoax, and all the rest of them); that has carried all sorts of parasite hoaxes, like Ireland's, for example, upon its back, until their little day has been accomplished, and they dropped off—just as one of these days the present hoax must drop off, and breathe its last without a single mourner to stand by the coffin, and confess himself its disciple.

For something like three hundred years the present Shakespeare has been allowed to enjoy by default the estates of another, and it is only within the present generation that it has occurred to anybody to move to open that default. But, once this Shakespearean niche is vacated, and who shall slip in to fill the vacancy? At least there need be no fear of Tichborne claimants, nor will the microscopic patience of a state trial be needed to ascertain if they who come fulfill the conditions of the Shakespeare sought. At least we are not opening a highway, and we will not be thronged with claimants.

* This is the present mispronunciation of Jacques prevalent in Warwickshire: "'Thomas Jakes of Wonersh' was one of the list of gentry of the shire 12 Henry IV., 1433. At the surrender of the Abbey of Kenilworth 26 Henry VIII., 1535, the abbot was Simon Jakes, who had the pension of £100 granted him."—(Wilkes, "Shakespeare from an American Point of View." New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1877, p. 464.)

Such being the true origin of the name, it is, of course, natural to find it as we do, written in two words, "Shake-speare," in those days.

Dr. Richard Farmer (who wrote his famous letter on "The Learning of Shakespeare," in or about 1789) appears to have been the first anti-Shakespearean and unbeliever. Up to that time everybody appears to have swallowed the mass of impossibilities and absurdities we have so rapidly surveyed, without a suspicion.* Dr. Farmer sought, by demonstrating that much of the learning of the plays COULD have been—by sufficient research—procured at second-hand, to account for (what he could not overlook) the utter inadequacy of the historical man to the immortal work assigned him, just as if it were not, if anything, an increase (or say a substitution) of marvels to suppose a busy actor and manager rummaging England for forgotten manuscripts in the days when no public libraries existed, and when students lived in cloisters; or (let us say) that he knew precisely where to lay his hand on every obscure tract, letter, or memorandum ever drawn from a classical source! And just as if the encyclopedic learning required was lessened by the fact that the plot of the perfected play was borrowed or rewritten from an older drama of the same name! But Dr. Farmer lived and died unsuspicious of the truth—namely, that it was only the fair-copied manuscript that was William Shakespeare's. For it must be remembered that the "without blotting a line" of Ben Jonson was not a mere form of speech, but a fact, confirmed by Heming and Condell, the editors of the "first folio" of 1623, who say in their preface, "We have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Lope de Vega, the Spaniard, who supplied his native stage with upward of two thousand original dramas—who is computed to have written upward of 21,300,000 verses, and who wrote so hurriedly that he never had time to unravel his intrigues, but cut them all open at once in the last act with a knife—probably did write "without blotting a line," at least so Mr. Hallam thinks, adding that "Nature would have overstepped her bounds and have produced the miraculous had Lope de Vega, along with this rapidity of invention and composition, attained perfection in any department of literature."* But in the case of William Shakespeare the miraculous continued to be swallowed, and—so far as can be discovered—prior to the year 1852 nobody, except Kitty, in "High Life Below Stairs," asked the question, "Who wrote Shakespeare?" But in August of that year an anonymous writer, in Chambers's "Edinburgh Journal," distinctly and for the first time discussed the question, "Who wrote Shakespeare?"—and, after going over much of the ground we have already traversed, arrived, to his own "extreme dissatisfaction" as he says, at the conclusion that William Shakespeare "kept a poet." It is curious to find this anonymous writer dealing as airily as Lady Bab herself with the question, and (while unconscious of the elaborate network of evidence he might have summoned, and suggesting no probable author by name) actually foreshadowing the laborious conviction which, four years later, Delia Bacon was to announce. He surmises, indeed, that William Shakespeare was a sort of showman whose interest in the immortal plays was a purchased interest — precisely what the law at present understands by "proprietary copyright." "The plays apparently arise . . . as the series goes on; all at once Shakespeare, with a fortune, leaves London, and the supply ceases. Is this compatible with a genius thus culminating on any other supposition than the death of the poet and the survival of the employer?" Of this supposititious hack-writer —goaded by necessity, who dies, and leaves to William Shakespeare the halo of his genius as well as the profit of his toil — this anonymous writer draws a picture that has something familiar in its coloring. "May not William Shakespeare," he asks, "the cautious, calculating man, careless of fame, and intent only on money-making, have found, in some farthest garret overlooking the 'silent highway of the Thames,' some pale, wasted student . . . who, with eyes of genius gleaming through despair, was about, like Chatterton, to spend his last copper coin upon some cheap and speedy means of death? What was to hinder William Shakespeare from reading, appreciating, and purchasing these dramas, and thereafter 'keeping his poet,' like Mrs. Packwood? . . . With this view the dis-

* And, yet how patent was the absurdity to every comer! E. g.: "Let us finally mention the great comedian, the great tragedian, the great philosopher, the great poet, who was in his lifetime butcher's apprentice, poacher, actor, theatrical manager, and whose name is William Shakespeare. In twenty years, amid the duties of his profession, the care of mounting his pieces, of instructing his actors, he composed the thirty-two tragedies and comedies, in verse and prose, rich with an incomparable knowledge of human nature, and an unequaled power of imagination, terrible and comic by turns, profound and delicate, homely and touching, responding to every emotion of the soul, divining all that was beyond the range of his experience and for ever remaining the treasure of the ages—all this being accomplished, Shakespeare left the theatre and the busy world at the age of forty-five to return to Stratford-on-Avon, where he lived peacefully in the most modest retirement, writing nothing and never returning to the stage—ignored and unknown if his works had not for ever marked out his place in the world —a strange example of an imagination so powerful suddenly ceasing to produce, and closing, once for all, the door to the efforts of genius."—(Guizot, "History of England.")

* This passage in Hallam where he alludes to William Shakespeare and Lope de Vega will repay perusal.—("Literature of Europe," part ii., chap. vi., § 8.)

puted passages — those in which critics have agreed that the genius is found wanting—the meretricious ornaments sometimes crowded in—the occasional bad taste—in short, all the imperfections discernible and disputable in these mighty dramas, are reconcilable with their being the interpolations of Shakespeare himself on his poet's works." *

Miss Delia Bacon, a remarkable lady, followed in "Putnam's Magazine," in its issue of January, 1856, and was supposed therein to distinctly announce and maintain that Lord Bacon—her namesake by coincidence—was the Shakespeare wanted—a supposition which, as we shall see, was erroneous. And Mr. William Henry Smith, of London, in September, 1856, appeared with his "Was Lord Bacon the Author of Shakespeare's Plays? A Letter to Lord Ellesmere," in which the Baconian theory was very plainly and circumspectly laid down and admirably maintained. † The presumption once disturbed, inquiry began to be diverted from the well-worn track of the commentators, and the result has been, we think, a candid, rational, and patient attempt to study the Shakespearean writings by the aid of contemporary history rather than by mere conjecture, and by the record rather than by fancy, guess-work and gossip. It is too early in the day—the time has been too short—for the reaction to have proved equal to the action, and verified the physical rule; but three well-defined anti-Stratfordian theories have offered themselves already, as substitutes for the mossy and venerable fossil remains of the commentators. These theories are:

1. The Delia Bacon Theory;
2. The Baconian Theory; and
3. The New Theory (as we are compelled, for want of a better name, to call it).

THE DELIA BACON THEORY.

It was across no dethroned and shattered intellect that there first flashed the truth it has been the essay of these papers to rehearse. That Delia Bacon—who, earliest in point of time, announced to the world that "Shakespeare" was the name of a *book*, and not the name of its author; and who, contenting herself with the bare announcement, soon passed on to the theory we are now about to notice—was pelted with a storm of derision, abuse, and merciless malice, until in poverty, sickness, and distress, but still in a grand silence, she passed out of sight for ever, is true enough. That in the midst of it all she still struggled on in what she believed to be "the world's work"—bearing more than it was ever intended a woman should bear—is not to overweigh any merit her scheme of the Shakespearean plays may have possessed, however it may have eventuated in the "madness" so inseparably connected with her name.

Whatever Delia Bacon *died*, she lived and moved in the conviction that she was a worker in the world's workshop. What to us is a mere cold, historical formulary, seems, however we may smile at the absurdity, to have seized upon her whole life and being; and, as in a great crusade against a universal error, she seems to have struggled in loneliness and wretchedness, with a crusader's faith and a martyr's reward.

In all her tragic life, Delia Bacon appears never to have paused to formulate the theory, for ever to be associated with her name, as to the actual authorship of the plays.* Before the world had well opened its eyes to the fact that a formidable anti-Shakespearean proposition had been asserted, its author had left the proposition itself leagues behind, and was well along on her route to the fountain-head of its inspiration. The problem she proposed to herself was not, "Did Bacon and others write the plays?" but "WHY did Bacon and others write the plays under the name of William Shakespeare?"

As the fruit of laborious study of the system

* Chambers's "Edinburgh Journal," August 7, 1852, p. 88.

† This "Letter" was the following year (1857) elaborated into the valuable work on which we have so unsparingly drawn in these papers, and to which we acknowledge our exceeding obligation ("Bacon and Shakespeare: An Inquiry touching Players, Playhouses, and Playwriters in the days of Elizabeth. By William Henry Smith. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1857").

* The paper, "William Shakespeare and his Plays," although the first she published, seems to treat the matter as already settled. It was rather sarcasm at the expense of those who rejected the theory of a non-Shakespearean authorship than a formulation of the theory itself. That the sarcasm, as a sustained effort, has rarely if ever been equaled, there certainly can be no question. Her indignation at the idea that the magnificent plays sprang from the brain of "the Stratford poacher—now that the deer-stealing fire has gone out of him; now that this youthful impulse has been taught its conventional mental limits, sobered into the mild, sagacious, witty Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe," is intense. "What is to hinder Mr. Shakespeare, the man who keeps the theatre on the bank-side, from working himself into a frenzy when he likes, and scribbling out, unconsciously, Lears, and Macbeths, and Hamlets, merely as the necessary dialogues to the spectacle he professionally exhibits!" Her allusion to Bacon is equally impassioned:

"We should have found, ere this, *one* with learning broad enough and deep enough and subtile enough and comprehensive enough; one with nobility of aim and philosophic and poetic genius enough to be able to claim his own, his own immortal progeny, unwarped, unblinded, undeprived of one ray or dimple of that all-pervading reason that informs them—one who is able to reclaim them, even now, 'cured and perfected in their limbs, and absolute in full numbers as he conceived them!'"

and structure of the plays, she reached the answer—as she believed, and lived and died believing—hidden and embalmed in the masterpiece of them all, the tragedy of "Hamlet." "Hamlet," she maintained, was the master-key that unlocked the whole magnificent system. They were not plays, but chapters in a great Treatise—links in a great chain of philosophy—a new philosophy of politics and of life; and, just as the Lord Hamlet caused certain strolling players, with the set speech he put into their mouths, to "catch the conscience of the king," so had the greatest mind of all the golden age put into the mouths of the vagabond Shakespeare and his crew the truth which should, in the fullness of time, catch the conscience of the whole world. But why should these great minds have chosen to put their philosophy into enigmas and ciphers? Miss Bacon's answer was convincing: "It was the time when the cipher, in which one could write '*omnia per omnia*,' was in request; when even 'wheel ciphers' and 'doubles' were thought not unworthy of philosophic notice. It was a time, too, when the phonographic art was cultivated and put to other uses than at present, and when a *nomme de plume* was required for other purposes than to serve as the refuge of an author's modesty, or vanity, or caprice. It was a time when puns, and charades, and enigmas, and anagrams, and monograms, and ciphers, and puzzles were not mere sport and child's play; when they had need to be close and solvable only to those who *should* solve them. It was a time when all the latent capacities of the English language were put in requisition, and it was flashing and crackling through all its length and breadth, with puns and quips and conceits and jokes and satires, and inlined with philosophic secrets that opened down into the bottom of a tomb, that opened into the tower, that opened on the scaffold and the block."*

This was the "Delia Bacon theory." This was the "madness" for ever associated with her plaintive story, and *not* the proposition that the author of the plays (whoever he might be—or they, if more than one) and William Shakespeare were persons—as distinctly two as were the noble Hamlet and the poor player who played "Gonzago" in the "mouse-trap" that day before the majesty of Denmark.

But, madness or not, Miss Bacon never wavered in her conviction that the appointed time to read the oracles had come, and that *she*, Delia Bacon, a namesake, possibly, of the real Hamlet of the plays, had been raised in her appointed place to be the reader. Alas for her! Like Cassandra, she announced her message only to be scorned and flouted in return!

By what whim of fortune or fancy the great plays had grown to be known as "Shakespeare's works," any more than Burbage's works, or Johnson's works, she never troubled herself to inquire, but with the details of her mission she was careful to possess herself. She held that "the material evidences of her dogma as to the authorship, together with the key of the new philosophy, would be found buried in Shakespeare's grave."* She claimed to have discovered, by careful study of Lord Bacon's letters, not only the key and clew to the whole mystery, but to an entire Baconian cipher. In these letters—there were over five hundred of them extant, and others have been discovered, we believe, since Miss Bacon's day—however, it still remains, for the secret of Miss Bacon's clew died with her. But she stoutly maintained that in these letters were "definite and minute directions how to find a will and other documents relating to the conclave of Elizabethan philosophers, which were concealed in a hollow space in the under surface of Shakespeare's gravestone. . . . The directions, she intimated, were completely and precisely to the point, obviating all difficulties in the way of coming to the treasure, and so contrived as to ward off any troublesome consequences likely to arise from the interference of the parish officers. There was the precious secret protected by a curse, as pirates used to bury their gold in the guardianship of a fiend."† The original manuscripts of the plays she did not expect to find there. These she believed the ignorant Shakespeare to have scattered, after the blotless copies for the players had been taken, to have devoted to domestic purposes, or to have never concerned himself about further. This was the gravamen of the charge she brought against "Lord Leicester's groom," the co-manager, late of Stratford, and this the Vandalism for which she never could forgive him. "This fellow," she cried, "never cared a farthing for them, but only for his gains at their hands. . . . What is to hinder his boil-

* "Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays unfolded," p. x.

* Hawthorne.

† Id. Delia Bacon was born in New Haven in 1811, and early devoted herself to literature, writing two works, "The Tales of the Puritans" and "The Bride of Fort Edward." She soon, however, abandoned miscellaneous writing and adopted the profession of a student and teacher of history, and began her career as a lecturer on history in the city of Boston. Her method was original with herself. She had models, charts, maps, and pictures to illustrate her subject, and we are told by Mrs. Farrar ("Recollections of Seventy Years," Boston, Ticknor & Fields, 1866) that, being of a commanding presence and elegant delivery, she was successful and attracted large audiences. Mrs. Farrar says, "She looked like one of Dante's sibyls, and spoke like an angel."

ing his kettle with the manuscripts . . . after he had done with them? He had those manuscripts—the original Hamlet, with its last finish; . . . the original Lear, with his own final readings . . . he had them all — pointed, emphasized, corrected, as they came from the gods! And he has left us to wear out our youth and squander our life in poring over and setting right the old garbled copies of the playhouse! . . . For is he not a private, economical, practical man, this Shakespeare of ours, with no stuff and nonsense about him; a plain, true-blooded Englishman, who minds his own business, and leaves others to take care of theirs? . . . What did he do with them? He gave them to his cook, or Dr. Hall put up potions in them, or Judith—poor Judith, who signified her relation to the author of Lear and the Tempest, and her right to the glory of the name he left her, by the very extraordinary kind of 'mark' which she affixed to legal instruments—poor Judith may have curled her hair with them to the day of her death. . . . What did you do with them? You have skulked this question long enough; you will have to account for them! The awakening ages will put you on the stand, and you will not leave it until you answer the question, What did you do with them?"* This chain of dramas, so blindly perpetuated by William Shakespeare, became, through Miss Bacon's unlocking process, a great system of political philosophy, dictated by the thoughtful Bacon and his compeers, and locked up for the nineteenth century, against the blindness of the centuries between.

But, of so startling a proposition, Miss Bacon confesses that the world would require something more than her own conviction. So she deliberately set out to *prove*, from the very crypt and silence of the grave itself, its truth. To St. Albans, whence the mysterious letters were dated, to the lonesome tomb at old Verulam and the vault in Stratford chancel, she proposed a pilgrimage—thence to probe the secret, and lay it open to a doubting world. "Her friends regarded her theory as a delusion, and Miss Bacon as a monomaniac. . . . They put their Shakespeares out of sight when she approached, declined to listen to her conversations on the subject, and peremptorily refused contributions to assist in her expedition. But, by her lectures, and the friend she enlisted in her project in New York City, she gathered together enough money to get to London."†

It was while in London, in abject poverty and friendlessness, that Thomas Carlyle, "upon whom she had called and whom she had impressed with respect for herself if not for her theory," says Hawthorne, advised Miss Bacon to put her thoughts upon paper first, before proceeding to the overt act of proof she contemplated—namely, the opening of William Shakespeare's grave. It was upon his advice that this most remarkable woman, sitting in bed in a garret to keep warm without a fire, without sufficient or wholesome food, "looking back," to use her own words "on the joys and sorrows of a world in which I have no longer any place, like a departed spirit," and yet, doing "the world's work," and knowing "that I had a right to demand aid for it," undertook to unfold out of the Shakespearean plays their hidden system of philosophy." Meanwhile, under a contract obtained for her by Mr. R. W. Emerson (though, it is presumed, more for temporary supply of funds than as rider to her great work), she furnished to "Putnam's Magazine" eighty pages of manuscript which became the famous paper "William Shakespeare and his Plays," first announcing to the world the first anti-Shakespearean theory of which it had ever heard.*

Under such circumstances, and with such surroundings, this heroic woman accomplished the first half of the work she had marked out for herself—the reading of the sealed book, the unfolding of the philosophy of the Shakespearean plays. Her book was written, printed, published, and—damned!† It failed so utterly and miserably that

* "Putnam's Magazine," January, 1856.

† Mrs. Farrar.

* This was contracted to be the first of a series of papers, but the arrangement for some reason, probably because Miss Bacon found it necesssary to devote herself to the work to which she was to give her life, fell through, and no successive papers appeared in the magazine.

† "The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays unfolded. By Delia Bacon." London: Sampson Low & Co.; and Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1857. The book lies before us, and certainly is the most difficult reading we ever attempted. Even so competent and partial a critic as Hawthorne says of it: "Without prejudice to her literary ability, it must be allowed that Miss Bacon was wholly unfit to prepare her own work for publication, because, among other reasons, she was too thoroughly in earnest to know what to leave out. Every leaf and line was sacred, for all had been written under so deep a conviction of truth as to assume, in her eyes, the aspect of inspiration. A practiced book-maker, with entire control of her materials, would have shaped out a duodecimo volume, full of eloquent and ingenious dissertation—criticisms which quite take the color and pungency out of other people's critical remarks on Shakespeare. . . . There was a great amount of rubbish, which any competent editor would have shoveled out of the way. But Miss Bacon thrust the whole bulk of inspiration and nonsense into the press in a lump, and there tumbled out a ponderous octavo volume, which fell with a dead thump at the feet of the public, and has never been picked up. A few persons turned over one or two of the leaves, as it lay there, and essayed to kick the volume deeper into the mud. . . . I believe that it has been the fate of this remarkable book never to have had more than a single reader. I myself am acquainted with it only in isolated chapters and scattered pages and paragraphs. But since my return to America, a young man of genius and enthusiasm has assured

nobody opened it, though that fact deterred nobody, of course, from laughing at it and its author to the utmost of their endeavor in ridicule and abuse. "Our American journalists," says Hawthorne, "at once republished some of the most brutal vituperations of the English press, thus pelting their poor countrywoman with stolen mud, without even waiting to know whether the ignominy was deserved, and they never have known it to this day, and never will."

But none the less did Delia Bacon persevere to the end. The philosophy was unfolded. If the world declined to receive the truth—"the truth," as she claimed, "that is neither yours nor mine, but yours *and* mine"—it was not on her head, at least, that the consequences would fall. The second half of her work remained. She proceeded to Stratford to crown her labors, by opening the vault in the chancel of the parish church, and exposing the secret she had already guessed, to the doubting Thomases who clamored for the tactual evidence so long entombed there.

Although on a mission so likely to be regarded as predatory as even coming under police prohibition, Miss Bacon seems to have lived in open avowal of her purpose, under the very shadows of the church she meant to despoil, and to have made nothing but friends. The regard was mutual, and, says Hawthorne, "she loved the slumberous town, and awarded the only praise that I ever knew her to bestow on Shakespeare, the individual man, by acknowledging that his taste in selecting a residence was good, and that he knew how to choose a suitable retirement for a person of shy but genial temperament." She laid her plans before the vicar, who, so far as Miss Bacon ever was permitted to learn, never opposed them.* At least he did not hand her over to the first Dogberry at hand—a most un-English omission on his part. He did, however, ask Miss Bacon's leave to consult a friend, "who proved to be legal counsel," and who, doubtless, advised inaction, for the matter was allowed, so far as the lady was concerned, to retain the form of a pending negotiation with the parish, never, as a matter of fact, broken off on its part. The rest is best told in Mr. Hawthorne's dramatic narrative: "The affair looked certainly very hopeful. However erroneously, Miss Bacon had understood from the vicar that no obstacle would be interposed to the investigation, and that he himself would sanction it with his presence. It was to take place after nightfall; and, all preliminary arrangements being made, the vicar and the clerk professed to wait only her word, in order to set about lifting the awful stone from the sepulchre. . . . She examined the surface of the gravestone, and endeavored, without stirring it, to estimate whether it were of such thickness as to be capable of containing the archives of the Elizabethan Club. She went over anew the proofs, the clews, the enigmas, the pregnant sentences, which she had discovered in Bacon's letters and elsewhere. . . . She continued to hover around the church, and seems to have had full freedom of entrance in the daytime, and special license, on one occasion at least, at a late hour of the night. She went thither with a dark lantern, which could but twinkle like a glow-worm through the volume of obscurity that filled the great, dusky edifice. Groping her way up the aisle and toward the chancel, she sat down on the elevated part of the pavement above Shakespeare's grave. She made no attempt to disturb the grave, though, I believe, she looked narrowly into the crevices between Shakespeare's and the two adjacent stones, and in some way satisfied herself that her single strength would suffice to lift the former, in case of need. She threw the feeble ray of her lantern up toward the bust, but could not make it visible beneath the darkness of the vaulted roof. . . . Several times she heard a low movement in the aisle; a stealthy, dubious footfall prowling about in the darkness, now here, now there, among the pillars and ancient tombs, as if some restless inhabitant of the latter had crept forth to peep at the intruder. By and by the clerk made his appearance, and confessed that he had been watching her ever since she entered the church." This was the nearest she ever came to the overt act, all thought of which was finally abandoned; for, meanwhile worn out with the absorbing mental activity of these last years, and her physical privations (she had only arrived in Stratford in a condition so feeble and prostrated as to have believed herself beyond any necessity of providing for further earthly sustenance; the failure of her book and the miscarriage of her plans did the rest), she at last consented to be borne back to her home to die peacefully at the last, among friends. Her life

me that he has positively read the book from beginning to end, and is completely a convert to its doctrines. It belongs to him, therefore, and not to me, whom, in almost the last letter that I received from her, she declared unworthy to meddle with her work—it belongs surely to this one individual, who has done her so much justice as to know what she wrote, to place Miss Bacon in her due position before the public." ("Our Old Home.") The volume is obtained to-day, only by chance, in old bookshops and at such prices as the bookseller may choose to demand.

*I can not help fancying, however, that her familiarity with the events of Shakespeare's life, and of his death and burial (of which she would speak as if she had been present at the edge of the grave), and all the history, literature, and personalities of the Elizabethan age, together with the prevailing power of her own belief, had really gone some little way toward making a convert of the good clergyman.

and her "theory" are only to be discussed together, and both with tenderness. "Was there ever a more wonderful phenomenon?" exclaims Hawthorne—"a system of philosophy, growing up in this woman's mind, without her volition, contrary, in fact, to the determined resistance of her volition, and substituting itself in the place of everything that originally grew there! To have based such a system on fancy, and unconsciously elaborated it for herself, was almost as wonderful as really to have found it in the plays . . . it certainly came from no inconsiderable depth somewhere."

This was, so far as she herself put it on paper, Miss Delia Bacon's theory. It is to be carefully noticed, however, that it is a theory, not of a *unitary* but of a *joint* authorship. There is one passage in the "Putnam's Magazine" article (which at that time was announced by the publishers as the first of a series of papers, and was so intended by Miss Bacon) which points to Bacon as the supposed sole author of the plays, but in the book which followed it these plays are repeatedly assigned to a conclave or junta of Elizabethan courtiers and scholars, and such was the faith, we believe, in which Miss Bacon labored and died.

APPLETON MORGAN.

(*Conclusion next month.*)

HERR DROMMEL'S INCONSISTENCIES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART FIRST.

I.

JOHANNES DROMMEL reached Barbison on Tuesday, September 30th, some people said; on Wednesday, October 1st, others asserted. These last were mistaken, and the advocates of September 30th carried the day, as they were supported by the double testimony of Monsieur Taconet, ex-commissioner of police, and of Madame Denis, the fish-woman, who both left Melun in the same omnibus with Monsieur Drommel, and took the whole journey with him. Although Monsieur Taconet had rather a hard face, heavy eyebrows, and a quiet, slow way of speaking, as well as a piercing, inquisitive glance, he was in reality the most estimable and kindest of men. Every one who knew him knew that he had never told a falsehood in his life, except those which were demanded by the exigencies of his profession. As to Madame Denis, that worthy person is incapable of perverting the truth—unless where her fish are concerned. Besides, it is a well-known fact that she takes her fish to Barbison only twice in the week, and never on Wednesday. It is therefore perfectly clear that it must have been on Tuesday, September 30th, that she had the honor of traveling with Monsieur Johannes Drommel.

"But why," some one probably asks—"why is it necessary to fix this date with such extreme accuracy?"

I am forced to reply that there is no such necessity, only one can never be too precise in one's statements when they regard a German *sociologue*, who piques himself on the most scrupulous exactitude in all matters, and who reproaches Frenchmen with being ignorant of geography and history.

Nothing gives him more pleasure than to discover some blunder, and his gray eyes sparkle with delight; his head nods violently on his broad shoulders, and he goes off in a roar of laughter that causes all the dogs in the neighborhood to bark furiously.

Monsieur Drommel reached Barbison in the morning, at ten o'clock, or it might have been half-past ten; we can not be certain on this point, and for this reason: everybody knows that the Lejosne Company runs the omnibuses between Barbison, Chailly, and Melun. Everybody knows, moreover, that this most worthy company performs the task it has undertaken with the most commendable fidelity, and to the satisfaction of the general public, and that it aims at making itself agreeable as well as useful. When you go to Melun it is to take a train there, and trains are not in the habit of waiting; rely on the Lejosne Company, and they will never fail you. Their horses need no whip to make them run like the wind. As to the return trip, that is a very different matter; there is no haste then, and the horses take their time. What does it matter whether they reach Chailly and Barbison an hour sooner or later? Moderate speed permits the traveler to enjoy the landscape, which is really charming. These horses, therefore, which flew over the ground when they were going in a contrary direction, now appeared to count their steps; they seemed disposed to stop at every gate, and to be anxious to linger at every corner. The

coachman gratified all their caprices, and stopped every few minutes. He disappeared into every wine-shop, and leisurely refreshed himself. He had bundles to leave or collect, greeting to distribute or receive, and above all, a pretty cousin to kiss. Excuse him, for she is really very pretty. And there is one good thing about the Lejosne Company, which is, that their omnibuses always reach their destination eventually—through the especial mercy of Providence.

"How like France!" exclaimed Monsieur Drommel, when at last the wheels struck the stones of the Barbison pavements. "Two hours to make ten kilometres! And it is thus that they lose their battles!"

This was a great exaggeration. However much Monsieur Drommel may have liked exactitude, he was a passionate man, and passion always exaggerates.

Monsieur Johannes Drommel enjoys in his own land the greatest possible consideration, and a certain reputation, of which he is very proud. Little does it matter to him how his merits and his character are regarded; that they should be discussed is the great point, and it is that which contents him. This short, stout man has no common face. Monsieur Taconet, who occupied the seat opposite him in the omnibus, could not refrain from admiring the huge size of his head, his large, flexible mouth, the inordinate length of his strong arms, his imposing nose, with its heroic solemnity of expression—a nose that looked quite ready to attempt any of life's battles. As long as Monsieur Drommel kept silence, Monsieur Taconet admired him; but hardly had he articulated two words than all that was imposing about him fled. Monsieur Drommel had two voices, one deep and a little hoarse, the other piercing and sharp; he used both these voices alternately, and the contrast was more startling than agreeable. There are certain ill-greased and antiquated wheelbarrows which also have two voices, and the same way of speaking as Monsieur Drommel, when they are too roughly impelled over the gravel-walk. I know just such a wheelbarrow, but, as it is a humble, modest creature, it has no idea that I never hear it squeak without thinking of a very great man.

Monsieur Drommel was born at Goerlitz, in Lusatia; and, if you consult the inhabitants of Goerlitz upon this subject, they will tell you that, while he never harmed a human being, it is also very difficult to find any one whom he has aided. How could it be otherwise? He had no time. He is quite convinced that the world is very badly made, and that Monsieur Johannes Drommel is intended to reconstruct it; and it is this task which occupies his days and his nights. A memorable *mot* of his is quoted to prove that this preoccupation dates from his tenderest youth. He was not more than eighteen when three or four of his comrades, coming out of a beer-garden, met him one cold winter's night wandering alone through the streets of Goerlitz, with his hands in his pockets, and his hair blowing in the wind. They asked him what had gone wrong—what the matter was.

He looked at them compassionately, and then said in reply, "I am seeking the synthesis!" And he went his way.

Since then he has continued to seek the synthesis, and the haughty self-satisfaction in his face proves that he has found it. It is an enormous advantage he has over us; for, if any one of us has also found it, it is most assuredly not I! My readers must not hastily draw the inference that Monsieur Drommel is a metaphysician, nor an idealist. He has the most profound contempt for idealism, metaphysics, and all dreamy follies of that kind. He belongs to that new generation of Germans who explain everything by the cellular system, and who have for Goethe and Hegel the smallest possible consideration. Monsieur Drommel piques himself on being a realist to the very marrow of his bones. He claims that society is founded on the most erroneous opinions, promulgated by prejudiced fools. His great principle is that Nature has, like Monsieur Drommel himself, a genius for synthesis, and that all social evils spring from the abuse of analysis. Through a series of well-managed reasonings, he concludes that property and marriage are of all prejudices the most preposterous, and that the thing to do is to put in circulation real estate and women. He has discovered a way of doing this, and has worked hard to show that, if an intelligent government would only issue two or three decrees, all would work smoothly.

Monsieur Drommel feels that, if he were the government for forty-eight hours, he would be able to reform humanity for evermore. Unfortunately, up to this time, he has not yet succeeded in finding in Germany any infinitesimal principality whose head will consent to lend his crown even from sunrise to sunset. He feels that this is a great pity, for he believes firmly in his theory.

This man has a strong character, and an equally strong will. His father, who had no faith in the genius of his son, destined him for a commercial life, and sent him to study at a *Realschule*, where he learned only a few words of Latin. He complained, and was taken away. Afterward, he repaired lost time, and supplemented his early education by the vigor of his subsequent exertions. In a few years he took his degree, and almost immediately began to teach at the University of Königsberg. His doc-

trines were looked upon as dangerous, and he had, besides, the deplorable habit of vilifying and attacking all his colleagues. He looked down upon them all from the lofty height of his professor's chair, and treated some of them as *asinus ridiculissimus*, which was taken in bad part. He was duly warned and admonished, and he began to realize that he would never become an ordinary or extraordinary professor, and abandoned the position. He had inherited a fortune from his father, who had grown rich in the cattle-trade.

He retired proudly, therefore, into the shadow of his tent—that is to say, to Goerlitz—where he started a monthly publication called "Das Licht," or "Light." Some one of his ex-colleagues whom he had called *asinus ridiculissimus* wrote a furious attack against him, which appeared in the "Grensboten." His journal was mercilessly ridiculed, and its editor was accused of being a very smoky lantern, which mistook itself for the sun.

Monsieur Drommel scorned these insults, and did not grow weary of enlightening the universe. His subscribers declared that he astonished them more than he convinced them. This satisfied him.

Monsieur Drommel was not only a thinker and a polemic; he also very well knew how, when the occasion arose, to intrigue, quarrel, and manœuvre. After one failure, he succeeded finally in causing himself to be elected to the Imperial Parliament, where he sat in the vicinity of the Socialists, but without associating with them. He regarded them as poor wretches; for he was not a Socialist: he was a sociologist, and you must easily discern the difference. If Prince Bismarck had occasionally condescended to take his advice, and been governed by his counsel, he might perhaps have become Bismarckian; but that Prince made no advances to him, and even left the hall more than once when Monsieur Drommel was speaking. Monsieur Drommel began to grumble at the government, and determined to create a new party, of which he was the sole member. His solitude did not disturb him, however; synthesis is always solitary. He enjoyed this happiness for three years; but he was not reëlected. This was a keen mortification; but he consoled himself with the thought that the times were not ripe—that his day would come.

One is never altogether consistent. Although Monsieur Drommel advocated the circulation of property, he owned a most comfortable house which he did not dream of circulating, and a very good income which he never shared with any one. It was said that he was very close, and that no one ever saw the color of his money. Then, again, although marriage was in his eyes a wretched institution, destined at no distant day to disappear entirely from civilization, he at fifty-four was weak enough to marry. At the time when he was a deputy, he had conceived certain tender sentiments for a ballet-dancer attached to the Grand Opera at Berlin. This charming Francfortoise, who passed for being as virtuous as she was pretty, did not smile upon him. He was persevering, however, and Fate came to his assistance. The pretty and virtuous Ada Francfortoise one evening had the ill luck to fall through a trap-door, and to break her leg. It was properly repaired; but after this accident there was always a little stiffness in her right leg, which her admirers declared added to her grace, but which certainly inconvenienced her very seriously in some of her *entrechats*. Whether this was the reason or not, she at this same time suddenly softened toward Monsieur Drommel, and listened to his propositions; but she said she should be married in church, and conform to the letter of the law—by a civil marriage as well as a religious one. He agreed to all she wished, at the same time representing to her that it is a hard thing for a philosopher to make such a wholesale sacrifice of his principles, and conform to such prejudices. He stated this very squarely, and perhaps fell into the error of stating it too often; but people with strong convictions like to promulgate them over and over again. He had no reason to repent of his painful sacrifice. He found in Madame Ada Drommel not only a thorough housekeeper, but a most exemplary wife, who displayed a most touching submission to his wishes, an absolute acquiescence in his views, a perfect deference to his counsels, and the most entire confidence in his ideas.

He found great satisfaction in being the only and legitimate possessor of a beauty that connoisseurs admired, and who, even if she did limp a little, made a sensation wherever she went. He experienced also equal satisfaction in the idea that he, a Prussian, had made himself beloved by a woman born in Rhenish territory—on conquered soil. He had, in fact, performed the act of a conqueror: he had not so much married his wife as annexed her, without stopping to realize that it was a beautiful thing to see a ballet-dancer become the wife of a sociologist. There was a little synthesis in this union, and Monsieur Drommel flattered himself that, if this marriage were condemned as a ridiculous prejudice, synthetic marriages deserved that an exception should be made in their favor.

He felt that he had given to the world a great example, and proceeded to give some hints to this effect in an article in "The Light," which furnished to the *asinus ridiculissimus* the desired occasion of repeating again the gist of his

previous article. Monsieur Drommel, as may well be believed, swelled with importance, and accepted the whole Germanic Empire as judges of this contest. It was really a most beautiful polemic warfare.

He had taken it into his head to attempt again the chances of the ballot for an election to the Prussian Parliament. He sounded the ground, and speedily acquired the sad conviction that he should be defeated without the shadow of a doubt. To console himself for this disappointment, he resolved to take a long journey into France and Italy. This was a most wise and salutary determination on his part. So long as he was in his own land he was discontented with every thing, and criticised with bitterness its institutions and its men, and complained that everything was going from bad to worse.

Hardly had he passed the frontiers, however, than the comparisons he was forced to make reconciled him with that accursed but tenderly-loved Germany. He had many causes of complaint against his fellow countrymen, but at the same time he looked down on the foreigners by whom he was soon surrounded with the greatest contempt—a contempt founded upon fifty Krupp cannon. He put into a leather bag, which he hung around his neck, five or six thousand marks in notes and gold, which he had been accumulating for some time with this end in view, and, accompanied by his charming wife, he started off for Paris, where he spent a fortnight, after which he continued his journey by going to visit the Forest of Fontainebleau. This is the reason that on the 30th of September, 1879, the Lejosne Company enjoyed the privilege of seeing Monsieur Drommel in one of their omnibuses, and of transporting him for the sum of one franc from Melun to Danmarie, from Danmarie to Chailly, and from Chailly to Barbison.

Monsieur Drommel had considerable curiosity, and during this brief trip he cross-examined his companions to a wearisome extent. His air was most condescending; in fact, he felt that all Frenchmen should be deeply sensible of the honor that was done them, by a close thinker from beyond the Rhine condescending to question them. The fish-woman, who liked to chat, answered him fully. He wished to know the kind of fish she had in her basket, and he smiled majestically when she boasted of her eels. He did her the honor to say that the only eels which were worthy of the name were those which were caught in the Neisse. Monsieur Taconet was by no means so amiable: he intrenched himself in a mournful silence, and did not condescend to inform the man of science who was questioning him that, being born at Metz, he had small liking for the Germans. Nor did he say that, having been a police officer at Melun for a long time, and that having inherited a small fortune, he had sent in his resignation, and was now on his way to Barbison to give some order in regard to a cottage he was building there, wherein he expected to spend his declining years. He took even less pains to state that, during his whole life, he had read but one book, written by François Rabelais; but this one he had studied so closely that he knew it by heart, and made it his model of composition. Why should he have told all this? Monsieur Drommel would not have believed it!

Incensed by the obstinate silence of the ex-policeman, Monsieur Drommel turned toward Madame Denis. A short distance from Chailly she pointed out to him, on the side of the road, a sort of tower with indented battlements, crowned by a minaret so to speak, and told him that this tower was a tomb of an eccentric individual, who had built it with the intention of being buried there with his dogs and horses.

Monsieur Drommel smiled once more, and, lightly touching Madame Drommel's elbow, he exclaimed:

"*Französische Eitetkeit.*" Monsieur Taconet, who knew a little German, understood that he had said what was the equivalent of the phrase, "Another instance of French vanity."

A little farther on they saw a pretty girl, who, with a long goad in her hand, was driving her cattle to the fields. She hailed the driver of the omnibus, and, showing all her white teeth, called out:

"Ask Eugénie to send back my parasol; I must have it for the *fête* on Sunday."

Monsieur Drommel shrugged his shoulders, and, again jogging his wife's elbow, murmured:

"*Französische Frivolität.*" If Monsieur Taconet had known nothing of German, he would easily have divined that this meant "Another instance of French frivolity!"

This second impertinence was a bitter pill that was difficult to swallow; and he was tempted to seize Monsieur Drommel around the waist and pitch him out of the window; but, when a man has been a police-officer, he learns to think twice and control his first impulse. He contented himself with thinking of Audenant, the sheep-merchant, and of his insolence; and, passing his hand over his whiskers, he murmured softly:

"'Patience'! as Panurge said."

Monsieur Taconet and Panurge were right—patience is a good thing—and with it comes the solution of most difficulties. From this moment the ex-policeman determined to forget the very existence of Monsieur Drommel, and thought only of that gentleman's wife. The more he

looked at her the more she pleased him. He admired the abundance of her pale-yellow hair, the sweetness of her flute-like voice, the ease of her bearing, and the caressing vivacity of her manners—her eyes, of a faint, undecided hue; he admired especially the beauty of her smile. Having never been to Frankfort-on-the-Main, this smile was new to him: he was not aware that there it is often seen, and that it is the accompaniment of good Rhenish wines.

He was, however, decidedly chagrined by the respect which Madame Drommel evinced toward her husband—the attentions she lavished upon him, the submissive air with which she listened to him, and the eagerness with which she approved every syllable he uttered, hanging on his words as if he were a very oracle. He felt indignant that this booby had been able to gain the heart of so charming a creature. In descending from the omnibus Monsieur Drommel got his legs entangled with his umbrella, tripped on the step, and almost fell full length on the sidewalk, which accident kindled in Monsieur Taconet's eyes and soul a ray of hope. But Madame Drommel was, as usual, close at hand smiling and attentive; she held her husband up by the elbow and he did not fall. Her watchful tenderness was easily alarmed. "You frightened me!" she said.

"It was nothing, my dear," he answered. "Monsieur Drommel never falls—!"

As he spoke he deposited in her arms the two huge traveling-bags, well packed and very heavy, while he carried only his small leather satchel, his umbrella, and his own precious self.

"To bear everything and to carry everything is the lot of this poor dear!" thought Monsieur Taconet.

II.

AFTER having ordered his breakfast, Monsieur Drommel wished to glance at the gallery of paintings, which are always on exhibition in the *rez-de-chaussée* of the hotel where he is staying. He had some taste for art, and considerable pretension to opinions on such subjects; he even drew himself, when he had time to throw away. Talents and mind combined produce miracles. Talent was lacking with Monsieur Drommel, but he had a vast deal of application. If you ever chance to be at Goerlitz, ask to see his pictures; he shows as much synthesis in these as in his marriage. He likes to gather together on the same canvas all known rocks, calc, granite, and all other varieties, to say nothing of at least ten kinds of trees. All these were rendered with the greatest fidelity and exactness. There was only one thing lacking, the indescribable something which is the essence of a picture; but this did not matter to him, as he insisted that exactitude and fidelity are values far above all others. He found little to praise in these pictures at Barbison, and it must be admitted that on this especial day there was not on exhibition anything that could with justice be called a *chef-d'œuvre*. Alas! the Dioscuri of this famous town are dead; Rousseau and Millet will paint no more.

Monsieur Drommel found all detestable that he saw, and he turned toward the door, covering his eyes that he might not see shameful daubs, which offended the delicacy of his taste. As his hand was on the door his wife called him back; she had just discovered at the end of the room a very small canvas which she thought charming. This little picture represented a cavalcade in an oak-grove, and was a marvel of delicacy of finish, accuracy of drawing, and beauty of color. The artist's name, which is not unfamiliar to you, was Henri Lestoc. This handsome young fellow has a career before him if his early success does not ruin him. Will he be able to hold in check the prodigious skill of his hand and not sacrifice his art by sending forth the highly finished sketches which are the mania of the day? The paintings that are preferred in these times seem to be those which are so smooth that they look good enough to eat. One can only wish that they were made for this purpose.

Notwithstanding the fact that his opinions were formed, Monsieur Drommel was attracted by this picture. He examined it so closely that his nose touched the canvas, and he asked the price. His admiration redoubled when he was told that the painter wanted two thousand francs for this trifle, which was not much too large for the top of a tobacco-box. All philosophers have their weaknesses; his was to experience the liveliest admiration for things which are high-priced, and to feel the most ardent desire to possess them at a bargain. But, when he was assured that Monsieur Henri Lestoc had but one price and never made any abatement, he declared that Monsieur Henri Lestoc's pretensions were simply preposterous, and went off to his breakfast.

The table was laid in a porch that overlooked the garden. Monsieur Drommel ate with the best appetite in the world; devoured everything, and complained that there was not a thing fit to eat. He declared that the eggs were not fresh, and that the chicken was stringy. He pretended that his mutton-chop was hard and tough, and that the ham was nothing like those of Westphalia. When he drank his coffee he made the most hideous face; but the coffee was in reality most delicious. After having eaten and drunk of everything, he wished, before he took a room, to know what this breakfast had cost. He looked at the amount, and found fault; insisted that there was

an error in the addition; and, in short, made himself so very disagreeable that the innkeeper got very angry; and such a thing was *never* known as Madame Picard's losing her temper, unless for a very good reason.

There are some travelers who like to travel cheaply, and who put up with everything. There are others, again, who are very exacting, and who are willing to pay for what they want. There are a third class who exact everything, and pay no more than they can avoid. This was the case with Monsieur Drommel. The ex-policeman had looked on at this little scene. He said in a low voice to the innkeeper:

"He will ask you to give him for his dinner to-night a roast angel, and he will expect to pay for it six sous, as for a lark."

A half hour later, Monsieur Drommel was crossing the Bas-Breau, threading his way with a deliberate step through the gorges and rocks of the Solle. Before starting off in this way he consulted no one; not he—he never consulted any one but himself. His intention was not to visit celebrated places; he attached little importance to places where everybody went; and in the same way despised the ordinary way of thinking on all political and historical matters. He disdained to buy at Paris the excellent "Guide Joanne." He had read somewhere that the eight or ten ridges which ran through the Forest of Fontainebleau seemed to be the remains of a former stratum of gravel and sandstone disturbed by some convulsion of nature, and that the valleys which separated them were formed by the violence of submarine currents; that the enormous masses of sandstone, deprived of all support, crumbled to pieces, and their *débris* produced the wild and picturesque undulations which were of so peculiar a character. This explanation, unfortunately, did not agree with the theory formed by Monsieur Drommel. He had no liking for submarine currents nor undercurrents of any kind; he believed only in slow action, and he disapproved of all sudden convulsions. His nature being essentially methodical, he was firmly convinced that Nature, like himself, always pursued her way in the most methodical manner, and that she, like Monsieur Drommel, was the innovating genius, in whom there was, however, no taint of revolutionary passion, and that, if she had sat for three years in the Reichstag, she would not have fraternized with the Socialists any more than he himself had done. He flattered himself that he should return from his excursion with a new theory, and with a little speech already prepared against all received ideas. He determined to write an article which he would send off at once to his journal, and which he would well pepper with epigrams against the *asinus ridiculissimus* who was idiotic enough to believe in convulsions of nature. He was in search of, at this especial time, not the *Nid d'Amour*, nor of the *Gros Fouteau*, nor of admirable bits of picturesque beauty, nor of lovely glades and fine openings—in short, he did not, to please his eyes, so much as to provide himself with irrefutable arguments and undeniable proofs, and as he walked he thought of the *asinus*, who at that moment, perhaps, was thinking of him. How touching is the sympathy existing between noble natures!

He would have died of mortification had he asked his way of anybody, and he did not condescend to pay the smallest attention to the red marks and the blue marks which some benevolent, thoughtful hand had placed on the trunks of the oaks or upon the bowlders, with the laudable intention of guiding the wandering pedestrian. He had taken with him his map and his compass, but consulted them at rare intervals; his idea was, in his opinion, the best compass he could possibly have. His large, heroic nose, with sensitive nostrils, led the way—a most infallible guide, exploring space and scenting the unknown. Madame Drommel followed. Although it was the 30th of September, it was very warm. The sky was cloudless, and the poor woman had no protection against the sun, which was intensely hot. Following her husband's orders, she had left at the hotel her parasol, covered with locust-colored silk. Besides, if she had had it, she could not have used it; her two arms were laden, one with a plaid shawl folded four times, which Monsieur Drommel wished to put under him when he should feel inclined to seat himself on the grass, or over his shoulders when the dews began to fall. From the other arm hung a basket of provisions, intended to assuage those violent pangs to which the stomachs of sociologists are often a prey.

The plaid was an incumbrance, the basket frightfully heavy, and the path, winding among scattered bowlders, was steep and rough. Madame Drommel smiled. My readers know that she found occasional difficulty in inducing her right leg to obey her wishes. It was sometimes stiff and sometimes weary. And she doubted if she were able to go as far as her husband wished; but she gathered together all her strength, summoned all her courage, and smiled. The sun was oppressive, and she thought of her parasol with a sigh. Her pretty little feet were buried first in the sand, or slipped on the perfidious and shining needles of the pines; and she said to herself that whomsoever invented carriages with their luxurious springs was a man of genius.

She had a deadly terror of snakes, and it seemed to her at each moment that she was

about to step on one which would rear its head with a hiss; but still she smiled. Occasionally, when she stopped to draw a long breath, she would look back down the path she had come, and fancied she saw amid the soft obscurity some vague vision of her past—a face, perhaps, which she had known and liked. Then, turning toward her husband once more, she saw only a short, stout man, whose enormous head and bull-like neck stood out against the blue sky. This stout, short man was her present and her future. He was very wise, possibly, and understood synthesis; but he never troubled himself to ask if his *petite chatte*, as he called her, was weary. She smiled just the same, however. She murmured under her breath, "Oh for some miracle!" But the miracle did not take place, and she smiled on.

This valiant little woman took everything pleasantly, and recognized only its agreeable side. She was brave and patient in all trials, and was a firm believer in luck. Her experience had convinced her thoroughly that there are in this world more thorns than roses; but she turned a pleasant face on the thorns, and plucked the roses without pricking her fingers. This charming smile, taught her in her childhood by an easy and yielding mother, rarely left her face. It had resisted all the trials of fate, it had accompanied her through a youth of privation, and was now with her in the dark forest-glades, as it had been through all the hardships of her past, when she had struggled for distinction, up to the moment when she was intoxicated by her first success, and had, as we say, never forsaken her in town or country, on the stage or in the *foyer* — not even when she fell through the trap-door where she broke her leg, nor, which is far more extraordinary, amid the doubtful joys of a synthetic marriage. This smile is, moreover, destined to outlive her; and, when the coffin-lid is closed upon her, this gentle smile will rest on her pale lips.

As he turned into the valley of the Solle, Monsieur Drommel quickened his pace, and his wife said, as she panted after him:

"If you are not more cautious, I am afraid that you will over-fatigue yourself."

She went close to him, and wiped his broad and dripping forehead with her lace handkerchief, hoping vainly that he would say to her:

"Simpleton that I am, I am making you gallop! You are tired out; let us rest now."

He pointed to his stout ankles and elephantine feet, and said, "I am made of steel." He added, "Is it not a little odd that you have been married for two years to Monsieur Drommel, and that you have not yet discovered that Monsieur Drommel is never tired?"

And, as he uttered these words, he hurried on. Nevertheless, after three hours of climbing and walking, they reached Mont Chauvet, where Monsieur Drommel halted. Not that he was tired —oh, no! but because his stomach began to rebel, to murmur, or, rather, to cry aloud.

He took pains not to go as far as the Fountain, because he had been advised to go there to lunch, as there was a fine view; and he did not choose to take any one's advice. He seated himself under a solitary beech on a flat stone, which made a most convenient seat. Leaving to his wife the care of providing herself with one, he relieved her of the plaid, which he carefully deposited on the stone, and then comfortably established himself, the beech serving as a back. Madame Drommel placed her basket on the ground, and took out a cold chicken, which this great man quickly dispatched. Then he swallowed three glasses of beer, all the time declaring that it was execrable. After that, he opened his note-book, and began to pencil some notes for the great article which was in his mind, and in which he intended to cut into mince-meat the *asinus* and the "Guide Joanne."

Madame Drommel was seated most uneasily on the trunk of a fallen tree. She had nothing to lean against. She was eating nuts, which she cracked between two stones, and she looked about and admired the landscape. Occasionally she stirred the withered turf with the point of her boot, and said, as she had done previously: "If only—yes—if only, as I stir this earth, it would come forth! If the miracle would come to pass now!"

What was the miracle for which she asked, and what was the "it"? She did not say; but her smile finished her phrase. Alas! In vain did the tiny foot softly stir the withered grass and the dry pine-needles. The earth was dumb to her desire, and nothing and no one appeared.

At this moment Monsieur Drommel had totally forgotten the fact of her existence. He continued to take his notes, and, according to his usual custom in writing, he held tightly between his thumb and forefinger the lobe of his left ear. He caressed it and rubbed it, stretching it indefinitely. It was his way of gaining inspiration. Madame Drommel occasionally looked at this enormous ear, which was now of the most glorious scarlet, and vague visions of bats passed before her eyes. After that she examined the plaid and the basket she had brought, the weight of which she yet felt on her arm. Then she looked up into the blue sky, and wished that the soft white cloud she saw there were transformed into a beautiful *calèche*, in which some one was sitting who would summon her to join him; and her little foot began to turn over the earth with

considerable energy. The wish she had just formed was almost like a resolution. As may be readily believed, Monsieur Drommel suspected nothing of all this.

He was so absorbed in his work that he heeded not the rapid flight of hours. The sun was setting when he rose from his stone and gave the signal for departure. His clairvoyance was at fault, or he was preoccupied; at all events, he could not find his way, and ended by losing it entirely. He had no idea where he was. Madame Drommel detected this, but he cut her short when she ventured to speak, and assured her that he possessed to an extraordinary degree the bump of locality. Unfortunately, as they came down a rocky path she slipped and fell, but without hurting herself very seriously. He reproached her for her awkwardness, and roughly scolded her before he assisted her to rise. She was soon on her feet again, and apologized; but, bewildered by her fall, and fearing another, she walked more slowly, and he flew into a passion. His anger was augmented by the fact that the path they were in finally led them to a spot where five roads met. Which should he take? Monsieur Drommel was much embarrassed, and angry that he was so. It was not light enough now for him to read the indications on the stones and trunks of trees. This irascible sociologist turned to his wife, who, while he was talking and deliberating, was calmly seated in order to relieve her weary feet:

"*Mulier magnum impedimentum!*" cried Monsieur Drommel.

And, begging her to wait, he hastily took one of the five paths in the hope that it terminated in the general highway, or that he should find some one to whom he could speak.

Madame Drommel did not like snakes, nor did she like solitude. She looked around her with some dread. She saw that twilight was coming on, and this great forest, so huge and black, of which night was rapidly taking possession, terrified her. She began to sing, which is always a grave sign. She did not suppose that any one heard. Suddenly she stopped; she had caught the sound of a footstep. Her heart beat quickly and the blood rushed to her cheeks.

"Johannes, is it you?" she cried.

A clear, fresh voice answered:

"I am not Johannes, which I regret very much, madame, since it is he whom you call!"

Her terror vanished, and gave place to surprise. The voice which spoke had nothing in its tones to make her uneasy, and she was still more reassured when she saw a handsome youth appear with a fair mustache and all the apparatus of an artist on his shoulder. The young fellow was an artist in fact, for his name was Henri Lestoc, and he was returning from a sketching trip he had made in the Gorge du Houx. If his talent do not suddenly fail, he will be called some day the great Lestoc, or Fortuny II. He is spoken of now as little, not because he is short, but because he is slender and delicate looking; but he is in reality as strong as iron. He will have a juvenile look when he is thirty; he is in fact two Lestocs—one whom women know, and the other known only to men. With men, he is cold, prim, and reserved—a little sulky and quite sarcastic—occasionally gay, but never impulsive or self-forgetful. Many persons take him for an Englishman. With women, he is a totally different person; his manner is characterized by great simplicity and great kindliness, with the addition of the frank impertinence of a page, and he took the greatest liberties without giving offense. Why should any one be angry with such a child?

One woman who knew him well said of him, "It is Cherubin, with his second Comtesse and in his second manner!"

"Let us add two or three Susannes," said another, who knew him still better.

He now approached Madame Drommel with head erect and bright eyes, and seemed quite enchanted with the *trouvaille* he had made. When he was three steps from Madame Drommel he took off his hat respectfully, and stood eating her or rather drinking her with his eyes. He had all the air of a surprised and delighted *gourmet* tasting some wonderful vintage he had unexpectedly discovered in some village wine-shop. She examined him in return, and, as she did so, she remembered the vague vision she had caressed on the summit of Mont Chauvet. She could not refrain from saying to herself that her pretty foot had not moved in vain; that the earth had opened, after all, and that something had emerged. Was it precisely that for which she had asked? No, certainly not, but she began to think that she was quite as well pleased as if it had been. She was always resigned to the will of Heaven—she said so in her prayers. It really mattered little who came, provided it was some one. She began to realize that she must reply to the young stranger.

"You see, sir," she began, "a very unfortunate person. There are five roads meeting here, and I don't know which leads to Barbison."

"I am going there now," answered the artist, "and you must admit that I am sent by Heaven to your assistance!"

And he offered her his arm, which she did not accept.

"My situation is more complicated than you think," she continued. "My husband has gone

on a voyage of discovery, and I am waiting for him."

On learning that there was not only a husband, but that he was near at hand, Henri Lestoc was greatly annoyed. He showed this annoyance and his surprise so frankly that Madame Drommel, who was very kind-hearted, and always felt much pity for the sorrows she caused, found his case quite interesting.

"Will you allow me to wait with you?" he said, after a brief silence.

She answered by a little nod, which was intended to say: "He put me out of breath by making me walk at least four leagues, and never once took the trouble to ask if I was tired. He allowed me to carry the lunch-basket on my arm, which still shows the mark. Just now he was seated on that plaid, and for a whole century he scratched away without looking at me or finding one word to say to me. I had nothing in the world to do but to look at his left ear, which never before struck me as so large. In fact, it is enormous! May all his sins be forgiven! I bear no malice to any one. But you have come at a happy moment: try and make the most of it, before it takes unto itself wings and flies away!"

Although little Lestoc did not comprehend the half of what Madame Drommel expressed by her little nod, he quickly seated himself at her side, and then on the turf at her feet. The conversation began very briskly. They made each other's acquaintance with a promptness which was the result of the unexpectedness of their meeting, and by the fatality of sympathy, by the coming darkness, and by the place where they sat. Things move rapidly at such times, and in the soft obscurity of forest-glades thought moves so fast that it is itself amazed. A forest is never an inconvenient witness, and sometimes it has the air of an accomplice.

After two minutes' conversation Madame Drommel discovered that her companion was the author of the little picture which she had so much admired, and she told him how high was the opinion she had formed of his talent. He, in his turn, addressed to her the compliment that he regarded as the highest he could pay: he told her that he had taken her for a Parisian—that he drew this inference from her air and manner as well as from her hat and pretty straw-colored robe, which had evidently come from the hands of one of the best makers. She informed him that her education had been most careful, that she had been taught in early childhood that a Berlin woman should be dressed at Frankfort, and a Frankfort woman in Paris. He soon learned that she had been a *danseuse*, and that by a most singular dispensation of Providence was now the wife of a sociologist. This species of animal was to him totally unknown, but, having a lively imagination, he easily divined what it meant; and, although Madame Drommel expressed herself in the most discreet terms, he was able to draw a mental picture of the new creature, from his head to his heels, in his entirety. In short, at the end of a half hour he knew all, without her having told much; but they were both intelligent persons, and as disposed to understand each other as pickpockets at a fair.

Meanwhile, there was no sign of Monsieur Drommel, which ought to have occasioned his wife some uneasiness, but Madame Drommel was not disturbed: she had now something else to think of.

"Madame," said the young man, turning upon her eyes which were honest but audacious, "last year I found in the forest a priceless jewel. I advertised it in the newspapers, but no one claimed the jewel, and I have it still. This time I have found a fair creature here. No one claims her, and I have a great desire to keep her!"

He lied—he liked to take things, but he never cared to keep them!

His boldness did not shock her. "One moment, sir," she answered, with a laugh; "you must begin by advertising me in the papers—in the column of precious articles lost and found! After that, we will see!"

At this moment a shrill voice from a distance called—"Ada! Ada!"

"Here I am!" she answered as she rose.

Little Lestoc rose also, and with a despairing gesture murmured:

"It is he! I know his voice! Heaven have mercy on me!—this is an end of my adventure." He bowed, and walked on a few steps, and, then turning quickly, the audacious youth said softly, "Is he not a great bore?"

She laughed again, and answered, "You shall judge this evening." She added, in a tone of authority, which amounted almost to a command, "Try and please him."

"He shall be pleased," he replied, and he disappeared down the path.

Ada presently rejoined her husband, who exclaimed roughly:

"What a simpleton you are! You are frightened to death; I can see it at once. What on earth could happen to you? Are you afraid of wolves?"

She might have answered that she had just met one, and had found him most agreeable, but she contented herself with arranging his necktie, which was untied. That being done, she said, "You are really superb!" and then extended her white hand for him to kiss. He acquitted

himself of this formality with the grace of the bear, to which he bore so striking a resemblance.

"Let us make haste," he said sulkily; "and look out and not fall. The highway is only a little way off, but we shall not get back to the hotel for an hour yet, and I am dying of hunger!"

She made a supreme effort to start off bravely, but the twist she had given her ankle when she fell, and which she had forgotten, now became very painful. The sprain was not severe, but she was no longer sure-footed, and stumbled from time to time. When she reached the end of the path, and had taken ten steps on the road to Fleury, then she realized that her strength was gone, and that she was dizzy and faint. Fate, which is always interested in pretty women, took pity on her, and sent her help. A *calèche* was passing; a noble stranger put his head through the door, and, waving a hand loaded with rings, he called out with a strong Italian accent:

"I am going from Fontainebleau to Barbison. I have two seats to offer, and shall be delighted if you will accept them."

At these words he leaped from the carriage, and compelled Monsieur and Madame Drommel to enter it, saying—

"When I see a tired woman, my heart is always touched." If the noble stranger's French was not of the purest, his manners were stately and his air magnificent. He had a handsome head, a dark face framed in black eyebrows and a beard most carefully cut and combed. Ada, whose taste was refined, objected to the excessive abundance of his rings, and to the strong perfumes which exhaled from his handkerchief, his clothing, and his hair. But, when she was luxuriously ensconced in the *calèche*, she felt as if she were restored to life, and was too grateful to this providential being not to forgive all these faults.

As to Monsieur Drommel, he was disposed to regard this courtesy shown by an Italian toward a German thinker as that instinctive and natural homage rendered to a superior race by all inferior ones. A spectator would have thought the *calèche* belonged to the German, and perhaps he really believed this to be the case, and that the Italian was indebted to him, he treated him with so great condescension. When, however, he learned, in the course of conversation, that this man with the rings was a great Sicilian personage, and bore the fine title of Prince de Malaserra, he suddenly changed his attitude—his manner became less pompous, and even quite affectionate. He was always weak enough to admire those things which cost most dearly; he had a *naïve* respect for titles and rank. The acquaintance and friendship of a prince seemed to him a direct blessing from heaven. He, therefore, exerted himself to display all the graces of his mind, to show the noble stranger that, in spite of all that evil tongues might say, Monsieur Drommel had not lost his way in the forest, because it was impossible for Monsieur Drommel to lose his way anywhere. He therefore explained the matter in detail, and stated that the road he had followed was the best, and that, if for a brief moment he had been embarrassed, it was owing to the fact that the map with which he was furnished was a French one; he profited, moreover, by this occasion to declare that the French know nothing of geography, and that their maps are always inferior.

The noble stranger agreed to all these propositions, which so delighted Monsieur Drommel that, when the carriage drew up before the door of the inn at Barbison, he felt a most enthusiastic liking for his new friend the Prince de Malaserra.

III.

EVERYBODY agrees that on this evening four persons sat at table. This is a fact that has become historical.

When Monsieur Drommel descended from the carriage he was in such a half-famished condition that he hastened to the kitchen and gave orders that dinner should be served instantaneously. The mistress of the establishment, who had taken a strong dislike to Monsieur Drommel, amused herself now by thwarting his wishes. She declared that she had not a private room in her house, and that those persons who were too late for the *table d'hôte* must now eat in the same room and at the same time, and that she should wait until Monsieur Taconet and little Lestoc arrived: one was her cousin-german, and she felt the highest respect for him; the other was her especial favorite.

She had, from the beginning, distinguished him from among the herd of young fellows who frequented her house. She petted him, for she was proud of sheltering under her roof a youth whose future was so full of promise—a phœnix of whom everybody was talking, and would have been glad to inscribe on her sign, "Little Lestoc lives here!"

She therefore calmly signified to Monsieur Drommel that no napkin should be unfolded until little Lestoc was there. He protested, and lost his temper. She answered that, if he was not satisfied, he could go elsewhere. She was rude, and he was angry, and would have come to blows had not the Prince de Malaserra interfered. He had all the amenity and graceful good humor that characterizes great lords and gentlemen. With his gay grace he conciliated both parties, calmed their perturbed spirits, and

smoothed down Monsieur Drommel. He said laughingly:

"My dear sir, be as philosophical as myself. When things do not go as I wish, I try to wish that they may go as they do."

Just at this moment Monsieur Taconet and little Lestoc arrived, and they all went to dinner. As for Madame Drommel, as it was repose of which she stood most in need, she hastened to her bed.

During the first course no one uttered a word. Only the noise made by knives, forks, and jaws was heard. Occasionally Monsieur Taconet examined the Prince de Malaserra out of the corners of his eye. The Prince in his turn stealthily watched little Lestoc, who surveyed Monsieur Drommel, and Monsieur Drommel had eyes only for his plate. When he had swallowed half a chicken fricassee, and had assuaged the exacting anguish of his stomach, and felt circulate in his veins the gentle warmth of some excellent Bordeaux, his bad humor was dissipated as by enchantment; his energy returned and his spirits revived. He waited with considerable impatience until an opportunity should arrive for him to talk, which he especially liked to do when eating, thereby adding to the pleasures of the table the joy of astonishing his neighbor. It was Monsieur Taconet who offered the opportunity for which he was longing, by repeating the terms of a sentence just pronounced against a poacher caught in the act in the forest.

Monsieur Drommel's nostrils dilated, he swelled out his cheeks, and, placing his two elbows on the table, cried out:

"And these are the beauties of our civilization!"

"What do you mean?" asked Monsieur Taconet, looking at him more openly.

"I wish to say," he replied, "and not only to say, but to affirm, that our so-called civilization is most pitiable; that we are still in the midst of barbarism, where the Government punishes men because it does not know how to elevate them."

"You think, then, that crime should not be punished?"

"I think, and not only think but affirm, that there is, in the present wretched social condition in which we live, an immense expenditure of strength; that our prisons are full of clever persons who have not understood how to utilize their qualities. Listen to me, if you please: I am willing to wager ten to one that the poacher of whom you speak is a most intelligent man, who poaches because he is not able to do anything else."

"Reasoning in that way, counterfeiters—"

"Do you deny their talents?" interrupted Monsieur Drommel. "I am as certain as I am living, that the law-makers of the future will thoroughly utilize for the common good all their ability."

The ex-policeman was perfectly aghast. "Do you mean," he said angrily, "that the legislators of the future will employ thieves to watch and guard our pockets?"

"Monsieur," answered Drommel with a sardonic smile, "will you kindly tell me what a thief is?"

"A thief, sir?—zounds, sir!"

"Do not swear, I beg of you," interrupted little Lestoc, who was all attention, though he looked perfectly indifferent. "My Aunt Dorothy, who brought me up, taught me that it was most unlucky to swear!"

"You were wrong in interrupting the gentleman," said Monsieur Drommel, "for he was going to tell me that a thief is he who appropriates the property of others. I expected him to say this, and in reply I shall say that the Government is a thief because it sometimes takes possession of people on the plea of public utility."

"I never liked sophistry nor sophists," said Monsieur Taconet, whose nerves began to be affected by the sneers of this German.

Little Lestoc again interrupted, and said in his cold, measured tone:

"Answer each other, gentlemen; but I do beg of you that you will not lose your tempers. You see I am not angry, although the arguments of our most honorable fellow boarder—I should like to know his name," he added, interrupting himself—"may I venture to ask it?"

"You may venture, young man—my name is Drommel." He added modestly, "It is a name that in Germany enjoys a certain notoriety, but I doubt if it be yet known in Barbison."

Lestoc bowed with profound respect.

"Can it be possible, sir!" he exclaimed. "I ought to have known it. But you are greatly mistaken. For what do you take us? Can you suppose that we are so ignorant that we have never heard of the great philosopher, the profound thinker, and the illustrious publisher who founded the celebrated sheet 'Light,' to which I have always promised myself the pleasure of subscribing?"

Monsieur Drommel at once conceived the best possible opinion of this young man, and he looked upon him with tender, appreciative eyes. He did not know that his information was so fresh, or that he had acquired it in a glade in the forest.

"The weight of your great name, however," continued Lestoc, "does not prevent me from regarding your opinions as absolutely heretical, unhealthy, and offensive. I am not angry, like Monsieur Taconet, for I am never angry; but your theory regarding poachers is scandalous to a de-

gree. I should use a stronger word, but Aunt Dorothy would not be pleased."

"Do I really scandalize you, my young friend?" answered Monsieur Drommel indulgently, for he liked people who were scandalized, but who kept their tempers. They composed precisely the audiences he liked.

"What would you have? It is the fault of my education. I was born in La Brie at Perigny, in the middle of the village, opposite the wheelwright's, in the house under the great pear-tree. Do you know Perigny? Do you know the wheelwright's? Do you know the great pear-tree? No, you do not, nor do you know my Aunt Dorothy who brought me up. As you are aware, she was a most respectable lady who had principles, and three long hairs on her chin. She weighed two hundred pounds altogether, you understand, the three hairs and the principles included."

"Two hundred and fifty pounds," murmured Monsieur Taconet.

"Two hundred, sir!" repeated the artist, haughtily; "and, when I say two hundred, I mean two hundred!—Now, my Aunt Dorothy did not like thieves and robbers, and would never have allowed them to be admitted into the Government. When they were there, she agreed that they should be left, but that they should be placed there purposely was a very different matter. I will here state that she taught me, at an early age, to feel and to show respect for the property of others. I believed all she said then, and I believe it still."

"I do not in the least doubt," answered Monsieur Drommel, "that Mademoiselle Dorothée was a most respectable person; but, my dear child, she was not strong in her logic. She should have known that property is not a primordial right—that it is a human invention, and that it is allowable for us to reform it by accommodating it to natural laws."

Then the Prince de Malaserra, who had said nothing up to this moment, uttered a melancholy exclamation:

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed; "you make me shiver! Property, my dear friend, is my idol, and you would destroy it. You are a powerful logician—the most powerful in the world, undoubtedly. I realized this in the *calèche*, but it was written in the 'Divine Comédie' that the devil, too, is a logician. I beg your pardon, my dear friend, for my comparison, but I shudder—yes, I shudder—"

Monsieur Drommel was much flattered that the Prince had called him twice "his dear friend," and before witnesses. He colored high with pleasure, and, looking at the Prince with the eyes of a cooing dove—

"My dear Prince," he said quickly; "I do not suppress property. I simply wish to perfect it. The point now is that the earth should produce all that it is capable of producing, and that property should become accessible to every one. Do you catch my idea? Please follow my reasoning: A lazy fellow has inherited a certain field from his father, which he only half cultivates. We will call him X, if you say so. Z is a man of merit who had had no inheritance, and who does not know in what way to employ his talents. Z knows that, if he owned the field which belongs to X, he would double its value, and be able to pay to the Government double the tax paid by X. Is it not, therefore, to the interest of society, to the interest of the Government, and of everybody, in short, that this field should be taken from X and given to Z? When the law is once made and applied with full vigor, that property shall be taken possession of for the public good, land will bear ten times as much as now; and, if each person becomes a property-holder, there will be, of course, no more robbers."

"Except X," cried Monsieur Taconet, in some exasperation.

"We will find some employment for him," answered the German, disdainfully. "I must admit, however, that I feel very little interest in X: I told you he was an indolent fellow. It is a great pity that he is not better calculated for the battle of life. There is no principle more sacred than the right of the strongest, for in this world there is nothing so obvious as strength, and selection is the law of society as it is of nature."

As he spoke he looked down with an air of complacent admiration on his vigorous wrists and his long, muscular arms, which he thought quite strong enough to pull up an oak by the roots. At this moment a dish of roast larks was served. This was little Lestoc's favorite game, of which the hostess was well aware. Monsieur Drommel took three or four on his plate and swallowed them in two mouthfuls, crunching the bones between his strong teeth. It seemed to him that these larks believed as well as himself in the great law of selection, that they rejoiced in having been predestined to gladden the stomach of a great man, and to be incorporated into his glorious substance.

The Prince de Malaserra, who was watching him, shuddered again, and began to talk:

"Ah! you really pain me, my dear friend—you really pain me. Just think of Malaserra! It is such a beautiful spot. Everything is there that any one can possibly want—vines, olive-trees, meadows, golden grain, and oranges as large as pumpkins. Ah! Malaserra is most dear to me. Then, too, I have a palace at Palermo. I have

two, indeed; and I must assure you, my dear friend, as I would assure my best of friends, that if Z should come to ask me for Malaserra, and if I should have him within gunshot, I am quite certain some accident would happen. But we will talk no more of Malaserra, but think of the cause of morality, my friend. Respect for property is the holiest of sentiments. The distinction of thine and mine is the keystone, the palladium, the tutelary safeguard of all honest people like ourselves. It is the foundation of the universe; it is—"

He wanted to say more, but Monsieur Taconet had his gimlet eyes upon him. When a man has been a police-officer for twenty-five years, something of it remains; and there is in the eyes an indescribable something—a mingling of command and suspicion. The Prince de Malaserra felt a certain discomfort under these eyes—a discomfort due to the excessive delicacy of his epidermis, and which was the result of his familiarity with the best society.

Monsieur Drommel attributed the emotion of the Prince to the anxiety he felt in regard to Malaserra; he hastened to give him his word of honor that the legislator of the future would take good care not to dispossess him of his land, of his golden grain, and of his oranges as large as pumpkins.

"I pique myself on being a physiognomist," he said. "I knew at once that you were a great agriculturist. Trust to me, my Prince, Malaserra shall not be touched. The land will belong to the most deserving. I do not intend to abolish property; I only desire to put it in circulation."

"Is it in circulation in Germany?" asked Lestoc.

Monsieur Drommel uttered a profound sigh.

"Germany," he said, "is still governed by old prejudices; but she begins to awaken from her torpor, and it is she, I feel certain, who will give the signal for the grand emancipation."

"The great Courbet," answered Lestoc, "once did me me the honor of climbing up to my studio to see my first picture, which, between ourselves, was a frightful daub. 'Young man,' he said to me, as he laid his mighty hand upon my head—'young man, your picture pleases me. It is as good as a Titian.' When I heard these words, I was delirious with joy. I literally did not know what to do. I was tempted to cry out, 'O man of genius, come to my heart!' Unfortunately, he went on. 'But,' he continued, 'you are not quite up to the mark.'"

"No; nor is Germany quite up to the mark," resumed Monsieur Drommel. "But she will improve. We are still in the twilight; but to-morrow the sun will rise. The German nation is distinguished from all others by the genius of realism, by the sentiment of synthesis." And he added, as he devoured a fifth lark: "Do not allow yourself to be deceived; it was the Germanic synthesis that conquered at Sedan."

Monsieur Taconet was carrying his glass to his lips; he let it fall upon the table, where it broke into fragments; and his brown eyes flashed fire. He calmed himself in a moment, and murmured: "'Patience!' said Panurge."

"By the way, now that we are on the subject, may I ask what you propose to do with families?"

"I shall not destroy them. I shall only make them more perfect; for I shall have children educated by the Government."

"And marriage? Will you abolish that?"

"Marriage, my dear child, is the most absurd of prejudices, the greatest possible attack upon the liberty of man and of woman. I shall replace it with free love."

"Ah! yes; I see. You wish wives to circulate as well as property."

"Will a man be allowed to have several?" asked Monsieur Taconet.

"You misinterpret all my opinions," answered Monsieur Drommel sharply. "Love is essentially monogamy. And the only polygamy that is in conformity with nature is successive polygamy. Man has no right to dispose, for eternity, of his person, which is sacred, and of his wishes, which are variable. The law does not recognize the perpetual vows of monks; nor will the legislator of the future recognize the vows of marriage. He will inscribe at the head of his constitution the grand principle of elective affinities. Man is but a chemical combination."

"Precisely," said Monsieur Taconet. "Z has an affinity for the wife of X, as well as for his field; consequently, he must have the field and the wife."

"And who told you," said Monsieur Drommel, "that the wife of Z has not an affinity for X? Such an exchange would make four persons happy."

"Do they exchange their wives in this way in Germany?" said Lestoc.

"They will do so some day, and all the world will think it an excellent plan."

"*Omnis clocha clochabilis!*" cried Monsieur Taconet; and it is a beautiful thing to be well read in one's breviary.

"I shall adhere to my Aunt Dorothy's lesson," said Lestoc. "I was one day under the great pear-tree. I remember just her dress. It was a chocolate-colored dress, and a cap with long strings. 'Henri,' she said to me, 'never do to others what you would not that they should do unto you.' And, in order to make me remember her words, she gave me a smart slap on my right

cheek. That was her way of impressing things on my memory. Consequently, I have never done to others—"

"No, no!" exclaimed Monsieur Drommel, interrupting him. "That is quite impossible."

"I assure you I am speaking the truth, and that the sacrifice has cost me little. I have never been in love. I must tell you that I belong to the open-air school, which school holds as its first principle that the middle distance is everything, and woman is only a spot on the landscape. You follow me, I trust? I paint my landscape, you understand, beginning with the sky; for you must always begin with the sky. When my picture is done, I consider it admirable; but I suddenly discover that it requires a spot upon it—two spots, in fact, one rose and the other blue, or straw-color, it may be; the hue has nothing to do with it. I rummage through my memory, and finally discover some straw-colored woman. I go to her, or I see her pass in the street, and I beg her to come up to my studio, saying: 'Madame, you are essential to my happiness; you are the spot for which I am looking.'"

"What nonsense!" said Monsieur Taconet.

"I am so dull," continued the young artist, "that I really know nothing of love. Love may do for artists who paint interiors; but what have we, students in the open air, to do with it? How the deuce can a man fall in love with a mere spot?"

Monsieur Drommel looked at him with mingled admiration and surprise.

"It might be true, my dear boy; but the time will come—"

"No; never!" he interrupted. "I am altogether too busy."

"Except on Sundays and *fête* days," said Taconet.

"I am always too busy," said Lestoc, with a frown. "I have already said so, and I never permit any one to doubt my word. It is possible that thirty years hence, in my old age, I may change; but, if I do, it will be a proof that my brain is softening."

"He is a most extraordinary fellow!" said Monsieur Drommel to the Prince de Malaserra.

"Amazing!" muttered the Prince. "For my part, I have always respected the tenth commandment. I have never coveted my neighbor's house, nor his ox, nor his ass. Man is never perfect, however. The only part of my neighbor's goods which I have occasionally envied is—if you will have it—his wife! If, however, you will allow me to explain my idea more fully—"

He explained no more—his words died on his lips, under the chilling glances of Monsieur Taconet.

"There is one question which I burn to ask of our eloquent companion, Monsieur Drommel," said Lestoc blandly.

"Ask me any questions you please, *naïve* child of La Brie; for you have excited a warm interest in my breast."

"Have you never been married?"

"Young man," answered Monsieur Drommel gravely, "when you know life a little better you will know that philosophers are occasionally obliged to accommodate themselves to the manners and customs of the century in which they live."

"Precisely. But, may I ask if you have taught Madame Drommel the theory of elective affinities and of circulation?"

"My young friend," answered the German, more gravely than before, "know that in certain lands women have no other rule for their conduct than the impulses of their senses or the caprices of their imaginations, and that it would be dangerous to have the bridle on their necks, and to trust to their sense of honor. But with us it is very different. Did you know German women, you would know that they have no need of safeguards for their virtue. They are distinguished from all other women by the depth of their moral sense, the intensity of their attachments, and the grandeur of their passion. When a German woman once gives her heart, she never takes it back again—her love is a worship, a religion, and she never denies her god. You do not contest, I imagine, the moral and intellectual superiority conceded by all honest people to the Germanic race. It is very possible that certain impressions and prejudices are necessary to the inferior races. The red-skins must have their manitous, I suppose. I am sorry for the Latins: they are destined to give way before long to younger nations, which have energy and fire as well as a future. When Germany has transformed the world, and imposed the new laws with her own strong hand on the new *régime*, woe to the people who are unable to accept its rudimentary principles—they will disappear as the red-skins do at the approach of the whites!"

Here the ex-police officer cried out for the third time, "'Patience!' answered Panurge."

"Who on earth is this Panurge of whom you keep talking?" asked Monsieur Drommel impatiently.

He, unlike the ex-police officer, had read everything except Rabelais.

"Panurge," answered Monsieur Taconet, "was a man of property, to whom one never caused annoyance without having reason to repent, and he was offended with Dindenaut when with him one day, because, having his spectacles, he heard more easily with his left ear."

"It is a great pity," said little Lestoc, "that the Latin barbarians must disappear; in a century from now there will not be more than three of their race left in the world. One will be a hair-dresser, the second a cook, and the third will make jests like Monsieur Taconet. But, I am told that when they are dead, and there is no one left in the world but the Germans, the Academy of Berlin, starting on the principle of the more fools the merrier, will offer a purse of a hundred thousand francs to encourage inventors to manufacture more barbarians.

"You do the greatest injustice to German —*savants*," said Monsieur Taconet as he rose from the table. "They are preposterous enough to keep the earth, the moon, and the stars in a perpetual state of gayety." Then approaching Monsieur Drommel—"One of the last of the redskins," he cried, "wishes to the Germanic Synthesis a sweet night's rest and happy dreams."

This being said, he bowed profoundly and left the room.

"That man is really very disagreeable," muttered Monsieur Drommel; "he is rough and surly. I am somewhat of a physiognomist. His face repelled me at once. It is not one that I should like to meet in a dark wood."

"I know an honest man who was entirely of your opinion," said Lestoc, "and who would be still if he had not been guillotined the other day."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the Prince de Malaserra.

"I mean to say, my Prince, that certain people like to meet a pretty woman in a wood rather than a police-officer any time."

"Ah! Monsieur Taconet belongs to the police force, does he?" cried the Prince; "I suspected it. The police always have a certain look in their eyes, and have no figures to speak of—that is, in France."

Visibly relieved by the departure of this man without a figure, he rang and ordered a bottle of wine, with which he intended to regale his illustrious friend. Three glasses were brought, but little Lestoc went off declaring that the open-air school never drank that kind of wine, and the Prince de Malaserra was left with Monsieur Drommel alone. The Prince congratulated himself on his good luck in having met one of the greatest thinkers of the age, whose logic he passionately admired, although he was forced to disapprove his principles.

The conversation became more intimate, for the wine disposed their hearts to expansion. The Prince de Malaserra asked a host of questions indicative of the most heartfelt interest. He was delighted to ascertain that our sociologist proposed to linger in Italy; he made him promise to go as far as Sicily, and put at his entire disposition one of his two palaces, and urged him to go to Malaserra and there spend an entire month. The Prince said he was soon going there himself, and immediately began to describe all the beauties of the place and of every tree upon it. Monsieur Drommel accepted this proposition with the greatest delight, for, the more intimately associated he was with the Prince de Malaserra, the more convinced he became that he was destined to live with princes.

This agreeable conversation was interrupted more than once by the indiscreet Madame Picard. This good woman has so many excellent qualities that one can afford to name a fault or two. She feels only a moderate respect for the great of the earth, and for men of celebrity, even if they do drink the best wine in her house. She is even accused of treating somewhat cavalierly those of her inmates whose faces were unknown to her, which was a great defect, inasmuch as it is a part of her profession to have no preferences, but to treat all persons alike. "Tell me what you are in the habit of eating and I will tell you who you are." Such is the motto of the perfect innkeeper.

Several times during this long meal and conversation, Madame Picard entered the dining-room, hoping to find it empty, and then going out would slam the door with considerable violence. How could she say "Go away" with more clearness or emphasis?

Monsieur Drommel could not refrain from saying to the Prince that Madame Picard's face struck him as quite as forbidding as that of Monsieur Taconet, and he asked, in a mysterious whisper, if the inns at Barbison were looked upon as honest, respectable places. The Prince inferred from this that Monsieur Drommel had at least, among his luggage, a collection of rubies. When, however, he understood that it was only a trifling matter of five or six thousand francs in notes of all kinds, he could not refrain from a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders. What were six thousand francs to a great lord who owned Malaserra? He represented to Monsieur Drommel that it would have been much better to provide himself with letters of credit, and he urged him never to separate himself from his little bag.

"This house," he said, "is a most respectable place, but a man, my dear fellow, can never be sure of anything but what he has!"

During this time the ex-police officer, who had retired to his room, had visions, as he smoked his pipe, of a very pretty woman with soft gray eyes, of an innocent youth with a blonde moustache, of a leather satchel hung around the neck of a blockhead, and of the pale and haughty face

of a Sicilian Prince who exclaimed, "Respect for Property is the foundation of the Universe."

Monsieur Taconet built on these faces a charming romance where elective affinities played an important part; an imbroglio wherein hearts and hands "circulated." Then he began to ponder on inferior races, and upon those nations which hold the secrets of the future, on Germanic synthesis—and upon Sedan. And, finally, he thought of the red-skins—and ended by murmuring, half aloud, "'Patience!' answered Panurge."

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

(*Conclusion in next Journal.*)

BURTON'S "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY."

DR. JOHNSON is not generally supposed to have erred as a critic on the side of excessive approbation. And yet he managed to bestow upon one book the most forcible eulogium ever uttered. Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" was, he said, the only book which ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he intended. The compliment is always reproduced when Burton's book is mentioned. Second-hand booksellers judiciously quote it in their catalogues to stimulate the appetite of their customers. Every lover of books has been induced to prolong his evening sitting, sometimes to prolong it till daylight, by the charms of a fascinating author; but the most voracious of literary gluttons seldom breaks his morning slumbers under such an impulse. And, when we add that it was Johnson who was thus beguiled, Johnson whose whole life was a continuous remorse for inability to rise early, when we see that Burton must have done for once what could be done neither by strong religious principles, nor by a morbidly keen conscience, nor by the pressure of stern necessity, and what the united energies of Boswell and the Thrales and the whole of the Club would have failed in securing, we must admit that the performance borders on the incredible. Doubtless it was the youthful Johnson whose slumbers he disturbed; and it was after the scanty fare of Lichfield, not the solid festivities of the "Mitre" or the "Turk's Head." With all deductions, we are still in presence of a "great fact." Many a young student must have turned with avidity to the promised treat, and a good many have probably retreated in disappointment. For, at first sight, the reader becomes aware of the curious mildness of another phrase of Johnson's; the book, he said, is "perhaps overloaded with quotations." That is rather like saying that Pickwick may "perhaps" be regarded as aiming at fun; that there is possibly a dash of humor in Charles Lamb; or that Pope may be accused of a tendency to satire. The "Anatomy" is all but made up of quotations; it is, as the author expressly says, a "cento collected from others"; a vast heterogeneous mass of miscellaneous reading; the contents of a commonplace-book kept by a reader of boundless curiosity who has ranged over the whole field of learning then accessible, from the classical authors down through the fathers and the scholastic philosophers of the middle ages, to the grammarians, philosophers, physiologists, and novelists of the Renaissance, and who has dipped into the most fashionable playbooks, poems, and essays of the day—Montaigne, Bacon, Spenser, Drayton, and even Ben Jonson and Shakespeare.* It is a patchwork stuck together with scissors and paste, a queer amorphous mass, in spite of its ostensible plan, where we are half-baffled and half-attracted by references to strange authors who delighted in masquerading with Latin terminations to their names. We have heard more or less of some of them, of Bodinus and Paracelsus, or Cardan, or Erasmus; but who, we wonder, was Rlasis the Arabian, or Skenkius, or Poggius, or Fuchsius, or Busbequius†—a name which has no doubt a peculiar flavor of pleasant quaintness? Such names carry with them a faint association of the days of high-built and ponderous pedantry; we catch a passing glimpse of some ancient doctor damning another for his theory of the irregular verbs, or settling the theory of the enclitic δε, or conducting tremendous disputations in the schools with all the ponderous apparatus of the old syllogistic artillery. Yet it is possible to have too much of Busbequius; and, after dipping into the book, in search of that spirit and power which he is said (still by Johnson) to display when writing

* Shakespeare is noticed at least twice; in a reference to Benedick and Beatrice in the comedy, and a quotation from "Venus and Adonis."

† Busbecq, or Busbequius, was in fact a distinguished diplomatist in the sixteenth century; he went to Constantinople and wrote travels, and, according to the "Biographie Universelle," was the first to introduce the lilac from Turkey. There is a full article about him in Bayle. Possibly his name has a scholastic flavor to us from a vague association with the famous Dr. Busby.

from his own mind, it is well if we do not give up the chase in despair, and decide that it is hardly worth cracking so vast a shell of effete pedantry to come at so small a kernel of sound sense.

It is well, I say; for after all there is a real charm in the old gentleman. Certainly the "Anatomy" is not a book to be read through; it would have no place in the short list of literary masterpieces which the intelligent reader is supposed to absorb into his mental structure. It is a book for odds and ends of time, and to be read only at appropriate seasons; not, perhaps, in a railway-carriage or by the seaside, or in any place where the roaring wheels of our social machinery make themselves too plainly heard. It is rather a book to be taken up in a quiet library, by accident, not of malice prepense, and, in spite of Johnson, rather in the last hour of the night than at morning. When you are tired of blue-books or scientific wrangling or metaphysical hair-splitting; when you have turned to the last book from the circulating library only to discover that novel-writing is a forgotten art; that poetry has become a frivolous echo of sounding verbiage; that the smartest mazagine article is a mere pert gabble of commonplace—jaundiced views which sometimes suggest themselves on such occasions—it may be pleasant to soothe yourself by entering this old museum of musty antiquities, and to feel as though you were entering a forgotten chamber where the skeletons of seventeenth-century spiders are still poised upon undisturbed cobwebs. The phantoms of Busbequius and his fellows may then have substantiality enough to hold converse with you for a time, and you gradually perceive that old Burton himself probably once filled an academical costume with a genuine structure of flesh and bone. Carefully as he retires behind his moth-eaten folios, there are moments when he drops his disguise, and you can depict the quaint smile of the humorous observer of men and manners, and believe that he had in his days a genuine share of the pathetic side of human folly. Nobody, it is true, is more provokingly shy. It is the shyness of the genuine old-fashioned scholar, who is half-ashamed of possessing tissues not made out of an ancient parchment. You ask him for an opinion, and he throws a dozen authorities at your head and effects his escape into an ingenious digression; he balances himself in curious equilibrium between the ranks of opposing doctors, and only lets slip at intervals an oblique intimation that he is inclined to think that one of them is a donkey. In all this he is certainly as different as possible from the ordinary humorist. He requires an interpreter, and must be cross-examined to make him yield up his real meaning; and yet, under all his concealments, he has a certain vein of shrewd humor which may at least serve to excite such a portion of that faculty as we may ourselves happen to possess.

Burton, in his opening address to the reader, sets forth his claims to the title of Democritus junior; and he tells at length the legend of the laughing philosopher; how the citizens of Abdera took him to be mad by reason of his excessive perception of the ludicrous, and brought the weeping Hippocrates to cure him of his folly; how Hippocrates found him sitting on the ground cutting up beasts to find out the causes of melancholy; and how, when Hippocrates tried to point out that reasonable citizens employed themselves upon business or pleasure instead of dissection, Democritus answered every argument by peals of laughter and demonstrations of the utter absurdity of all the ordinary activities of man. So clearly did Democritus preach upon the old text, Vanity of Vanities, that Hippocrates departed with the fullest conviction of his sanity. Burton proposes to continue the discourse of Democritus. Never, he says, was there so much food for laughter as now; for now, "as Salisburiensis says in his time, *totus mundus histrionem agit*, the whole world plays the fool; we have a new theatre, a new scene, a new comedy of errors, a new company of personate actors; *Volupiæ sacræ* (as Calcagnius willingly feigns in his 'Apologius') are celebrated all the world over, when all the actors were madmen or fools, and every hour changed habits, or took that which came next." The world is a farce; princes are mad; great men are mad; philosophers and scholars are mad, and so are those who scorn them. "Methinks," he says, "most men are fools," if we may apply the judicious tests given by Æneas Sylvius. "Nevisanus, the lawyer, holds it for an axiom, most women are fools; Seneca, men, be they old or young; who doubts it, youth is mad as Elius in Tully, *stulti adolescentuli*; old age little better, *deliri senes*." And, after running through as many classes as he can think of, Burton confesses that he is himself as foolish and as mad as any one. We are tolerably familiar with the theory, "All the world is a stage," and the players are "mostly fools." Satirists and poets and moralists and essayists have set the same sentiment to different times; and it is the special function of the humorist to give fresh edge to the ancient doctrine. Burton has certainly chosen a thesis which affords ample room for the widest illustration; and we have only to ask how he acquits himself of his task.

And here we perceive that he begins to shrink a little. Some people, he says, will think his performance "too fantastical, too light and comical for a divine"; and he replies that he is

only speaking an assumed part, and collecting the opinions of others. "'Tis not I, but they that say it." You must blame Nevisanus and Calcagnius for the startling theory just expounded, not the Rev. Richard Burton, student of Christ Church, and Rector of Segrave. He trembles at his own audacity, and retires behind his mask. And, as he carries out this principle only too systematically, he is a humorist only by proxy. He does not let us see what he feels himself; he is not a mere buffoon, for we are not sure that he has no serious meaning; but he does not rise to be a daring humorist, for he is afraid ever to laugh out. We often fail to discover whether he is slyly laughing in his sleeve or advancing some preposterous doctrine in honest reverence for the authority upon which it rests; whether his elaborate pedantry is really part of himself or a mere mask which he knows to be really grotesque. We follow Montaigne with the sense that we are talking to a man of vigorous intellect, who reads books as they ought to be read by a full-grown thinker; who treats them as an equal or a superior; and quotes them to illustrate his own thoughts, not as providing unalterable molds to which his thoughts are bound to conform. But that is just the point which Burton leaves doubtful. Is he really half in fun when he quotes a dozen learned men to prove that disease or poverty may be a cause of melancholy; or is he distinctly aware that the learned men are indulging in ludicrous platitudes; or perhaps simply turning out his commonplace-book to show his learning?

That is the curious problem which haunts us through the whole performance. The man was no doubt a puzzle to his contemporaries, as he remains for us. The view which they took of him is typified in the two or three anecdotes which do duty for his biography, doubtless more or less apocryphal, as such anecdotes invariably are, and yet perhaps as significant of the truth as the most authentic narratives. Burton, as Wood tells us, was very "facete, merry, and juvenile" among his college companions, and no man could surpass him (as we may easily believe) at interlarding his discourse with appropriate quotations, according to the fashion of the time. He meant, it is said, to cure himself of a tendency to melancholy by compiling the "Anatomy"; but melancholy increased his weakness so much that at last he could only relieve himself by listening to the ribaldry of the Oxford bargees, an amusement which "rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter." Burton, no doubt, had the true humorist's temperament; a disposition to melancholy underlay his perception of the ludicrous, and this disposition might be fostered by a sedentary life and advancing years, till, tired of hunting for literary curiosities, he returned to the coarse brutalities of waterside buffoonery, as the sated epicure ends by finding the highest relish in simple beans and bacon. He died, we are told, at the exact time which he had foretold upon astrological grounds, and the students whispered that he had taken the necessary steps to secure the fulfillment of his own prediction. Certainly such a practical bull carried to a tragic conclusion, confirming the truth of astrology by a chance which really showed it to be false, and that at the cost of his own life, was a most fitting end for a thoroughgoing humorist. There would be a charm about setting such a trap for future dabblers in eccentric logical quibbles. In the "Anatomy," Burton delivers his own views upon astrology with delightful ambiguity. If, he says, Sextus Empiricus, Picus Mirandula, Sextus ab Heminga, or others, have persuaded any man that the signs in the heavens have no more virtue than the signs over a shop or an inn, the skeptic may be referred to Bellantius, Pirovânus, Marascallerus, or Goclenius, who, let us hope, will give him satisfaction. Meanwhile, his own view is that the stars do not compel but incline, and incline so gently that a wise man may resist them. This charmingly elastic hypothesis is enough to allow your true humorist to reconcile his love of the marvelous with the occasional promptings of common sense. Burton, indeed, might have found authorities enough in his own day to make a genuine belief in astrology respectable. But downright belief was hardly in his way. The question for him was not the truth or falsehood of a doctrine, but the facility which it afforded for dallying with grotesque fancies. Living in the intellectual twilight, when the fastastic shapes of old superstition and mythical philosophy blended strangely with the growth of really scientific hypotheses, he could ramble at will through the stores of obsolete learning, picking up here and there whatever passage suited the fanciful faculty which had displaced his reason. To a genuine reasoner, or a man of independent common sense, there is a broad distinction between a proof and an illustration; between adducing evidence for a fact and merely quoting some anecdote or phrase which expresses the opinion of a predecessor. He has beliefs of his own, and applies an independent test to other men's statements. But with Burton the distinction disappears, and we can therefore never quite settle whether he is a pedant in earnest or in sport, or in a mood strangely composed of the two.

In the eighteenth century Burton fell into the hands of one who, whatever his faults, must be reckoned among the very greatest of literary artists. No man had a more acute sense than Sterne of the possibilities of transmuting unpromising

aterial into refined ore. He used Burton in a ay which savors, to say the least, of plagiarism. Ve could at least have wished for some passing llusion to the poor old author whose stores he as using so freely. Had the thief acknowledged is debts in the most cursory way, no one could ave objected, even on moral grounds, to the adirable transformation of Burton into the elder handy. The extent of Sterne's obligations was evealed in Ferriar's "Illustrations," but one case ill be sufficient to exhibit the nature of the proedure. Burton, in one of his chapters (it is the fth number of the third section of the second artition, being part of a "consolatory digression ontaining remedies to all discontents and pasions of the mind"), goes through the good old eries of reflections upon the death of friends. Ve know them all, alas! too well, and in new lresses they still do duty on occasions of adninistering "vacant chaff." "'Tis an inevitable hance," says Burton, "the first statute in Magna Charta, an everlasting act of Parliament, all must lie," and Sterne puts the phrase without alteraion into Mr. Shandy's mouth. "Is it not much etter not to hunger at all than to eat; not to hirst, than to drink to satisfy thirst; not to e cold, than to put on clothes to drive away old?" asks Burton, translating from Lucian, nd anticipating some modern pessimists; and Sterne appropriates not merely the venerable ophistry, but the words of his author. But the eneral style of Burton is most happily ridiculed, nd the keynote of the sentiment struck in the pening passage:

'Tis either Plato, or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian, or some one, perhaps, of later date—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella—or possibly it may be some divine or father of the Church, St. Austin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard, who affirms that it is an irresistible and natural passion to weep for the loss of our friends or children—and Seneca (I'm positive) tells us somewhere that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel. And accordingly we find that David wept for his son Absalom, Adrian for his Antinous, Niobe for her children, and Apollodorus and Crito shed tears for Socrates before his death.

The passage gives virtually Sterne's criticism of Burton. It shows the point of view from which he had contemplated his victim, poring over the old folio, then a neglected curiosity, and chuckling to himself over curiosities so seldom disturbed as to permit him a sense of personal proprietorship. He just takes a characteristic passage from Burton, accentuates slightly the ludicrous side of his manner, and turns him out as an exquisite portrait of the ideal pedant. The art is inimitable, though possibly, in the passage just quoted, Sterne is just a trifle too anxious to show that he is laughing with his reader, and so suggests the question whether Burton did not see the joke himself. My impression would be that, in spite of his elaborate mask of pedantry, Burton was at bottom quite conscious of the comic aspect of his preaching, and would have appreciated "Tristram Shandy" as well as any of its readers. After all, though the Oxford don of those days was nourished on great masses of obsolete scholasticism, there must have been sharp fellows enough in the common rooms, where Burton displayed his "merry and facete" wit, to understand the humor of serving up the tritest commonplaces with this portentous sauce of learned authority. When James was king, even humor loved to masquerade in quaint scholastic forms, and wit to resolve itself into queer logical quibbling.

The whole scheme of the book strikes us, in fact, as a semi-humorous affectation of elaborate system. Burton professes to "anatomize this humor of melancholy," melancholy being a name used with most convenient vagueness. From one point of view it is the general sense for human folly; it includes those who are "metaphorically mad, who are stupid, angry, drunken, sulky, sottish, proud, vainglorious, ridiculous, beastly, peevish, obstinate, extravagant, dry, doting, dull, desperate, hare-brained," and so forth. More properly, it seems, it is a disease so common "in this crazed age of ours, that scarce one in a thousand is free from it, and that splenetical, hypochondriacal wind especially, which proceeds from the spleen and short ribs." Every age, indeed, seems to have the same pride in claiming a monopoly of hypochondria as was instituted by the excellent Mrs. Pullet in her array of bottles. But also it seems that melancholy may have pretty much its modern significance, as in the charming verses which are supposed to have given a hint to Milton:

"When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown;
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow and void of fear;
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

"When I lay waking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done;
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise,
Whether I tarry still or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so bad as melancholy."

Melancholy is here a name for the ambiguous

mood in which we hold the lessons of sweet silent thought. But, again, we drop to the most physiological, and, as we should now call it, materialistic view. Melancholy is "black choler," as its name imports; and we are treated to the definitions of the whole series of physicians, the question having been agitated by Galen, Avicenna, Valesius, Montanus, Cappivaccius, Bright, Fiennes, and others, with a variety of results anything but encouraging to the patient. We can not but sympathize with the excellent Trincavellius, who, being demanded what he thought of a certain melancholy young man, "ingenuously confessed that he was indeed melancholy, but he knew not to what kind to reduce it." Trincavellius, indeed, being consulted on another occasion along with Fallopius and Francanzanus, each of these three famous doctors gave a different opinion—an unprecedented and startling phenomenon!

Undaunted, however, by this want of agreement, or rather encouraged by the boundless field of conjecture which it opened, Burton constructs a vast and systematic scheme of analysis, a network so comprehensive, with its judicious divisions and subdivisions, partitions and members, and sections and subsections, that the fish must indeed be strange which can not be somewhere entangled in his toils. The causes of melancholy range from the highest of all causes, down through magicians, witches, the stars, old age, sickness, poverty, sorrow, and affright, to special peculiarities of diet, such as the consumption of "dried, soused, indurate fish, as ling, fumados, red herring, sprats, stock-fish, haberdine, poorjohn, all shell-fish"; and even in detail we are generally left in a painful attitude of doubt. "Mesarius commends salmon, which Bruerimus contradicts," and who is to decide between Mesarius and Bruerimus? The physiology, indeed, which forms so large a part of the book is a very amusing illustration of the chaotic state of medical theory, which gave so many openings for the satirists of the period, and which has so happily been succeeded by perfect unanimity. Johnson was not improbably attracted to the "Anatomy" by the title, which promised to give him some hints in his life-long struggle with disease. If so, he must indeed have been edified. The general tone of the decisions of the physicians of the period is excellently given by the controversy as to hellebore. This drug fell out of its old repute, it appears, owing to the authority of Mesue and some other Arabians; and it is "still oppugned to this day by Crato and some junior physicians. Their reasons are briefly that Aristotle and Alexander Aphrodiseus called it a poison, while Constantine the Emperor, in his 'Graponics,' attributes no other virtue to it than to kill mice and rats, flies and mouldwarps." The most prominent argument, however, is that, according to Nicholas Leonicus, Solon, when "besieging I know not what city," poisoned the springs with hellebore, and so weakened the inhabitants that they could not bear arms. Recent writers, however, especially Paracelsus and Matthiolus, have restored the reputation of the injured drug. For so venerable and classical a medicine, it was perhaps natural to go back to the records of Solon's siege of "I know not what city." Indeed, another statement may remind us that, even in the reign of experimental philosophy, the effects of familiar drugs are not always established beyond possibility of dispute. "Tobacco," exclaims Burton, "divine, rare, and superexcellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all panaceas, potable gold and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases. A good vomit, I confess, a virtuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used; but, as it is commonly abused by most men, who take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, hellish, devilish, and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul." The controversy, as many contemporary allusions testify, was as keen at that time as it is at the present day. Bobadil, we may remember, professed to have lived for twenty-one weeks on the fumes of this simple, while Justice Overdo entreats all men to avoid "the creeping venom of this subtle serpent."

Burton, to do him justice, does not fail to insinuate a sly hit or two at his physicians, under due shelter of learned names. "Common experience," he points out, shows that those "live freest from all manner of infirmities that make least use of apothecaries' physic"; though apothecaries might possibly argue that he is here inverting cause and effect. But he goes further: "The devil himself was the first inventor of medicine," he argues; "for Apollo invented it, and what was Apollo but the devil?" He points out with more cogent logic the discord of the doctors of his day, and remarks: "This art is wholly conjectural, if it be an art, uncertain, imperfect, and got by killing of men; they are a kind of butchers, leeches, menslayers, chirurgeons and apothecaries especially, that are indeed the physicians' hangmen and common executioners, though, to say truth, the physicians themselves come not far behind, for, according to that facete epigram of Maximilianus Urentius" (which, in Burton's phrase, I here voluntarily pretermit), "what's the difference?" And, though Burton's skepticism is judiciously tempered by a consideration which has restrained many of his fellow satirists—namely, that when he is ill he will probably want a physician himself—he significantly prefaces his selections from the "infinite variety

medicines which he finds in every pharmacoeia" by the warning that they should be used very moderately and advisedly," and only when et will not answer the purpose. The skepti-ism, indeed, was never pushed to any excess. e was slightly scandalized, he tells us, when he w his mother apply a spider in a nutshell rapped in silk for the cure of a sufferer from gue; but, on finding the very same remedy pre-ribed by Dioscorides, Matthiolus, and Aldero-ndus, he began to "have a better opinion of ," and decides wisely with Renodæus that such nulets are "not altogether to be rejected."

Burton's collection of the prescriptions of the ay is a curious illustration of the time in which ne most virtuous and benevolent men went about leeding fever-struck patients to death, flogging thers out of madness, and with equal confidence dministering spiders in nutshells—and all from ne best possible motives. Yet it is perhaps the east amusing part of the matter forced into an laborate framework, which, as I have said, is ontrived with a view to including the most eterogeneous stores of learning. One could vish that he had not bothered himself with any stensible method, and had avowedly presented imself as a mere rambler, diverging hither and hither in obedience to any accidental association. Southey's "Doctor," the last book of any note which may be regarded as in some degree be-onging to the same class, is so far more judi-iously constructed, though Southey perhaps falls nto the contrary error of forcibly contorting the natural flow of his thought into an appearance of more arbitrary digressiveness than really be-longs to him. A deliberate resolution to be funny and fanciful is perhaps more annoying than a forced appearance of methodical order. And there is certainly something characteristic in this thoroughgoing affectation which seems to be a part of the very nature of the old pedant. He can not get rid of his academical costume even when he is disposed for a game of "high jinks." He discusses the philosophy of love-melancholy with all the airs of an anatomical demonstrator, and, if there is just a sly twinkle in his eye, he never permits himself such a smile as would be inconsistent with his views of professorial dignity. He proves with his usual array of imposing authorities that men often fall in love with beautiful women; and reminds us that "Achilles was moved in the midst of a battle by fair Briseis; Ajax by Tecmessa; Judith captivated that great captain Holofernes; Delilah, Samson; Rosamond, Henry II.; Roxalana, Solyman the Magnificent, etc."; and we dimly wonder whether this comprehensive "etc." could even have included the excellent Burton himself. There is perhaps no class of men which is more apt to pride itself upon a knowledge of the world than the university don of modern times. A Fellow of a college resents the traditional estimate which would make of him a mere smoke-dried bachelor, ignorant, in virtue of his position, of the ordinary play of human passion. But old Burton accepts and prides himself upon his character of learned recluse. He has looked at the world, perhaps, more closely than he allows. He had been further from his common-room than merely to the bridge end to hear the ribaldry of the bargees. But he thinks it necessary to defend himself for discoursing upon love by more than his usual affectation of learned authority. "It is part of my treatise," he says roundly, "and I must and will perform my task," though in a spirit becoming a grave divine. And certainly no fair reader will complain that he has shown undue levity even in this department, where an access of gravity borders most closely upon the ludicrous.

To get a little closer to Burton himself, to catch a glimpse of the real man behind the elaborate mask, we naturally turn to the chapters in which his personal experience is forced to come nearer to the surface. "Democritus junior," the professional laugher at all human folly, might be expected to show his bitterness when he treats of his own craft. Beyond a doubt study is a cause of melancholy, and indeed, as Lavinius Lemmius assures us, the commonest of all causes. The theme should be a fruitful one, and, indeed, we find some touches of genuine feeling. It must be admitted, however, that Burton has a decidedly matter-of-fact and prosaic mode of regarding the subject. The most obvious reason, he tells us, of the melancholy of students is their ill-health. They alone, of all men, as Marsilius Ficinus observes, habitually neglect their tools. A painter washes his brushes, a smith looks to his anvil, a huntsman takes care of his hawks and hounds, and a musician of his lute; but a scholar never thinks of attending properly to his brains. Moreover, Saturn and Mercury, the patrons of learning, are both of them dry planets, so that the brains of their subjects become withered, and the animal spirits, used up for contemplation, do not keep the other organs properly employed. Whence it follows that bald students are commonly troubled with "gouts, catarrhs, rheums, cachexia, bradiopepsia," and a long list of other diseases due to "overmuch sitting," exceeding even those which beset a famous lady at Diss in Norfolk. A modern writer of Burton's meditative turn would despise this physiological cause; he would call his "bradiopepsia" Welt-Schmerz, and elaborate a philosophical pessimism, proving conclusively that a man's disposition to melancholy must be proportioned to the depth of his knowledge of the general system of things. Bur-

ton, in his old-fashioned way, considers melancholy to be at bottom a disease, and frequently due to direct Satanic agency; and therefore, though he certainly considers that the evil-one plays a very conspicuous part in human affairs, he can not properly pride himself upon his melancholy as a proof of intellectual and moral superiority. We must not complain of him for not anticipating a modern discovery.

He speaks, however, feelingly of the folly of intellectual labor. Do not scholars labor like Thebet Benchorat, who spent forty years in finding out the motion of the eighth sphere, till they become "dizzards," and are scoffed at by gallants for not knowing how to manage a hack, salute a gentlewoman, carve at table, and make cringes and *congés*, "as every common swasher can do"? The greatest scholars are generally fools in all worldly matters, such as Paglarensis, who thought that his farmer must be a cheat for reporting that his sow had eleven pigs and his mare only one foal. This test of the imbecility of scholars was one upon which Hazlitt has dwelt in some vigorous essays, and which has doubtless come home more or less to many an honest senior wrangler, who has discovered that his mathematics did not enable him to tie his neckcloth after the latest model. But the man who could seriously whine over such a distress would be showing a deficiency of self-respect only too much in Hazlitt's vein. If here and there, in this polished age, a scholar is a bit of a clown, it is generally from puerile conceit, and his incapacity for business means only that he has admirers enough ready to do his dirty work. Burton has a much more serious ground for lamentation. Scholars, he says, are generally enforced to "want, poverty, and beggary." He quotes a passage from Vergil (applied by Johnson to precisely the same purpose) enumerating the terrible forms which surround the gates of hell—grief, care, labor, fear, hunger, and poverty—and observes that they are the familiar attendants of the scholar. His best chance was to keep a school, or turn lecturer or curate, for which he might receive "falconer's wages," ten pounds a year and his food, so long as he pleased the parish or his parson; or he might become chaplain in a gentleman's family, marry an old housekeeper or chambermaid, and be settled in a small living—the natural aspiration of a poor clergyman for a century later, according to the satirists and pamphleteers. The scholar, again, might get into a great man's family, and live, at the cost of gross flattery, as a worthless parasite; or, seeing the worthlessness of the higher learning, might take to one of the "bread studies," and become a lawyer, to struggle against successful pettifoggers—or a physician, to find that in every village there were "so many mountebanks, empirics, quacksalvers, Paracelsians," and others, that he could scarcely find a patient. The "grasping patrons," who plunder the Church for their own base purposes, are at the roots of the evil. It is useless to denounce them; they care not so long as they have money. "Dea Moneta, Queen Money," the almighty dollar, was even then, it seems, the "goddess we adore." We need not wonder, then, that patrons were a "base, profane, epicurean, hypocritical rout. . . . So cold is my charity, so defective in this behalf, that I shall never think better of them, than that they are rotten at core, their bones are full of epicurean hypocrisy and atheistical marrow, they are worse than heathens." And then Burton proceeds to lament over the contempt for learning characteristic of his time, and, of course, of his time alone. Gentlemen thought it unworthy of them; merchants might study arithmetic, spectacle-makers optics, and "landleapers" geography—a rich man had no need of such knowledge. In that base, utilitarian age men only thought of practical advantages; in "former times"—a very comprehensive period—the highest were scholars themselves, and loved scholars. "Evax, that Arabian prince," was "a most expert jeweler and exquisite philosopher"; Alexander sent Xenophanes fifty talents, because he was poor; and "Archelaus, that Macedonian king, would not willingly sup without Euripides (among the rest, he drank to him at supper one night, and gave him a cup of gold for his pains)." Those days are gone; though we still have our Cæsar, commonly called James I., "our amulet, our sun, our sole comfort and refuge; . . . a famous scholar himself, and the sole patron, pillar, and sustainer of learning," to which, in later editions, it had to be added that James had left a worthy successor. But, after making his reverence to the king's majesty, and to certain rather hypothetical exceptions to the general ignorance of the gentry, Burton returns to his lamentations. Our modern nobles are abandoned to field-sports, gaming, and drinking; they need nothing but some romance, play-book, or pamphlet, and know only a few scraps of French and Italian picked up in a foreign journey. And yet such must be the patrons! and those will thrive who please them best. "If the patron be precise, so must the clerk be; if he be papistical, his clerk must be so too, or be turned out. These"—parasites and time-servers, to wit—"are those clerks which serve the turn, while, in the mean time, we, that are university men, like so many hide-bound calves in a pasture, tarry out our time, wither away as a flower ungathered in a garden, and are never used; or as so many candles, illuminate ourselves alone, obscuring one another's light, and are not discerned here at all—

the least of which, translated to a dark room, or to some country benefice where it might shine apart, would give a fair light, and be seen over all."

"We that are university men!" It is pleasant to notice the touch of college pride which breaks out in this little reference. The university indeed was not quite immaculate, but Burton judiciously veils his suggestions for its reform in learned language; it was not for one of the "candles" to develop any doubt as to the brilliancy of his associated luminaries. We have the good old don—the genuine believer in the universities as the sole sources of pure light in a feebly appreciative country—who used to flourish till very recent times, and has perhaps not been utterly abolished even by the profane intrusion of reforming commissioners. But it is more curious to remark how easy it would be to rewrite all this lamentation so as to make it an apparent echo of modern jeremiads. When, in speaking of political disorders, Burton illustrates his case by "those goodly provinces in Asia Minor which govern under the burden of a Turkish government; and those vast kingdoms of Muscovia, Russia, under a tyrannizing duke," we fancy that he might have been looking at an article in yesterday's paper; and the complaints to which we have just been listening require little more alteration. We know how nervous disorders (we do not now call them melancholy) are specially characteristic of the present age; how many of them may be traced to the excessive stimulation of youthful intellects in the period of academical study; how all professions are filled to repletion, and how many years a young man has to wait before he can get a brief or a patient; how little the spirit of genuine research is encouraged, and how, in consequence, young men take to those studies which are likely to bring immediate results in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence; how ill patronage is distributed, and what a number of excellent clergymen are forced to keep up an excellent appearance on totally inadequate stipends; how, if patrons are no longer so conspicuous in our democratic age, a man is still tempted to seek for preferment by flattering the ignorant prejudices of the many, and prostituting his talents to the base acts of popularity-hunting; and how "in former times" these evils never existed; how people really believed what they said; sold what they professed to sell; revered their rulers; and lived sound, healthy lives, free from hysteria, humbug, and money-worship. In every age the last new prophet of the doctrine of deterioration is convinced of the startling novelty and unimpeachable truth of his teaching. The explanation is probably the obvious one hinted by an old writer, who remarks that, as he grows older, he is constantly inclined to fancy that the world must be growing worse. If not, why should he be less cheerful?

In this chapter Burton speaks more from his own mind, and gives us a stronger dose of pessimism than is his wont. Yet even here he does not quite come up to the modern standard, or, indeed, to that of some of his contemporaries. The evils upon which he dwells are too specific and contingent. He hardly seems to regard the melancholy of the scholar as due to an imperfection in human nature itself, but rather as something which might conceivably be removed by a virtuous prince and a judicious minister. He is thoroughly roused to anger by the baseness of patrons and the general misapplication of church property, but scarcely rises above the tone of a sturdy conservative of the common-room grumbling over the slowness of patronage and the growth of Puritanism. He does not rise to the sphere of thought in which the many political squabblings of the day appear as petty interludes in the vast drama of human history. The melancholy of the scholar does not suggest to him the lofty intellectual melancholy represented, for example, by Faust. Here and there, indeed, we have hints of the futility of all philosophy; celebrated authors have exploded school divinity, we are told, as a "vast ocean of obs and sols—a labyrinth of intricable questions, unprofitable contentions", but he is scarcely sensible of that weariness of soul which comes over the profounder thinker, awed by the contemplation of the stupendous waste of the noblest human faculties, of the vast energy of intellect that has been dissipated in turning the everlasting metaphysical treadmill. He is more of a Wagner than a Faust. He does not tremble at the comparison between his narrow limits of human life and the illimitable series of problems to be solved, where each new answer only serves to suggest new and more perplexing questions; nor is he frightened by the many names of men greater and wiser than himself which are now mere labels to some exploded theory, nor disgusted with the empty verbiage presented to him by the most pretentious teachers for solid truth; nor tempted to become a charlatan himself in sheer bitterness of spirit, or to plunge into sensual pleasure as the only substantial good in losing himself in the stupendous labyrinths of sophistry and mutual contradiction misnamed philosophy. At a time when the keenest thinkers were bracing themselves for a fresh departure in inquiry, a man of powerful as well as learned mind might have given utterance to some such feeling in surveying the huge wilderness of bygone speculation. Placed between the dead and the living, a rising and an expiring school of thought, he might have meditated on the vanity

of human wisdom, or have delighted, like Sir Thomas Browne, to reflect, amid the jarring din of controversy, upon the mysterious depths in which all philosophy must so speedily lose itself.

But Burton was really an honest university don, who had rambled over many fields of learning, but had not really troubled himself to be profound and cynical. He rejoiced in "that famous library, renewed by Sir Thomas Bodley" —not because it suggested any reflections, inspiring or humiliating, as to the past history of the mind—but rather because it suggested a boundless potentiality of rambling among antiquarian curiosities. He was, according to his own account, a thoroughgoing gossip. He delighted to hear "new news every day, . . . rumors of plagues, fires, thefts, murders, inundations, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, apparitions; of towns taken, cities besieged, in France, Germany, Turkey, Persia, Poland," etc., as much as if he had lived at the present day, and gone to the Union to read his "Times" and "Telegraph." He heard of "plenty, pride, perplexities and cares, simplicity and villainy; subtlety, knavery, candor, and integrity, mutually mixed and offering themselves"; while he rubbed on *privus privatus*—left to a solitary life and his own private discontents, and sometimes justified by the precedents of Diogenes and Democritus, walking abroad to make a few observations, sarcastic, humorous, petulant, or indignant. His literary curiosity was pretty much the counterpart of this kind of interest in the outside world. It was not that of a philosopher or poet, but of a man with insatiable appetite for every kind of printed matter, and with enough pungency of feeling to give an occasional flavor to his pages, and enable him to sustain fairly the character of Democritus junior, when he happened to remember it; but yet sufficient force to digest all his masses of knowledge, and saturate them with a dominant sentiment. He forgets that he is bound to be a satirist, and contents himself with tumbling out his stores of queer information without any pretense at illustrating any doctrines, melancholy or consolatory. Especially in those famous digressions concerning "the nature of devils" and "of air," he exhibits his curiosities with as grave a face as if he were displaying the most precious intellectual wares. The stories which he relates must have tickled his fancy, for some reason or other; but he leaves us to guess whether he is a believer or a skeptic, amused or awestruck, or idly curious. We hear how Cardan's father conjured up seven devils, on August 13, 1491, in Greek apparel, about forty years of age, some ruddy and some pale, who assured him that they lived about seven or eight hundred years; how, according to the schoolmen, there are nine kinds of bad spirits, the names of whose princes are given; though Gregorius Holsanus, who is followed by Marsilius Ficinus, makes only seven kinds, corresponding to the seven planets; the angels being placed above and the devils beneath the moon—an unlucky arrangemet, one would say, for human beings! how the sublunary devils may be divided into six kinds, including water-nymphs, three of which appeared to Macbeth and Banquo, "two Scotch lords," and fairies which "are sometimes seen by old women and children"; while Paracelsus "reckons up many places in Germany where they do usually walk in little coats, some two feet long"; others, it seems, sat by the wayside to make men's horses stumble, rejoicing heartily if the rider swears; "with many such pretty feats."

He gives his notes upon geography with just as much gravity as his remarks upon the natural history of devils. "What greater pleasure can there be," he asks, "than to view these elaborate maps of Ortelius, Mercator, etc.?" He is curious about the variation of the compass, recently discovered by Gilbert, and wishes to find the source of the Nile, and to see "that great bird ruck which can carry an elephant," and the Arabian phœnix; he wants to know the depth of the atmosphere, and to determine whether the peak of Teneriffe is fifty miles high, as Patricius holds, or only nine, as Snellius demonstrates; he is curious about the shells discovered on hill-tops, and the trees and bays, and also about the ship which was dug out of a mountain near Berne (in the year 1460), with forty-eight human bodies in it, from a mine fifty fathoms deep; and then he plunges into questions about the geography of the infernal regions, Ribeira holding that there is a "natural and local fire in the center of the earth two hundred Italian miles in diameter"; while Lessius thinks that the diameter can only be one Dutch mile, because he demonstrates that that space will hold eight hundred billions of damned bodies, "which will abundantly suffice." Then he returns to more accessible questions, and asks why places under the same latitude are not equally hot; why it rains stones, frogs, mice, and rats; what is the nature of meteors; what is the use of the moon; what is the true theory of the earth's motion, "now so much in question"; and whether the stars are inhabited. He seems to regard these last questions as insoluble, laughing at the presumption and hopeless discord of astronomers, and wonders that they are somehow mixed up with the eternal problem about the origin of evil. "But hoo!" exclaims the worthy Burton, "I am now gone quite out of sight. I am almost giddy with roaming about; I could have ranged further yet, but I am an infant and not able to dive into those profundities

and sound those depths; not able to understand, much less to discuss. I leave the contemplation of these things to stronger wits, that have better ability and happier leisure to wade into such philosophical mysteries."

Wandering through this quaint museum we come here and there upon familiar anecdotes; upon an early form of smart sayings which have been given to the wits of successive generations; or queer illustrations of ancient forms of speculation. Reading Burton's anecdote of two palm-trees which languished till they grew high enough to see one another at a distance, we may remember the two trees in Heine's familiar poem; and on the next page we find the story from which Keats took his "Lamia"; and not far off is a remark which Coleridge turned into a well-known epigram, pointing out that the devil, when he robbed Job of all his goods, judiciously omitted to take his wife. Just below is an anecdote which Thackeray has somewhere quoted about the amazement of the wild Irish when they saw the splendors of Henry II.'s court, and their foolish desire to become English forthwith; "who but English! but when they had now submitted themselves and lost their former liberty, they began to rebel some of them, others repent of what they had done, when it was too late." For one who delights in literary coincidences, in tracing the forms in which anecdotes present themselves in various ages, and observing how the old materials are being constantly refashioned to suit the taste of the present day, there is an ample hunting-ground in Burton's curious miscellany; and we come to have a liking for the old gentleman even though we may admit that for the less curious reader it is better to take advantage of Sterne's spectacles and contemplate Burton as reflected in the elder Shandy.

Cornhill Magazine.

HEALTH AT HOME.*

PART SECOND.

V.

WALL-COVERING FOR BEDROOMS.

FROM the floors of the bedroom, which were considered in my last paper, we may pass to the walls and ceiling. These should be covered in every case in such a manner that they may be at any time effectively cleaned at as little possible expense and trouble as is possible. We have been accustomed for a long series of years past to use papers for the covering of bedroom walls, and in the shops for the sale of wall-papers it is the usual thing for the salesman to offer for inspection a distinct series of bedroom papers, the patterns of the paper and the quality of the papers being specially displayed in order to meet the tastes of the purchasers. There is no doubt that extremely beautiful and artistic papers are to be bought, but for my part I object to paper altogether in the bedroom. Paper has one recommendation, that of presenting for selection a variety, and it may be a beauty of pattern, and at first this is an enticing suggestion. After a short time, however, the most beautiful pattern causes weariness. The sight every night and morning of just the same lines and series of objects, so many groups, so many figures, so many flowers, so many singular or imaginary designs, becomes in a short time a wearisome process, and in the bedroom is often intolerable. This sameness, which becomes an objection even to a handsome paper, is a minor objection when it is compared with others which have to be mentioned. In some instances the paper itself is unwholesome, owing to the surface of it containing arsenic, which, having been used for coloring purposes, is given off in fine dust, is disseminated through the air, and is breathed by the occupant of the room to his decided injury. The common view held on this subject is that the papers called flock papers, and papers of green color, are those only which give off arsenical dust; but this is not strictly true, for Dr. Leonard Sedgwick found that a blue paper gave off arsenical dust into a bedroom, and that for a long time the sleepers in the room were suffering from the irritation caused by arsenic without discerning the true cause. They suffered from irritation of the throat, from dyspepsia, and from considerable *malaise* until the cause was discovered and removed.

Of course it would not be difficult to select in every case a paper for the walls of the bedroom which is quite free of arsenic, and, as the trouble and expense of such proof are comparatively slight, I do not dwell on this objection with any pertinacity; I name it merely as an objection of an accidental kind which can not fairly be omitted.

The argument usually offered for the adop-

* Continued from "Journal" for April.

tion of paper as a wall-covering is the economical argument that the paper lasts so long. Once put up it is not necessary to touch the wall again with a new covering for five or even seven years. In some leases and agreements there is a clause directing that the walls shall be papered every five or seven years, and the tenant makes it a point never to do more at any rate than just carry out the said agreement. The paper being once up on the walls looks clean and nice. "It will last another year very well." It is getting dingy certainly, but then it is such a nuisance to have in the paper-hanger, and go through the worry of emptying the room for him. So month after month the long-doomed paper is allowed to hang until from actual necessity it is removed and replaced, or recovered with a new paper.

Imperceptibly, but surely, a room, the walls of which are covered from year to year with the same paper, is a room the air of which is dirty, so that the very temptations to delay renewal and the very arguments of economy become the strongest of objections to papers altogether. When the air of the room is damp the paper gets damp. In the damp state it absorbs readily the dust that is in the air. When the weather gets dry and warm, or when the room is warmed by a fire, the dust becomes dry on the paper, and is then easily wafted and distributed through the air of the room, while if the paper be at all rough or raised the small irregular spaces are at all times receptacles for dust. This is a strong objection to the paper covering for the wall.

A final objection to the paper covering is the mode in which it is put on the walls. As a common practice layer is laid on layer until six or seven or more layers are sometimes put one over the other. And I have recently seen a room stripped of no fewer than ten layers of paper before the wall was reached. By this plan the room becomes lined with coating after coating of paste, which in course of time is decomposed, is turned into fine organic dust, and is itself, whenever the paper is torn away so as to allow of an escape of dust, a decided source of danger to health. Let sickness take place in a room the walls of which are treated in the manner now described; let the particles of the poison of a contagious disease disseminate in such a room, and almost of a certainty some minute portion of the particular poison will be cased up behind the new paper that is laid on, to remain a source of danger for after-occupants of the room for years and years to come.

For these reasons, and I think they are sound and good, I think the common system of paper for the walls of the bedroom is not the best. If a paper could be invented which, once laid on, would present a permanent surface, and a surface that would admit of systematic cleansing by means of soap and water or by dry scrubbing, then I should not have a word to say against it, and such an invention will, I should hope, one day be brought into common use.

The nearest approach I have ever seen to perfect success in the direction named was in a room in the house of my good friend Dr. Thursfield, of Leamington. Dr. Thursfield had a room very carefully papered with a good fine paper of oak pattern. This paper he coated with coach-makers' varnish until the complete surface was in truth as hard as the panel of a carriage itself. This wall could be washed with the greatest ease, and was as perfect as need be. Sometimes in the halls and on the staircases of houses we see oak and marble papers which are varnished, and which bear to be washed very well, but I have never seen those walls so perfect as the walls of the room I specially name, and certainly I have seen no approach to anything of the kind within a room.

Presuming that paper is used for the walls of a bedroom, there are certain rules which ought to be followed in respect to the process. The first of these is that the paper selected should not be a flock paper; next, it ought not to have a raised or rough surface; thirdly, the pattern should be of the plainest possible kind, and, if I may so express it, patternless; the color should be gray or a sea-green; and, lastly, the paper should be frequently renewed — it should be changed every three years at least. Moreover, in changing the paper there should be no slip-shod method of putting on a new paper before the removal of the old. The old paper should be entirely stripped off, the wall should be well cleansed of dry paste, and the new paper should be put on with paste that is quite fresh and pure. The introduction of a little alum into the paste is always good practice.

In cases where a person has suffered from any one of the contagious diseases, and has occupied a room the walls of which are covered with paper, there should be no hesitation, when the room is relieved of its occupant, in clearing every particle of paper from the wall at once, also making the clearance as complete as possible. I usually direct, in those cases, that the paper, while it is still on the wall, should be saturated with water that is at boiling heat, the water being applied with a small flannel or woolen mop. In this manner two purposes are served: the heat disinfects, and the paper is made to peel off with great readiness and completeness. When the paper is thus removed down to the solid walls, the walls may be fumigated with sulphurous acid vapor and afterward washed down, sponged, and allowed to dry.

After such cleansing the new paper may be laid on, the ceiling having been previously cleansed and colored.

If paper be not used for the covering of the wall of the bedroom, recourse may be had to one or other of the following plans:

In a newly-built house there can be no better outlay than that which would be devoted to the plan of making the walls of the bedroom quite impermeable and smooth, by covering them with a firm cement like parian. The walls ought to be made so readily cleansable that they can at any time be scalded and washed, just as a piece of crockery can be scalded and washed. The simple plain surface is better than the tiled surface; it is more easily cleansed, and it does not weary by a pattern that is immovable. It has been objected to this plan that when it is adopted the wall becomes covered with moisture whenever the air is charged with moisture. The objection would be sound if the air must, by necessity, be so charged with moisture as to produce the effect stated; but, in truth, this ought not to be the case. If the air of a room is so damp that water will condense on the walls, it does not signify whether those walls be permeable or impermeable, for the air will be damp all the same. The only difference will be in what is seen. If the walls be impermeable, the condensed water will be visible, and will run down the walls, whereby it will be known as a fact that the air is, or has been, loaded with moisture. If the walls be coated with a permeable substance, the water, truly, will not be seen, but it will be there all the same, for it will have passed into the permeable covering of the walls, and will remain until it is given up again to the air of the room as a drier time or season arrives. We may observe this fact well illustrated from the looking-glasses in a damp room, or from the moisture on a damp, permeable wall. The wall may seem as dry as a bone, but the glass may be so covered with moisture that there is no reflection at all from it. The wall here is not less damp than the glass, but it holds the damp, and is, therefore, the more dangerous. Supposing, then, that a room with an impermeable wall shows signs of moisture on the wall, the evidence is definite that such a room is not properly ventilated, or that water vapor has access to it, or that it is so cold that water easily condenses upon it; whereupon the effort should be, not to make the wall porous, but to keep the air of the room warm and dry.

In houses that are already built and that have simply plaster walls, the plan of covering the walls with an impermeable cement may be too expensive or otherwise undesirable. In these instances we may have recourse to paints or to distemper; ordinary old-fashioned lead paint for walls, when it is laid on properly and is of best quality, is always good. It is expensive at first, but it is very durable; it admits of ready cleansing, and when it is well varnished the surface of it may be washed many times without injury. If the paint has been simply flatted it may also be washed very often, provided that neither soda nor other alkaline substance be used with the water. I have, within the last nine years, used the new substance called silicate paint with much advantage for the bedroom wall. This paint gives, I think, a little more trouble than the ordinary lead paints in its application, and many painters are much prejudiced against it. One of these who was working for me was, indeed, so opposed to the use of the silicate paint that he actually threw up his tools and went away, leaving the men who were working under him without a leader. Nevertheless, I let the work go on, and a better result could not have been wished for. The extra trouble with the silicate paint lies in the fact that it does not "cover," to use the term that is employed by the artisan. Two layers of the ordinary sound lead paint are, they say, equivalent to four of the silicate. The paint also has to be laid on with more care than the lead paint to prevent it from showing the lines caused by the brush. When, however, it is completely laid on and the requisite number of layers are applied so as to cover thoroughly, it yields a surface which is at once fine, impermeable, and clean. The surface can be washed with soap and water as freely as if it were a surface of cement, and, as far as I can see, so far it wears effectually. With these advantages the objections of the workmen pass away, and they ought to be fairly considered by the workmen themselves, seeing that in the use of the silicate paint the health is not endangered. The risk of being poisoned by the lead which is present in the lead paints, to which from long custom the workman so rigidly pins his faith, does not exist.

If neither paper nor paint be used for the bedroom wall, there remains the old and simple plan of coloring with distemper, and really, after all, this cheap and easy method is as good as any. Distemper color is wholesome as a covering, it is cheap, and it suggests more than paper does, a frequent renewal.

It is worth noting that, in instances where the wall has been covered with paper, and where the paper is not broken or torn away at any part, and where, for any reason, it is not felt to be desirable to remove the paper, one or two coats of distemper may be laid on the paper after a coating of size as a preliminary. If the paper be smooth, the pattern of it will entirely be covered by the wash; if the paper be not smooth

—if, I mean, it has on it a raised pattern—the distemper will give an outline of the pattern which, though quite distinct, is not disagreeable to the sight.

Whatever be the substance used for covering the wall, whether lead paint, silicate paint, or distemper, the color should, I think, be the same as was suggested for paper, namely, a light green, what is, I believe, called a "sea-green" color. This color, taking it all in all, is more pleasant to the sight, as a color to be regularly gazed at. When the eye meets it on awaking, it offers no resistance or sense of unpleasantness, and it bears to be looked at more frequently than other colors. In this respect it resembles the grass of the fields, the verdure of the forest, and the surface of the sea. After the green, gray or russet-red color is most to be desired.

While I have advocated a perfectly plain surface for the walls of the bedroom—that is to say, an absence from anything like a staring permanent pattern—I would earnestly encourage the ornamentation of the walls by objects of good art that are easily removed and changed. Good pictures, statuettes, and other ornaments are excellent in the bedroom. At the same time, it is wise and wholesome practice to break the uniformity of decoration from time to time. The health of the body is very much modified by the tone and turn of the mind, and whatever creates a pleasurable diversion of mind, however simple it may be, is wholesome to the body not less than to the mind itself.

The ceiling of the bedroom is the next consideration after the walls. This should be attended to more frequently than is customary in most households. The ceiling should be colored regularly once a year at least, either with ordinary white- or lime-wash, with distemper, or with zinc-white. Zinc-white, which has lately been introduced by Mr. Griffiths, as a paint, answers excellently for ceilings; it covers well, gives a smooth surface, and is very little more expensive than common lime-wash. The color of the bedroom ceiling should not be pure white; it should be slightly toned toward blue or green.

The bedroom is now lighted, ventilated, warmed, floored, and carpeted, and its walls are colored, and, it may be, decorated. It is ready to receive its furniture, and to the furniture we will therefore direct our attention.

VI.

FURNITURE, BEDS, AND BEDDING.

IT may be taken as a general rule that a bedroom should have in it the least possible amount of furniture, and that whatever furniture there is in it should be as free as possible of all that can hold dust and fluff.

I can not do better than commence what I have to say concerning beds and bedding by protesting against the double bed. The system of having beds in which two persons can sleep is always, to some extent, unhealthy. No two persons are so constituted as to sleep naturally under the same weight of bedclothes and on the same kind of bed or mattress. But sleep, to be perfect and profound and restorative, should be so prepared for that not a single discomfort should interrupt it. A good illustration of the fact to which I am directing attention is shown at the Industrial Schools at Annerley. The visitor to those schools, in which children most unhealthily born are reared into a condition of health which is singularly good, and which seems to prove that even hereditary evils may be educated out of the body almost in one generation—the visitor to those schools will find in the dormitories there that each child has its own little bed. It will be asked, perhaps—in fact, I heard it asked—whether this plan is not very expensive and troublesome, causing double bed-making, double bed-airing, double laundry-work, and double cost of bed-linen and coverings. Well, the reply was, that there is an extra cost in regard to those particulars, but that, on the whole, there is an untold saving in relation to health. The children rise from their beds really refreshed, and in every way better for the separate occupation. In this manner the sick-list is kept free to a great extent; and as one sick child in its infirmary sick-couch is an anxiety by night as well as by day, and as one sick child confined to its bed by its sickness is more trouble and anxiety than half a dozen healthy children occupying each a separate bed during sleeping hours, there is a positive saving of trouble and of expense in the course of the year from the practice of the single-bed system. It is not difficult to discover the reason of the saving of health. The fact that no two persons are constituted to require the same kind of clothes and the same kind of bedding has been already adverted to, to which may be added the further fact that no children or persons can sleep under the same covering without one being the cause of some discomfort to the other, by movement, position, or drag of clothing. Beyond these discomforts, moreover, there is the question of emanations from the breath. At some time or other the breath of one of the sleepers must, in some degree, affect the other; the breath is heavy, disagreeable; it may be so intolerable that in waking hours, when the senses are alive to it, it would be sickening, soon after a short exposure to it. Here in bed, with the senses locked up, the disagreeable odor may not be realized; but, assuredly, because it is not detected, it is not less injurious.

I need not pursue this subject much further; common sense will tell everybody who will reflect on the subject with common sense that I am correct, and that it is best for persons of every age to have to themselves the shelter within which they pass one third of their whole lives—thirty years of life, if they live to be ninety years old. I dwell, therefore, only on one point more in favor of the single bed, and that is to enforce the lesson that under the single-bed system it is rendered impossible to place very old and very young persons to sleep together. To the young this is a positive blessing, for there is no practice more deleterious to them than to sleep with the aged. The vital warmth that is so essential for their growth and development is robbed from them by the aged, and they are enfeebled at a time when they are least able to bear the enfeeblement.

The single bed for every sleeper determined on, the size of the bedstead and the number of bedsteads in the room, according to space, should be considered. For ordinary adult persons the bedstead need not exceed three feet six inches in width by six feet six inches in length; and in no room, however well it may be ventilated, should a bedstead be placed in less than a thousand cubic feet of breathing-space. A bedroom for two single beds should not measure less than sixteen feet long by twelve feet wide and eleven feet high. There are some sanitarians who would not be satisfied with those dimensions for a room to be occupied by two persons, and I frankly admit the dimensions are close to the minimum, though with good ventilation they may, I think, suffice. With bad ventilation they are confessedly out of court, and I name them merely for the sake of meeting the necessities of the limited bedroom space that pertains to the houses of great cities. In my own mind I do not consider twice the amount of space named at all too much, even with the ventilation as free as I have suggested in previous chapters of this essay.

There can be no mistake that the bedstead should be constructed of metal, of iron or brass, or a combination of those metals. Wooden bedsteads are altogether out of date in healthy houses. They are not cleanly, they harbor the unclean, and they are not cleansable like a metal framework. The framework of the bed should be so constructed that the bed or mattress is raised two feet from the floor of the room, and the whole framework should be steady and so well knit together that the movements of the sleeper should cause neither creaking nor vibration.

A good deal of controversy has been raised on the matter of curtains for beds. From the old system of curtains all round the bed, like a tent, there has been a reaction to an entire abolition of the curtains. I am of opinion that this complete change is not beneficial. Two light side head-curtains, with a curtain at the back of the head and a small tester, are, I think, very good parts of a bedstead. The curtains fulfill a doubly useful purpose: they shield the head and face of the sleeper from draughts, and they enable the sleeper to shut out the direct light from the window without in any way necessitating him to shut the light out at the window itself. The room may be filled with light, and yet the sleeper may be shielded from the direct action of it upon his eyes if he have the curtain as a shield.

The kind of bed on which the body should rest is a question on which there is extreme divergence of opinion. Whenever we leave our own bed to go to sleep elsewhere, in an hotel or in the house of a friend, it is almost certain that we shall find a bed differing from that to which we are accustomed. We may find a bed of down so soft that to drop into it is like dropping into light dough; we may find a soft feather bed, or a soft mattress, or a spring mattress, a moderately hard mattress, or a mattress as hard, I had nearly said, as the plank bed for which our prisons are now so unenviably notorious. These differences are determined by the taste of the owner of the bed, without much reference to principle, or to the likings of any one else in the world; not a very good or satisfactory state of things. There ought to be some principle for guidance in a trial so solemn as that which settles the mode in which our bodies shall rest for a third of our mortal existence.

I fear it is hard to fix on definite principles, but there is one principle, at any rate, which may be relied on, and which, when it is understood, goes a long way toward solving the question of the best kind of bed for all sleepers. The principle is, that the bed, whatever it be made of, should be so flexible, if I may use the term, that all parts of the body may rest upon it equally. It ought to adapt itself to the outline of the body in whatever position the body may be placed. The very hard mattress which yields nothing, and which makes the body rest on two or three points of corporeal surface, is at once excluded from use by this principle, and I know of no imposition that ought to be excluded more rigorously. On the other hand, the bed that is so soft that the body is enveloped in it, though it may be very luxurious, is too oppressive, hot, and enfeebling; it keeps up a regular fever which can not fail to exhaust both physical and mental energies, and at the same time it really does not adapt itself perfectly to the outline of the body.

The best kind of bed, taking everything into consideration, is one of two kinds. A fairly soft feather bed laid upon a soft horsehair mattress,

or a thin mattress laid upon one of the elastic steel-spring beds which have lately been so ingeniously constructed of small connected springs that yield in a wave-like manner to every motion. It is against my inclination to try to write out the time-honored old feather bed and mattress, but I am forced to state that the new steel-spring bed is, of necessity, the bed of the future. It fulfills every intention of flexibility; it is durable; it goes with the bedstead, as an actual part of it, and it can never be a nest or receptacle of contagion or impurity.

On the subject of bedclothes, the points that have most to be enforced are that heavy bedclothing is always a mistake, and that weight in no true sense means warmth. The light down quilts or coverlets which are now coming into general use are the greatest improvements that have been made, in our time, in regard to bedclothes. One of these quilts takes well the place of two blankets, and they cause much less fatigue from weight than layer upon layer of blanket covering.

As to the actual quantity of clothes which should be on the sleeper, I can lay down no rule of numbers or quantities, because different people require such different amounts. I can, nevertheless, offer one very good practice which every person can learn to apply. It should be the rule to learn so to adapt the clothing that the body is never cold and never hot while under the clothes. The first rule is usually followed, and need not be dwelt on; the last is too commonly broken. It is a practice too easily acquired to sleep under so much clothing that the body becomes excessively heated, feverishly heated. This condition gives rise to exhaustion, to disturbing dreams, to headache, to dyspepsia, and to constipation. It is so injurious that it is better to learn to sleep with even too little than with too much clothing over the body. This, specially, is true for the young and the vigorous. It is less true for the old, but in them it holds good in a modified degree.

The position of the bed in the bedroom is of moment. The foot of the bed to the fireplace is the best arrangement when it can be carried out. The bed should be away from the door, so that the door does not open upon it, and it should never, if it can be helped, be between the door and the fire. If the head of the bed can be placed to the east, so that the body lies in the line of the earth's motion, I think it is in the best position for the sleeper.

The furniture of the bedroom, other than the bed, should be of the simplest kind. The chairs should be uncovered, and free from stuffing of woolen or other material; the wardrobe should have closely fitting doors; the utensils should have closely fitting covers; and everything that can in any way gather dust should be carefully excluded.

In a word, the bedroom, the room for the third of this mortal life, and that third the most helpless, should be a sanctuary of cleanliness and order, in which no injurious exhalation can remain for a moment, and no trace of uncleanliness offend a single sense.

B. W. RICHARDSON, M. D. (*Good Words*).

(*To be continued.*)

SENIOR'S CONVERSATIONS.

SECOND SERIES OF SELECTIONS.*

SAGACITY OF JURIES.

SEPTEMBER 1st (1861).—I will throw together my conversations of the last two days with Sir W. Erle.†

I mentioned that in all the Swiss constitutions trial by jury in criminal matters was required.

Erle. And very wisely.

Senior. Wisely for the purpose of keeping power in the hands of the people?

Erle. Wisely for *all* purposes.

Senior. Including the discovery of truth?

Erle. Including the discovery of truth. I believe that a jury is in general far more likely to come to a right decision than a judge.

Senior. That seems to me strange. The judge has everything in his favor—intelligence, education, experience, and responsibility.

Erle. With respect to intelligence, a judge is certainly superior to an ordinary juryman; but among the twelve there will generally be found one, often two men, of considerable intelligence, and they lead the rest. As to education, the jury have decidedly the advantage. The education

* See "Appletons' Journal" for May.

† Sir William Erle was appointed, in 1844, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas; in 1846 he was transferred to the Court of Queen's Bench; in 1859 he was promoted to the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Common Pleas, on the elevation of Lord Campbell to the Woolsack. He retired into private life, taking his farewell of the Bench on November 26, 1866.—ED.

of a judge, as far as relates to deciding fact, is the education of a practicing barrister who is immersed in the world of words, and removed from acting in the commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing facts which form the staple of contest. He is so accustomed to deny what he believes to be true, to defend what he feels to be wrong, to look for premises, not for conclusions, that he loses the sense of true and false—i. e., real and unreal. Then he is essentially a London gentleman; he knows nothing of the habits of thought, or of feeling, or of action in the middle and lower classes who supply our litigants, witnesses, and prisoners. And it is from barristers thus educated that judges are taken.

When tried by a jury, the prisoner is tried by his peers, or by those who are a little above his peers, who are practically accustomed to the facts adduced as *probantia*, and can truly appreciate their value. I have often been astonished by the sagacity with which they enter into his feelings, suppose his motives, and from the scattered *indicia* afforded by the evidence conjecture a whole series of events. For, after all, the verdict, if it be a conviction, must always be a conjecture.

Experience the judge certainly has. As counsel or as judge he has taken part in many hundreds of trials. The juryman may never have served before. But this long experience often gives the judge prejudices which warp his judgment. The counsel who are accustomed to plead before him find them out and practice on them.

I was counsel in a case of assault. My client had had three ribs broken by a drunken bargeman. The opposite counsel cross-examined as to whether since the accident he had not been a field-preacher, whether he had not actually preached from a tub. He admitted that he had. I did not see the drift of this, for, though a man could not easily preach directly after his ribs had been broken, he might when they had reunited. The judge summed up strongly against me, and my client got nothing. I afterward found that the judge had an almost insane hatred of field-preachers. It is true that each juryman may have prejudices equally absurd, but they are neutralized by his fellows, and, above all, they are not known. They can not be turned to account by counsel.

As for responsibility, a judge being a permanent officer, especially a judge sitting alone, is more responsible to public opinion than any individual juryman, who is one of a body assembled only once and immediately dissolved. But I believe that the feeling of moral responsibility is much stronger in the case of the juryman, to whom the situation is new, whose attention is excited, who for the first time in his life is called upon to exercise public important functions in the face of all his neighbors, than in that of a judge who is doing to-day what he has been doing perhaps every day for ten years before. I have seen dreadful carelessness in judges. Again, a judge is often under the influence of particular counsel; some he hates, some he likes, some he relies on, and some he fears. It is easy for a judge to be impartial between plaintiff and defendant—indeed, he is almost always so; it is difficult to be impartial between counsel and counsel.

Senior. I have felt that myself, but in general the feeling of dislike was stronger than that of liking. There were men on whose side I could decide only by an effort; they were so false, so sophistical, so anxious to dress up a cause which was sufficiently good if merely clearly and simply stated, that I was almost ashamed to decide for them lest I should be supposed to have been deceived. But I do not recollect having had favorites.

Erle. Perhaps you had them without knowing it, and attributed solely to the argument a force which was partly due to your good opinion of the speaker.

Senior. Just as a juryman, who had been in court during the whole sitting at Liverpool, congratulated Scarlett on having been always employed by the side that was in the right. What class give you the best jurymen?

Erle. The respectable farmers and the higher shopkeepers in the country towns. The men from the great cities, accustomed to excess in trade speculations, are inferior to them, especially in an honest sense of duty. The worst juries that I have known came from such places. Their adventurous gambling trade seems to make them reckless. At one time they appeared to have pleasure in deciding against what they supposed to be my opinion, which I counteracted by seeming to give more emphasis to the reasons in favor of the decision to which I was opposed. One of the things which used at first to surprise me is, the very small motive which is enough to lead men to commit atrocious crimes. Smethurst's * motive, for instance, was a small one.

Senior. You hold Smethurst guilty?

Erle. Certainly I do. If the evidence against him was insufficient, almost all circumstantial evidence must be insufficient, for it scarcely ever is stronger.

Senior. Sir George Lewis was partly influenced by the want of motive.

* Dr. Smethurst was accused of marrying Miss Bankes during the lifetime of his wife. He caused her to make a will in his favor, and she died soon afterward of slow poison. He was convicted and sentenced to execution, but Sir George Lewis, who was Home Secretary at that time, did not consider the evidence sufficient, and granted him a free pardon. Smethurst was afterward tried, convicted, and imprisoned for bigamy.—Ed.

Erle. Do you recollect the Buckinghamshire groom, who murdered his fellow servant because she would not give him a glass of beer?

Senior. You would have convicted Vidil* of the attempt to murder?

Erle. I have no doubt that he did attempt to murder, and I think that I should have convicted him.

Senior. Would he have been hanged?

Erle. I think not. I recollect no case of an execution for a mere attempt. He would have been sentenced to penal servitude for twenty-five years, which means twelve and a half years if the prisoner conducts himself well. His present sentence of one year's hard labor is severer while it lasts. The men in penal servitude live apart, each in his cell, and employed in trades. Great importance is attached to keeping up their weight. As their work does not promote the development of muscle, their weight is retained by fattening them. I saw a set of convicts at Dartmoor. Every one of them had thrown out a bow window. Nothing could look more absurd than a line of sixty or seventy men, each adorned by this prominence. Its reformatory effects, however, will be great. They will be guilty of none of the thefts which require agility.

Senior. I am not sure of that; Falstaff was a highwayman.

Erle. Yes; but he admitted that he could not rob a-foot, and no one can rob now on horseback.

Senior. And how will Vidil's punishment differ from penal servitude?

Erle. It will not be separate, he will be mixed with common felons. He will probably have to sleep on an inclined plane fifty or sixty feet long, and six feet broad, running along the side of the room, among twenty or thirty other convicts, those on each side of him separated from him by only an imaginary line. He will have to work with them and live with them. To a man of any refinement, and he must have some, it is a horrible sentence. And think what will be his position when he is released! I had much rather be hanged.

Senior. Do you believe that many innocent men are tried?

Erle. I believe that many men are tried, and that some are convicted, who are innocent of the crime of which they are accused. But I also believe that *almost all* those who are wrongfully accused, and that *all* those who are wrongfully convicted, belong to the criminal class. An honest man always proves an *alibi*, but a professional thief is constantly employed in some breach of the law. If, from a mistake of identity, the great cause of erroneous prosecutions, he is accused of some crime of which he is not guilty, he too can prove an *alibi;* but that very *alibi* would show his participation in some other crime. He prefers the risk of a false conviction to the certainty of a true one. He will not defend himself against the charge of having stolen A.'s sheep, by showing that at that very time he was breaking into B.'s house.

Senior. You have pleaded the cause of juries in criminal cases. What do you say to them in civil causes?

Erle. Even in civil causes I prefer juries to judges. The indifference to real and unreal, and so to right and wrong, which besets a barrister bred in the world of words rather than of facts, often follows him to the bench. Besides this, I have known judges, bred in the world of legal studies, who delighted in nothing so much as in a strong decision. Now, a strong decision is a decision opposed to common sense and to common convenience.

Senior. Such, for instance, as Lord Eldon's; that if a book be mischievous you have a right to pirate it.

Erle. A great part of the law made by judges consists of strong decisions, and as one strong decision is a precedent for another a little stronger, the law at last on some matters becomes such a nuisance that equity intervenes, or an act of Parliament must be passed to sweep the whole away.

Senior. As was done as to the construction of wills.

I am told that Cockburn regrets that he has changed the bar for the bench.

Erle. So do not I. Both are laborious, and both are anxious; but the labor of the bar to a man in great practice is overwhelming. My great delight is my farm at Liphook. I can not explain to you the soothing influence of agricultural occupation. As soon as I get there, I run to look at my colts and my calves, and my other stock, even my pigs. I care much more about my turnips, which are of no real value, than about my salary. When I am going away I get up an hour earlier to go round the farm once more.

Senior. I have no doubt that farming is an

* The Baron de Vidil made an attack upon his son with a loaded whip while they were riding together in a lane near Orleans House, Twickenham. The Baron alleged that his son's injuries were caused by an accident on the road. In his deposition the boy said that his father had struck him twice on the head; at the police examination, however, he refused to give any information tending to criminate his father. Immediately after the occurrence, the Baron fled to Paris, where he was apprehended and tried. As the son still refused to give any evidence against his father, the jury could find the prisoner guilty only of unlawfully wounding. The Baron was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor.—ED.

agreeable and interesting amusement; but is it not an expensive one?

Erle. I do not think that my farm costs me more than two hundred pounds a year. It is the money which I spend most profitably.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PAINTERS.

September 2d (1861).—Baron Marochetti* is at Évian, on the opposite side of the lake [Geneva]. Steamers cross in half an hour, three and four times a day. He breakfasted with us this morning, bringing with him a Captain Lutyens, an amateur artist of such excellence that Marochetti has advised him to quit the army and take to painting as a profession; and I think that he will do so. We talked of the present French school. Marochetti surprised me by not admitting Delaroche or Scheffer to be a great painter.

Marochetti. They were both of them men of great talent and industry, and, having taken to painting, they succeeded; but they would have done anything else as well, and many things better. They had that which can be attained by labor—such as accuracy of outline, proportion, perspective; and they had what is given by intelligence. Each of them conceives well, and represents well his story. Scheffer's "Mignon" tells her whole history. But the power of coloring is not to be got by labor or by imitation. It is a gift from Nature to those whom she intends to be painters, and neither Delaroche nor Scheffer had it.

Senior. Whom do you put at the head of the French school?

Marochetti. Delacroix, and perhaps Ingres and Meissonier.

Senior. And whom at the head of the English?

Marochetti. Landseer and Watts. Landseer I put first, because, though his line is not the highest, he has attained the highest rank in it, and because he owes so little to others. If Watts had not seen the great Italian painters, he would not have been what he is. If neither Rubens, nor Paul Potter, nor Schnyders had lived, Landseer would probably have painted as well as he does. Landseer borrows nothing from them, indeed has no motive to borrow from them, for they have nothing so good as what is his own.

Watts has taken much from his great predecessors, and, great as he is, has not equaled, or nearly equaled them. In his best works there is always something wanting. In his portrait, for instance, of Miss S——, an admirable picture—perhaps the best that he ever painted—the coloring is defective. It is too flat, and the figure is too thin. He is not fond of portrait-painting, but he would be unwise if he were to give it up. It is necessary both to keep him from mannerism and to keep him from deviating, in search of beauty, from real nature. At one time he painted much without models, and his figures, as you may see on the walls of Lord Somers's house in Carlton Terrace, lost reality and individuality. But, with all his faults, he is really a great painter—the greatest that you have had since Gainsborough and Sir Joshua.

Senior. Do you not rank Callcott and Stanfield high?

Marochetti. Calcott is a pretty painter of still-life, but he is feeble. He will scarcely live. Stanfield belongs to the French school of landscape-painters, and there are several that are superior to him—Gudin, for instance.

Senior. What do you say of Martin?

Marochetti. That he is a man of genius, ruined by mannerism, and by neglect of the details of his art. He never took the pains necessary to know how to paint the human figure. He is a great master of perspective. He is a great architect of the Egyptian school. His imagination revels in miles of colonnades, and sphinxes, and colossi. The boldness, the originality, the vastness, and the real merit of his "Belshazzar's Feast" delighted and almost awed the spectators. But, when it was found that every Martin resembled every other Martin, and resembled nothing else, they ceased to interest. They came to be considered as tricks, as is the usual result of mannerism when pushed, as Martin's was, to its utmost extent.

LAMARTINE ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Lamartine. I have addressed different audiences, but the only one worth talking to *c'est la foule* (the multitude). In an assembly your friends, or rather your party, treat the debate as a game, yourself as a piece, or as a pawn, and your speech as a move; your adversaries think of you only as an enemy, and of your speech only as a thing to be refuted. The rest, the impartial part of the audience, go to the debate as they go to an opera, consider your speech as a work of art offered to them as a subject for criticism, and praise you or blame you as they have been bored or amused. No one changes his opinion; no one is convinced; no one is even moved. The best speech does not alter a vote. It merely renders the vote, which every hearer

* Baron Charles Marochetti, the well-known sculptor, was born in 1805, at Turin, of naturalized French parents. He studied and resided in France until the Revolution of 1848, when he came over to England and obtained great success. The statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, in front of the Houses of Parliament, is by him, as well as the altar-piece in the Church of La Madeleine in Paris. His *chef-d'œuvre* is the statue of Emmanuel Philibert at Turin. He died in December, 1867.—Ed.

had premeditated to give, more or less pleasant to him. No one cares whether the speaker is or is not sincere. It is well known, indeed, that he must often be insincere, since he speaks, not his own opinions, but those of his party, or rather those which it suits his party to profess for the time being. No one cares for their truth. What is wanted is that they be plausible, and afford a good excuse for the vote.

La foule is sincere. It comes to you for information and counsel. The first, almost the only quality which it demands from you is, sincerity. You may reproach it, you may laugh at it, you may run counter to its prejudices, it will bear anything from you while it believes you to be honestly anxious to give it good advice. But beware how you are found out in flattering it. Beware how you are found out in saying anything which it believes to be insincere. That instant your influence is gone. Inferior men may be powerful mob-orators, if they have the same prejudices and feelings as their hearers. They reveal to every man that he is sympathized with by them, and sympathized with by his neighbors. They render every folly contagious. They strengthen wrong opinions, and excite passions already too violent.

The real triumph and the real usefulness is not to stimulate, but to moderate, to control, to alter, and often to reverse. So far as I effected these things, or any of these things, before the Hôtel de Ville, I was useful.

It is remarkable that there is a sort of dualism in a speaker's mind. However eager, however impassioned you may be, you hear from behind you a quiet, impartial voice, judging, censuring, and advising; whispering to you an impartial commentary, generally of blame or of warning. "That argument," it says, "is false; that fact is exaggerated, you do not believe what you are saying, and they will find it out; you have said enough on this subject—keep away from that subject." The voice never comes from before you; the whisperer seems to be perched on your shoulder, with his mouth close to your ear. He never leaves you. In your fiercest emotion, "*dans tout l'abandon et toutes les témérités de votre éloquence,*" whether you are bursting with anger and indignation, or intoxicated by the sympathy and cheers of your audience, the cold, equable voice pursues you, and directs and restrains without interrupting you. There is, as I said before, a dualism in your mind. You are at the same instant the fervid, impetuous orator, and the calm, unexcited critic.

FAULTS OF THE FRENCH CHARACTER.

March 13th (1862).—Prince Napoleon. The great fault of the French is, *qu'ils n'ont pas de caractère.* This shows itself in their dread of being in a minority. On every question the instinct of a Frenchman is, to ascertain on which side is the majority, and to join it. It shows itself also in their want of elasticity; they have no backbone. A blow from the Government strikes them down, and they lie flat and torpid. It was the same three hundred years ago. There was at that time a strong Protestant feeling in France; but it could not stand persecution. Next to this, their great fault is their hatred of superiors. The peasant, lying at the bottom of society, hates every one who wears a coat, and still more every one who wears a cassock.

Pietri. And yet he would rise if you were to pull down his *clocher.*

Prince Napoleon. In some departments, perhaps in twenty out of the eighty-six, he likes his *clocher,* but in every department he hates his *curé.*

Pietri. The lower clergy, however, are the best.

Prince Napoleon. The least bad. The other day a storm was raised in the Senate because I was supposed to have said that Napoleon reëntered France in 1815 with the cry, "*A bas les prêtres!*"* If I had said so it would have been the truth. The only country in Europe in which the priest is popular is England; and he is popular there because he is a gentleman, a man of the world, a *père de famille,* and above all, because he is rich and is charitable. Our priests are poor; they eke out their incomes by exactions from the people, they are turned out of their seminaries ignorant of everything except a scholastic divinity which, even if it be comprehensible, no one understands; they spring from the same class as the peasants, over whom they claim absolute authority, they interfere with the *ménage,* they set the wife and the daughter against the husband and the father. Every government and every party that relies on their support is doomed.

Senior. Does the peasant hate the prefect?

Prince Napoleon. No. In the first place, he never sees him. To him the prefect is an abstract idea, or, at most, an impersonation of the Government; and the peasant clings to the Government as the enemy of his enemy—the bourgeois. What the workman hates most is his *patron.* When I had to select a couple of hundred workmen to send them to London for the exhibition, I offered them forty thousand francs toward the expense. They accepted it from *me,* but they all said that they would not take a sou from their masters.

Next to his *patron,* the workman hates the *bourgeois.* Louis Philippe and his bourgeois

* What he really said was, "*A bas les traîtres!*"—ED.

Chamber of Deputies were abominations to him. So was the Provisional Government and the Constituent Assembly. All the workmen were behind the barricades against Louis Philippe in February, 1848, and against Cavaignac in the following June. He hates constitutional government, with its checks and counter-checks, and hierarchy of power. His affection is given only to what he supposes to be revolutionary principles, the absence of an aristocracy—that is to say, of any intermediate between the Government and the mass of the people. As for the bourgeois, he hates everybody, because he fears everybody. He hates and fears the people; he hates and fears what aristocracy we have left to us; he hates and fears the Government.

Senior. Why the Government?

Prince Napoleon. Because it taxes him, because it imposes free trade on him, because it makes war, subjects him to the conscription, and interferes with trade.

X. Because it emasculates his newspaper, *internes* him, or sends him to Cayenne if he talks too loud, and because it interferes with the course of justice if he is defrauded by one of its favorites.

Senior. And the aristocracy?

Prince Napoleon. There is no aristocracy except the aristocracy of office, which gives influence but no respect, and the small aristocracy of military and civil talent. Our officials and generals and orators and *littérateurs* are something while their office or their talent continues, but their influence is transient. . . .

I bitterly deplore it, but I am in a small minority. France is not liberal in government, in commerce—in anything, in short, except religion, and its religious tolerance arises from its disbelief. Even the schoolmaster does not affect to have any faith in the doctrines which he is obliged to pretend to teach.

Pietri. We must trust to the gradual operation of the press.

Prince Napoleon. I, too, trust to the press. Though it has done positively but little, it has done comparatively much during the last ten years. It has enabled the Emperor to give us an installment of free trade, and of free discussion.

Illiberal as France still is, she is much less so than she was in 1852; much less so than she would have been if Louis Philippe had continued. But we shall not see fully the useful influence of the press till it is free. I say *useful* influence, for the positive influence, the influence for evil, is probably greatest under a system of compression. In America, where there is perfect freedom, no one newspaper has much influence. In England, where the enormous expense of founding and keeping up a newspaper gives a monopoly to a few great capitalists, a few newspapers have considerable power; but not half the power which they have in France. The fiscal burdens, the *cautionnement*, the liability to suppression, the stamp, keep the number of papers lower even than it is in England, and the notoriety of the fact that they all publish, and indeed exist, only on the sufferance of the Government, gives importance to their censures. Everything that they say in opposition to the Government is taken as an admission. What I wish for is not so much the liberty of the press as its anarchy.

Senior. By its anarchy, do you mean that there shall be no such thing as a *délit de la presse?*

Prince Napoleon. I mean that there shall be no stamp, no *cautionnement*, no forced signature, no *avertissement*. At present, the press is under the *régime* not of *l'arbitraire*, which is bad enough, but of *le caprice*, which is intolerable. I wish a journal with only two hundred *abonnés* to be able to live. I wish to have a hundred, or five hundred such journals; their errors and their falsehoods would neutralize one another. But, while every opposition journal calls in question the principle of the Government and of the dynasty, we must have some *délits de la presse*. In England *you* have practically abandoned political prosecutions, because these questions are never raised. No newspaper in England writes against Christianity, or royalty, or property. Still the system of *avertissement*, if it were not managed by a fool or a madman, has many advantages.

Petinet. I detest it. To be tried, warned, and suppressed, without being heard, is intolerable.

Prince Napoleon. Still it is better to be suppressed than to be imprisoned.

ENGLISH HABITS.

Saturday, April 5th (1862).—We dined at Madame Anisson's, and afterward went to Thiers. Madame Anisson talked about English habits.

Madame Anisson. There is one institution which governs your whole lives, which I could never tolerate—the luncheon. Luncheon and breakfast destroy the whole morning. Your breakfast is so early that nothing can be done before it. It lasts till about eleven. Then, in winter, you must go out; for there is no going out after luncheon. At two comes luncheon; it is over by three, and by four it is dark. The drawing-room is deserted, you sit in your own room till half-past seven, and then you are expected to dine, though you in fact dined only four hours and a half before. Our plan of breakfast-

ing at half-past eleven gives us two or three hours before breakfast, and the whole day from half-past twelve to half-past six free.

Senior. I am quite ready to surrender luncheon, if you will give up a French institution—a lady's having a day for morning receptions.

Madame Anisson. I abominate it, and never submit to it. I pay a morning visit in order to talk to a friend. What conversation can there be in a room of twenty people, when somebody is coming in and somebody is going out every ten minutes?

Roger Anisson. The institution which I envy you most is that of downs and commons. We have *biens communaux*, but they are generally in wood, or let by the commune to individuals. The village-green, round which cottages with their little gardens, and sometimes the houses of the smaller aristocrats of the village—the doctor, the clergyman, and the retired tradesman—are scattered, is almost unknown to us. So is the great open down, on which I have ridden in England for ten miles.

CONVERSATIONS WITH RENAN.

May 1st (1863).—I will throw together several long conversations which, during the last ten days, I have had with Renan, on the subject of his unpublished work, "Histoire Critique des Origines du Christianisme."

Renan. It is printed, but I do not intend to publish it until I have delivered my next course of lectures—perhaps not until I have delivered more than one course. It will scandalize the orthodox world. I reject totally the supposed inspiration of the compilers of the Gospels. It was an idea introduced by the schoolmen, in order to supply premises for their disputations. The human mind was then the slave of authority. A text from Aristotle was conclusive in metaphysics; a text from the Bible was conclusive in theology. The skill of the disputer was shown by leading his adversary to an affirmation contradictory to one of the indisputable authorities.

Senior. St. Hilaire, who is a considerable Orientalist, believes that the Gospels were not published in their present form until the second century.

Renan. I disagree with him; I have no doubt that the Gospels assumed their present form in the first century, and I see no reason for disbelieving the uniform tradition that they were compiled by those whose names they bear. When I use the word "compiled," I exclude St. John, for his Gospel is obviously original, and its peculiarities are a strong proof that when it was written the other three Gospels existed. Not one of the miracles related by any of the earlier Evangelists is mentioned by St. John, except the feeding of the five thousand, and the walking of Jesus on the lake the following night.

St. John, indeed, scarcely mentions an event which is told by any one else. Such remarkable ones as the Transfiguration, the choosing the Apostles, and the institution of the Eucharist, at each of which he was present, are not even alluded to. There is not a single parable in the whole Gospel, nor any moral precept, except the "new commandment," to love one another. The only condition on which eternal life is made to depend is faith in himself. Strongly contrasted with the absence of moral teaching is the abundance of doctrinal teaching.

The union of Jesus with the Father, the necessity of a firm belief in this union, and the promise of eternal life to those who possess this belief, constitute nearly the whole Gospel.

This absence from the work of St. John of everything contained in the other Gospels could not have taken place by accident; and, if it was intentional, he must have had all the other Gospels before him.

Again, it is impossible that the predictions ascribed to Christ three days before the passion could have been ascribed to him by any one writing after the end of the first century; for that prophecy declares that, "immediately after the tribulation of those days the sun shall be darkened, the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. And he shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather together his elect from one end of the heaven to the other. When you see all these things, know that it is near, even at the door. Verily, I say unto you, that this generation shall not pass away until all these things be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

Senior. It seems clear that Matthew confounds two different events predicted by our Saviour in the same conversation. That conversation began by the remarks of the disciples on the vast substructions of the Temple. Jesus answered that the day was coming when one stone would not be left on another. Then Peter, James, John, and Andrew, asked him privately when this was to be, and what would be the previous tokens. He answers, according to Matthew and Mark, that the token would be the desecration of the sanctuary foretold by Daniel;* according to Luke, the surrounding of Jerusalem with hostile armies. "There will then," he adds, "be misery

* "They shall pollute the sanctuary, and shall place there the abomination that maketh desolate."—DAN. ii. 31.

uch as never was endured before, and Jerusalem ill be trodden down by the Gentiles." Here he first prophecy, that of the fall of Jerusalem, eems to end. The second prophecy which you ave mentioned, and which describes the end of he world, follows. Matthew connects the two y the word "immediately"; but, as the events redicted in the second prophecy have not yet ccurred, it is clear that Matthew, impressed vith the then prevalent notion that the end of he world was at hand, confounded the two rophecies, and that Mark and Luke copied him. The second event, the destruction of the world, eems to be that of which Jesus says, "Of that our and day knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father only." But he *does* foretell the time of the first event, the destruction of Jerusalem, and fixes it within the lives of the existing generation, as he had previously fixed the arrival of the kingdom of heaven before the deaths of some of those who then stood around him.* Luke seems to have perceived the inconsistency of these statements, and omits the affirmation that no one, not the angels, not the Son, but only the Father knew the time when the prediction would be fulfilled. John, as you remark, omits the whole conversation.

Renan. Few things seem more remarkable than the scantiness of the memoranda of the teaching of Jesus. His disciples, indeed, did not belong to a writing class, they were illiterate artisans and fishermen. Nor was it a writing age. Much, too, is to be attributed to the prevailing expectation that the end of the world, or rather of this "aion," of this phase of the world's existence, was at hand and would be immediately succeeded by the kingdom of heaven. It seemed unnecessary to record lessons which would soon cease to be applicable. I think it probable that the first record was that which Matthew made of the discourses of Jesus—the "logia," as they are called. Then probably Mark added a narrative of some of the events of his ministry. Still later, probably after the destruction of Jerusalem, Luke published his collections, and the possessors of the different Gospels filled up their copies by extracts taken from the others; and thus the first three Gospels became chapter after chapter identical. Much later John wrote, and, without adding anything to the moral lessons recorded by his predecessors, gave them a sanction by declaring the divinity and preëxistence of Jesus.

The general impression is, that the teaching of Jesus was melancholy. Toward the latter part of his ministry, after he had warned his disciples that they would be objects of hatred and contempt, that they would all be persecuted and some destroyed, that he himself would suffer an ignominious and cruel death, that Jerusalem would be trodden under foot, and that the whole Jewish nation would undergo calamities such as had never been endured before, of course the general character of his discourse became melancholy. But it does not seem to have been so at the beginning. The disciples believed that the kingdom of heaven was at hand. What it was to be was not clearly indicated, but there can be little doubt that they expected the fulfillment of the prophecy of Daniel.

"I saw in the night visions, and behold one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days. And there was given to him dominion and glory and a kingdom that all people, nations, and languages should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom is that which shall not be destroyed. And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him." (Daniel, chapter vii.)

The pagan golden age was a painful recollection. They believed in the gradual deterioration of mankind:

> "Ætas parentum pejor aris tulit
> Nos nequiores, mox daturos
> Progeniem vitiosiorem."

The Jewish golden age was future, and it was believed to be now at hand.

Galilee even now, after the ravages of centuries of war and of Mussulman waste and tyranny, is one of the most delightful countries in the world, full of verdure, water, and shade. Nazareth itself is a charming little town, by far the most agreeable in Palestine. Its low, square, detached houses have no beauty within or without, but they are embosomed in vines, fig-trees, and oranges, and stand in gardens intersected by streams from the hills around. The fountain, which was the center of the society of the ancient town, is ruined, as everything under Turkish rule gets ruined, but its ruins are still the resort of Nazarene women, whose beauty, a gift from the Virgin Mary, still makes them renowned in the East. The ridge, freshened by the sea-breeze, on the slope of which the town stands, commands a glorious prospect, extending from Carmel and the sea to the west to beyond the valley of Jordan to the east. It was in this delicious country that Jesus passed his youth and his adolescence, and he strayed little out of it during the wanderings which occupied his minis-

* Matt. xvi. 28.

try. The villages of Magdala, Capernaum, Bethsaida, and Chorazin, were all in the small space of a few square leagues between Nazareth and the lake. The trees, excepting the fruit-trees which overshadow the gardens, have disappeared; but the waters of the lake are as clear and as blue as ever; its shores, free from mud, are covered with turf and flowers down to the water's edge, and are broken into little bays and capes, covered with thickets of arbutus, rose, and cactus. He does not appear to have traveled in Samaria more than once or twice, on his way to Jerusalem, and he seldom visited Jerusalem except to attend the annual feasts. The arid, naked plains of Judea probably offended his exquisite taste for the beauties of nature, as much as the narrowness and hypocrisy of the Pharisees and Scribes disgusted his moral sense. He seems always to have returned with new delight to the verdure of Galilee and to the simplicity of the Galileans.

Senior. And yet it was in Galilee that he said that a prophet had no honor in his own country.

Renan. That must have been an ebullition of temporary disappointment. It was said, too, in the very beginning of his ministry, when his own brethren disbelieved in him, and those who had known him as a child, the son of humble parents, were slow to admit his Messianic pretensions. At a later period he was more reverenced in Galilee than in Jerusalem. Though his disciples were of the humblest, or the least respected classes—fishermen, artisans, tax-gatherers, and sinners—they were not unrefined. The coarseness of the European boor or workingman is not to be found in the East. No man is more gentlemanlike than a Bedouin. Human nature requires little in such a country; the idea of comfort belongs to indoor life and cold climates. It was very rarely indeed that Jesus or his disciples were ill received. They had a common purse of which Judas Iscariot was the bearer, but he does not seem to have made much use of it. When the twelve, and afterward the seventy, were sent out, they were desired to take with them no money, but they suffered no inconvenience for the want of it.

Senior. Jesus complained that the Son of Man had not where to lay his head.

Renan. I am not sure that that can be called a complaint. He had then a settled residence at Capernaum. It was probably merely a statement that being on a journey he had for the time no fixed habitation.

There is no allusion in the Gospels to indigence among his disciples. Some of them, such as Zaccheus and Joseph of Arimathea, were rich, though he treated wealth as an obstacle to piety.

The peculiarities of his teaching were cheerful. Every previous religion had been ascetic. Even the disciples of John the Baptist had fasted. Every previous religion interposed between God and man a priesthood. Every previous religion was encumbered with ceremonies, long prayers, and observances.

Senior. Not only every previous religion, but every subsequent one. There are no religions to which these qualities more belong than those of the Roman and of the Greek Church.

Renan. Well, the religion taught by Jesus is utterly free from them. The scene of the first miracle attributed to him is a marriage-feast. No scruples as to the character of the master or of the guests prevented his acceptance of invitations. He came to call not the *just* but sinners to repentance. In the East a house which receives a stranger becomes for the time public. The inhabitants of the village, and above all the children, flock round it. Jesus would not allow them to be repulsed. The women showed their reverence and their love by offering to him precious oils and perfumes. The disciples sometimes murmured at the waste or the interruption, but his affectionate heart sympathized with all testimonies of affection. He disapproved of all worldly cares. "Sufficient," he said, "for the day is the evil thereof." He reproved Martha for the elaborateness of her hospitality. The intercourse among the disciples was sometimes a little disturbed by questions as to their comparative rank in the future kingdom; but these were quickly ended by the interposition of their Master, and in general they seem to have lived together in perfect harmony. Their love and reverence of their Master were abundant, and so was his affection for them; though John had his peculiar love, and Peter was the one on whose vigor and devotion he most relied. The doctrine itself was called "the good news." The approach of the kingdom was the subject of constant expectation. It was one of the petitions of the only prayer which Jesus taught. I can conceive nothing more joyous than these early pilgrimages in Galilee, in a beautiful country, and a climate such as untraveled northerners can not conceive; of a master speaking, as his enemies admitted, as no man ever spoke before, and of disciples young and enthusiastic, free from all worldly cares, and publishing everywhere the "good news that the kingdom of heaven is at hand." That kingdom, according to the belief of the disciples, was to take place on this earth. It had a far greater influence on their imagination than the promises of happiness in a future world and in a future state of existence could have had.

Many of the expressions of Jesus seem to point to a terrestrial millennium.

"I appoint to you," he said to his disciples on ıe eve of his passion, "a kingdom as my Father ath appointed unto me, that you may eat and rink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on ırones judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

Now, enlightened by the events, we know ıat the kingdom of God foretold by Jesus was the improvement produced by Christianity. And when we compare the state of the pagan world, with its slavery, its cruelty, its licentiousness, its injustice, its fraud, and its hopeless, unimproving corruption, with that of the countries in which Christianity in its purer form exists, we may well call the latter the kingdom of God.

*SIBERIA.**

"THERE are at this moment millions of Poles being tortured to death in the quicksilver-mines of Siberia solely because they are Roman Catholics."

Such is one of the startling assertions with which all attempts to create an *entente cordiale* between Russia and England are so often rudely repulsed. It is more dignified, of course, to let stories of that kind pass unnoticed. One scarcely admits that anybody earnestly craving for truth can accept every absurdity. But it is no easy task for English people to find out what is the real state of things in Russia, our language being not an easy one to learn,† and we publish so seldom any refutation in our self-defense in any foreign tongue. I think my countrymen are wrong in never caring for what is said of them abroad, the moment they perceive that ill-faith has anything to do with this or with that calumny. There is too much pride in our systematic contempt for injustice. I see no humiliation in trying to explain the very little I know.

I wish I could be eloquent and persuasive. But I can only be true and outspoken. Nor is there any great merit in reporting what has already become a commonplace. That, surely, requires little civic or moral courage! But there is a reason which often prevents Russians from protesting, with which I heartily sympathize. As a rule, the more you have to defend yourself the more you come to the ungenerous "Tu quoque!" Now, there is very little consolation in thinking that we both are equally bad; but how are you to realize our difficulties if you are not reminded of your own?

When you accuse us, for instance, of our "atrocious convict system," how are we to avoid reminding you that you exiled your convicts to the antipodes as late as 1853, and that your convict establishments at Norfolk Island and Macquarrie Harbor were not supposed to be exactly what philanthropists could wish for? Indeed, Russians have been often told stories of horror of the chain-gang and the lash at the antipodes which rival even the worst your libelers have invented about our quicksilver-mines.

England made a point of disbelieving the reality of our good feelings because of our shortcomings. Are we to apply the same system in judging you? When we honestly sought your alliance in supporting the Eastern Christians, you not only refused your help but strengthened as much as you could the Turkish resistance. Your Government brought upon us a war which cost us not only millions of money, but many, many lives, whose loss will always be present to our memory, in spite of the lapse of time, and in spite of all the advantages which a successful war could gain. Your Government has done us a great deal of harm; and that it did not go further was simply because it felt convinced that no sacrifice, no danger could stop us the moment we thought it our duty to resist its concealed or open attacks. And in order to calm some generous, straightforward Englishmen, your officials tried to estrange them from us by inventing "Russian atrocities" in southern Bulgaria and elsewhere; and the ridiculous story about the millions of Poles exiled on account of their religion to Siberia is one of the snares set for English credulity.

The fact is this: Since this century commenced there have been (taking the most exaggerated numbers) about five hundred thousand persons exiled to Siberia, or less than ten thousand a year, but the majority of these were not

* A chapter from "Russia and England, from 1876 to 1880; a Protest and an Appeal." By a Russian author. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

† On this point Prince Bismarck is an authority. In Busch's remarkable book "Bismarck und seine Leute," the German Chancellor expresses himself as follows: "I can not conceive why Greek should be learned at all. If it is contended that the study of Greek is excellent mental discipline, to learn Russian would be still more so, and at the same time practically useful. Twenty-eight declensions and the innumerable niceties by which the deficiencies of conjugations are made up for are something to exercise the memory. And then, how are the words changed! Frequently nothing but a single letter of the original root remains."

Poles but Russians; nor were the Poles exiled on account of their religion, unless ordered to be rebels by their religion, as has sometimes been the case; but even then they were exiled for their rebellion, not for their religion. Imaginary geography is, I dare say, well studied in England, but the real one is decidedly not. Allow me, therefore, to remind you of what Siberia really is. Siberia is the northern half of the continent of Asia, exceeding in size the whole of Europe, and, as such, not easily described in a single formula. In the extreme north it is almost uninhabitable, and it is not thither that we send our criminals, for obvious reasons. It is too far off, and, if we sent them into these dreary expanses of snow and ice, we should have to feed them at a ruinous expense. As you see, I do not want to idealize the measures taken by our Government. But, sending our criminals to Siberia, as we do, in order to get rid of them cheaply, it would defeat our object to send them into the confines of the Arctic Circle. When you say Siberia, you imagine only the desolate north. Siberia, to exiles, with few exceptions, in reality means the fertile south—so fertile, indeed, that when set at liberty the exiles very often prefer to remain on its rich and cultivated soil. A university is going to be established at Tomsk, which will enable their children to profit by all the results of culture and civilization. Only the worst criminals, murderers, and desperate enemies of the state are sent to the mines and there employed in hard labor. But they form a small minority. In nine cases out of ten, exile to Siberia means enforced emigration to a fertile and scantily peopled country. Transportation with us does not necessarily imply penal servitude. In many cases we simply convey the convicts across the Ural range, and then turn them loose to help themselves. Once in Siberia they are free to go where they please, as long as they do not return to European Russia.

As the Governor-General of Western Siberia reports only the other day, the English convict system differed from the Russian chiefly in severity. The English convict was compelled to work on penalty of the lash or gallows; the Russian convict—I quote General Koznakoff's exact words, as I have good reasons for trusting his word—is pitchforked into Siberia, and permitted to do whatever he likes short of actual crime. Many weighty voices are heard against "the too great liberty accorded to convicts." But foolish kind-heartedness, however absurd such an assertion may appear to you, is one of our national features. We often bear in mind what our great Empress, Catharine II., used to say, "Better pardon ten criminals than punish one innocent." We feel these words, and act accordingly, and I would prefer being still more foolish to introducing the slavery of English convict prisons into Siberia. To accuse and find fault is always an easy thing. To accuse with indisputable good ground is more difficult, but to understand entirely those we judge is almost beyond our power. So, as you see, it is only natural to distrust our judgment if its object is to torture those who depend upon it. But is it such a cruel thing, so revolting to English humanity, when a man has committed even a crime to give him a new start in life in a new and more fertile country?

Mr. Barry, in his "Russia in 1870," declares that in many districts the climate of Siberia has the mildness of that of Italy, lying, as it does, in the same latitude as Venice. The soil is a rich, deep black loam, capable of yielding prodigious harvests. Fruit grows wild in any quantity. Game is in abundance, and food is exceedingly cheap. "I can think of no country in the world," he concludes by asserting, "which offers the same advantages to a young man with a small capital as Siberia. Whenever I travel in Siberia I always think—Why is it that our countrymen are sent away to the antipodes in search of a colony? Here they would be nearer home; they can get better land, cheaper than in many of our colonies! They could live more cheaply, get cheaper labor, and enjoy many advantages of civilization which they would want in the colonies."

That is not Russian—that is English testimony. Another Englishman who employed many workmen in Russia recently remarked: "Many of our hands come from Siberia, but they never remain very long. After two or three years they begin to pine for home, and when they leave they give no reason except—'It is very good, but not like Siberia!'"

Many Englishmen seem to think that Siberia is a large torture-chamber—a gigantic quicksilver-mine—where we send innocent persons to be slowly murdered. It is, on the contrary, a huge emigration field, whither we send criminals with the double object of getting rid of them and of supplying a sparsely peopled province with colonists. It may not be a good way of dealing with criminals, according to your view, but at least the charge of too great leniency is quite the reverse of what we are usually blamed for. To some the sentence ordering them to go to Siberia inflicts no disgrace. In their case it is simply equivalent to a compulsory passage to one of your colonies.

The number sent to Siberia, according to the latest official report, averages since 1860 about twenty thousand per annum—not a very large proportion out of a population of eighty-four millions. In England and Wales, with little more

than one quarter of the population, you have twelve thousand criminal convictions every year. The evils of which General Koznakoff complains are precisely those which would never arise if the facts corresponded to the English notion. So little limitation is placed upon the liberty of our convicts that numbers escape. In Tobolsk, in January, 1876, out of 51,122 exiles only 34,293 could be found. In Tomsk nearly five thousand were missing out of thirty thousand. The great mischief of our system of pitchforking convicts into Siberia, and telling them to do what they please, is that very few of them take to honest labor. The country is so rich that they can live without hard work, and they become idle, good-for-nothing vagabonds. It is an easy way of getting rid of convicts, but it is not good for Siberia. M. Koznakoff, the Governor-General, declares that millions are spent in governing them without there being the slightest return for the expenditure in the shape of private or public works. Since 1870 about four thousand persons a year have been exiled for "offenses against the administration," some of whom, of course, are political offenders. But no mistake could be greater than to suppose that all these political offenders were sent to the quicksilver-mines. For the most part they are left free to do as they please in certain districts, subject to police surveillance. As to the quicksilver-mines, they are solely reserved for murderers and political criminals of the worst kind—people many of whom in England you would have hanged off-hand. But, as we have abolished capital punishment, we must do something with our murderers, etc., so we send them to the mines.

Of course, there may be great abuses in our establishments—I wish I could deny that—just as there were in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land before you discontinued transportation. I admit injustice and mistakes on the part of our authorities—authorities are not infallible. But you would be wise in not accepting implicitly every libel told against us by Polish rebels. A few months ago a friend sent me a report of the most dreadful cruelties which a Fenian prisoner said he had suffered in your convict-prisons. Believe me, our Poles, when instigated by their father confessors, are not behind your Fenians in the compilation of a catalogue of horrors. If merely Russophobes attacked us I would not make even the shortest reply. But the minds of some of our friends are evidently put out of ease with these horrible legends, and I do not like to strengthen our enemies' hands by refraining from stating the truth.

If it is complained that "I idealize even Siberia," I may quote from an article embodying the results of "Recent Exploration of the Siberian Coast," by Captain Wiggins, the adventurous explorer of the Arctic regions, whose enterprise in opening up a trade route by sea to Siberia has attracted much attention in Russia. As the testimony of an independent witness, I make the following extract:* "Captain Wiggins has had many opportunities during his visits of thoroughly studying the system of exile from other parts of the Russian Empire, which is such a prominent subject in connection with Siberia, and, like others who have personally investigated it, he has arrived at conclusions very different from those popularly entertained. The captain declares that not one third of these time-service exiles elect to make the return journey to their former homes; they find that life is easier and pleasanter in the land to which they have been forcibly sent, and they end by becoming free settlers in the country of their adoption. Desperate criminals only are sent to labor in the quicksilver-mines, and for these there is a specially severe discipline provided, and 'horrors, without doubt, exist.'"

The explorer goes on to say, for many years past the desire of the Russian Government has been to forward, by all means in their power, the settlement of this portion of their territory, and they have learned that it is good policy to take the utmost possible care of the lives of the exiles, and to place them in the best possible positions for self-maintenance at the earliest opportunity. With the exception of the robbers and cutthroats specially condemned to the mines, the exiles are spread about in the towns and agricultural districts soon after their arrival, and, as a rule, they are left to shift for themselves. The supervision over them is slight, but tolerably effectual. The exiles, when quitting for any length of time the district to which they are assigned, must report their project to the head man, and they are then at liberty to go where they please, up or down the great river systems of the country, but they must not attempt to pass westward toward European Russia. A great number of the Russian exiles and immigrants employ themselves in the mines, and Captain Wiggins's experience of the people convinces him that they are "a happy, rollicking, joyous community—well clad, well fed, and well cared for." During the summer months they are able to earn sufficient money to provide for the wants of their respective households; in the long winter, and the commencement of the cold season, when they visit the town to make their purchases, is generally a time of high festivity among them. Captain Wiggins declares that some exiles are now settled in the north by the Russian Government, which, in this

* From an article published on November 21, 1878, by the "Newcastle Chronicle," the organ, I am told, of one of the most prejudiced of English Russophobes.

particular kind of banishment, undertakes certain responsibilities with regard to the maintenance of the convicts. Supplies of rye-meal are, in the summer season, forwarded to the farthest northern limits where the head men are appointed. These officials dispense the stores, during the winter, on a sort of credit system, to such exiles (or even families of the native tribes) as may need it, and in the succeeding summer the indebted parties must liquidate the cost price of the food they have received in furs, skins, or dried fish.

Captain Wiggins, unlike most writers on Russian questions, has visited Siberia and seen the country with his own eyes. It was, therefore, but natural that his evidence should be favorable. More surprising and unexpected is the testimony as to the falsity of the prevailing prejudices which appeared in November, 1879, in the Conservative "Standard," entitled "The Future of Siberia." It really is encouraging to find such truthful remarks as the following in the columns of a Ministerial organ:

Siberia, to the mind of Europe, is associated with nothing but horror. One connects it with the crack of Bashkir Cossack's whip, with the groans of wretched exiles dying—or, worse still, living—in the mines of Nertchinsk, and with cold and misery. In reality these ideas, though firmly imbedded in the English mind, are altogether erroneous if they are to be accepted as true of Siberia at large or of the state of matters in that country at present. The truth is, Siberia is a country of such extent that no general description can apply to all of it, and even when the accounts which have reached Europe have been true, which in the vast number of cases they were not, they related only to the northern part of the territory. Siberia is an infinitely richer and finer country than Canada or the northern part of America generally. Though the Polish exiles and others of a literary turn have, not unnaturally, given it a bad name, they have allowed their own sufferings to color their narrative. In Siberia the Russian peasant can get the "black earth" soil, and he escapes, under certain conditions, the military service. Doubtless the "unfortunates," who are sent on an average at the rate of thirteen thousand per annum to the penal colonies of Siberia, are not pampered to any alarming extent. But that they are nowadays treated with the severity they were in the times of Peter, Catharine, Paul, and even Nicholas, is entirely untrue. Indeed, since the accession of the present Czar, who in early life visited the penal settlements, the bureaucrats' complaint is, that so mild has the punishment of expatriation become that Siberia is losing its terrors. It is, indeed, the locality into which the Russian jails are annually emptied, and an offender is sent to that country who would in any other be simply sentenced to a few years' imprisonment. In the vast number of cases exile to Siberia is a very different matter from what banishment to Tasmania or New South Wales used to be. In the first place, as a rule, the Russian convicts go from a bad climate to a better, and are in such good company that the disgrace of transportation gets much modified. Only the third class—criminals of the deepest dye—work in the mines. These mines are, however, not all underground; they may consist of gold-washeries, or the exile may be set to the almost pleasurable excitement of searching for gems. At one time the worst class of convicts—usually murderers and particularly offensive politicians—were not only compelled to work underground, but they had to live there, and—horrible thought!—were buried there also. No wonder that Siberia got a bad name. But not over one fourth of the Siberian miners are convicts, and a recent explorer is even of opinion that the latter are in better circumstances physically, and lead quite as comfortable and more moral lives than the corresponding class of free men in America, England, or Australia. Society in the large towns is pleasant and polished. Banishment to Siberia has been overdone, and thus the mischief is righting itself by the natural law of compensation. It has long ceased to be a disgrace; it is rapidly ceasing to be a punishment.

No country in the world, except, perhaps, the valleys of the Amazon and the Mississippi, has such a perfect system of water communication as Siberia. The rich meadows near the mouth of the Yenisei, even though far within the Arctic Circle, astonished the Norwegian walrus-hunters who accompanied Professor Nordenskjöld. "What a land God has given the Russians!" was the half-admiring, half-envious exclamation of a peasant seaman who owned a little patch among the uplands in the Scandinavian Nordland. Yet these few pastures are uncropped and unscythed. The river has good coal-beds and fine forests, and, south of the forest region, level, stoneless plains, covered for hundreds of leagues with the richest "black earth" soil, only wanting the plow of the farmer to yield abundant harvests. Still farther south the river flows through a region where the vine grows in the open air. Altogether, it is believed that, by the expenditure of about one hundred thousand pounds, the Yenisei could be made navigable, though its tributary, the Angora, on the Lake Baikal—an inland sea not much smaller than Lake Superior—and the Obi could be connected with the Yenisei, and the Yenisei with the Lena.

Leaving out of account the numerous other Siberian rivers, all more or less navigable, a country could be thus thrown open equal to the combined territories of all the rivers which flow into the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora, and the Mediterranean. Yet from these rivers flowing into the Arctic Ocean, so cheap is produce in their valleys, one of which contains over two millions of people, that Captain Wiggins ballasted his ship with black-lead of fine quality. The valleys are full of the most magnificent timber, larch, spruce, etc., which is so little in demand that at the town of Yeniseisk a ship's mast thirty-six inches in diameter at the base, eighteen inches in diameter at the top, and sixty feet long, can be bought for a sovereign, and any number supplied in a

few days; beef costs two and a half pence per pound, and game of all kinds may be got in such abundance as to render mere living cheap enough. So abundant are corn and hay on the great steppes between Tomsk and Tjumen that horses are hired for one halfpenny per mile. A ton of salt, which costs in England fifteen shillings, is sold on the Yenisei for fifteen pounds; and wheat, which commands fifteen or sixteen pounds a ton in London, may be got in any quantity for twenty-five shillings per ton. To use the words of Mr. Seebohm, "a colossal fortune awaits the adventurer who is backed by sufficient capital, and a properly organized staff, to carry on a trade between this country and Siberia, *via* the Kara Sea." To-day a fresh market for the disposal of our manufactures is as much required as it was three centuries ago. Here in "frozen Siberia"—miscalled—is a field richer than Central Africa, and about as little cultivated as Corea, waiting his energy and his knowledge.

A SWISS NOVELIST.

HOW many, we wonder, of the crowds of tourists who annually flock to the "playground of Europe," know more of its people than can be learned in the conventional tour and in the *salons* of monster hotels? Does one person in ten concern himself to inquire into the Constitution and politics of this country? Has it ever occurred to one person in twenty to find out whether Switzerland boasts a contemporary literature? A few may recollect the fierce war waged between Bodmer and Breitinger and the pedantic German Gottsched concerning the respective merits of English and French literature which called forth the critical powers of Lessing. The names of Zimmermann, Lavater, the Gessners, Pestalozzi, Sulzer, Orelli, may linger in their memories, but who among them has read Jeremias Gotthelf? Better still, who has read Gottfried Keller? We venture to say not one in a hundred of those who have traversed the length and breadth of Keller's green Fatherland, have climbed its most inaccessible peaks, and "done" all its regulation sights. It is true that Switzerland is not rich in native literature; it has inspired far more than it has produced. It possesses now, however, a writer of such undoubted originality that he deserves to be known beyond the narrow limits of his native land. In Germany Keller's fame has been steadily on the increase, and, indeed, she would gladly claim him for her own. But, although Keller has been indirectly influenced by German writers, his most marked characteristic consists in his being a Switzer of the Swiss. It will be our endeavor in this paper to give some idea of this remarkable writer—no easy task, since Keller is peculiarly intangible, his excellences needing to be felt, being often too subtile for words.

In the early part of this century literature revived in Switzerland from a prolonged lethargy. This revival is partly attributable to the influx of Germans driven from home by political troubles. These Germans brought with them much solid learning and much genuine enthusiasm for literature, and settling, in great part, near the University of Zurich, they exercised a marked influence upon the younger Swiss generation. The result was the production of much mediocre and inadequate literary work; but a few stars arose, and among them one of the first magnitude, namely, Gottfried Keller. Keller was born in Zurich, July 19, 1819. His father, a master carpenter, died while he was an infant, leaving his widow and child in straitened means. After passing through the prescribed school routine, Keller turned to landscape-painting, then his foremost bent, and for this end went to Munich, where art flourished under the eccentric patronage of King Ludwig. Not achieving anything really good, with a wisdom as excellent as it is rare, he abandoned art, returned to Zurich (1842), and occupied himself with literary studies. In 1846 he published a small volume of lyrics, thoughtful and earnest in character, but rising to no heights of lyrical passion, and appealing more to the phantasy than to the emotions. The volume met with a fair success, and Keller continued to study. After a while he perceived that under this autodidactic method he did not advance sufficiently. He therefore went, in 1848, to the University of Heidelberg, passing on to Berlin in 1850, where his first prose work was published. In 1861 he was chosen Staatsschreiber (secretary) to the Canton of Zurich, and a member of the Great Council—i. e., a member of that body to whom in the larger cantons the people delegates its sovereignty. From this post Keller only retired three years ago, to devote himself solely to literature, for which his official duties had left little time. He does not himself think that this occupation with bureaucratic minutiæ did him harm, and it is again characteristic of his perfect mental salubrity that he should have preferred for many years to fill a small post in his native city to living upon the produce of his imaginative gifts. He says that it taught him

the discipline which is lacking in the "Grüne Heinrich," and that when he was able to resume literature he stepped out into it again with a fresh eye and brain; that it is good for an imaginative writer to lean upon reality, in whatever shape. What he hates in philosophy is materialism, in politics the compromise known as Liberal-Conservative, in religion all Jesuitry. What he worships is the true and guileless. His is a childlike nature, receptive to all beautiful influences, and reproducing them without effort and without introspection. He loves the simple, grand landscape, the gold-green meadows and glittering glaciers of his native land, and sings to Nature—

"Doch bin ich immer Kind geblieben
Wenn ich zu Dir ins Freie kam."

And, of this native land he is a faithful son, owning its idiosyncrasies in fullest measure. He is simple, strong, concrete, unsentimental, yet not devoid of feeling. The granite of his Alps brings forth men of granite, powerful and rugged, yet sound to the core. Such a man is he, and such live in his books. In confining his imagination to Switzerland, Keller has an advantage over his German colleagues. In Switzerland social and political conditions are simpler, and hence more tangible. A true democracy, consisting mainly of peasants and members of the lower-middle class, there do not arise any of those complicated social perplexities that vex aristocratic nations. Men stand closer to each other, yet there is less jostling and crowding; conventionalities such as ours do not exist; within certain limits of distance everybody is known to everybody; and, as the aims of life are uniform and more elemental, everybody understands everybody. As herdsmen and tillers of the earth the landfolk derive their subsistence. They are thus kept in contact with nature, and do not lose sight of the realities of existence, are not blinded and smothered by the artificialities of civilization. Nor as a rule are they restless. The son continues to cut hay from his grandsire's acres. Among such a people traditions survive through all outward changes. At no time have these greatly affected Switzerland, which remained singularly untouched by the passing away of the old order in Europe. Patriotism, deep-seated love for their mountainous home, is for them no new emotion dating from yesterday. Hence, the air not being so full of doctrines and systems as in Germany, a Swiss novelist stands on firmer ground. He deals with a homely nation of a certain slow persistency of character, who form a sober commonwealth of practical persons, devoid of romanticism, whose aspirations do not arise beyond the preservation and increase of their goods and chattels. But, if all ideal flights, all imaginative subtilties, are lacking, whimsical, eccentric, angular characters flourish in this confined soil. Of this community Keller has constituted himself the chronicler, and, sharing most markedly many of its characteristics, he has both consciously and unconsciously reproduced these in a series of inimitable romances.

Yet to Keller's first production, "Der grüne Heinrich," these remarks do not altogether apply. Nothing that Keller ever penned is imitative, even his first-born is *sui generis*, and springs from a fancy that has been unbiased and unrestrained. It is a strange work, full of glaring faults of construction; capricious, unequal, an incongruous medley, which nevertheless contains so many beauties that we can not lay it down unsatisfied, for it is full of that ineffable youthful fire of a first effort which carries the reader over many a rugged path. The book, published in 1854, called forth much criticism and discussion, a sure sign that it had aroused interest; but it did not become popular, and can not be so any more than "Wilhelm Meister," with which it is held to have some points in common. These are, however, very superficial. It is at least a complete story, which the other is not. The resemblance begins and ends in the circumstance that both relate the mental development of their heroes. Keller's romance is a medley of truth and fiction, the autobiographical part telling of his own struggles as an artist. The hero is called "green" because of the color of his coats, but we also trace a symbolical meaning in this appellation, namely, that we are dealing with an unripe nature. It is the history of an irresponsibly contemplative character working itself out to maturity. Having completed his school studies, Heinrich attempts landscape-painting, and goes astray in various false schools. He then turns to science, where his ideality is rudely shaken by the materialistic views presented to him. Unable to find a solid basis, he wastes his time with boon companions, gets into debt, eats up his widowed mother's savings, and finally sets off on foot to return to his native Switzerland, a mental and moral failure. On his road he is entertained by a count whom he had known in better days. Here he meets with hospitality and the graces of life, falls in love, and is raised again mentally and physically. He then bethinks him of his mother, whom he has cruelly neglected, sets off for Zurich, and arrives in time to attend her funeral. This so shocks him, his errors rise so vividly before him, that he dies too. The end is clumsy, and open to sharp censure. It offends against all artistic canons, and leaves an unpleasant, harsh impression. Was it for this, we ask ourselves, that Heinrich suffered and made

others suffer and sacrifice themselves for him, in order that he should die just when his strangely commingled nature had come to an harmonious issue, and has forced its way through the hampering inclosure?

The best portion of this work is the hero's autobiography, which occupies two out of the four volumes, and deals with his childhood. We follow the development of an observant, silent, introspective child, endowed with a poet's nature, lacking stability of purpose, full of phantasy and intensity of emotion, with good and evil impulses struggling for mastery. And as background to the whole, Zurich with its lovely lake, and the country around, with its snowy mountains, its green swards, its purling streams, and its chalets. In none of his later writings has Keller so keenly reproduced the atmosphere of Switzerland, or told us as much of its national life and customs. The descriptions of landscape are full of intense sympathy with nature, of a semi-mystical and pantheistic kind, reminding of Wordsworth's treatment, but more simple and unaffected, because more unconscious, than the poet's method. But these descriptions are not the only exquisite thing in the work. The episode of Heinrich's childish innocent love for a young girl, Anna, recalls Longus's "Daphnis and Chloe" in its delicacy of narrative and treatment. The continuation of Heinrich's life-story is not so good; the author has lost sight of perspective, he grows too didactic, the narrative is too often interrupted by disquisitions. These are frequently excellent in themselves, and sometimes necessitated by the current of the story, but proportion has not been observed. Our author allows his pen to meander, the maxims and reflections do not always apply to the particular case. At last our conception of Heinrich grows confused amid this extraneous matter, and he disappears from our grasp into a nebulous dreamland. There is a casual air about the whole which destroys its epic character. It is a grave novel, strong in just those points to which the ordinary novel-reader is, as a rule, indifferent. It is best characterized as a serious character-study, a psychological investigation of the most secret folds of the human heart, the analysis of an artistic nature that withdraws from customs and rules of ordinary life, and finds the laws for its conduct in its inner self. In every point the "Grüne Heinrich" is a first attempt, and at once stamped its creator as a *bizarre*, or what Mr. Bagehot would call "an irregular and unsymmetrical, writer," endowed with idiosyncrasy and ability.

But "Die Leute von Seldwyla" is the work that founded Keller's fame. It is a series of novelettes that may be classified as peasant-stories, though they differ markedly from the labors of Auerbach or Gotthelf on the same domain, steering between the sentimentalisms and unrealities of the former and the bare prose of peasant-life as represented by the latter. While all the scenes and incidents are somewhat remote from real life, with its hot, busy strife, they are yet true to nature. Only the every-day vulgarities and commonplace elements do not thrust themselves into notice. Keller mingles ideality with the inflexible necessity of material things, the plummet of reality may be sunk into his depths, but a moonlit atmosphere suffuses the surface.

Seldwyla is a fictitious town, a sort of Swiss Abdera. It is supposed to be still surrounded by its old fortifications, and remains the same quiet spot it was three hundred years ago. Its founders can never have meant it should come to much good, for they pitched it a full half-hour from any navigable river. But it is charmingly situated, in the midst of green hills open to the south, a fair wine ripens around its walls, while higher up the hills stretch boundless forests, the rich property of the commune. For this is one of the peculiarities of Seldwyla, that the commune is rich and the citizens are poor, in such a manner that no one in Seldwyla knows on what they have lived for centuries. And yet they live, and right merrily too, and are very critical concerning the ways of others if they quit their native town. The glory and nucleus of this little town consists of their young men of twenty to thirty-six, who give the tone in Seldwyla society and rule the roast. During these years they conduct their business by letting others do their work while they run into debt, an art the Seldwylers practice with a grace and good humor peculiar to themselves. When they have passed this age, and have lost all credit, they find it needful to begin life at the time when others are just taking firm root. Then they either enter foreign service and fight for strange tyrants, or go forth in search of adventures; and a Seldwyler is always to be recognized by the fact that he understands how to make himself comfortable in any latitude. Those who remain at home work at things they have never learned, and become the most industrious people possible. Timber there is enough and to spare, so that the very poorest are maintained by the commune from the produce of its wood-sales. And in this rotation the little people has gone on for centuries, remaining always contented and cheerful. If money is scarce or a shadow hangs over their souls, they cheer themselves by getting up political agitations, a further characteristic of the Seldwylers. For they are passionate partisans, constitution-menders, and agitators, and when their delegate at the Great Council brings forward some specially insane motion, or when the cry goes forth from Seldwyla that the con-

stitution needs mending, then all the country knows that at that moment money is tight among the Seldwylers. Besides this they like to change their opinions and principles, and are always in opposition the very day after a new government has been chosen. If it be too radical, to vex it, they range themselves round the conservative pious parson of the town, whom only yesterday they turned into ridicule, court him, crowd his church, praise his sermons, and hawk about his tracts and Bâle Missionary Society reports, without, however, contributing a farthing. If, on the other hand, a half-way conservative government is in power, at once they gather round their schoolmaster, and the parson has to pay a heavy sum to the glazier. Should, however, a government of liberal jurists and rich men be at the helm, at once they combine with the nearest socialists and elect them into the council, demanding a veto, and direct self-government with permanent assemblies. But very soon they are tired of this, speak as though they are weary of public life, and let half a dozen sleepy old bankrupts attend to the elections, while they lounge in taverns, watching their labors, and laughing in their sleeves. Yesterday they were enthusiastic for confederate life, and righteously indignant that absolute national unity was not established in 1848; to-day they are as ardent for cantonal sovereignty, and send no representatives to the national council. Occasionally, when they carry things too far, and their agitations and motions threaten the peace, the government sends a commission of inquiry to regulate the management of the Seldwyla communal property. This always subdues them, they have to look after affairs at home, and danger is averted. All this causes them great pleasure, which is only exceeded by the annual festivity, when the young wine ferments and the whole place smells of must, and there is a devil of a noise about, and the Seldwylers are more good-for-nothing than usual. Yet it is a curious fact that, the more good-for-nothing a Seldwyler is at home, the better he becomes when he goes out into the world, and quits the warm, sunny valley in which he has not thriven.

That a strange merry town like this lends itself to all manner of strange careers is not astonishing. Of these, as Keller says in his preface, he proposes to narrate a few, which, though in some senses exceptional, yet could not have happened except at Seldwyla. Now, Seldwyla is not a real town, as we have said, but a typical one; still it is characteristic of its truth to nature that in the preface to his second volume, published fifteen years after the first, the author tells us that seven towns in Switzerland have been disputing as to which of them is intended by Seldwyla, and each has offered to bestow upon him its freedom if he will only pronounce in its favor. To appease them, since he already has a home of his own which is as proud as their ambitious communes, he tells them that in every town and valley in Switzerland stands a tower of Seldwyla; that this spot is a combination of many such towns, and must be regarded as imaginary. Some have suggested that it is Rapperschwyl. The stories are obviously laid near the Lake of Zurich. But Keller will be betrayed into no geographical definitions. However, while these towns seek to secure their Homer during his lifetime, a greater change has come over the real Seldwyla in the course of the last ten years than has occurred for centuries. Or rather, to speak more correctly, the general life of the land has so shaped itself that the peculiar faculties of the Seldwylers have found a fruitful field for due development, so that they have become more like other people. This is especially recognizable in the growth of speculation in stocks, a lazy business that just suits their temperament. But since that time they laugh less, are monosyllabic, have little time to spare for jokes or playing tricks. Instead of bankruptcies with disgrace attached to them, they now arrange with their creditors. Politics they have almost abandoned, because they think these lead to war. Already the Seldwylers are like every one else, nothing more of interest occurs among them. Therefore the author in a second volume has gathered in an aftermath from the past events of the little town. Each volume contains five stories. "Romeo and Juliet of the Village" is the gem of the series; indeed, it deserves the palm above all else that Keller has ever penned. The story opens with a carefully detailed picture of two worthy Swiss peasants who, on a fine September morning, are plowing their respective fields. These fields lie touching each other on a slope of the river that runs near the town. Between their properties lies a like piece of ground, but it was barren and only covered with stones and weeds. And the rubbish seems likely to accumulate, for each peasant throws on these unclaimed acres whatever encumbers his own fields. Thus they plow on, until mid-day, when a little hand-cart comes up from the village, drawn by a boy of seven and a little girl of six. It contains the dinner of the two men, and among the food thrones a naked one-legged doll. The men halt from their labor, and sit down in a furrow to discuss their meal. Their conversation turns upon the middle field, and each tells the other how the commune has tried to induce him to pay rent for it until its lawful owner should appear. No one has yet claimed it, but they feel pretty well convinced it must belong to a certain

black fiddler who lives with the homeless folk and can produce no baptismal certificate, for he is the very image of the owner who disappeared from Seldwyla many years ago. It is a pity for the soil to let it lie thus fallow, they agree. While they eat and talk, the children have been playing in the desert field, until in the hot noonday sun both drop to sleep exhausted. Meantime the fathers have finished plowing, but before leaving work each tears a deep furrow into the middle field that adjoins his own. Neither takes notice of the other's deed, though each sees what the other has done. Harvest succeeds harvest, and each year sees the ownerless field grow narrower and narrower; the stones upon it have risen to a ridge so high that the boy and girl, though they have grown taller, can no longer see across it when they come to visit their fathers at their work. Years pass. The commune decides that the waste land must be sold. Manz and Marti, the two peasants, are the only people who care to bid for it, every one in Seldwyla knowing how the ground had become reduced. Finally it is knocked down to Manz, who instantly complains that Marti has lately cut off a three-cornered piece of the land that is now his, and summons him to straighten the boundary. A violent altercation ensues, and a lawsuit is finally commenced that robs both men of their sound judgment, impoverishes their estates, wastes their time, and only ends in their mutual ruin. The hatred between them, of course, hinders the meeting of their children. Moreover, Manz leaves Seldwyla. After some years Sali meets Vrenchen, and the old childish love is reawakened. Their delight at meeting is great, but Vrenchen fears lest her father should learn that she is speaking to his enemy's son. She begs Sali be gone, and at last promises to meet him on their old play-ground. Here they are interrupted by the black fiddler. He greets them with a sardonic smile. He knows them, he says; they are the children of those who have robbed him of his land. Well, they will come to no good, he feels sure, and he will live to see them go the way of all flesh before him. Nevertheless, if they wish to dance, he is willing to fiddle. This sinister apparition casts a gloom over their meeting, but it does not last long. Vrenchen's joyous nature casts off the angry omen with a merry laugh, and the two chatter away, bemoan their fathers' hatred, and regret the glad days spent on this spot. In happy talk they pass the afternoon sitting in the high corn, listening to the singing of the lark, and dreaming day-dreams as fervent as her song. Here Marti finds them. Furious with both, he insults Sali, who loses all self-control, and hurls a stone at Marti that strikes him down senseless. He recovers, but only to prove a hopeless idiot, and be placed in the public asylum. His house and remaining acre are sold to pay his creditors, and Vrenchen must go out into the world and earn her living. As she sadly ponders this, the last day in the empty, lonely house, thinking of Sali, he comes in. In vain they try to cheer each other; their future looks too drear, they must part, and yet they feel that separated they can know no joy. In her despair the fancy seizes Vrenchen that she must dance once more with Sali, must spend one more day of happiness; then, come what may, she will bear it. To-morrow is *Kermess* at a neighboring place—could they not go? Sali consents. Early next day he fetches her, and she quits her empty, desolate home. They pass through a wood, they halt at a wayside inn, they linger beside streams, they talk and are silent in turns. It is such a happy day, as bright in their hearts as the cloudless sky above their heads! When afternoon comes they join the dancers. The black fiddler leads the music, he smiles as he perceives them. On and on they dance; the moon rises and floods the floor with light, midnight comes and the guests leave, and still Vrenchen and Sali can not make up their minds to part. Indeed, it has grown only harder. The fiddler interposes; they are foolish children, he says, he will advise them. He and his friends are returning to the mountains, they will give them bridal escort, he will furnish the music, and once among the houseless folk they will need no forms to celebrate their wedding. He works upon their feelings till they consent, almost without knowing what they do, and the wild procession goes out into the night singing and playing. But as they pass Vrenchen's former home Sali's reason returns. He detains the girl, and they manage to escape unperceived. But as the frenzied notes of the fiddle fade into the distance and all is still around them, Sali says, "We have fled from these, but how shall we flee from ourselves?" With passionate ardor Vrenchen implores him never to leave her. For a time Sali keeps his reason, but his love and her ardor are too strong for his young blood. After all, he counts but nineteen years. There is only one thing they can do, he says, hold their wedding at this hour, and then perish together in the river. They find a hay-barge anchored to the shore; Sali looses it, they step into the soft fragrant mass, and the boat floats slowly down stream, past woods through which the moonlight glints, past dark meadows, past sleeping farms. At chill daybreak two pale figures, holding each other in a tight embrace, slip into the river, and when the sun has fully risen the boat comes to a standstill at the nearest town. It is empty, and none can tell how it came thither.

Such this story, which is told with simple earnestness and pathos. Its construction is masterly. This, however, is far from being the case as a rule. In point of construction there is usually much to condemn in Keller: it is often lax and shapeless, his stories are apt to plunge like fairy tales into the midst of their subject. He seems to fancy that we too are Seldwylers and have known our neighbors and their concerns since childhood, that it is only needful to mention so-and-so for the whole bearings to rise up before us. This literalness, however, throws so powerful an air of reality over Keller's creations that even when these points are exaggerated we do not feel the exaggeration as we read, but are carried along by the stream of his persuasive plausibility. Into the "Romeo and Juliet" there enters no element of the burlesque, rarely absent from Keller's stories. Its Nemesis is Hellenic in its remorselessness. Nor is there anything forced or unnatural in the feelings and acts of these youthful peasants.

"Frau Regel Amrain and her Youngest-born" is a loosely framed tale, showing how a worthy, practical woman saved her son from the devious career of the Seldwyla youths, and converted him into a worthy burgher. The feeling of public spirit is strongly developed in the Swiss, where it is every man's duty to hold views upon the government and assist in it. And this is admirably brought out here. In "The Three Righteous Combmakers" Keller lets loose all his fun and extravagance, and inimitable it is to read. It is an excellent skit upon apparent probity of conduct unrooted in true morality, the counterfeit for which the real thing is often mistaken. These three phlegmatic and avaricious young combmakers try to establish a good name in Seldwyla, because each wishes to succeed his master in the business. They all appear so excellent the master can not choose between them, yet neither can he afford to keep more than one in his employ. He therefore proposes an absurd race to decide the matter, and all Seldwyla turns out to see the fun, which, as usual, they think is got up for their especial delectation. A canny old maid, the possessor of some money, has also been wooed by the three. She favors none, for she is resolved only to marry the one that will become the master. When she hears of the proposed race she joins her admirers and befools each in turn until she is at last herself befooled, and is made to accept the man she least favored, and who wins both business and bride by a happy *ruse*. Thus baldly told, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the absurdity of the story, which, narrated in Keller's quiet tone of realism, carries us along over all buffoonery, so that while we read we fully believe. Neither do Keller's novelettes run in the usual groove, and love is by no means always or often the pivot of his plots. A poor tailor who is leaving Seldwyla in search of work is the hero of "Clothes make the Man." This tailor has the weakness always to dress in a long cloak and a Polish fur cap, which give an air of distinction to his appearance, and lead to his being mistaken for a count. The incident is trivial and hackneyed, not so its development. The stupefied assent of the tailor to the honors that are heaped upon him leads to many absurd situations. Though we despise the man's initial weakness that led him step by step into a web of falsehood, the story is so ingeniously told that we can never withhold our sympathy, and are relieved when all ends well and he wins a rich bride, who having deemed him a count remains faithful to a tailor. The way in which he is unmasked is characteristically Swiss. It is the custom in various parts of the country for the young people of the towns to divert themselves in winter with masquerade sledge-processions. Such a procession a few winters ago started from Samaden in the Engadine and visited the neighboring towns, parodying the past and present of that district—the sledges of the past bearing the herdsmen, the spinning-wheels, Alpine horns, and dairy utensils of former days; the sledges of the present containing tourists, red guide-books in hand, or armed with *Alpenstöcke*, ropes, and ice-axes, waiters and landlords bearing bills of endless length. And such a procession, starting from Seldwyla, proceeded to Goldach to open the eyes of its inhabitants to the real status of their presumed Polish count. Their cavalcade represented a very history of tailoring, depicting tailors of all times and nations. The foremost sledge bore the inscription "Men make Clothes," the last, "Clothes make Men." To the confusion of the luckless workman, the party parade before him as he is about to celebrate his wedding. A gentle touch of irony runs through the whole, revealing how the Swiss, like their brother republicans the Americans, attach great value to titles. "Faber Fortunæ suæ" ("The Smith of his Fortune") is a trifle too broad, but it contains some ludicrous scenes. We are not told whether John Kabys knew this proverb—he certainly from boyhood built his life upon the idea. How he sets about achieving his fortune without doing real work for the same, and how his attempts end in grievous failures, must be read to be enjoyed. The serious close surprises in such a pure extravaganza. John ends by being a nailsmith who late in life learns to know the happiness of modest labor and honest earnings.

"The Misused Love-Letters" is a medley of comedy and idyl. Here we are introduced to

one of those oddities Seldwyla breeds. Viggi Störteler, a shrewd and respectable merchant, has the maggot to be thought learned, and by and by even aspires to authorship. Under the pseudonym of "Kurt of the Forest" he produces some wretched high-flown novelettes, concocted with ideas stolen from various sources, and a tenth-rate paper publishes his lucubrations. He now thinks himself an author, and desires that his good homely wife should rise to his level, and become educated to be his muse. He plies her in vain with old anthologies and extract-books. They convey no meaning to the good housewife accustomed to look after her domestic concerns and lead an active life. No suggestive utterances fall from her lips. Viggi now thinks a correspondence might rouse her. He has a business journey to make, and will write her romantic letters, to which she must reply. On no account, he enjoins, must domestic or trivial details creep into the letters; these she can add on a separate sheet. The despair of Grittli is great when a few hours after her husband's departure there comes a missive of the most high-flown, turgid phrases that were ever bred in the brain of a foolish man. And to this she is to reply in a like strain. In despair she bethinks herself of her neighbor, an usher, who has the reputation of being a poetical dreamer, and who had often cast admiring eyes at the handsome young woman next door. Copying her husband's letter and changing it so that it reads as if addressed to a man, she puts it into the youth's hands and begs him to let her have an answer. She meant no harm: the usher was held fair game by the women-folk of Seldwyla, to all of whom he was more or less devoted. In due course William returns her an answer, in no wise behind her husband in sentimentality, and far exceeding it in sense and in reality of feeling. This letter Grittli copies, making the needful changes of sex. Her foolish husband is beside himself with joy when he gets this reply, and instantly writes another yet longer and more bombastic epistle. Grittli again has recourse to William. So for some weeks the twofold comedy of errors is played on, Viggi remaining absent longer than he had meant in order that a sufficient number of these letters may accumulate, for he intends to publish them as "The Correspondence of Two Contemporaries." Meantime Grittli counts on William's good nature not to be hurt when he hears the whole thing is a joke. Indeed, she has hinted as much to him from the first. But William takes it seriously. One warm autumn day, as he is sitting in the wood, he is suddenly surprised by Viggi Störteler, who has come home unexpectedly. Wishing to avoid him, he rises and walks away, but unfortunately he leaves his pocket-book behind him containing Grittli's letters. This Viggi finds, and, hoping to receive some ideas from the contents, reads with growing astonishment and anger as he recognizes his own words and his wife's writing. He storms home, will listen to no reason, and turns Grittli out of the house. Both sue for divorce, which is accorded on the ground of incompatibility, and Grittli's character is fully reëstablished, while Viggi is the general mark for ridicule. William, however, is dismissed from his post as an unfit guide for youth. He leaves Seldwyla and farms a lonely plot of land some hours distant. In due time he becomes a worthy, steady character. He still loves Grittli, and she has grown to love him. The story of their courtship and ultimate marriage is a prose pastoral that makes us forget the ludicrous opening of the tale. While in the former part we are in a false and distorted atmosphere, here a breeze which has come across Alpine flowers and pure meadow-heights animates the whole. As a skit upon the pretensions of would-be authors, the story contains masterly touches, such as when Viggi is always on the search for ideas and characteristics which he carefully notes down, or when he passes an evening with authors of his sort, in whose conversations the words clique, honorarium, publisher, editor, paper, are the most prominent, while books are only read for business, and the classical writers are barely known by name. In "Dietegen" the scene is laid at the close of the fifteenth century, and deals with the feuds between Seldwyla and a neighboring town, totally unlike it in character. The connecting links are two children, and here again Keller displays his marvelous insight into the complex workings of the childlike mind. His children are singularly real, neither abnormally good nor naughty, but actual flesh and blood, little mortals foreshadowing their future failings and virtues. And these children remain true to their first draught: the youth and maiden are the parents of the boy and girl. And every incident in their lives and in the hostile attitude of the two towns is rendered with the same fidelity to nature. "Dietegen" is a complete and well-rounded composition, containing some dainty scenes and picturesque sketches of mediæval life, with its beauty and its cruelty. While "Dietegen" takes us into the Switzerland of the middle ages, "The Lost Laugh" shows us its modern aspect, its political agitations, its commercial activity, its religious dissensions. The story opens with a national *fête* upon the Lake of Zurich, at which the hero and heroine first meet. The parents of the latter are silk-manufacturers; the former has tried all manner of trades, but has settled to none. This, however, in Switzerland does not necessarily characterize a good-for-

nothing as it would with us. There various callings are not so sharply separated. A merchant will turn clergyman, a clergyman merchant, an officer a silk-weaver, without losing caste. Thus Jucundus is no turncoat, but a versatile and restless youth, who, however, proves not sufficiently worldly wise to cope with others, and nearly comes to grief. The story is loosely put together, and often halts to allow of disquisitions. Yet these are always put into the mouths of the various characters. The author never obtrudes. Nevertheless, we may safely infer that here we gain an insight into Keller's views on the burning questions of the day. We see his ardent Liberalism, his hatred of formalism in any shape, his dislike to phrase-making and the ritual observances which have invaded even the plain Church of Calvin. In "The Lost Laugh" it is particularly prominent how Keller's mind has a gait of its own, so that the development of his stories is often slow of growth, and his grasp, though penetrating, seems at times a little uncertain in outline. Consequently he is apt to deviate, but in the end he generally gathers up all his threads, and we come to understand the hidden reason of apparent digressions. The Swiss character, with its healthy and often jejune common sense, its national self-consciousness and democratic pride, its absence of abstract range of thought, its stolidity, its true-heartedness and sturdy honesty, is reproduced in the various characters of this story.

Between the publication of the first and second volumes of "The People of Seldwyla" falls a work of a somewhat different kind, namely, a cycle of "Seven Legends." These stories ("Märchen") are perhaps the most individual of Keller's productions, in which his comic instincts, his mirth, now purely genial, now underlaid with earnestness, his fantastic humors, have full play. The legends are all constructed upon the basis of Church traditions. In some cases Keller has merely expanded these, in others he has caught the spirit and form of the narrative but changed the conditions. The fundamental idea, however, is in all cases subverted. It is the human and natural elements in man that are made to triumph over the unnatural asceticisms of religious fanatics. We are shown how enthusiasm can be carried to an absurd pitch; how, when love interposes, the subject succumbs to natural emotions and is brought back to earth. Their whole purport is to show that while we are in the world we must do the world's work, and have no right thus to withdraw ourselves from its duties and temptations for the selfish gratification of our own inclinations. Keller is a freethinker in the best and noblest sense of the word, a profoundly religious soul unfettered by forms, and it is against the worship of mere forms that he combats in these legends. But his purpose is hidden under airy conceits, and it is possible to read and enjoy these dainty stories without a guess at their deeper aim. Written in the spirit of the middle ages, which saw no irreverence in familiarity with divine things, they are carried out in the pure and delicate spirit of noble humanism. Perhaps the most racy and original is Keller's amplification of the old legend told by St. Gregory of Nyssa, of Musa, the girl who loved dancing and was forbidden by the Virgin to exercise her pastime upon earth. In accordance with the records of the same Church father, the nine Muses were permitted to quit hell once a year and enter heaven. Keller has availed himself of this notion, and depicts the manner in which this one day was spent. The Muses, in gratitude for this annual respite from torment, compose a hymn of praise, which they propose to perform the next time they are admitted within the precincts of paradise. Words and melody are modeled upon the psalms they hear the angels sing. But, alas! the earth-tones, the earth-yearnings, the minor key of unfulfilled desires and aspirations so sobs through their composition that what seemed cheerful sounds like wailing when heard in heaven. Their hymn creates a disturbance, and the nine are thenceforth banished from heaven for all time. The semi-comic, semi-mournful manner in which this incident is told is incomparable, and so is the roguish gravity, the quiet, unforced satire, that runs through these seven tales.

We now come to the last book published by Keller. He is not, therefore, as we see, a prolific writer, and hence has the right to be heard, as he only speaks when he has something to say. "Zurich Novelettes" ("Zürcher Novellen") is the collective title of the series. The fair city of Zurich was till lately full of old-fashioned ways and things, and boasts a long and agitated history, which furnishes rich matter to a chronicler. Keller traces this from mediæval times down to the present day, connecting the whole by a loose framework, which probably serves an allegorical purpose. The stories are supposed to be told by a godfather to his godson, Jaques, a youth whose one desire it was to be an original, and who had read, to his sorrow, that our modern conditions do not produce originals, but that all people are alike, as though turned out by the dozen. He was determined to make an attempt to rise above this modern curse. He had various projects for achieving distinction. He had already planned a new Ovid, which was to deal with the metamorphoses of nymphs and mortals into the plants and dyes used in his father's factory, only somehow the subject was not inspiring, and the book

advanced no further than the title. One fine afternoon he wandered along the banks of the Sihl, recalling all the classical memories that hung around them, and hoping for inspiration there; instead, the more prosaic observation would force itself upon him that Zurich must consume a great deal of firewood, to judge by the quantity of timber that floated down the stream, and he began a rough calculation as to costs and profits. His godfather undertook to prove to him how such forced attempts are not originality, how a good original is only a person who deserves to be imitated, and such a one is any person who carries out thoroughly whatever he undertakes to do, even though this something be nothing specially extraordinary. And to do this is so rare that those who achieve it are therefore original, and stand forth from among their fellows. Is this a note of warning from Keller to his townsfolk, who still arrogate to themselves learned airs because once upon a time their city was a center of learning, and whose present hard-headed manufacturing proclivities are not compatible therewith, and hence produce a mongrel and far from pleasant type of character?

As a type of excellence the first stories introduce us to the old Zurich family of Manesse, and we follow their fortunes from the end of the thirteenth to the middle of the fifteenth century. Till quite recently there stood in Zurich an old tower, the last remnant of the town-house of the Manesse family, of whom one at least, Rüdiger von Manesse, erected to himself a less perishable monument. For to him we owe the "Manesse Codex," preserved at Paris, the most important MS. collection of Minnesinger songs on record. This was made at Rüdiger's instigation by Hadlaub, the son of a free Zurich peasant, and who became known as an early German poet. He is the hero of the story, which consists of a series of episodes, and is somewhat rambling and discursive. As is the case with all Keller's stories, its charm lies in the telling. There are no stirring incidents, but there is much *naïveté* and many pretty scenes. Mediæval Zurich is conjured before us; we live among its worldly bishops and nuns, its knights and ladies, and share their intellectual pleasure when Hadlaub discovers a forgotten poem of Walter von der Vogelweide, or timidly brings forward one of his own. The occupation with poetry has made him a poet too, who by his songs and his charms wins the hand of Fides, the lovely daughter of the Bishop of Constance. The love-story, which runs like a golden thread through the narrative, beginning unconsciously when the two are children, is told in Keller's happiest and most delicate vein. No less finely drawn, and absolutely natural, is the last of the race, Ital Manesse, a gifted and agreeable man, who, wanting in all powers of endurance, sprang restlessly from one occupation to another, came to no good, and missed everywhere the blessings and joys that life could afford him. There was still one Manesse, a degenerate scion, who was known as the Fool, and inhabited the ruined family castle until it was burned down over his head. This man's one aim in life was to pass off as something different from what he was, and over this endeavor his character warped and his brain gave way. Now it was his desire to impress the landfolk with the conviction that he was a learned prelate, again he wished to appear a valiant warrior. Distinction at all hazards was his craving, but when the moment came to prove the reality of his boasts his courage evaporated like Falstaff's. He is a grotesque and ludicrous figure, conceived and delineated with power and psychological insight.

So far the symbolical has been uppermost in these stories, and there is less of the humorous element than usual. This comes forward again in the next, "The Landvogt of Greifensee," a story that misses excellence from its prolixity, but which would be delicious if tersely told. The fundamental idea is sufficiently humorous, and we are assured that it is founded on fact. The hero is Salomon Landolt, who created the corps of Zurich sharp-shooters. He was not happy in his love-affairs: four fair ones jilted him, and a fifth refused to marry him, although she loved him truly, on account of madness in her family. After many years, when all but this one were married, to give himself a happy day and to banish all irritation for ever, Landolt invited his five former loves to spend a day with him at his official residence, not informing any one that she was to meet the others. The *dénouement* is highly absurd, and the whole ends merrily and well. These five ancient flames furnish vignettes of various types of Swiss women, of whom the brightest and most charming is the unmarried Figura Leu. The background is formed of pictures from the life of eighteenth-century Zurich, with its sumptuary laws, its strict Calvinism, its æsthetic coquetries. It was the period of the literary controversies between Switzerland and Leipsic, and Bodmer is introduced as he walks on the ramparts, surrounded by admiring disciples, to whom he is dictatorially expounding his views on poetry, or telling them news of what is going on in the world, as, for example, that the magistrates of Dantsic have resolved in council that the young burghers of their town shall be forbidden to employ the hexameter measure in their poetic flights, on account of the improper and revolutionary character of this form of rhythm. We are transported back into a

wind-still period, where life did not tear along so fast, where love endured, where feuds were hotly waged and not soon forgotten, where hurry and speed were words unknown. It is perhaps because he realized this too vividly that Keller has spun out this story unduly.

This censure does not apply to "Ursula." Here in a condensed narrative is brought before us with bold and powerful strokes the Zurich of Zwingli's day, introducing the religious and political changes wrought by this Reformer. Keller's story deals chiefly with the Anabaptist movement, which he regards as one of the inevitable ugly excrescences produced by every great revolution, and he reproduces with horrible fidelity the delirious speeches and deeds of this misguided faction. In this story the plot is nothing, the accessories are everything. "The Flag of the Seven Upright Ones" is perfect all round, and a worthy pendant to the "Romeo and Juliet of the Village." Plot, treatment, *mise en scène*, all are original and equally excellent, and give full scope to Keller's peculiar talents. His best quips and quirks, his best vein of drollery, his gentle satire, his tenderness, are all represented here. In the "Romeo and Juliet" the father's hatred separated the children: here the fathers were the best of friends, but they did not wish the young people to marry because the one was rich and the other poor. For the father of Karl Hediger was only a tailor, while Hermine Frymann's was a master carpenter, who owned a stately house and yard on the lake, and could afford to give his daughter a dowry. The two had known each other since childhood, and it was hard that they should suddenly be forbidden to meet. But so it had been resolved at the last meeting of the Club of the Seven Upright Ones. This club consisted of seven worthy friends who met twice a week alternately at the house of two of their number who were innkeepers. They were all tradesmen, ardent politicians, patriots, lovers of freedom, and stern home despots. Born in the last century, they had witnessed as children the downfall of the old times and the birth-throes of the new, and had held together manfully during the agitated period of Swiss history, when aristocrats and Jesuits threatened the unity and good fellowship of the little state, until in 1848, after the eighteen days' war with the Sonderbund, Switzerland broke for ever with the Jesuits and revived to new strength and unity. Some of these men came from the former subject states of the Confederacy, and remembered how as children they had to kneel down by the roadside when a coachful of dignitaries passed; others had been related to imprisoned or executed revolutionists, and all were filled with a burning hatred of aristocracy and priesthood. They formed this club as a bulwark against such enemies, and they were ever true to their cause, asked for no reward for their exertions, and placed all individual advantages in the background if these came into conflict with their consciences. But now that since 1848 the new constitution seemed to have guaranteed all they had struggled for, there were fewer political matters to discuss, and hence domestic troubles were also brought forward and talked over with great impartiality at their meetings. On the night that the story opens, the subject under discussion was a visit the club as a body proposed to pay to the next shooting *fête* at Aarau, the first held since the new constitution came into force. It was the evening of the club's political life—how could they close it more worthily than by such a demonstration? A member proposed that they should march to Aarau with a flag of their own, another that they should present a handsome prize at the *fête*. Both proposals were accepted, and the details hotly discussed. The design of the flag did not occupy them long, but what was the gift to be? The seven stanch friends, whose friendship all political agitations and divergences had not shaken, nearly fell out over this deliberation. For, while seeking to do an honor to their country, they also sought to do a little stroke of business for themselves. Kuser, the silversmith, proposed they should present a silver cup that he had had by him for years, and which he would sell them cheap for the glory of the Fatherland. Syfrig, the blacksmith, recommended an ornamental plow which he had exhibited at the last agricultural show. Bürgi, the cabinet-maker, offered a four-post bedstead he had made for a couple whose wedding never took place. This last proposition, however, raised only ridicule. Then followed Pfister, one of the innkeepers, with a warm commendation of his red Schweizerblut of '34; and Erismann, the farmer, proposed a young cow of pure breed, but who was known to be a kicker. At last a cup was decided upon, but it was to be made and designed for the occasion. This matter settled, Frymann brought forward his grievance, that Hediger's son was courting his daughter, and he explained to him how he could not do with a poor son-in-law. Hediger by no means took his friend's frankness amiss; they were quite agreed that the match was undesirable. They would not become relations; they reiterated they would remain friends—no more and no less. The other members twitted them gently with their resolve, and asked them if they were so very sure that young love could be checked by convention, and were willing to bet that Cupid's wiles would prove too strong for the fathers. Not so; they persisted—were they not of the number of the upright and firm, and would they

not be so still? But the young couple were resolved not to be parted thus easily. July and the shooting-festival approached, the cup and flag were ready, when it dawned on the club that their gift must be introduced by a speech. But who should hold this? All hung back, none would undertake the task. At last by lot it fell to Frymann. For days beforehand he was miserable, could think of nothing to say but fierce and inappropriate invectives against the Jesuits. The great day arrived, the little faithful band drove to Aarau in a four-horse omnibus, they marched in procession, Frymann carrying the flag with a face as though he were going to execution. They neared the confederate tent, and at the last moment his courage failed him, and he declared he could not speak: and so this glorious and patriotic expedition seemed likely to end in failure. But Hermine had foreseen some such catastrophe when she bade Karl be sure to come to Aarau for the *fête*. He now volunteered to be spokesman for the band, and Frymann himself was the first to assent, and hand him over the flag. Karl then pronounced an admirable discourse, in which he explained with tender humor the aims and purposes of these seven gray-headed men, and offered their gift to the Fatherland. Applause greeted his words; the seven marched away from the tent, pleased with themselves and him. The friends seconded Frymann's proposal to give his daughter to this worthy youth; and at last, not without difficulty, the proud and sternly radical Hediger also gave his consent, on the condition that Frymann should allow the pair no more money than was good for them. The story, of which this is the bald outline, is full of freshness and beauty. It is easy to see that what Keller describes here is a reflection of the men and scenes among which he moves, and the picture of Swiss life as here presented will be new to most readers who know little or nothing of the distinctive feelings and modes of life of this little people. It also contains strongly emphasized a distinctive feature of Keller's genius. This is the genial nature of his humor. He makes us smile at his characters without injury to their dignity. While we are amused at the weaknesses of poor humanity, we never lose our respect for the persons in whom these weaknesses are embodied. We smile gently over the heads of the seven upright veterans, while at the same time their creator forces us to bow down with respect for their integrity and high-minded purposes.

We must still say a word about Keller's manner, which is no less his own than his matter. He handles the German language with rare skill; no conventional phrases, no rhetorical flourishes, no affectations or mannerisms disfigure his pages. His style is simple and unadorned, and hence perfectly in keeping with the homely republican nature of his characters; yet withal so pithy, piquant, quaint, that the most ordinary expressions acquire a new force under his pen, and the whole effect is far removed from commonplace. Not the least of Keller's charms lies in his style, his happy mode of narration. Such, briefly, is the Swiss writer whose remarkable originality we have tried faintly to indicate.

HELEN ZIMMERN (*Fraser's Magazine*).

DREAMS.

PEOPLE need be very wide awake to find a rational explanation of dreams. Like their father Sleep, they are still wrapped in mystery; and science has yet to lay bare the secret which has puzzled many a patient thinker. The subject concerns every one, especially if we believe what Shakespeare says, "Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried." In olden times, before the written revelation of the Divine will was given to men, dreams were frequently made the medium of communication with humankind. Of this we have abundant evidence in the Bible. By means of dreams, God taught his people that they had spiritual faculties, and that there was a spiritual universe beyond the material one. Over the uneducated mind, dreams have a great influence even to this day; and many a thoughtless man has been led by a dream to think of higher and more serious things.

The opinions of learned men of all ages on this topic are widely divergent; and this divergence by no means arises from a flippant or superficial consideration of the subject, for some of the ancients spent a great portion of their lives in trying to reduce dreams to a science, or to embody them in songs and poems. The language of Homer is singularly rich in expressions for the visions of fancy which float before the dreamer. The sorely tried Ulysses, buffeted and tossed by the angry waves after leaving Calypso's isle, makes his bed of gathered leaves:

"And golden dreams (the gift of sweet repose)
Lulled all his cares, and banished all his woes."

Indeed, so impressed is Homer's imagination with the supernatural character of dreams, that he is careful to distinguish between the visions occurring during sound sleep and those between sleeping and waking. The dreams most pregnant with consequences occurred after midnight, "about the time when the cows were milked." Thus, in that beautiful dream so full of sweetest poetry, which is recorded at the end of the fourth book of the "Odyssey," Penelope, heart-wounded and weary with the pertinacity of her suitors, retires to rest "without refection due," and dreams at midnight that her "phantom-sister," Iphthimia, appears and prophesies:

> "Thy son the gods propitious will restore,
> And bid thee cease his absence to deplore."

Penelope has been informed that the suitors intend to destroy Telemachus on his way home; and therefore this comforting dream at so fortunate an hour is needed to allay her maternal fears. Philosophers at the present day would probably say that the fact of going to bed foodless, and torn with distracting thoughts, was quite enough to account for her dream without the intervention of Pallas.

Heraclitus, the Ephesian philosopher, who flourished about B. C. 500, ought to have been a good judge of dreams, for much of his life was spent in solitude. What does this "mourner" say? "All men while they are awake are in one common world, but each of them when he is asleep is in a world of his own." Addison, in commenting on this passage, says, "There is something in this consideration which intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection of soul which is rather to be admired than explained."

Setting aside the imagery of the Greek poets and the opinions of their merely speculative philosophers, we find that dreams were considered of such importance in the common life of the Greeks that one of the learned professions was that of *oneirocritics*, or interpreters of dreams. A Greek would probably consult one of these men as naturally as he would a lawyer or doctor, and no doubt oftener; for the oneirocritics were very badly paid at Athens, and there was no heavy fee "to open the eyes" of the dreamer. Thus we are told of a man who dreamed that he saw an egg hanging from the tester of his bed. Being sorely exercised at the unwonted vision he repaired to the oneirocritic, who informed him, as a wise and ready interpreter, that there was a treasure under his bed. He immediately set about digging, and, to his great joy, found some gold set round with silver. He gave the oneirocritic some silver in payment for his information; but the sage asked: "Was there no *gold?* If not, what meant the *yolk* of the egg?" Artemidorus, another Ephesian, seems to have spent the best of his days in reducing dreams to the obedience of exact rules, but with little success. He said that *all* true dreams foretold some good or evil; that to dream of a chain meant a wife or hindrance, and to dream of the "belly" meant children, for they cry for meat.

Coming to Latin writers of the later days of the republic and the empire, we find that the skepticism which pervaded their ideas of the gods and religion extended itself to dreams; and Ennius, who was often quoted by Cicero, is by no means prepossessed in their favor, or in that of the oneirocritic:

> "Augurs and soothsayers, astrologers,
> Diviners, and interpreters of dreams,
> I ne'er consult, and heartily despise. . . .
> Wanderers themselves, they guide another's steps,
> And for poor sixpence promise countless wealth:
> Let them, if they expect to be believed,
> Deduct the sixpence, and bestow the rest."
>
> —*Addison's Translation.*

Epictetus, whose opinions were so highly valued by the Emperor Antoninus, seemed to have a thorough appreciation of Roman skepticism, for one of his rules of conduct was, "Never tell thy dream, for though thou thyself mayst take a pleasure in telling thy dream, another will take no pleasure in hearing it"; from which we may infer that oneirocritics had a worse time of it at Rome than at Athens. The acute and learned Tertullian, converted from paganism to the doctrines of Christianity, naturally took the opposite extreme, and attached great importance to the soul's power of divining in dreams. By some connection with the disembodied state, he boldly asserts that the soul is able to see into futurity—a view which has been vindicated by many authors, both ancient and modern, who can not certainly be charged with enthusiasm or superstition.

Passing on to the middle ages, and to the darker days of the Church, the interpretation of dreams became in the hands of unscrupulous priests a most dangerous power, and bore much bitter fruit. Dreams of fire and plagues were sure indications of consignment to eternal flames and everlasting agonies, unless the miserable and ignorant dreamers should place themselves unreservedly in the hands of mother Church, or rather in those of an abandoned priesthood. The tales of Boccaccio bear abundant evidence of such moral and religious depravity. The Mohammedans, too, were very superstitious about dreams. With them the most fortunate dream a man could have was to see his wife's tongue cut off at the root. It would be curious to inquire how far this feeling has developed since the intro-

duction of well-stocked harems. To dream of one's teeth signified that something good or evil was about to happen to the relations of the dreamer. The Caliph Almanzor dreamed that all his teeth fell out. He immediately sought an interpreter, who told him that all his relations would die. Not relishing such a construction put upon his dream, he cursed the interpreter's evil mouth, and sought another. The second sage told him that he should *outlive* all his relatives. This explanation suiting the Caliph better, he gave this prophet his blessing and ten thousand drachms of gold.

Chaucer is very severe on dreamers and dreams; and his contempt for both is effectively set forth in the following lines, polished by the masterly hand of Dryden:

"Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes:
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes;
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings,
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
Both are the reasonable soul run mad;
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, or are, or e'er can be. . . .
In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece
In chimeras all; and more absurd or less."

Shakespeare's frequent references to dreams will occur to the mind of every reader; and we need only revert to that horrible vision of Clarence in "Richard III.," the vivid imagery of which is enough to make the flesh creep as we read it. It is interesting, too, as being one of those dreams which are represented as "coming true," and of which so many people, whose veracity is unquestionable, can furnish examples within their own experience.

Lord Bacon, in his essay on "Prophecies," relates some curious instances of dreams, which, however, crumble to pieces under the application of his keen intellect. "The daughter of Polycrates," he relates, "dreamed that Jupiter bathed her father, and Apollo anointed him; and it came to pass that he was crucified in an open place, where the sun made his body run with sweat, and the rain washed it. . . . Domitian dreamed, the night before he was slain, that a golden head was growing out of the nape of his neck; and, indeed, the succession that followed him, for many years, made golden times." He looks upon Cleon's dream as a jest; for Cleon dreamed that he was devoured by a long dragon, and it was expounded as referring to a maker of sausages who troubled him greatly. Bacon's judgment of dreams is closely identical with that of Chaucer. He says, "They ought to be despised, and to serve but for winter talk by the fireside"; and he thinks the publication of them has done much mischief. He then explains why they are often credited—an explanation which is sufficient to account for some coincidences, but quite inapplicable to special cases. He maintains that "men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss, as they generally do, and also in dreams." There can be no doubt that this incisive remark exposes one of the commonest fallacies in life. A chance coincidence is immediately seized upon and noted, while the numerous cases in which the prediction fails is passed over or neglected. Many popular superstitions are undoubtedly attributable to this fallacy.

Sir Thomas Browne, a traveler and a physician, author of that charming book, the "Religio Medici," has some quaint and interesting remarks on dreams, which he had best relate in his own inimitable way, and which are by no means so skeptical as those of Bacon. He says: "We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleep. I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am in no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardise of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams. . . . Thus it is observed that men sometimes in the hour of their departure do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality." In another part of the "Religio" he expresses his belief in the supernatural with great fervor and point, and thinks those narrow-minded who refuse to grant that the soul in slumber may hold converse with disembodied beings. "We do surely," he says, "owe the knowledge of many secrets to the discovery of good and bad angels . . . and the ominous prognostics which forerun the ruin of states, princes, and private persons, are the charitable premónitions of good angels." He would much rather believe too much than too little; and in this respect is the exact opposite of the cautious, suspicious, logical Bacon.

Coming nearer to our own times, we find Addison, in his grave and elegant way, discoursing on dreams. His opinions are always the results of much observation and experience. He discusses the subject philosophically, and propounds several questions which can not fail to set his readers reflecting. The cardinal point round

which his arguments center is that the soul is absolutely distinct from the body, and that the latter but clogs and cripples its marvelous activity. In dreams the soul has full play, being as free from the trammels of the body as if it had left it for a while, and was disporting itself in utter forgetfulness of its fleshly charge. If this be true, what must be the freedom and energy of the disembodied state; and what may not a soul develop and achieve when the millstone of the body, with its pains, its ailments, and its imperfections, does not require its watchful care! Then indeed may souls, now apparently sluggish and witless, be lively and intelligent, "the grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit." This is a characteristic of dreams which is supported by considerable evidence, and Dr. Abercrombie relates some singular instances in confirmation of Addison's remark. Emotions, such as joy and sorrow, are intensified in dreams, and can not fail to have a great effect on the life. And so Addison asks these two questions, which, with him, we leave to the solution of the reader. First: "Supposing a man always happy in his dreams, and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life were equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miserable?" Second: "Were a man a king in his dreams and a beggar awake, and dreamed as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken schemes, as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a king or a beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?" Although there can be no doubt of the independent action of the soul in dreams, and its increased powers, he thinks it a pernicious practice to lay stress and regulate the future conduct on the mere evidence of transient dreams, which may have no meaning beyond the present hour.

Leaving history, let us ask *ourselves*, "What is it to dream? and what evidence have we of the state of the mind and body in dreaming?" Well, then, to dream, is to *think during sleep*. Ideas and trains of thought follow one another in quick succession, and in a manner over which we have no control. And what is *thought?* This is the question which has distracted the minds of philosophers from the most ancient times down to the present day. Broadly speaking, there are two important theories which have been put forth with equal vigor by opposing reasoners. The first maintains that thought is *intuitive*, an affair of the mind, is totally independent of the body, and can exist and will exist hereafter without it, that the body is a temporary habitation for the soul, a casket containing a precious jewel which must be yielded up at death, and that in dreaming the mind is "fancy free" and uncontrolled while its sluggish jailer is asleep. The other asserts that body and mind are *inseparable*, and can no more exist without each other than a fire can without fuel, that mind is a peculiar organization and development of matter, an affair of blood and nerve, a conglomeration of nucleated corpuscles which for all the world resemble infinitesimal tadpoles, bundles of fibers in which that mysterious phosphorus holds its sway in company with untold electric batteries. The development of thought is therefore the development of matter; ideas become embodied in ganglia and cerebral hemispheres, and as these increase in number and weight the intellect increases in "wisdom and stature." Whether thought be identical with brain-substance and part and parcel of its structure, or whether it exist independently of matter, and use matter only as its vehicle for communicating with a material world, we will not stay to inquire, beyond hazarding the opinion that the truth as usual lies between the two, that the connection between them is as intimate as it is mysterious, and that if one suffer both suffer. It is, however, an established fact that intellect, as a general rule, is proportionate to weight of brain, and that, the more convoluted a brain is, the more intelligent is the being which possesses it. The average weight of the human brain, we are told, is about forty-eight ounces; but there are great occasional variations, as we might expect from the great varieties of men. Lord Campbell's brain, for instance, weighed seventy-nine ounces, Cuvier's sixty-four, Dr. Abercrombie's sixty-three, a Bushwoman's brain, mentioned by Mr. Marshall Hall, thirty-one and a half ounces, and that of an idiot woman, whose age was forty-two, only ten ounces. The last-mentioned could scarcely walk, was just able to nurse a doll and to say a few words. In the matter of convolution some qualification is necessary. Cuvier's brain was rich in convolutions, but men of known mental superiority have not been so distinguished in this respect as some of their intellectual inferiors. A dog's brain, moreover, is less convoluted than that of a sheep, though none would deny that a dog is far more intelligent than a sheep.

It therefore appears that, if the bodily mechanism goes wrong, the mind will be more or less affected; and the phenomena of dreams are to a great extent referable to this principle. To seek out the physical disarrangement or discomfort is the first and most natural interpretation of dreams. But this physical explanation is often insufficient to account for the far-reaching powers of the mind in sleep, though it may account for the irritation which has started the dream. Then, again, it has been said that we are not *wholly* asleep when we dream, and that in *really*

sound sleep dreams are unknown. The senses drop off one by one, and not altogether, as is popularly supposed. With the closing of the eyelids the sense of sight disappears, then taste and smell. Hearing follows, and last of all the sense of touch. The two latter are certainly more susceptible in sleep than the former, and it has therefore been said that they sleep with less soundness. Another explanation would be that the sleeper is more likely to be disturbed by sounds and touches than by other sensations from without. It is further asserted that certain *muscles* begin to sleep before others, that sleep commences at the extremities, beginning with the feet and legs, and creeping "toward the center of the nervous action." We all know the necessity of keeping the feet warm before going to sleep. It may be taken as an established fact that particular sensations are localized in particular portions of the brain; and it frequently happens that some of the mental faculties are suspended while others are still active. These faculties, too, may be kept alive by an excess of nervous energy flowing to them, and a train of thoughts kept up with surprising vigor. Association has full play, and there are no distracting influences from without. But this theory of dreaming, during partial sleep only, does not explain all circumstances, and it has, moreover, opposed to it the evidence of many of the deepest thinkers. Sir William Hamilton says that "whether we recollect our dreams or not, we always dream," though he goes on to add that, "as a *general* rule, those faculties are most in action which have been least exhausted during the day." It is certainly a matter of observation that many dreams seem to have no direct connection with our present circumstances. Forgetfulness of dreams is common with some people, though they may have been heard to talk in their sleep. Kant says: "To cease to dream would be to cease to live; the mind must necessarily be active." Dr. Cunningham, in an article which he wrote some years ago, remarks that all thought is objective and pictorial. "We can not think," he urges, "without thinking of something, and that something must be thought of as outside the mind. It is not our thoughts, but the things we think of, that are present to our consciousness; and thus our thinking consists of a series of visions."

But whatever impressions arise in our minds during sleep, we believe that they have *a real and present existence;* and our sensations are often so acute as to awake us in a manner anything but pleasant. Events that have happened long ago come before us; we take our part in them, and are not surprised in the least at their recurrence. We see friends who have perhaps been long dead; we talk to them, and they talk to us, and often there seems nothing strange in the matter. Indeed, as a rule, the dead live again for us in our dreams.

Another fact which has been pretty clearly established is, that we have *no measure of time* when asleep—a moment may seem a thousand years, and the events of a thousand years be crowded into a moment. This suggests a very serious thought; for if this be indeed the property of the soul in the disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. Those who have studied the matter most closely agree in acknowledging that our longest dreams do not last above a few minutes, if indeed they last so many seconds. It has frequently happened that the cause of a dream and the dream itself have taken place in the same moment. The student who "burns the midnight oil" can recount many instances of this sort which have occurred through dropping a book, stirring the fire, or carrying about a light. Dr. Abercrombie, in his "Intellectual Powers," relates a remarkable dream of this kind. A gentleman dreamed that he enlisted for a soldier; that after a time he joined the regiment, and remained a soldier for a long period; that he deserted, and was taken, tried, and condemned to be shot, and at last led out to execution. The usual preliminaries were gone through, the gun was fired, and he awoke "instead of being shot." A noise in the next room had both caused his dream and awakened him. Another gentleman, who had once slept in a damp bed, always felt a sensation of suffocation when in a lying posture, as if a skeleton were grasping his throat and causing him the greatest agony. And yet his attendant assured him that the *moment* he began to sink into a lying posture he was roused. If we dream, as has been asserted, the whole of the time we are asleep, and remember or forget our dreams according as our sleep is deep or light, what a multitude will occur in a single night, and how many must be entirely lost to us! The dreams which we most distinctly remember are probably those which occur during imperfect sleep, or when the sleep begins to be broken by an approach toward waking. It often happens that a person dreams, and yet *feels conscious that it is only a dream.* This also, no doubt, happens at the point of awaking—in fact, just when reason is beginning to be exercised.

Dreams, with respect to cause, may be arranged under three heads: First, those which are caused by sensations of the muscular feelings, the viscera, and the senses proper; secondly, those which seem only to be referable to the mind and the memory; thirdly, those to which, in default of further evidence, we must assign a supernatural interpretation.

With regard to dreams of sensation, it has already been remarked that hearing and touch seem to be the most acute in sleep, though sight and taste have much to account for in producing unpleasant visions. Indigestion, it is well known, is a fruitful cause of bad dreams; and to go to bed on a heavy supper is simply to court the most frightful apparitions. An empty stomach, on the contrary, seems to have a very favorable effect on the dreaming mind. Those who have been kept without food generally imagine themselves guests at a delightful feast, and it is related of Baron Trenck, when lodged in a dungeon, and almost dying of hunger, that he dreamed nearly every night of the table luxuries of Berlin. The dreams of such persons are, indeed, so remarkably bright and agreeable that Byron and other authors of his school when in Italy sometimes fasted for several days in order to produce brilliant effects on their imaginations. Particular kinds of food and plants, too, have a very powerful influence over the mind in sleep, and the frightful slumbers consequent on the habitual use of opium, Indian hemp, and other narcotics are well known. The visions of De Quincey "in his cups" make the blood run cold; and his "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," if sown broadcast in China, where the pernicious poppy is so largely exported, should be enough to frighten even "celestial" pates into abandoning a practice which, like a canker-worm, is eating away the very life of the nation. But Chinese depravity and misery are, in this matter, India's gain.

It has been often remarked how singularly unproductive of dreams is the sense of smell; nor have we been able to find any properly authenticated cases caused by this sense alone. The organ of *sight* undergoes a curious change during sleep, as may be proved by slightly raising the eyelid. The pupil is observed to be contracted, and will quiver with an irregular motion as if inclined to dilate, but it at length ceases to move, and will remain contracted till the person awakes. If a strong light be held before the sleeper's eyes he is almost sure to awake; but, at the very moment, he may have a dream of some tremendous fire, perhaps that his house is in flames. The ear of the dreamer is generally on the alert, and proves a gong to the mysterious spirit to make its airy rounds. To some sleepers the sound of a flute fills the air with music, or they dream of a delightful concert. A loud noise will produce terrific thunder and crashings unutterable, and at the same time awake the sleeper. According to Dr. Abercrombie a gentleman who had been a soldier dreamed that he heard a signal-gun, saw the proceedings for displaying the signals, heard the bustle of the streets, the assembling of troops, etc. Just then he was roused by his wife, who had dreamed precisely the same dream, with this addition, that she saw the enemy land, and a friend of her husband killed; and she awoke in a fright. This occurred at Edinburgh at the time when a French invasion was feared, and it had been decided to fire a signal-gun at the first approach of the foe. This dream was caused, it appears, by the fall of a pair of tongs in the room above; and the excited state of the public mind was quite sufficient to account for both dreams turning on the same subject. An old lady, a friend of the writer, relates a similar dream which occurred to her just before the battle of Waterloo, when the fear of an invasion by Napoleon was at its height. She heard the march of troops in the streets, and the screams of the populace. They broke into her own house, ransacked it, and pursued her with bayonets. She fell on the floor and pretended to be dead. After sundry thrusts, which seemed to her "roving spirit" to be quite innocuous, the soldiers remarked that she was "done for." They departed, and she escaped to consciousness. This dream was no doubt caused, in the first instance, by a noise in the house or street, and the painless bayonet-thrusts by some slight irritation, such as a hair-pin or other adjunct to dress. Whispering in a sleeper's ear will often produce a dream; and there are cases on record in which people who sleep with their ears open have been led through dreadful agonies at the will of their wakeful tormentors. The vivid description* given of a young officer so treated by his comrades is both interesting and suggestive. In changing our position, as we constantly do in sleep, we touch the bedclothes, etc., perhaps the nose gets tickled or the sole of the foot, and dreams painful or pleasant are the consequence. These may seem trivial causes, but it must be remembered that the mind is ready to fly into the realms of fancy at the slightest intimation. People have often dreamed of spending the severest winters in Siberia, and of joining the expeditions to the north pole, simply because the bedclothes have been thrown off during sleep. It is said that a moderate heat applied to the soles of the feet will generate dreams of volcanoes, burning coals, etc. Dr. Gregory dreamed of walking up the crater of Mount Etna, and that he felt the earth warm under his feet. He had placed a hot-water bottle at his feet on going to bed. The memory of a visit he had once paid to Mount Vesuvius supplied the mental picture. Persons suffering from toothache imagine that the operator is tugging at the faulty tooth, and somehow can not extract it; or, as in Dr. Greg-

* Abercrombie, "Intellectual Powers."

ory's case, he draws out the wrong one, and leaves the aching tooth in *statu quo*. A blister applied to the head is highly suggestive of being scalped by Indians, especially if Mayne Reid's ghastly details are at all fresh in the memory.

Coming to dreams which seem only capable of being referred to the mind and the memory, some very curious theories have been put forth to explain them. The body is perfectly at rest, and there certainly appears in these cases to be but a slender connection between the soul and its material dwelling-place. And hence has arisen the notion that the mind does *actually* leave the body and witness the events of which we dream. If so, vast distances are traversed in a moment, if indeed space can be spoken of in connection with the disembodied soul. In the middle ages many and ingenious were the attempts to account for infinite spaces being passed over in infinitesimal times. Some were daring enough to assert that by a single effort of the will they were first at one place and then at another without having passed through the intervening space. The movements of angels on their missions to mankind offered ample scope for the play of fancy, which in those days often became as erratic as the wildest dreams. And this is saying a great deal, for the majority of dreams are as incoherent and improbable as they are numerous. Ideas chase and jostle each other like a mob of rioters. Time, place, circumstances, are alike violated, and we do not feel in the least astonished at the incongruity. We walk in the streets arm-in-arm with people who never have met and who never can meet in this world. Bacon, Shakespeare, and other venerable characters will accompany us down Regent Street and make no remarks on the march of progress. But every one will admit that other dreams are just the reverse of these. Trains of thought sometimes follow each other with a regularity and a coherence which simply astound the dreamer in his waking hours. Condorcet, the French philosopher, whose frigid manners but warm heart caused him to be likened to a volcano covered with snow, seemed able to freeze the "airy sprite" even in sleep; and it is said that some of his most abstruse calculations were accomplished in dreams. We hear, too, of a certain lawyer seriously perplexed with a complicated law case, whose troubled soul sought refuge in sleep. In the night, his wife saw him get up, walk to a writing-table, compose an elaborate "opinion," place it carefully in a drawer, and return to bed. Next morning he remembered nothing of his dream, and could not believe it till his wife gave him ocular demonstration of the fact by pointing out the drawer where the "opinion" lay complete. Students and poets are often indebted to dreams for their brightest ideas, and the marvelous composition of the fragment "Kubla Khan" by Coleridge will occur to every reader. He says that he had fallen asleep in his chair while reading in "Purchas's Pilgrimage" of a palace built by Khan Kubla, and remained asleep about three hours, during which time he "could not have composed less than two or three hundred lines." The images rose up before him as things, and with them the corresponding expressions, "without any sensation or consciousness of effort." When he awoke he instantly sat down to commit his composition to paper, but was called away by a person on business; and when he returned to resume the poem it had utterly vanished from his memory. Languages long forgotten, or apparently but imperfectly known in waking life, have been known to recur in dreams and delirium. Abercrombie relates several authenticated instances of this sort; and the writer knew an able clergyman who, when a boy, preached over in his sleep the sermon he had last heard, seemingly word for word, and it was no uncommon occurrence for his friends to gather round his bedside to hear his discourse. But he was endowed with a marvelous memory in his waking hours; and, on one occasion, it is said, he learned three books of Euclid on his way home from school. Missing documents and forgotten places are sometimes recovered in dreams. Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to "The Antiquary," speaks of a gentleman sorely troubled in his mind because he was pressed for the payment of some tithe-money which he believed was unjustly charged, and which he had a confused recollection of as having been bought out by his deceased father many years ago. In his dreams he thought the shade of his father appeared to him and inquired the cause of his grief. Not at all startled at the apparition, he gravely stated the facts of the case. The shade told him that he must seek out an old lawyer who had retired from professional business and was now living at Inveresk. He gave the lawyer's name, and remarked that the papers relating to the purchase of the tithes were in his hands now, but that as the transaction had occurred many years ago, and this was the only one in which the lawyer was ever engaged on his account, it would be necessary to call it to his recollection by this token, that "when I went to pay his account there was a difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern." On reaching Inveresk, the gentleman called upon the lawyer, who could not remember the transaction till the incident of the Portugal coin was mentioned, when it all recurred to his memory. The documents were handed over to him and carried to Edinburgh to prove his case. Sir Walter Scott

himself disclaims all idea of a supernatural agency in this dream, and thinks it quite explicable on the assumption that the son had heard the details of the transaction from his father long before, and that the missing links were recovered in his dream by a complicated train of association.

Dreams are sometimes said to be the reflex of our waking thoughts, and the exponents of the soul's character. Evil propensities will produce evil dreams. The sleeping culprit writhes as he listens to the reproaches and accusations that disturb his slumber, and his mind is far more distracted by night than by day. The midnight cravings of love, blighted by a hapless fate, are portrayed by Pope in Eloisa's passionate appeal to Abelard:

"When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatched away,
Then conscience sleeps, and, leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee. . . .
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms."

So powerful an influence do they exert on her conduct and daily life that the ceremonial pomp of the convent in which she is hopelessly immured fails to hold her wandering thoughts, and she exclaims:

"I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee;
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear;
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight—
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight."

Many little sins and secret inclinations which seem to escape us awake are disclosed to us in our dreams; and any particular tendency in a man's character may be strengthened by the repeated action of dreams. Sir Benjamin Brodie says that, as they are an exercise of the imagination, "we may well conceive them as tending to increase that faculty during our waking hours," and possibly also to serve a much higher purpose. It is therefore of some importance to study the art of procuring pleasant dreams, and Dr. Franklin has some very pertinent remarks in his essay on this subject. Unpleasant dreams, too, need to be banished; and the horrible propensity for precipices and yawning chasms which some dreamers have is well known. Dr. Beattie found himself once, in a dream, standing in an uncomfortable situation on the parapet of a bridge. Recollecting that he was never given to pranks of this sort, he fancied it might be a dream, and so determined to throw himself headlong, hoping that this would rouse him. It not only roused him, but cured the mischievous propensity. Dr. Reid, too, after suffering much in the same way, adopted the same plan; and for forty years afterward he was not even sensible of dreaming at all! Pascal, "one of the sublimest spirits of the world," had much faith in the influence of dreams, and said, "If we dreamed every night the same thing, it would doubtless affect us as powerfully as the objects which we perceive every day," and proceeds to propound the problem of the king and artisan which Addison borrowed. We must look well into our hearts and lives if we would have pleasant dreams; and not delude ourselves like the Irishman who took the mirror to bed to see how he looked when he was asleep.

Leaving what may be called "sensational" and "mental" dreams, there remains what, in default of a better term, we have called supernatural dreams. But here we tread on dangerous ground, and must be cautious; for skeptics have eyes like the eagle, weapons of opposition keen and sharp-edged, and are as jealous and solicitous about the uniformity of nature's laws as a lover of his mistress. It must be frankly admitted that powers and influences of a natural kind may be at work in producing dreams of which we are ignorant, but which may some day be discovered by the ever-brightening eye of Science. But provisionally, at all events, we must claim for some dreams a higher origin. By such dreams as these, great and crushing evils have been avoided, the innocent spared, and the guilty detected. Some years ago, it is related, a peddler was murdered in the north of Scotland, and the crime remained for a long time a mystery. At length a man came forward, and declared that he had had a dream in which there was shown to him a house, and a voice directed him to a spot near the house where was buried the pack of the murdered man; and, on search being made, the pack was actually found near the spot. At first it was thought that the dreamer was himself the murderer, but the man who had been accused confessed the crime, and said that the dreamer knew nothing about it. It turned out afterward that the murderer and the dreamer had been drinking together for several days a short time after the murder. It has been suggested, as a possible solution, that the murderer allowed statements to escape him while under the influence of drink which had been recalled to the other in his dream, though he had not the slightest remembrance of them in his sober hours.* A gentleman dreamed his house was on fire; and the dream made so vivid an impression that he immediately returned, saw it on fire indeed, and was just in time to save one of his children from the flames.† A lady dreamed

* Abercrombie, "Intellectual Powers."
† Ibid.

that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and this dream was repeated so often that she repaired to the old lady's house and set a gentleman to watch in the night. About three o'clock in the morning the black servant was discovered going to his mistress's room, as he said, with coals to mend the fire—a sufficiently absurd excuse at such an hour and in the middle of summer. The truth was apparent when a strong knife was found buried beneath the coals. The coincidences of dreams are very remarkable. For two persons to dream *the same thing, at the same time*, in different places and under different circumstances, exceeds the power of chance, boundless as that pretends to be. A Mr. Joseph Taylor relates that a boy residing at a school a hundred miles from home dreamed that he went to his father's house, found all closed for the night but the back door, went into his mother's room, and found her awake. "I come to bid you good-by," he said; "I am going on a long journey." She answered with great trembling, "O dear son, thou art dead!" And he awoke. Soon after he received a letter from his father making anxious inquiries after his health, in consequence of a frightful dream which his mother had on the same night, and which was exactly identical with his, even to the very words of the conversation. Fortunately no sad results followed, though it may have proved a warning to the boy in some inscrutable manner unknown to his friends. The case of the gentleman from Cornwall who dreamed eight days before the event that he saw Mr. Perceval murdered in the lobby of the House of Commons by Bellingham, and distinctly recognized from prints, after the murder, both the assassin and his victim, whom he had never seen previously, seems capable only of a supernatural explanation, especially when it is remembered that the gentleman was with difficulty dissuaded by his friends from going to London to warn Mr. Perceval (known to him in his dream as the Chancellor of the Exchequer). He urged that it had occurred three times in the same night, but, his friends thinking it a fool's errand, he allowed the matter to drop till the news of the murder rudely resuscitated it. A lady of our acquaintance, about to change her habitation, saw in sleep an exact picture of her future home, and from her dream alone could recognize the rooms and passages. We tried to account for this to her by saying that the dream really influenced her conduct, and that when she met with a house answering to her dream, she was naturally predisposed to take it. A gentleman from Yorkshire formed one of a party for visiting the Exhibition of 1862. A few days before leaving for London, he had a most vivid dream of the Tower, the armory, and more especially the room in which the regalia and crown jewels are kept. He heard the old woman who showed the room address the audience, and treasured up carefully her very peculiarities of voice, dress, manner, and features, and created considerable amusement among his friends by mimicking the phantom show-woman when he awoke. He went to London at the proper time, and of course visited the Tower, where he was astounded and somewhat sobered by the phantom's counterpart, which was identical in every respect. Several years ago the newspapers were filled with details of a horrible murder, of which the facts, related from memory, seem to be these: Mrs. Martin, the wife of a farmer, was in terrible distress of mind because her daughter Maria was missing. It was feared she had been murdered by her sweetheart in a fit of jealousy, and hidden somewhere. For a long time no trace of the body could be found. At length the mother had a dream, in which it was revealed to her that the corpse of her child was buried under the barn-floor. This proved to be the case, the body was recovered, and the murderer detected. The mother of a medical student dreamed that her son had got into some serious trouble in London, and could not rest till she left her home in the Midland counties and sought him out. To her sorrow, the dream was painfully verified, and the consequences might have been serious if she had not arrived in time. A barrister of great penetration relates the story of a lady who dreamed that a railway guard was killed in a collision. She described the man and the circumstances so faithfully that there was no difficulty in identifying the guard (who was actually killed the same night in a lamentable accident) as the man she saw in her dream. The lady rarely left home, and the guard was quite unknown to her. Archdeacon Squire, in a paper read before the Royal Society in 1748, tells the story of a certain Henry Axford, of Devizes, who caught a violent cold when he was twenty-eight years of age, which rendered him speechless, and he remained dumb for four years. In July, 1741, in his sleep he dreamed that "he had fallen into a furnace of boiling wort, which put him into so great an agony of fright that he actually did call out aloud, and recovered the use of his tongue from that moment as effectually as ever." Horace Bushnell, D. D., in his "Nature and the Supernatural," recounts a case which he thinks can not be explained by natural causes. Sitting by the fire one stormy November night, in an hotel parlor in the Napa Valley of California, there entered a venerable-looking person named Captain Yount, who had come to California as a trapper more than forty years before. There he lived, had acquired a large estate, and was highly respected. The Captain said that, "six or seven

years previous, he had a dream in which he saw what appeared to him to be a company of immigrants arrested by the snows of the mountains, and perishing rapidly of cold and hunger. The whole scene appeared vividly before him; he noted a huge cliff and the very features of the persons, and their looks of agonizing despair. He awoke, but shortly after fell asleep again, and dreamed precisely the same thing. Being now impressed with the truth of the story, he told it to an old hunter shortly afterward, who declared that he knew a spot which exactly answered to his description. This decided him, and taking a company of men, with mules, blankets, etc., they hurried to the Carson Valley Pass, one hundred and fifty miles distant, where they found the immigrants in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive."

The phenomena of *somnambulism* are so common and so well known that a few remarkable cases will suffice. It sometimes happens that nearly all the senses and the muscular feelings are in activity, while the mind is fixed as in dreaming; and then the dreamer becomes a *somnambulist*, or sleep-walker. The patient has some control over the bodily organs, and is susceptible to some outward impressions. Mr. Macnish offers a very rational explanation of the usual circumstances. "If we dream," he says, "that we are walking, and the vision possesses such a degree of vividness and exciting energy as to rouse the muscles of locomotion, we naturally get up and walk." So with hearing and seeing. "And thus, under a conjunction of impulses, the dreamer may talk, walk, see, and hear."

A somnambulist is peculiarly susceptible of impressions on his muscular sense; and, if the face, body, or limbs be brought into an attitude suggestive of any particular emotion, a corresponding mental state is immediately called up; thus if the angles of the mouth be gently separated from one another, as in laughter, a disposition to laugh is at once produced; and this expression may be turned into moroseness by drawing the eyebrows toward each other, and downward upon the nose, as in frowning. The movements of the somnambulist seem almost guided by a supernatural hand, for he will walk on parapets, roofs of houses, and precipices without the least accident. A story is told of a boy who climbed a precipice and took away an eagle's nest during his sleep, a feat he would never have attempted in his waking hours, as is proved by the fact that he disbelieved the story till he found the nest under his bed. Dr. Abercrombie relates instances of a young botanist out on a scientific expedition; of a servant-girl, rather dull than otherwise, discoursing on astronomy, which she apparently knew nothing of in her waking moments; of an orphan girl electrifying a whole household with the angelic strains of a violin, and of her conjugating a Latin verb, speaking French, etc., all of which were most unlikely accomplishments to her during the day. Mr. Macnish tells us of a somnambulist who walked two miles along a dangerous road to the quay of an Irish seaport, jumped into the water, and swam about for an hour and a half before being rescued. Sir Walter Scott relates that one of the crew of a vessel lying in the Tagus had been murdered by a Portuguese, and it was said that the unfortunate man's specter haunted the ship. One of the mates, an honest, sensible Irishman, said the ghost took him from his bed every night, led him about the ship, and in fact "worried his life out." The captain watched; and at midnight the mate got up with ghastly looks, lighted a candle, and went to the galley, stared wildly about, and then sprinkled some water out of a can, after which he seemed relieved, and returned quietly to his bed. The captain asked him next morning whether he had been disturbed, and he replied in the affirmative, and said that after sprinkling some holy water the spirit left him. To be told that it was water out of a common can had the effect of banishing the specter altogether from the sleeper's mind. If by some chance he had burned his finger with the candle, he would have carried home to Ireland an incontestable proof that the spirit had left an indelible mark upon him.

Nightmare is generally caused by indigestion, but the persistent cases usually arise from cerebral disorder. Thus a man in Edinburgh, who was chased every night by an infuriated bull, and gored with its horns, was found on his death to have been suffering from an ulcer formed at the base of his brain. Locke mentions the case of a lady who drank a large dose of dilute tea, and was troubled at night by a succession of faces which she had never seen before; some of them she tried to detain, but could not. Hervey, in his "Meditations," relates a case of the power of mind over bodily action which might have produced very disastrous results if one of the sleepers had not been aroused. "Two men had been hunting during the day, and they slept together at night. One of them was renewing the pursuit in his dream; and, having run the whole circle of the chase, came at last to the fall of the stag. Upon this he cried out with determined ardor, 'I'll kill him, I'll kill him!' and immediately felt for the knife which he carried in his pocket. His companion happening to awake, and observing what passed, leaped from the bed. Being secure from danger, and the moon shining into the room, he stood to view the event; when to his inexpressible surprise the infatuated sportsman gave several deadly

stabs in the very place where, a moment before, the throat of his friend lay." Professor Fischer* describes a remarkable case observed by himself and others when a boy at school. A young man, apparently of a hale constitution, and far from exhibiting any symptoms of a nervous temperament, was habitually subject to somnambulism. His fits came on regularly about ten o'clock at night. The scene was a large apartment, containing sixty beds in four rows. He ran about violently, romped, wrestled, and boxed with his companions, who enjoyed the sport at his expense. "I think," says the Professor, "I can perfectly well remember that, while running, he always held his hand before him, with his fingers stretched out. He was remarkably agile, and would leap over the beds, and his companions could scarcely ever catch him. When he escaped through the door, he flew through a long gallery to his own apartment. There he rested, frequently taking up a book, and reading softly or with a loud voice, conducting—if my recollection serves me accurately—his outstretched fingers over the lines. His eyes were alternately open and closed; but even when open they were incapable of vision, being convulsively drawn upward, showing only the white. The general belief that somnambulists see by means of the points of their fingers, as well as the observation that while running our somnambulist always carried his hands and outstretched fingers before him, as if these were his organs of sight, as also his reading (as it appeared to us) by means of the points of his fingers, led us to the idea of tying gloves upon his hands and stockings upon his legs. Besides, we had been informed that during his nightly wanderings he had been known to play at skittles, a game he was very fond of when awake, and that he had always accurately counted the number of pins knocked down by stretching out his fingers in a direction toward them, so correctly, indeed, that it was impossible to deceive or impose upon him. In short, we seized the opportunity of his most profound sleep and insensibility to tie on the gloves and stockings. At the usual time he rose up and sprang out of bed; but, although we began to tease and provoke him, he did not move from the spot, but appeared puzzled and perplexed, and groped and tumbled about like a blind or drunken man. At length he perceived the cause of his distress, and tore off the gloves with great violence. Scarcely were his hands uncovered when he started up in a lively manner, and threw the gloves with ironical indignation upon the ground, making a ludicrous observation upon the means taken to blind him; and then he began to run through the apartment as formerly." This affords a striking parallel to the phenomena described by the blind Dr. Blacklock* as his experience of distinguishing persons and objects in his dreams.

Some physiologists of course repudiate all supernatural agency in dreams, and Dr. Winslow dashes aside their romance in a few sentences. He says: "Soft dreams are a slight irritation of the brain, often in nervous fever announcing a favorable crisis. Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head. Dreams of blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions. Dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes and dropsy. . . . Nightmare, with great sensitiveness, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest." And so on. But such causes are insufficient to account for coherent mental phenomena in dreams, the circumstances of which are marvelously verified by subsequent experience.

A dream of the day of judgment has converted many people, and changed the whole tenor of their lives. Some dreams, by their persistent character, have totally unhinged men's minds, and dreaming and somnambulism have lapsed into insanity; for the partition which separates them is often slight indeed. Physicians have frequently remarked the similarity between dreaming and insanity: "In insanity, the erroneous impressions, being permanent, affect the conduct; in dreaming, no influence on the conduct is produced because the vision is dissipated on awaking. Moreover, in dreams the bodily functions are generally shut up from outward impressions, whereas the maniac is often but too wide awake, and his actions become dangerous." When a dreamer imagines that "his body is stretched on a wisp of straw, and sheltered by the cobwebs of a barn, or else, when reclined on a couch of ivory, he sinks all helpless and distressed into a furious whirlpool," his nightly thoughts differ not much from the ravings of a lunatic, and, as he rises from his bed with the glorious sun streaming through his lattice, he needs to thank God that it was only a dream.

Hence we conclude that some dreams originate from ourselves, from our bodily sensations and mental proclivities, and as such are often vain and idle like ourselves, while some are positively devilish, and solicit us to evil. Others have a warning effect, and may point us to brighter and better things; and, if we believe with our great dramatist, that sleep it is which

> "knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher in life's feast"—

* "Der Somnambulismus; von Professor Fischer." Basel, 1839.

* Abercrombie.

it would be well to think of our dreams as one before us thought of them: "I will not lightly pass over my very dreams; so neither night nor day shall be spent unprofitably; the night shall teach me what I am, the day what I should be; for Sleep is Death's younger brother, and so like him that I never dare trust him without my prayers." There is indeed a very serious thought connected with this subject of dreaming in sleep; for we can not hide from ourselves the fact that there is a sleep of death, a sleep more irrevocable than the laws of the Medes and Persians, in which Memory may have to play its part.

". . . . To die—to sleep—
To sleep—perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil!"

Temple Bar.

INFERNAL MACHINES.

IT was not until more than two centuries after the famous 5th of November that the idea of employing a fulminating process against the chief of the state was adopted in France, where, twice within two months, an attempt was made to blow up Napoleon, at that time First Consul. It was, in each instance, on the occasion of his visiting the opera that Napoleon, according to the designs of his enemies, was to be blown to pieces. The Paris Opera-House has, in fact, been the chosen scene for carrying out a large number of murderous projects directed against the ruler of the country. In addition to the two attempts made upon the life of Napoleon I., it was in front of the opera that the Orsini shells were thrown which so nearly disposed of Napoleon III. in the year 1857. It was beneath the portico, too, of the old opera in the Rue Richelieu that the Duc de Berri was assassinated; but it would be too long a story to give even the briefest account of attacks made upon sovereigns by ordinary means.

It was intended to employ against Napoleon I. a destructive method of a mixed kind. Rockets and grenades were to be hurled from various parts of the theatre into his box. But, to insure his death, conspirators armed with daggers and pistols were stationed in the corridor into which the box opened, with orders to shoot and stab him if, escaping the missiles, he attempted to make his way to the outer doors. The conspiracy, according to Napoleon himself, who told the story at St. Helena, was revealed by a captain in the line. "What limit is there," said Napoleon, "to the combinations of folly and stupidity? This officer had a horror of me as consul, but adored me as general. He was anxious that I should be torn from my post, but he would have been very sorry that my life should be taken. I ought to be made prisoner, he said, in no way injured, and sent to the army to continue to defeat the enemies of France. The other conspirators laughed in his face, and, when he saw them distribute daggers and that they were going beyond his intentions, he proceeded at once to denounce the whole affair." The informer having been brought before him, Napoleon at first suggested to the Prefect of Police that he should not be allowed to go to the opera that evening. It was decided, however, that his absence would awaken the suspicions of the other conspirators; and everything was allowed to go on as though the plot had not been discovered. The sentinels outside Napoleon's box were ordered to let no one approach who had not the password, issued immediately before the Consul's departure for the opera; for it was known that a certain number of conspirators had taken up their position in the corridor to extinguish the lights at the moment when the rockets were to be fired and the shells thrown. The opera of the evening was "Les Horaces," a work composed by Porta to a libretto founded on Corneille's tragedy; and the signal for action was to be the delivery of a passage in which the Horatii swear to conquer or die. Then all the lights were to be put out, and, apart from the shells intended specially for the Emperor, fireworks were to be cast indiscriminately about the theatre, while the general confusion was to be increased by cries of "Fire!" The leaders of the plot, like the *claqueurs* of the present day, had attended the rehearsal of the opera so as to note the cue given to them for their grand demonstration and attack. But, at the performance, the Prefecture of Police was also largely represented, and there were, altogether, upward of two hundred persons in the theatre who were paying no attention to the music except with a view to a particular quartet, in which the old Horatius opened the piece by calling upon his sons to swear "que le dernier de vous sera mort ou vainqueur." The instrumental introduction to the quartet was, however, the signal for action chosen by the police; and before the singing began the conspirators were all in custody in one of the vestibules of the theatre.

The second attempt, on a grand scale, against the life of Napoleon was executed two months later, on the 24th of December, when on his way to the opera he was made the mark of an "infernal machine." Haydn's "Creation" was to be given, and the performance had already commenced, when, during the soft adagio of the introduction, the dull report of an explosion was heard. Immediately afterward Napoleon entered his box, attended by the principal members of his staff. Josephine's love of dress had saved him. As she was getting into the carriage she thought of making some change in her toilet, and, going back to her apartments for a few minutes, caused a delay but for which Bonaparte and herself would, following the other carriages, have passed before the infernal machine at the moment of its explosion.

To pass to Louis Philippe's reign, the most remarkable thing in connection with Fieschi's crime was the entire absence of political, or, indeed, any other apparent motive. Fieschi was neither a Republican nor a Legitimist; nor had he any personal grievance against the King, whose life he had resolved to take. Nothing but an insane love of notoriety seems to have impelled him toward the commission of the crime. A Genoese by birth, he had served in the French army under Napoleon, and had made the campaign of 1812 in Russia. He left the army in 1818 with the grade of sergeant. Afterward joining Murat's expedition, he went to Calabria, where he was taken prisoner, but, being regarded by the Neapolitan Government as a Frenchman, was allowed to go free. During a portion of the year 1816 Fieschi occupied himself with horse-stealing, forgery, and similar pursuits—a course of life which brought him, without much delay, to a penitentiary, where he was confined for ten years. On his liberation he was engaged as a workman at some factory near Paris; but, honest labor not being congenial to his disposition, he entered the police as a spy. With his functions as *mouchard* he combined other duties; and the opportunity being afforded him of misappropriating a large sum of money intended for the payment of workmen he gladly availed himself of it. In 1835, finding himself at liberty and without employment, he devoted himself to the construction of a so-called "infernal machine"—a sort of mitrailleuse, with no fewer than twenty-five barrels. Fieschi mounted this species of battery in the third floor of a house which overlooked that portion of the boulevards along which Louis Philippe was to pass after holding a review in commemoration of the fifth anniversary of the events which had placed him on the throne. What Fieschi proposed to gain by his project for destroying the King was never made known. The man was morbidly vain, but it is difficult to believe that a mere passion for notoriety could alone have dictated such an act. The construction of the machine must have cost a considerable amount of money; and it appeared from the trial that he had been supplied with funds by several workmen, his accomplices. It was, however, found impossible to connect with the attempt any, even the remotest, political design. On June 28, 1836, as the King, or rather the King's staff, passed in front of the machine, it was exploded and with terrible results; for Mortier, chief of the staff, and several officers fell mortally wounded. The King, however, escaped with but slight injuries occasioned by the rearing and plunging of his horse. Fieschi immediately after the explosion took to flight, and, wounded as he was by the bursting of one of the barrels, escaped into an adjoining courtyard, where he was arrested and taken first to prison and afterward to a hospital. Cured of his wounds, he was brought to trial and sentenced to death; and his demeanor throughout the examination went far to show that the origin of his insane and infamous attempt was, indeed, nothing more than an absurd longing to become known to the world, in no matter what character. He assumed in court the attitudes and gestures of a stage-brigand, and made a point of kissing his hand from time to time, and as often as possible, to his mistress, who made signs to him in return.

Some twenty years later, in 1857, Paris was again the scene of an attempt to destroy the chief of the state by a means which deserved, quite as much as the machine invented by Fieschi, the epithet of "infernal." Felice Orsini made his attack upon Napoleon III. with hand-shells containing a new and terrible fulminating powder composed, if not invented, by himself. Orsini was a born conspirator. His father had conspired before him; and the young Orsini was enabled by his father to take part in various plots before he had attained the age of reason or even of manhood. The result of the paternal teaching was, that Felice found himself at twenty-four years of age sentenced to penal labor for life. Restored to liberty in 1846, he took part in various insurrections. When the revolutionary era of 1848 to 1849 had come to an end, Orsini visited England, where he made the acquaintance of Mazzini, who intrusted him with several secret missions. In 1854 he was arrested in Hermannstadt, the capital of Transylvania, and taken to the fortress of Mantua, whence, in 1856, he succeeded in making his escape. In 1857 he returned to England, and there published an account of his captivity, entitled "The Austrian Dungeons in Italy." This same year he undertook the most formidable, and, for excellent rea-

sons, the last of his "secret missions." The object this time was to blow up the Emperor Napoleon, whom he and his confederates regarded as the great obstacle to revolutionary changes everywhere, and especially in Italy. Orsini had three associates named Pieri, Rudio, and Gomez. The conspirators remained some time in Paris, preparing the details of their scheme. At last, on the evening of January 14, 1858, as the Emperor and Empress were approaching the Grand Opera, three shells were thrown under their carriage, which, exploding, killed or wounded a large number of persons belonging to the imperial suite. Orsini, Pieri, and Rudio were sentenced to death. Gomez, however, escaped with hard labor for life, and, at the intercession of the Empress, the death-penalty was also commuted in the case of Rudio. Orsini went to the scaffold calm and courageous; and only a few days before his execution he addressed a letter to the Emperor Napoleon exhorting him to liberate Italy. Whether or not Orsini's diabolical act had any effect upon the Emperor's decision, certain it is that a year afterward Napoleon III. made, in alliance with Victor Emanuel, the campaign which resulted in the liberation of Lombardy. In all probability joint action against Austria had already been determined upon at the time of the Crimean war, when the Sardinian contingent fought with the army of France against the Russians.

Until 1863 Paris was the only city in which endeavors had been made to assassinate the head of the Government by means of shells, many-barreled pieces of artillery, and other "infernal" devices. But the Poles have always prided themselves on their aptitude in appropriating French ideas; and, toward the close of the year just mentioned, the members of the revolutionary body known as the Polish National Government resolved to try the effect of explosive missiles on Count Berg, the Emperor's lieutenant in Poland. Count Berg, on assuming the governorship of Poland at a most critical moment, had formally announced that any future attempt made upon the life of one of the governing authorities (and the Grand Duke Constantine, the Marquis Wielobolski, and others had all been attacked with pistol or with dagger) would be visited with the severest penalties; and it was in particular set forth that, in the case of shots being fired or missiles thrown from a house, the house would be at once destroyed by artillery, the question as to how the occupants would be treated being left in reserve. In the autumn of 1863, when the insurrection was failing, and when the somewhat theatrical interest taken in it by the Western powers seemed to be coming to an end, the National Government of Poland resolved on striking a great blow. One afternoon, when Count Berg was driving along one of the principal streets in Warsaw, several shells were hurled at his carriage from a large building known as the "Zamoiski House," the property of the well-known Polish magnate whose name it bore. Five shells were thrown, and several horses and one or two aides-de-camp were wounded. Count Berg received the splinter of a shell in his cloak, but was not otherwise injured, either in person or in apparel. The Count, without stopping, drove straight to the Castle, his official residence, and immediately afterward troops were dispatched to the Zamoiski House, with orders to enter it and arrest the numerous inhabitants. Artillery was at the same time sent forward, and on arrival took up a position in front of the building. It appeared certain that the order on the subject of missile-throwing would be carried out. But at the last moment it was decided not to destroy the Zamoiski House, but to confiscate it, after subjecting it to the process of sacking. The soldiers were ordered to seize all articles of furniture and cast them into the street, where they were burned in a huge bonfire, which was fed, among other articles, with valuable historical manuscripts, the property of Prince Lubomirski, a great collector of archæological documents, and with Chopin's favorite piano. Some four or five different pianos were thrown out of the various floors; and an indignant, but more or less self-contained, amateur of music afterward related, to the correspondent of the "Times" present on the occasion, in what manner the pianos of Erard, of Pleyel, and of other makers, had borne the effect of the fall. The pianos of Viennese make were worth nothing, he said, on such occasions. They smashed to pieces on contact with the ground. A well-made Erard, on the other hand, pitched from a second floor, suffered only in its legs. As for Chopin's piano, it fell, as this observant connoisseur declared, with a deep sigh, in which he fancied he recognized the soul of the sentimental, romantic, fascinating composer, who had so often given effect to his inspiration on its ivory keys; and it was asserted that one Russian officer of a sympathetic disposition played fragments of one of the composer's nocturnes on Chopin's piano before he allowed the instrument—broken into fragments by its fall—to be consigned to the flames.

From Poland the process of attacking high authorities by means of "infernal machines" was sure, sooner or later, to reach Russia, as all the secret machinery of the Polish insurrection of 1863 has penetrated into that country in the form of Nihilism. But the firing of the mine in the cellars of the Winter Palace need not here be spoken of.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE SPANISH THEATRE.

IT has not always been the most truly worthy of the "things of Spain" which have received the most attention. The world has given more thought to the *pronunciamientos* than to the progress made in the Peninsula, and has written and talked ten times as much about its bull-fight as about its theatre. The bull-fight is no doubt a splendid spectacle; but it is by no means the most creditable to the country which affords it, and, from an historical point of view, scarcely deserves its reputation. This show, which is one of the worst, is also one of the newest things in the country, and in its present shape is not a hundred years old. When a bull-fight—or, as it should be, "run"—is mentioned in an old comedy or tale, it is as a sport in which the gentlemen of the day and their servants took an active part. When Aarsens de Sommelsdyck saw it in 1655 it had become vulgarized, but the ring was still open to all comers provided with the necessary arms and courage. The sober Hollander even thought it a "pretty sport enough," though not one good to take part in. Twenty years later the Countess d'Aulnoy could, without being ridiculous, select the ring as the scene of one of those romantic love-stories which the reader of her book of travels is constantly surprised to find cropping up amid shrewd observations on the world of sober reality and lively pictures of the discomforts of Spanish travel. It was not till comparatively modern times, after generations of national decay and of ignorance, that the bull-ring passed entirely into the hands of professional fighters. The end of the eighteenth century, the lowest point of Spain's degradation, saw the complete organization of the bull-fight, and its final victory over the older and nobler amusement of the theatre, which it has degraded though it could not destroy. Old *aficionados* can still remember, if not Pepe Illo, the creator of the whole science, at least the men whom Pepe Illo trained. The theatre is many centuries older, and is by far the best of the still surviving historical institutions of Spain. It has naturally been modified in the course of time, and during the last century in particular was powerfully influenced by the French stage; but it still retains a marked character of its own. The dramatic is still perhaps the most vigorous branch of Spanish literature.

Playhouses were probably established earlier in Spain than in any European country, and, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the Church to close them, have continued to be numerous and flourishing down to the present day. Every city has not a bull-ring, but every town of any importance, and some of very little importance, has its theatre or theatres. The numerous provincial divisions of the country, which have been politically so fatal to it, have been on the whole favorable to the stage. The actors and playwrights of the capital have never dominated their provincial rivals in Spain as they have done in France and England. The continued existence of dialects independent of the Castilian renders it almost as impossible that a successful Catalan actor, for example, should seek his fortune in Madrid as that an Englishman should betake himself to Paris. Then the natural capabilities of the people supply a vast number of actors who can always perform a part with spirit if not with very good taste. Many performers of great local reputation have a double profession—following a trade by day and treading the boards by night. Nor is the acting of plays confined by any means to the regular theatres. Societies of amateurs are to be found even among the work-people; and, though their attempts at acting tragedy or high comedy are often absurd enough, they contrive to look at home on the stage, and are born actors of farce. There is, indeed, nothing in Spain like the Français. The Government has never patronized the stage, and if it had it is very doubtful whether any three Spanish actors of note could be got to work together. But the national stage is not probably inferior to that of any other European country. Their weak point is undoubtedly tragedy. The same weakness which makes the Spaniard overact dignity in private life drives him into fustian on the stage. In comedy they are infinitely better, and in the lower kinds of it are second to no people in the world. They play with an *abandon* and relish which seem to make their work a pleasure to them. The theatres are general meeting-places for the whole population. Numbers come apparently as much to meet their friends as to witness the performance. As the right of entering the house is secured by a payment distinct from that required for the seat, the theatre lends itself easily to the purposes of a club or assembly-room between the acts. Men smoke in the passages or saloon, and even transact not a little business there. In the warm weather they use the gardens attached to the regular summer theatres. The ladies meanwhile carry on animated conversations with one another, or with the help of their fans with those of the other sex. This is one of the most cherished customs of a people very conservative of old customs. A young lady and gentleman will make signals to one another across a theatre with

an absence of *gêne* which is pleasant to see, and an almost touchingly good-natured make-believe that they are doing something very secret and romantic.

The general popularity of the play has made it the most productive of praise and profit of all forms of literary activity in Spain. The poet or novelist, though sure of a better public now than at any former period, is not nearly so well paid, either in money or reputation, as the successful playright. Hence, to succeed as a writer for the stage has been and is the ambition of most Spanish men of letters. Some of the most successful plays of modern times were written by Martinez de la Rosa, the Liberal statesman and novelist. What little literature of any value Spain produced in the last century was destined for the stage. The comedies of the younger Moratin, a writer who lived into this century, are still played occasionally; and one of his successors, Breton de los Herreros, is probably the best writer Spain has to show for herself since the partial revival of her literature. Nor are plays written only in Castilian. The Catalan stage can show some dramatists who rival the great men of old—even that wonder of ready-writing, Lope de Vega—at least in the quality of fecundity. The popular Barcelonese Serafi Pitarra is probably the most productive playright in Europe. With the exception of Lope de Vega, none of the writers we have mentioned are associated in the minds of foreigners, or indeed of Spaniards, with that Spanish drama which has taken its place among the great literatures of the world. Beginning with Moratin, who was almost a copyist of Molière, they have been powerfully influenced by France, which has thus paid back the debt which it owed to the earlier Spanish stage. During the last century that influence was so strong that Lope de Vega and Calderon were looked upon by many of their countrymen as little better than barbarians. These writers have, however, had their revenge, and are now as frequently played as the great masters of French or English dramatic literature are in their native countries. Their works are read, and a large party is striving to bring back the stage to the peculiarly Spanish models which they created.

We are accustomed to hear the Spanish stage spoken of as a storehouse of plot, intrigue, and incident. The reader of Molière is aware that many of the stock incidents, and some of the characters of his comedies, were taken from the Spaniards; that he even directly imitated them in a few of the least successful of his works, and that from him and before his time these intriguing plots found their way on to our own stage. But this justice is rendered to the Spaniards by tradition, not because the foreign reader is directly acquainted with their works. In point of fact, the Spanish comedy is now scarcely seen except by the light thrown on it by that of France. Guillen de Castro is remembered because his "Mocedades del Cid" inspired the masterpiece of Corneille. Every reader of the "Médecin malgré lui" has heard of the "Acero de Madrid" of Lope de Vega; but how many have read it even in a translation? The French theatre even attacked and for a time subdued the Spanish in its own land. The French dynasty which ascended the Spanish throne in the first years of the eighteenth century brought with it French customs and literature. The old national stage had expired, as far as that was possible among a people essentially mimetic, during the evil times of Charles II., who figures among Spanish monarchs as "the bewitched." When a revival came in happier days it did so under the influence of the classic school. The highest ambition of Moratin and his followers was to write with a due regard to the unities and the customs of good society. To them the rules of the classic school were the holy of holies, their native dramatists of the seventeenth century barbarians, or at best beginners, to be patted on the back and condescended to. Bohl von Faber, a disciple of the Schlegels, known as an editor of the Spanish ballads, had to fight Calderon's battles against the poet's countrymen. But delivery came from the country which imposed the yoke. Spain, following the lead of her neighbor in literature as in politics, returned to the study of her own theatre under the leadership of Victor Hugo, then fresh from his victory over the classic party. Her numerous playwrights now swore by Lope, as they had lately done by Molière. Gorostiza, Breton de los Herreros, Martinez de la Rosa, and many others, have kept their country supplied with plays which rival those of their great days in at least two particulars—their number and their defiance of all rules. They are almost nervously eager to disclaim any imitation of the French, but we find some difficulty in accepting their protestations. They do, indeed, protest too much. The best proof they give of their nationality is an unconscious one. Their indifference to character and their love of incident and plot make them give a coloring of their own to the matter they take from France. The men we have mentioned are undoubtedly clever playwrights, but it is not of them we think when we speak of the Spanish comedy.

If the Spanish dramatists are more talked about than known, it is certainly not due to any neglect on our part of Spanish literature. Don Quixote is probably more read in England than in his native La Mancha. The sins of native editors have perhaps something to do with it. The

early editions were shockingly mishandled by pirates, and very little has been done to remove the traces of their handiwork. Even where zealous efforts have been made to restore the purity of the text, the plays have been left unnoted, though bristling with references to bygone customs, persons, and places, which require explanation to the Spaniard of to-day as much as to the foreigner. But bad printing and bad editing would not prevent the Spanish dramatists being popular. However badly Calderon was edited, he would be widely read if he possessed one half the great qualities which A. W. Schlegel professed to have found in him. Nor is it necessary to be a Spanish scholar in order to gain at least an approximate idea of his genius. Many of his works have been translated; and part at least of the "Mágico Prodigioso" is to be found consummately rendered in all the more complete editions of Shelley. It is probably less read than any other part of the poet's work.

The fact would seem to be that injudicious friends have done the object of their praise their usual ill office. Schlegel persuaded a great many people that Calderon was another and perhaps greater Shakespeare. But a little acquaintance with the writers for the Spanish stage will dispel any idea that they belong to the class "that sees quite through the deeds of men." Mr. G. H. Lewes, a very competent judge, was at first persuaded into believing that they did, and ended by deciding that they were only playwrights, and that Calderon in particular was a very overrated playwright. This writer's indignation against Schlegel, who had for a time imposed on him, made him a little unjust to the German critic's favorite, whom he handles in a somewhat disrespectful manner; but in the main he was right. And this habit of judging them by the standard of Shakespeare has lowered the Spaniards in the estimation of their most favorable critics. Ford, who knew his "Don Quixote" by heart, wrote in the most superficial manner possible about the stage. His article on the subject is full of misplaced pedantry, and enthusiasm about the dances. Even Lord Holland, who had gone the length of reading more than fifty of Lope's plays, and who wrote a work on him and on Guillen de Castro, introduces them to his reader almost as if he felt ashamed of them. He stops to tell us that we must not expect from Lope "deep reflections on morals and government," or "a philosophical view of the nature of man and of the construction of society."

But Lope had no intention of being philosophical. He wrote his plays to please the vulgar who paid, he tells us in as many words; and he fully gained his object. His example was in the main followed by other dramatists; and the reader who is content to look only for amusement may open their works with full confidence that he will be amused. But he must be prepared to look for his satisfaction entirely to the plot and the variety of incidents. As a work of which the interest consists in development of character, "Don Quixote" stands alone in Spanish literature. In every other work the interest is centered in the plot. The characters are fixed by custom, and serve all writers alike. The Spaniard of the middle ages and of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was essentially a man of action. War and pillage were his favorite means of gaining wealth. When the people wished for the type of a prosperous man they found him in the soldiers of Cortes or Pizarro. A grant of land in the New World, or a commandery of a military order, was the aim of a gentleman's ambition, and his way of gaining it was to serve for it in Flanders. As for thought, meditation, or the careful weighing of motives and characters, there was no room for them in his life. The Church defined for him with hard and fast rules what was right and what wrong. It classified his sins and his virtues, assigning to each its exact equivalent reward or punishment. The Inquisition undertook to argue with all who demurred to the Church's teaching. At the play, therefore, or in his novel, the Spaniard wanted to see something going on; he was indifferent to the characters of the actors. No books in the world present less variety of type than the *novelas picarescas*. From the "Lazarillo" down to the "Gran Tacaño" we find the same hero at work. Low-born or base-born, impudent, thievish, and cowardly, but good-natured and sincerely Catholic, he goes through endless exciting and improbable adventures, to end his life reflecting on the vanities of the world in the galleys, or perhaps settling down with the proceeds of his rogueries as a church-going citizen. The Spaniard read these books with never-failing delight, as he had done the monotonous tales of chivalry, and asked for no greater variety than an occasional change of sex in the principal character. The fact that the female rogue had nothing distinctively feminine about her, but was only the male rogue in petticoats, troubled him little. The rogue himself is no doubt a type of a whole class, and is pictured with no small vigor; but that was by the man who wrote the first picaresque novel; his successors copied him exactly, and the type having been once created became as conventional as the figure of a saint.

As it was with the novel so it was with the stage. There must be an intricate plot and an abundance of incident; the *dramatis personæ* are merely quantities—forces like the figures on a chessboard, crossing one another and clashing

in the endless complications of the intrigue. Rest is given from this confusing movement by the tirades, hundreds of lines long, which some of the dramatists put into the mouths of their characters. These harangues are full of conceits and hyperbole. The sun, moon, and other heavenly bodies, flowers, jewels, seas, sky, and earth are laid under contribution for metaphors to be poured out with the profusion of treasures in a beggar's dream. And the Spaniard seems to feel the same pleasure in seeing all this magnificence rolled out before him as the miser in Horace did to see his heaps of gold. At times these tirades are not merely ornamental, but contain a rapid summary of the plot—an occasionally indispensable aid for the due understanding of the more intricate plays—and were printed separately in broadsides for the convenience of the public. As in the picaresque novels again, the world of the plays is a half-fantastic one. The players are dressed like Spaniards, the scene is laid in Spanish streets and houses, but the adventures transacted there are the adventures of fairy-land. The player was not asked "to hold the mirror up to nature" or the playwright to be true to life. What the spectator expected from them was a representation of that ideal life of movement, love-making, fighting, and money-getting which he would like to lead himself. Just as much probability must be given to the events of the play as will prevent too great a gulf existing between them and the dull world of reality. They must take place in the world the Spaniard saw before his eyes, and the actors are to be himself and his fellow men, not represented with any precision of detail or fineness of shading of individual character, but by a certain number of well-defined types, which appear in the earliest dawn of Spanish dramatic literature, and remain almost unmodified to the end. The comedy of cloak and sword continued to give to the last the adventures of the very set of characters which first appears in the "Celestina" of Rodrigo Cota and Fernando de Rojas.

Pall Mall Gazette.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE DILEMMA OF A CONNOISSEUR.

A FEW weeks ago the daily papers, in announcing the death of Mr. Louis Dürr, a merchant of New York, informed their readers that Mr. Dürr had bequeathed his collection of paintings "to any public art-gallery in the city of New York" that would consent to keep the pictures together, and designate them as the Dürr collection. His executors were instructed to select two hundred and fifty of the most meritorious of his paintings; to sell the remainder, and employ the funds arising therefrom in the purchase of other paintings, to be added to the collection. No one seemed to know much about the character of Mr. Dürr's pictures, excepting that they were mostly by earlier masters; but people generally ventured to assume that the collection was a good one, and congratulated each other upon this accession to the art-treasures of the city. For ourselves, we were taking this hopeful view of the matter, when we were rather discomfited by the report in the "Evening Post" of an interview with a well-known art-connoisseur, who thought that "any public gallery of art in the city of New York that should accept Mr. Dürr's gift would be liable to become the repository of what would be an injury rather than a glory." This gentleman disclaimed any intention of giving a judgment upon the worth of Mr. Dürr's pictures, because he had never seen them, but he nevertheless felt there was danger in the air. The interview is interesting enough to quote nearly in full:

"Mr. Dürr's will," he observed, "directs that 'the most meritorious' two hundred and fifty of his pictures shall be selected from his collection and presented to some public institution But who is going to make the selection?"

"The will says the executors."

"Yes, but a matter of this kind requires the services of experts, and there are no experts in this country."

"You mean to say that there is no person in America who is competent to decide whether or not the Dürr collection contains valuable 'old masters?'"

"I don't know of any one. Certainly there is no such person in this city."

"It is possible, then, that, when the executors have performed the task assigned them, the pictures which they have chosen may not be worthy of a home in a public gallery of art."

"Certainly. A long course of special training is requisite for the successful performance of such a duty. Who has had this training in this country? I don't know of anybody who has. I don't know of any person who could go into Mr. Dürr's gallery and say, 'That picture is a Rembrandt,' or 'That is a Titian,' or 'That is a Veronese.' Consequently, when the selection has been made, and the pictures have been labeled, how is one to know that the latter really are what they profess to be?"

"You believe, then, that there is danger that the proposed gift, if accepted, may become a trial and a burden to the gallery that houses it?"

"Precisely. The will provides that the accepted pictures shall be kept in a room to be called the Dürr Gal-

lery of Paintings; but if the paintings are not what they claim to be, if, in a word, they are unworthy of the honor demanded for them, why, no institution would care to own them. But, whether they are worthy or unworthy, is a question that no person in this country is able to answer."

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"They might be by other than the old masters, and yet be desirable old pictures?"

"Undoubtedly. The true principle of selection would be that of artistic merit, rather than of mere names. Are they useful for purposes of study?—that is the important point. But, again, who is capable of deciding whether they are or not?"

The most skeptical questioner of the pretensions of old art could not for the life of him have more effectually demolished those pretensions than this "well-known art-connoisseur" has done. If we grant what he says to be even no more than approximately true, then the claim put forth for old art is the veriest piece of charlatanry in the world. Let us follow a few of this gentleman's assertions to their logical consequence. We are assured that, amid all the artists and art-students in this country, amid all the connoisseurs and amateurs, all those who have repeatedly studied the works of the old masters in the galleries of Europe, there is not one person "competent to decide whether or not the Dürr collection contains valuable old masters." There is no person who "could go into the Dürr gallery and say, 'That picture is a Rembrandt, that a Titian, that a Veronese.'" Now, if among all the instructed art-classes in America there is no one who can do this thing, what in the name of wonder does it matter whether the pictures are genuine or not? If every characteristic, every quality, every element of worth in a Rembrandt, a Titian, or a Veronese, can be so successfully copied that no one can tell the difference, then, for every practical reason and every art-reason, copies are exactly as good as originals. "But we want to know that a painting is an original," says some one. Why? If a painting is to go into a museum as a relic, as a memorial, distinctly as something rescued from the past, then we want to know that the relic is genuine. But in an art-gallery the case is very different. Here pictures are collected for the pleasure they give, the sentiments they awaken, and as a means of instruction in the principles of art; and each of these results all copies that can not be distinguished from originals must inevitably produce as effectually as originals. There is no disputing this conclusion. If the "well-known art-connoisseur" is right, everything that is really valuable in old art may be transferred to new canvases with entire success, and the great works of the past be repeated in every gallery in the world.

But this is not all. The art-connoisseur goes on to say that the principle of selection with the Dürr pictures should be that of artistic merit, rather than by names. "Are they useful for purposes of study?—that is the important point." Having asked this question, he declares that even here there are no competent judges—no one capable of deciding whether these paintings have artistic merit or not. That is to say, no one here can discern between a genuine old master and a copy, and yet no one can tell whether a painting by an old master, genuine or not, has any artistic merit—which means that old art has such occult qualities that no one can detect them, and yet anybody can imitate them! Old art, as thus presented by one of its best friends, would seem to a wholly ignorant person about the sorriest humbug and emptiest piece of pretension on the surface of the globe.

But, of course, this presentation is not true. It is simply impossible for a copyist to reproduce any picture so successfully that it can not be distinguished from the original—impossible even to do this with any picture of to-day, let alone one of the past. A master himself even can not make copies of his own pictures that will be of equal quality. It is mentally and physically impossible for an imitation ever to express every quality of an original; and hence a very little knowledge of a master ought to enable one to detect counterfeits, however well executed. If counterfeits can not be easily detected, it is simply because the originals possess no individual quality, no method of expression peculiar to the painter. As to the charge that no one in America can detect the artistic merit of the paintings under consideration, this is as wild as all the rest. The old masters do not exhibit anything more than art itself exhibits, and art is universal in its principles. Principles do not change with place or period; a colorist must know color wherever he sees it; and the laws of drawing and composition are the same to-day as they were in the past. It is thus wholly certain that, if one can detect artistic merit in one set of pictures, old or new, he can detect it in any other set of pictures, old or new—a principle which effectually vacates the final allegation of our "well-known art-connoisseur."

MENTAL APTITUDES.

In a recent article bearing the title of "Health in Education," Dr. B. W. Richardson, who has recently made himself an acknowledged leader in hygiene and kindred things, deplores the plan which now prevails of treating every boy and girl as if every boy and girl had the same nervous construction and mental aptitude. He says:

As it seems to me, there are as distinctly two grand divisions of mental aptitudes as there are two grand divisions of sex, and any attempt to convert one into the other is a certain failure. The two divisions I refer to are the analytical and the synthetical, or, in other words, the examining and the constructive types of mind.

In our common conversation on living men with whom we are conversant in life we are constantly observing upon them in respect to these two qualities of mind. We say of one man that he has no idea or plan of looking into details; he can not calculate accurately; he can not be intrusted with any minute labor of details; but he can construct anything. Give him the tools and materials for work, and he will build a house; but, if he had to collect and assort the tools and materials, he would

never construct at all. We say of another man that he is admirable at details, and can be intrusted with any work requiring minute definition, but he has no idea of putting anything together so as to produce a new result or effect.

Moreover, we assign to these different men distinctive services in the world. We understand them perfectly, and by an unwritten and, I may almost say, by a spontaneous estimate we reckon them up and give them their precise place in the affairs of life with which they are connected. It is as if by design of nature these classes of men, and it may be of women also, exist as pure types of intellectual form, have always existed and are always being repeated. In other words, it is as if they are definite families, and that out of them, as out of a dual nature, that human organization of thought, which we call history, is educed.

The elements of the analytical and synthetical minds appear on a large scale in the pursuits which men follow. The mathematician is analytical, and he, in whatever science his powers are called forth, is always working on the analytical line. He may be an astronomer, a chemist, a navigator, an engineer, an architect, a physician, a painter; but, whatever he is, all his work is by analysis. We often wonder at his labor, at his accuracy, at his fidelity. We may say of him that he approaches Nature herself in the magnitude and perfection of his results, but we never say of him that he is inventive or constructive. From him much that is quite new comes forth, but it is always something that he has hauled out of the dark recesses: he lays his treasures at our feet, and we are content to admire and wonder. We may be entranced with our view of the produce of this man, but he very rarely kindles our enthusiasm for him as a man, and very often we find that no credit has been given to him as himself deserving of it. We praise only his industry. The poet is, as a rule, synthetical. This does not always follow, but it usually does, and I think we may fairly say that every man of a purely constructive mind is a poet, albeit we may not be able to say that every poet is constructive. But in whatever particular phase of life and action he exists he shows his synthesis distinctively. His tendency is naturally to drift into such labors as are inventive and constructive. Frequently he avails himself of the labors of the analyst whom he unconsciously follows, believing meantime in himself alone. He makes for us romance in literature; mechanical instruments in handicraft; pictures in art; tunes and melodies in music; plays and epics and songs in poetry; strategies in war; laws in Parliament; speculations in commerce; methods in science.

The two orders of men are often as distinct in feeling as they are in work. They do not love each other, and they admire each other little. Jealousy does not separate them, but innate repulsion. The analytical looks on the synthetical scholar as wild, untrustworthy, presuming, hasty, dangerous. The synthetical looks on the analytical with pity, or it may be contempt, as on one narrow, conceited, and so cautious as to be helpless; a bird that has never been fledged, or, being fledged, has not dared to stretch out his wings to fly.

It has in rarest instances happened that the two natures have been combined in one and the same person. It is, I think, probable that this combination has been the reason for the appearance of the six or seven greatest of mankind. As a general fact, however, the combination has not been fortunate. It has most frequently produced startling mediocrities, whose claims to greatness have been sources of disputation rather than instances of acknowledged excellence.

These orders of mind, distinctive of the distinct, are in their primitive forms so essential to the course of progress that it is difficult to assign priority of value to either. The analytical mind seems to be most industrious and soundest in practice: the synthetical, the most brilliant, and, when on the right track, the most astounding, in the effects it produces. The analytical is the first parent of knowledge, the synthetical the second—both necessary.

To apply this reasoning to our present argument, I maintain that, as the child is the father of the man, so in every child there is always to be detected, if it be a child of any parts at all, the type of mind. I will undertake to say that every experienced teacher could divide his school into these two great analytical and synthetical classes. He might have a few who combine both powers, and he would no doubt have a residuum, a true *caput mortuum*, that had no distinctive powers at all; but he would have the two distinctives. He would have the scholars who could analyze as easily as they could run or walk, and to whom the mathematical problem and all that may be called analytical is as easy as play, but who have little inventive or constructive power. He would have the scholars whose minds are ever open to impressions from outer natural phenomena, who have quick original ideas, who have, it may be, the true poetic sentiment, but who can not grasp the analytical and detailed departments of learning at all. . . .

The moral I draw from these outlines of natural fact is that in teaching it is injury of mind, and thereby injury of body, to try to force analytical minds into synthetical grooves, or to try to force synthetical minds into analytical.

It must be admitted that Dr. Richardson has great theoretical and practical knowledge of the subjects which he discusses, and that he is generally wise and discriminating; but assuredly in the passage quoted above his generalization is much too broad. There are, it is true, just such distinct characteristics of mind as he describes; but we imagine that, instead of being commonly manifested in two distinct groups of individuals, they generally are more or less effectually combined in the same person. Perhaps it would be better to say ineffectually combined, for the majority of mankind appear to have neither analysis nor synthesis, but live on with a minimum of intellectual force. In all cases, when clearly separated, where the individual is distinctly either analytical or synthetical, he becomes conspicuous for his successes and his failures, for the mistakes he makes in one direction and the achievements that crown him in another. This separation gives us what the world so much delights in—the man of individuality, of strong likes and dislikes, of narrow but vehement purpose. The aptitudes of such individuals are too manifest for any mistake as to their character of mind; and we may well believe that, if people generally fell into two such obvious tendencies, education would long since have been adapted to their manifest needs. But the average human mind is far too complex to admit of such easy diagnosis. A great majority of people seem to have no vocation whatever, and fall readily into whatever groove circumstances may place them; with others, analysis and synthesis dispute for sovereignty, leaving it difficult to determine which tendency is the most marked.

The points of contact and sympathy are, as it is, few enough, but if the world were generally divided into two opposing groups, such as Dr. Richardson describes, social life and coöperation would be almost impossible. No one would love poetry but poets, no one be in sympathy with art but artists; there would be no students of philosophy but philosophers; a line of demarkation would exist more distinct even than that of race, for races do commingle, while these two mental forces would always stand hostile or dead to each other. Fortunately, our mentality is catholic enough to bring us all within, at least, a measure of appreciation.

There is one other consideration. If it were true that the human mind is separated into two such distinct classes, then ought not education endeavor to correct this one-sidedness rather than administer to it? It would be unwise, doubtless, to teach mathematics to one absolutely incapable of mathematics; but commonly it is not so much incapacity as distaste that afflicts the person, and education would perform its very best purpose if it succeeded in developing that person's latent powers, and establishing a balance and harmony of intellectual forces. Power of analysis is exactly what the synthetical mind needs in order to fit it for the world's work; why, then, should not education endeavor to strengthen the constitutional defect? And, of course, the same principle is true of the exclusively analytical mind. The masters of education have not been so blind as Dr. Richardson implies. No doubt the curriculum of the schools is commonly too rigid, and there are probably, now and then, individuals wholly unfitted by mental constitution for the studies there set down; but, inasmuch as the real purpose of education is to develop powers, bring forth latent talents, and produce harmony and balance of parts, the system pursued has not, as a whole, been altogether wrong.

WESTERN TORNADOES.

THE destructive tornadoes that occur now so frequently in the West open the question whether a very serious mistake has not been made in the style of building in that section. The West, for the most part, has in its houses followed the example of the Eastern States, without regarding the modifications that difference of climate and other changes of conditions require. In the East the country is undulating and generally well protected, but in the West the open plains, over which fierce winds sweep at frequent intervals, show that a style of house well adapted to one section is wholly unsuited to the other; and yet we find commonly the same kind of structure in both. In earthquake-countries houses are built with the danger to which they are exposed kept specially in view; and now the liability of the West to tornadoes indicates the necessity of a similar adaptation of architecture. So far, indeed, from there having been any modification to meet the peculiar danger to which they are liable, the Western houses are generally peculiarly slight in structure, being constructed of boards on light frames that are merely pinned to their foundations. With rightly constructed houses we should scarcely hear of such destructive work as occurred recently in Missouri, where a whole village was nearly destroyed and many lives sacrificed. Low houses with broad walls, and with their roofs weighted after the manner of the Swiss with heavy stones, would, we should judge, resist even tornadoes with success. But, of course, the best method can be arrived at only after a due examination of all the facts; and such material must be selected as can be readily obtained.

The West is subject, as we all know, to great extremes of heat and cold, as well as to terrible winds; and yet houses are ordinarily constructed with no idea of adequate protection against heat, cold, or wind. The summer suns pierce the thin clapboards and turn the interior into an oven, while the winter cold as readily penetrates the slight screen which it encounters. He would render that section a great service who devised a house that would adequately protect its inmates against each of these evils. Houses with open, interior courts, after the manner of those in use in tropical countries, would give comfortable domiciles in the summer season. But thick walls are the main thing for summer as well as for winter, for resistance against the rays of the sun as well as against blasts of wind and the insidious approaches of frost. To secure these might not earth be employed, especially in sections where stone is scarce and bricks are costly? All that we can do, however, is to urge upon the attention of our Western friends the necessity of some radical change in their architecture; and, once this is fully realized, it is certain that suggestions will abound, and properly conducted experiments be entered upon in order to secure the desired result.

Books of the Day.

THE orderly and consecutive publication of the successive parts of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy" has been so often deviated from of late, that with the appearance of each new volume it is necessary to explain its proper place in the general scheme and the relation which it bears to the other portions of the exposition. The newly-published "Ceremonial Institutions,"* then, is the first division of the second volume of the "Principles of Sociology," and belongs to an earlier place in the

* Ceremonial Institutions: Being Part IV. of the Principles of Sociology. (The first Portion of Vol. II.) By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 237.

system than the "Data of Ethics," which was the volume last issued, and which formed the first division of the "Principles of Morality." For deciding to issue by itself this and each succeeding division of the "Principles of Sociology," Mr. Spencer has found several reasons. "One is that each division, though related to the rest, nevertheless forms a whole so far distinct that it may be fairly well understood without the rest. Another is that large volumes (and Vol. II. threatens to exceed in bulk Vol. I.) are alarming; and that many, who are deterred by their size from reading them, will not fear to undertake separately the parts of which they are composed. A third and chief reason is that postponement of issue until completion of the entire volume necessitates an undesirable delay in the issue of its earlier divisions: substantially independent works being thus kept in manuscript much longer than need be."

Portions of the present work have already been published as articles in various periodicals in England and on the Continent, and in "The Popular Science Monthly" in America; but the last five chapters, composing nearly half the volume, have not hitherto appeared either at home or abroad, and the whole has been subjected to a most careful and minute revision. In deference to a criticism passed by friends upon the published articles that they were overweighted by illustrative facts, Mr. Spencer has diminished in many cases the amount of evidence offered in support of his propositions; but he admits in advance that the defect may still be alleged. "That, with a view to improved effect," he says in his preface, "I have not suppressed a larger number of illustrations is due to the consideration that scientific proof, rather than artistic merit, is the end to be here achieved. If sociological generalizations are to pass out of the stage of opinion into the stage of established truth, it can only be through extensive accumulations of instances; the inductions must be wide if the conclusions are to be accepted as valid. Especially while there continues the belief that social phenomena are not the subject-matter of a science, it is requisite that the correlations among them should be shown to hold in multitudinous cases. Evidence furnished by various races in various parts of the world must be given before there can be rebutted the allegation that the inferences drawn are not true. Indeed, of social phenomena more than all other phenomena, it must, because of their complexity, hold that only by comparisons of many examples can fundamental relations be distinguished from superficial relations."

We have followed Mr. Spencer's example in touching upon this point at the outset, because, to the general reader coming unprepared to the work, it would be apt to seem little more than an aggregation of facts and instances, the vast number and infinite variety of which confuse the judgment and bewilder the memory. The principles with which Mr. Spencer sets out and the conclusions at which he arrives are comparatively few and simple, but his method of proof is by what we may call cumulative evidence drawn from an infinite multiplicity of sources. To keep the head clear in merely reading the interminable procession of facts is a task of no small difficulty; and, in collecting them and marshaling them in their due order and relations, Mr. Spencer has performed one of the most impressive of the Herculean labors involved in his long and arduous task.

So closely interlinked are the various stages of the author's argument, and so dependent upon each other are the several portions of his exposition, that it would be impossible to detach a series of passages which should serve to exemplify and illustrate the whole. We must perforce content ourselves with indicating briefly the aim and purport of the book, since it would be almost frivolous in dealing with a work of this character merely to quote a number of disconnected passages because they seemed curious or interesting. The fundamental proposition with which the book opens, and to the establishing of which the rest of the book is devoted, is laid down in the following passage:

If, disregarding conduct that is entirely private, we consider only that species of conduct which involves direct relations with other persons; and if, under the name of government, we include all control of such conduct, however arising; then we must say that the earliest kind of government, and the government which is ever spontaneously recommencing, is the government of ceremonial observance. More may be said. This kind of government, besides preceding other kinds, and besides having in all places and times approached nearer to universality of influence, has ever had, and continues to have, the largest share in regulating men's lives.

The next most important proposition, which is nowhere so distinctly formulated by Mr. Spencer, but which is implied throughout, is that these ceremonial observances which constitute the primary and most comprehensive form of government, and which are now distinguished as political, religious, and social, had a common origin; and that this origin is to be found not in conventions at one time or other deliberately made, as people tacitly assume, but in usages that are the natural products of social life which have gradually evolved. "Adhering tenaciously to all his elders taught him, the primitive man deviates into novelty only through unintended modifications. Every one now knows that languages are not devised but evolve; and the same is true of usages."

The process by which spontaneously arising customs gradually crystallize into laws is traced by Mr. Spencer along many converging lines of evidence; and the following passage from his closing chapter contains, perhaps, as convenient a summary of the evidence and the conclusion to which it leads as can be quoted:

In primitive headless groups of men, such customs as regulate conduct form but a small aggregate. A few naturally prompted actions on meeting strangers, in certain cases bodily mutilations, and some interdicts on foods monopolized by adult men, constitute a brief code. But, with consolidation into compound, doubly compound, and trebly compound societies, there arise great accumulations of ceremonial arrangements regulating all

the actions of life—there is an increase in the mass of observances. Originally simple, those observances become progressively complex. From the same root grow up various kinds of obeisances. Primitive descriptive names develop into numerous graduated titles. From aboriginal salutes come, in course of time, complimentary forms of address adjusted to persons and occasions. Weapons taken in war give origin to symbols of authority, assuming, little by little, great diversities in their shapes. While certain trophies, differentiating into badges, dresses, and decorations, eventually in each of these divisions present multitudinous varieties, no longer bearing any resemblance to their originals. And, besides the increasing heterogeneity which in each society arises among products having a common origin, there is the further heterogeneity which arises between this aggregate of products in one society and the allied aggregates in other societies. Simultaneously there is progress in definiteness; ending, as in the East, in fixed forms prescribed in all their details, which must not under penalty be departed from. And in sundry places the vast assemblages of complex and definite ceremonies thus elaborated are consolidated into coherent codes set forth in books.

The entire book is substantially devoted to furnishing detailed proofs of these propositions; and to showing, furthermore, that the growth of ceremonial or governmental institutions conforms in every particular to the laws of evolution at large. "When we observe," says Mr. Spencer, "the original unity exhibited by ceremony as it exists in primitive hordes, in contrast with the diversity which ceremony, under its forms of political, religious, and social, assumes in developed societies, we recognize another aspect of the transformation undergone by all products of evolution."

It may be numbered among the curious incidents of literary history that after nearly twenty years have elapsed since the first publication of Gautier's "Le Capitaine Fracasse," without any one thinking it worth while to introduce it to American readers, two rival translations of the story have been issued simultaneously by different houses in the same city.* This is partly explained, no doubt, by the very high praise which Mr. Henry James, Jr., has bestowed upon the work in his "French Poets and Novelists"; and, this being so, it may be interesting to the reader to know precisely what Mr. James has to say about it. In his charming essay on Gautier occurs the following passage:

> If, as an illustration, we could transfuse the essence of one of Gautier's best performances into this colorless report, we should choose the "Capitaine Fracasse." In this delightful work Gautier has surpassed himself, and produced the model of picturesque romances. The story was published, we believe, some twenty-five years after it was announced—and announced because the author had taken a fancy to the title and proposed to write "up" to it. We can not say how much of the long interval was occupied with this endeavor; but certainly the "Capitaine Fracasse" is as good as if a quarter of a century had been given to it. Besides being his most ambitious work, it bears more marks of leisure and meditation than its companions. M. Meissonier might have written it, if, with the same talent and a good deal more geniality, he had chosen to use the pen rather than the brush. The subject is just such a one as Gautier was born to appreciate—a subject of which the pictorial side emphasizes itself as naturally as that of "Don Quixote." It is borrowed, indeed, but as great talents borrow—for a use that brings the original into fashion again. Scarron's "Roman Comique," which furnished Gautier with his starting-point, is as barren to the eye as "Gil Blas" itself, besides being a much coarser piece of humor. The sort of memory one retains of the "Capitaine Fracasse" is hard to express, save by some almost physical analogy. We remember the perusal of most good novels as an intellectual pleasure—a pleasure which varies in degree, but is, as far as it goes, an affair of the mind. The hours spent over the "Capitaine Fracasse" seem to have been an affair of the senses, of personal experience, of observation and contact as illusory as those of a peculiarly vivid dream. The novel presents the adventures of a company of strolling players of Louis XIII.'s time—their vicissitudes, collective and individual, their miseries and gayeties, their loves and squabbles, and their final apportionment of worldly comfort—very much in that symmetrical fashion in which they have so often stood forth to receive it at the fall of the curtain. It is a fairy-tale of Bohemia, a triumph of the picturesque. In this case, by a special extension of his power, the author has made the dramatic interest as lively as the pictorial, and lodged good human hearts beneath the wonderfully-painted rusty doublets and tarnished satins of his maskers. The great charm of the book is a sort of combined geniality of feeling and coloring, which leaves one in doubt whether the author is the most joyous of painters or the cleverest of poets. It is a masterpiece of good-humor—a good-humor sustained by the artist's indefatigable relish for his theme. In artistic "bits," of course, the book abounds; it is a delightful gallery of portraits. The models, with their paint and pomatum, their broken plumes and threadbare velvet, their false finery and their real hunger, their playhouse manners and morals, are certainly not very choice company; but the author handles them with an affectionate, sympathetic jocosity of which we so speedily feel the influence that, long before we have finished, we seem to have drunk with them, one and all, out of the playhouse goblet to the confusion of respectability and life before the scenes. If we incline to look for deeper meanings, we can fancy the work in the last analysis an expression of that brotherly sympathy with the social position of the comedian which Gautier was too much what the French call an *homme de théâtre* not to entertain as an almost poetic sentiment. The "Capitaine Fracasse" ranks, in our opinion, with the first works of the imagination produced in our day.

This fine and true description renders it unnecessary for us to say anything more of the original work, as a literary product; and such further comments as we have to make may be profitably addressed to a question which seems to be raised by both the translations before us—the question, namely, of the proper function of a translator. It would be generally conceded, we suppose, that the primary

* Captain Fracasse. From the French of Théophile Gautier. By M. M. Ripley. With Illustrations by Gustave Doré. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 411.

Captain Fracasse. By Théophile Gautier. Translated by Ellen Murray Beam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 532.

aim of a translator should be to reproduce the ideas, meaning, and language of the original with the utmost possible fidelity and exactness. Differences of structure and idiom between any two languages will always suffice to prevent a literal word-for-word reproduction, and the extent of the deviation authorized by this has to be left to the taste and discretion of the translator; but the fundamental rule of good translation is as we have stated it, and applies with especial force to the work of so supreme a literary artist as Gautier. Tested by this rule, we regret to say that both the translations of "Captain Fracasse" are not only defective, but inexcusably so. Each translator, in her different way, has seemed to think that she could improve Gautier's work, and has subjected it to a process decidedly worse than "that light editorial hacking and hewing to right and left" which Carlyle resented so deeply when it was inflicted upon his own manuscript by Jeffrey. Miss Ripley, indeed, frankly confesses in a prefatory note that certain considerations seemed to furnish "justification for carrying the translator's work further than mere verbal expressions"; and though Mrs. Beam says nothing on the point—thereby implying, we think, that her version has been prepared on the customary plan—she has felt no more hesitation than her rival in introducing "some minor changes" of her own.

There are certain features of "Le Capitaine Fracasse," it may be candidly said, which go far to explain if not to justify certain of the omissions which Miss Ripley has ventured upon. The manners, the morals, and the language of the age of Louis XIII. were much freer than those of our own time, even in France; and Gautier was not the artist to soften this feature in any picture of the time that he might undertake to paint. On the contrary, he has depended upon it largely for that "local color" which is indispensable to the *vraisemblance* of an historical novel; and, besides the laxity of tone which pervades the whole, has introduced a series of episodes designed especially to illustrate that contempt for conventional restraints which characterizes the period he has attempted to depict. All these episodes, without exception, Miss Ripley has remorselessly cut out, and has thereby mutilated the story irretrievably as a work of art. We say "mutilated," because, aside from the danger of disturbing the light and shade of a picture as the artist has conceived it, these "playhouse manners and morals," as Mr. James calls them, form the indispensable background to the character of the pure and refined Isabelle and the idyllic love between her and Captain Fracasse which constitute the great charm of the book. We are not to be understood as maintaining that such episodes are unobjectionable; but, the time to consider them is when deciding whether the story is one which deserves to be introduced to a new circle of readers. If it be decided that, in spite of its faults, it deserves to be so introduced, then there can be no doubt that, in the case of such an author as Gautier, at least it should be presented as "one entire and perfect chrysolite."

Mrs. Beam's delinquencies are of a different character, though their effect upon the story is hardly less injurious. She has not allowed herself to be intimidated by the features of which we have spoken, and she records the "episodes" that have disappeared entirely from Miss Ripley's text with unshrinking literalness and precision; but of the descriptive portions of Gautier's work she has presented little more than a summary or abstract. Miss Ripley sins in this respect also, but to nothing like the extent that Mrs. Beam has done. She has endeavored to preserve some, at least, of the original outlines, while Mrs. Beam has simply picked out phrases and sentences here and there, and constructed a series of pictures to please herself. This would be a comparatively venial fault in many cases, but Gautier's highest power as an artist is exhibited in the opulence and splendor of his pictorial effects; and in "Le Capitaine Fracasse" the copious details—minute and leisurely, but never tedious—display in its most striking aspect his fertility of invention. To quote Mr. James again: "His real imaginative power is shown in his masterly evocation of localities, and in the thick-coming fancies that minister to his inexhaustible conception of that pictorial 'setting' of human life which interested him so much more than human life itself."

In conclusion, we may say that Miss Ripley's version is the more spirited and vivacious—more skillful in its suggestion of Gautier's light and sparkling style; while Mrs. Beam's gives a more trustworthy idea of the character and contents of the story. But it will be necessary to read both in order to get even a tolerably exact notion of the original work, and a real translation yet remains to be made.

ALMOST at the beginning of English literature stands Chaucer, and, of course, the biographer who undertakes to deal with him has a much more difficult task than he whose subject stands in the full light of more recent and better recorded times. Bearing this in mind, it must be admitted, we think, that Professor Ward's little book is a most praiseworthy achievement.* All that is definitely known, or even plausibly conjectured, about Chaucer's life could be adequately stated within the compass of twenty lines, and to make a biography of him in the ordinary sense of the term would of course be impossible; yet those who study his works attentively, and with a proper knowledge of the times and circumstances in which they were produced, can obtain a clear and probably accurate conception of the character and personality which lie behind them.

To enable the reader to approach these works with a proper equipment of the knowledge necessary to interpret them, and to awaken his attention to the personal revelations and implications of the works themselves, is the task which Professor Ward has

* English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Chaucer, by Adolphus William Ward. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 199.

set before himself, and which he has fulfilled with a gratifying degree of success. Nearly a third of his little volume is devoted to a consideration of Chaucer's times, a clear understanding of which is absolutely essential to a just appreciation of Chaucer's work in literature. Of every man it is true in a general way, but of Chaucer it may be said in a peculiar sense, that he was the creature of his period; and, while he himself furnishes the most valuable and conclusive evidence of what that period was, the evidence must be fully sifted and classified before its significance can be wholly grasped. Speaking of this study of Chaucer in intimate connection with his times, Professor Ward says:

The value of such evidence as the mind of a great poet speaking in his works furnishes for a knowledge of the times to which he belongs is inestimable; for it shows us what has survived, as well as what was doomed to decay, in the life of the nation with which that mind was in sensitive sympathy. And it therefore seemed not inappropriate to approach, in the first instance, from this point of view, the subject of this biographical essay—Chaucer, "the poet of the dawn": for in him there are many things significant of the age of transition in which he lived; in him the mixture of Frenchman and Englishman is still in a sense incomplete, as that of their language is in the diction of his poems. His gayety of heart is hardly English; nor is his willing (though, to be sure, not invariably unquestioning) acceptance of forms into the inner meaning of which he does not greatly vex his soul by entering; nor his airy way of ridiculing what he has no intention of helping to overthrow; nor his light unconcern in the question whether he is, or is not, an immoral writer. Or, at least, in all of these things he has no share in qualities and tendencies, which influences and conflicts unknown to and unforeseen by him may be safely said to have ultimately made characteristic of Englishmen. But he *is* English in his freedom and frankness of spirit; in his manliness of mind; in his preference for the good in things as they are to the good in things as they might be; in his loyalty, his piety, his truthfulness. Of the great movement which was to mold the national character for at least a long series of generations he displays no serious foreknowledge; and of the elements already preparing to affect the course of that movement he shows a very incomplete consciousness. But, of the health and strength which, after struggles many and various, made that movement possible and made it victorious, he, more than any of his contemporaries, is the living type and the speaking witness. Thus, like the times to which he belongs, he stands half in and half out of the middle ages, half in and half out of a phase of our national life which we can never hope to understand more than partially and imperfectly. And it is this, taken together with the fact that he is the first English poet to read whom is to enjoy him, and that he garnished not only our language but our literature with blossoms still adorning them in vernal freshness, which makes Chaucer's figure so unique a one in the gallery of our great English writers, and gives to his works an interest so inexhaustible for the historical as well as for the literary student.

The most valuable chapter, of course, is that on "Chaucer's Life and Works," which occupies more than half the volume. In it Professor Ward has gathered and linked together all those bits of biographical fact and conjecture which the laborious researches of students and scholars have disinterred from the Royal Wardrobe Book, the Issue Rolls of the Exchequer, the Customs Rolls, and such like public records, and from the writings of his contemporaries or immediate successors. In it also he points out the conclusions which may be drawn from the internal evidence of the poet's own works; and as an indispensable preliminary to this considers fully the questions involved in the genuineness or spuriousness of the various works which have been attributed to Chaucer. All the light which his indisputably genuine works can be made to throw upon the life and character of the poet is here studiously collected; and then in another brief chapter the author discusses the "Characteristics of Chaucer and his Poetry." The criticism in this last-named chapter is to our mind the most helpful and satisfactory to which Chaucer has been subjected, and it is entirely independent of the customary dicta. Chaucer is usually praised as a narrative poet and as a painter of nature, and in neither of these departments, as it seems to us, is he entitled to the highest rank. Professor Ward praises him more discriminatingly for his vivacity and humor, for his gayety and brightness, and, above all, for his dramatic power in the portraiture of character. On this latter point Professor Ward has a passage which we can not forbear quoting:

He is the first great painter of character, because he is the first great observer of it among modern European writers. His power of comic observation need not be dwelt upon again, after the illustrations of it which have been incidentally furnished in these pages. More especially with regard to the manners and ways of women, which often, while seeming so natural to women themselves, appear so odd to male observers, Chaucer's eye was ever on the alert. But his works likewise contain passages displaying a penetrating insight into the minds of men, as well as a keen eye for their manners, together with a power of generalizing, which, when kept within due bounds, lies at the root of the wise knowledge of mankind, so admirable to us in our great essayists, from Bacon to Addison, and his modern successors. . . .

It was by virtue of his power of observing and drawing character, above all, that Chaucer became the true predecessor of two several growths in our literature, in both of which characterization forms a most important element—it might, perhaps, be truly said, the element which surpasses all others in importance. From this point of view the dramatic poets of the Elizabethan age remain unequaled by any other school or group of dramatists, and the English novelists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by the representatives of any other development of prose-fiction. In the art of construction, in the invention and the arrangement of incident, these dramatists and novelists may have been left behind by others; in the creation of character they are, on the whole, without rivals in their respective branches of literature. To the earlier, at least, of these growths, Chaucer may be said to have pointed the way. His personages—more especially, of course, those who are assembled together in the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales"—are not mere phantasms of the brain, or even mere actual possibilities, but real human beings, and types true to the likeness of whole classes of men and women, or to the mold in which all human nature is

cast. This is, upon the whole, the most wonderful, as it is perhaps the most generally recognized, of Chaucer's gifts. It would not of itself have sufficed to make him a great dramatist, had the drama stood ready for him as a literary form into which to pour the inspirations of his genius, as it afterward stood ready for our great Elizabethans. But to it were added in him that perception of a strong dramatic situation and that power of finding the right words for it which have determined the success of many plays, and the absence of which materially detracts from the completeness of the effect of others, high as their merit may be in other respects.

Provided with Professor Ward's monograph and with Mr. Arthur Gilman's Riverside edition of the poet's works, reviewed in a recent number of the "Journal," the reader will find himself better equipped for an intelligent appreciation and enjoyment of Chaucer's poetry than any previous generation of students has been.

WHOEVER has fallen under the malign influence of "that worst of all skepticisms, a disbelief in human goodness," should read that biography of "Sister Dora" which, it is not surprising to hear, has made so profound an impression upon the English reading public.* It has been finely said by one who knew her well that the life of Sister Dora exemplified "the sublime possibilities of Christianity"; but while her peculiarly vivid and vital faith no doubt sustained her through many an arduous and discouraging experience, yet it must be said that her career, rightly considered, can not fail also to exalt our estimate of that poor human nature which has been so much denounced and decried. For, if Sister Dora was distinctively a product of Christianity, she was certainly a unique and unprecedented product. Hers was no pious asceticism or exaltation of mystic emotion, but a most wholesome and human personality; and her profound belief in the efficacy of good works would have shocked and grieved the typical theologian of the old school.

Sister Dora was not a member of one of the Roman Catholic orders, as might naturally be inferred from her title. The daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, she was herself a zealous member of that Church; and the title by which she is likely to become so widely known was derived from her temporary connection with the Sisterhood of the Good Samaritans, a secular community of voluntary associates who occupied themselves with nursing and other "works of mercy" in different parts of the United Kingdom. At the age of twenty-nine she left her comfortable home, contrary to her father's wishes, to teach a poor parish school in a remote village; at the age of thirty-two she joined the Sisterhood, and the remainder of her most laborious life was devoted unreservedly to those "works of mercy" which the Sisterhood had marked out for themselves. She did this not because of any exaltation of pious fervor, for at the time the momentous step was decided upon she was in the toils of religious doubt; nor because of "blighted affections" or disgust with the world, for the pride of life and the pleasures of the senses were always strong within her; nor from the desire for remunerative employment, for her home was secure, and after her father's death she would possess an independent fortune. Endowed with personal beauty which could not have failed to secure her a marked position in any society; with talents which would have commanded success in almost any department of intellectual effort; with the refined tastes and instincts of a carefully nurtured and mentally cultivated lady; with an exceptionally keen appetite for the delights of life and society; and with ample opportunities for enjoying them if she had chosen; possessed of every possible temptation and inducement to the customary life of selfish pleasure and occupation, she deliberately turned from them all in the heyday of her health and beauty, and devoted herself to that hospital-nursing which, while it involves much noble and skillful work, involves also the performance of menial offices from which the very dregs of society turn with disgust. Why did she do this? Her motive was simply and solely the desire "to do good to others"; and this object she pursued with an energy, an eagerness, an enthusiastic devotion which far surpassed in ardor even that selfish greed which is peculiarly characteristic of the age, and which her whole life rebukes and puts to shame. "Money itself," says her biographer, "was valuable to her only that she might spend it on others."

It is not our intention to summarize the story which Miss Lonsdale has told so well—with such straightforward frankness and simplicity of style. It would be hopeless to attempt to improve upon the manner of its telling; and no one, we imagine, will think the story too long in its present shape. On the contrary, in these days of voluminous "memoirs," it is difficult to avoid the feeling that less than adequate justice has been done to a most fruitful subject. This, however, is to make the mistake of measuring such work by quantity instead of quality, and a closer consideration will suffice to show that, in the case of Sister Dora, the life and the record of it are singularly harmonious with each other. And we are confident of receiving the heart-felt thanks of all readers who shall follow our recommendation to read the little book for themselves.

* Sister Dora. A Biography. By Margaret Lonsdale. With a Portrait. From the sixth English edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 290.

THE contempt for politics and politicians which has found expression in nearly every other department of our literature was sure, sooner or later, to find its way into fiction, and it is rather surprising than otherwise that "Democracy"* should be the first essay in a subject which, if not fruitful, was sure to enlist a certain amount of popular sympathy.

* Democracy. An American Novel. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 374.

The scene of this new "American novel" is laid in Washington, and the author has evidently enjoyed exceptional opportunities for getting behind the scenes as well as before the footlights. Its hero is a Senator, compounded of the worst characteristics of several well-known Senators living and dead; and, while intensely disgusted with the entire "dance of Democracy" as exhibited at the seat of government, it is against the Senate that the author appears to feel the bitterest animosity. Here is a characteristic passage: "A certain secret jealousy of the British Minister is always lurking in the breast of every American Senator, if he is truly democratic; for Democracy, rightly understood, is the government of the people, by the people, for the benefit of Senators, and there is always a danger that the British Minister may not understand this political principle as he should." This comes early in the story; at a later stage the author is too angry to be epigrammatic, and vents her contempt in this style: "Every one remarked how much he [Ratcliffe, the hero of the story] was improved since entering the Cabinet. He had dropped his senatorial manner. His clothes were no longer congressional, but those of a respectable man, neat and decent. His shirts no longer protruded in the wrong places, nor were his shirt-collars frayed or soiled. His hair did not stray over his eyes, ears, and coat like that of a Scotch terrier, but had got itself cut. Having overheard Mrs. Lee express on one occasion her opinion of people who did not take a cold bath every morning, he had thought it best to adopt this reform, although he would not have had it generally known, for it savored of caste. He made an effort not to be dictatorial, and to forget that he had been the Prairie Giant, the bully of the Senate. In short, what with Mrs. Lee's influence and what with his emancipation from the Senate-chamber with its code of bad manners and worse morals, Mr. Ratcliffe was fast becoming a respectable member of society whom a man who had never been in prison or in politics might safely acknowledge as a friend."

This passage, whose malice is so great as to defeat its own object, will serve to explain if not to justify our estimate of the book. Its cleverness can not be denied—is very remarkable, in fact; but more than cleverness will hardly be conceded to it. The satire is pungent, at times poignant, but after all the result is vituperation rather than delineation—it is as if little Miss Mowcher had set herself to portray the "nobility and gentry" with whose superficial foibles she was so volubly familiar. Moreover, in spite of its aristocratic air of cosmopolitan ease and man-of-the-world experience, there is more than a suspicion of callowness about it—of that state of mind which it has become fashionable to characterize as "provincial." The author evidently supposes that the "Court" at Washington is the only Court where dullness, and vapid routine, and vulgar display have been the rule; thus revealing not only a lack of opportunity for personal comparisons, but a lack of acquaintance with historical facts which Saint-Simon, and De Tocqueville, and Taine, and Madame de Rémusat have rendered familiar to all the world.

Such books may afford amusement of an acrid sort—and "Democracy" is extremely amusing—but it is doubtful if their reformatory value is any greater than that of other methods which are mercilessly ridiculed in it.

PREPARED as an introduction to the new subscription edition of Irving's works, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's essay on Washington Irving has been combined with Mr. Bryant's well-known oration, and with a chapter of reminiscences by the late Mr. G. P. Putnam, and issued in a separate volume for the benefit of those who are already provided with satisfactory editions of Irving.* Regarded as a general introduction to the Irving literature, Mr. Warner's essay appears to better advantage than when regarded as an independent essay or study. It brings together in convenient form the well-known facts of Irving's career; it arranges them in an animated and pleasing narrative; and it comments upon the successive productions of Irving's genius in a manner which will prove helpful to the reader who comes to them unprepared by previous reading; but it contributes nothing fresh to our knowledge of Irving, in the way either of biographical fact or of critical interpretation. A fair summary of its qualities will be given when we say that as biography it is very good indeed; and that as criticism it is robustly sensible and appreciative, but not to our sense delicately discriminating. Mr. Bryant's "Discourse on the Life, Character, and Genius of Washington Irving," delivered before the New York Historical Society in 1860, a few months after Irving's lamented death, is a well-known performance, and ranks among the happiest efforts of its author. It is admirable both as oratory and as criticism, and contains the germs of much that Mr. Warner has worked out with more elaboration. Mr. Putnam's "Recollections of Irving" are somewhat meager and tenuous, but are interesting as far as they go, and add some intimate domestic touches to the portrait of the gentle author. The book, as a whole, is one which readers of Irving's works will be glad to have at hand.

. . . . It is in no small degree creditable to "Gath" and to journalism that, in the midst of his exacting labors as a "Washington correspondent," he has found the time and the inclination to produce a series of sketches so imaginative, so romantic, so genial in sentiment, and so picturesque in description as the "Tales of the Chesapeake."† Most of these tales, as we gather from the brief prefatory note, have previously appeared in different forms;

* Studies of Irving. By Charles Dudley Warner, William Cullen Bryant, and George Palmer Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 159.

† Tales of the Chesapeake. By George Alfred Townsend ("Gath"). With Portrait. New York: American News Company. 16mo, pp. 285.

but for most readers probably, as for ourselves, they will possess the charm of novelty, in addition to that more lasting charm which comes from their fine and distinct literary flavor. Of the twenty-seven pieces which the little book contains, fourteen, including the highly poetic and graceful "Introduction," are in verse—the rest being in prose, which itself not seldom "werges on the poetical," as Mr. Wegg would say. Nearly all, both in prose and verse, are suffused with that local color which constitutes a principal charm of such writing, and some possess the genuine legendary flavor. The Eastern Shore of Maryland would soon become classic ground under such treatment; and even Washington takes on a new and more winning aspect when contemplated from the view-point of "Crutch, the Page." To everything that he touches, Mr. Townsend imparts a certain imaginative heightening; and those who are not convinced by his "Introduction" that he is a genuine poet should turn to his closing verses on "Old St. Mary's." The charm of this latter piece is indescribably romantic, caressing, and tender, as witness the following stanza:

A fruity smell is in the schoolhouse lane;
The clover bees are sick with evening heats;
A few old houses from the window-pane
Fling back the flame of sunset, and there beats
The throb of oars from basking oyster fleets,
And clangorous music of the oyster-tongs
Plunged down in deep bivalvulous retreats,
And sound of seine drawn home with negro songs.

. . . . In the preface to his "Recollections and Opinions of an Old Pioneer,"* Mr. Peter H. Burnett, the author, says: "I was born a pioneer, as Nashville at the date of my birth was but a small village, and Tennessee a border-State, but thinly populated. I have been a pioneer most of my life; and whenever, since my arrival in California, I have seen a party of immigrants with their ox-teams and white-sheeted wagons, I have been excited, have felt younger, and was for the moment anxious to make another trip. If the theory of Symmes had been proven by time to be true, and had a fine and accessible country been discovered at the north or south pole before I attained the age of sixty, I should have been strongly tempted to organize a party of emigrants for that distant region." This passage is a fairly accurate summary both of the author's character and of the reminiscences of his long and adventurous life. Born on the borders when the "border" was still east of the Mississippi, Mr. Burnett led the advancing wave of population first to Missouri, then by ox-cart across the continent to Oregon, where he was one of the earliest settlers, and then to California when the discovery of gold summoned thither all such bold and adventurous spirits; and the author is not mistaken in thinking that the record of his own life throws valuable light upon the history of the Western and Pacific States. The "Recollections" are somewhat rambling and discursive in subject and style, but in general they are highly readable. The author is particularly good at telling a story, and his narrative of the Donner Lake tragedy contains details which we have not seen in any previous version.

. . . . The Napoleon "boom," to borrow a phrase from the political vocabulary, is not likely to suggest a more interesting revival than that of the "Memoirs of Napoleon, his Court and Family,"* by the Duchess d'Abrantes, which have been long out of print and are practically unknown to the present generation of readers. The Duchess enjoyed very exceptional opportunities for such work as she undertook, and though her "Memoirs" seldom rise above the level of chit-chat and gossip, yet they deal with such a throng of illustrious personages, and with such momentous events, that their interest and value are scarcely impaired by the lack of literary skill on the part of the author. It is particularly interesting to compare them on certain points with the recently published "Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat." The Duchess retained to the last those generous illusions regarding Napoleon which were dissipated after a time by Madame de Rémusat's more piercing vision; and she presents the other side—the rose-color aspect—of those traits and occurrences which Madame de Rémusat criticises with such asperity. Read together, the two versions furnish the needful correction to each other, and enhance each other's interest: the masculine vigor and conciseness of Madame de Rémusat being admirably complemented by Madame Junot's copious and picturesque embroidery.

* Recollections and Opinions of an Old Pioneer. By Peter H. Burnett, First Governor of the State of California. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 12mo, pp. 448.

* Memoirs of Napoleon, his Court and Family. By the Duchess d'Abrantes (Madame Junot). In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 588, 548.

MISCELLANY DEPARTMENT.

THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE annual report of the New York Life Insurance Company exhibits some noteworthy features, and tends more than ever to establish this old and well-managed institution in public confidence. In the last ten years its assets have increased from nearly sixteen million dollars to nearly thirty-nine million. The New York Life Insurance Company is now in its thirty-fifth year, Morris Franklin, who was the first, being still its presiding officer. Strangers in New York ought to visit its handsome offices in the stately marble structure erected by the company in Broadway at the corner of Leonard Street. We subjoin from the "Boston Commercial Bulletin" a summary of the principal features of the report referred to, which are as follows:

1. The evidence it affords of the continued steady growth of the company.

(*a.*) The entire volume of business has been increased during the year $2,185,619, and now reaches $127,417,763 of insurance in force.

(*b.*) The assets have been increased $2,919,461.98, and now amount to $38,996,952.66.

(*c.*) The surplus for dividends has been increased $309,434.84, and now amounts to $3,120,871.48. This is the net surplus (exclusive of the tontine surplus, which is $1,371,482.18), computing the liabilities by the company's own standard; the less rigid standard established by the statute reduces the liabilities about $3,900,000, and raises the surplus to over $7,000,000.

The steady and almost uniform growth of this company during the past decade has, in view of the bad times through which the country has been passing, been very remarkable. It is shown by the following summary:

Year.	Insurance in Force.	Assets.	Net Surplus. 4 per cent. Mass., including Tontine Surplus.
1870....	$110,791,392.....	$15,924,983.....	$587,796
1871....	113,164,803.....	18,595,817.....	1,074,043
1872....	118,622,606.....	24,533,062.....	1,219,458
1873....	123,672,387.....	24,430,228.....	1,711,054
1874....	122,835,123.....	27,249,476.....	2,447,361
1875....	126,132,119.....	30,561,983.....	3,586,120
1876....	127,748,473.....	33,163,715.....	3,937,430
1877....	127,901,887.....	34,787,610.....	3,977,997
1878....	125,232,145.....	36,643,924.....	4,468,616
1879....	127,417,763.....	38,996,953.....	*5,107,576

* Estimated—Massachusetts standard.

Note that increase of assests and surplus has more than kept pace with the increase of risks in force.

2. The high character of the securities in which the funds of the company are invested. This is shown by the fact that the due and accrued interest *uncollected* on January 1st was only $317,989.11, or about one and a half month's interest on the assets. Securities upon which the interest is paid with this remarkable punctuality must be of a very high order.

The *market* value of the securities owned by the company is $811,520 greater than their cost.

This company has never had to defend or apologize for the character of its investments. In managing its funds the trustees have always pursued a conservative policy and been satisfied with a reasonable rate of interest.

It makes no Western investments.

3. Comparing the progress of this company during 1879 with the other great mutual life-insurance company of New York, whose size and prominent position the managers think justify reference to it for purposes of comparison, the reader will find—

	Increase of Assets.	Increase of Surplus.	Increase of Income.
New York Life.	5.86 pr. ct.	11 pr. ct.	4.72 pr. ct.
Mutual Life....	1.54 pr. ct.	6.60 pr. ct.	−1.21 pr. ct., dec.

4. The money received as interest on investments by the New York Life last year was more than double the expenses of management, and exceeded the death-losses by over half a million dollars.

THE poems by François Coppée, translations of which were published in the March number of "Appletons' Journal," have attracted much attention, especially among public readers. Mr. George Vandenhoff, for instance, includes "The Benediction" in his repertory of spring readings; and Mr. Jules Lévy has given in his French series, in Boston, "La Veillée," or "The Night-Watch." Mr. Lévy reads this poem in the original, with Mr. Young's translation printed on a circular sheet in the hands of his listeners. These poems by M. Coppée are certainly well adapted for public recitation—they are stirring, emotional, picturesque, and intensely dramatic.

THE London "Academy," in reviewing Professor Huxley's new work, "The Crayfish," says; "Professor Huxley's powers of hard work seem to be inexhaustible; the present work must certainly have cost him a large amount of labor both in the study of monographs, which are cited in a very full list at the end, and still more in the actual investigation of the crayfish itself. Every work from his pen, when announced, is looked forward to by educated readers, not only as a source of interest and pleasure, but as a certain gain to the cause of scientific truth, and it need scarcely be stated that the present volume gratifies such anticipations in all respects."

THE "New York Times" considers Julian Hawthorne's "Sebastian Strome" "moving, original, and instructive." The opening chapters, it thinks, are "very charming and very curious, and very profound are many chapters dealing with questions of religion as applied to daily life. One is conscious throughout of a large, impetuous, vivid view of things which, if not genius outright, is very close to genius."

THE "British Quarterly Review" commends that magnificent work "Picturesque Europe" in terms of approbation that are wholly unqualified. Its notice is as follows: "A work which, in its artistic beauty and general interest, has, so far as we know, no peer in the class to which it belongs. Paper, letter-press, and illustrations are beyond all praise. These superb volumes are each an album on a large scale, of all that is most sublime and picturesque in the natural scenery and architecture of Europe. The full-page steel engravings are of a very high order of art, and even still more beautiful are the minor wood engravings which adorn and half fill almost every page. Open where one will, something presents itself that delights the eye; read where one will, admirable descriptions and well-selected information interest and instruct us. Few will be able to resist the excitement of these magnificent volumes, or the *cacoëthes ambulandi* which they inspire."

"'MADAME DE REMUSAT'S MEMOIRS' afford," says the "Atlantic Monthly," "a perfect mine of information about what we may call the local color of the first empire."

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. have nearly ready for publication "The Life and Writings of Thomas Henry Buckle," by Alfred Henry Huth, a long notice of which, from the "Fortnightly Review," appears in this number of "Appletons' Journal."

THE series of papers begun in this number of "Appletons' Journal," under the title of "Health at Home," are by Dr. B. W. Richardson, the distinguished London physician, whose writings on hygiene and kindred subjects have given him great reputation in his own country and in the United States. The principles set down in "Health at Home" are of universal application, and are really in no wise practically affected by the several distinct references to English houses and English methods. In fact, these references are often in themselves peculiarly valuable to American readers, as they indicate the nature of the differences between our own and English housekeeping, and suggest wherein we might make improvements to advantage.

THE "Art Journal" now contains Supplements, giving designs for plaques, panels, screens, tiles, and china, intended for amateurs and others who may be looking for suggestions in this direction. They have proved a very popular feature of the "Art Journal." Published by D. Appleton & Co.

A LONDON correspondent has given a description of Herbert Spencer, from which we derive the following: "Spencer has a calm, pale face, rather large features, a very high, partially bald forehead, thin, dark-brown hair, streaked with gray; slight figure, somewhat bent and suggestive of delicate health, from which he has been a life-long sufferer. He talks very well and fluently, having none of the national hesitation, on a great variety of subjects, and in a positive, wellnigh dogmatic manner, indicative of a man whose opinions are not to be altered. Strangers complain sometimes of his abruptness, of a certain want of tolerance; but his friends find him uniformly amiable and courteous. . . . He is a bachelor, and resides at Bayswater (London), where he spends his mornings in literary labor, dictating mostly to a regular amanuensis. In the afternoon he usually goes to the Athenæum Club, a favorite resort, and plays billiards for recreation. In the evening he often meets Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, Carpenter, or some other member of the philosophic sect, with all of whom he is on close terms of friendship."

"APPLETONS' DICTIONARY OF NEW YORK" differs from ordinary guides in being arranged like a cyclopædia, with titles in alphabetical order. It also differs from conventional guides in the nature of its information, affording as it does a complete and readable description of all our institutions; of all museums, libraries, galleries, churches, asylums, hospitals, prisons, and kindred places; of the theatres, clubs, and all shops of an artistic character; of hotels, restaurants, chop-houses, indicating the character of each and giving that special "inside" information which the stranger so often desires. It describes the principal streets, the markets, and all the places and features of the vicinity. Such a mass of information about the great metropolis has never before been crowded into a single volume. It is also fully equipped with maps, and, as it is sold for only *thirty cents*, it is not only remarkable for the extent of its compact information, but is a marvel of cheapness.

"APPLETONS' NEW HANDY-VOLUME SERIES" is the most valuable of all the current cheap libraries. "The New York Observer," in its notice of "Lord Macaulay: His Life and Writings"—the latest issue in the series—says: "We are always glad to call attention to this set of works. They supply a demand which springs from the ever-increasing volume of English literature, and may appropriately be called the business man's classics. The majority of men, passing at once from the grammar-school to business, have but a meager acquaintance with the literature of their language, and neither time nor inclination to increase it. To them the statesmen, authors, and thinkers of the past are in danger of becoming, and in many cases have already become, only mere names. The writers of these books, by condensing the lives and writings of great characters into the compass of a short, cheap, and attractive volume, bring them within the reach of all classes of readers. This is what Mr. Jones has endeavored to do for Macaulay, and none deserve more to be kept in the memory of his countrymen than this great master of English history and English literature. Of course, from the nature of the work, it can contain but little that is novel, but it gives us a pleasant picture of the life and character of 'the man of wonderful memory.'"

THE stories and sketches in the magazines by Constance Fenimore Woolson have long attracted the attention of critical readers as something very unique and remarkable in their way. For several years past Miss Woolson has resided in the Southern States, and the experience there gathered has appeared in a series of character stories, which have commanded wide attention. These sketches will be published almost immediately, in a volume by D. Appleton & Co., under the title of "Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches." It will interest our readers to learn that Miss Woolson is a grand-niece of James Fenimore Cooper.

"A THOUSAND FLASHES OF FRENCH WIT, WISDOM, AND WICKEDNESS" is the rather startling title of a work soon to appear from the press of D. Appleton & Co. It will consist of a collection of wise and brilliant sayings by French writers—a sort of book of quotations in a new field.

THE April "Popular Science Monthly" contains several noteworthy articles. There is an able paper by C. M. Lungren on the land question from the point of view of Mr. Henry George in "Progress and Poverty." Dr. A. G. Leffingwell has a spicy and telling article on "The Scientific Aspect of Free-Will"; and G. H. Hopkins propounds some very independent and advanced opinions on a vital subject under the title of "A Consideration of Suicide." The editor discusses the canal question and the Monroe doctrine from his own point of view.

THE passion for Persian and Indian rugs seems to be in no wise abated, and in obedience to this reigning idea A. T. Stewart & Co. have recently opened a superb collection of every conceivable variety of Oriental floor-covering, many of the styles being remarkable for richness of design and beauty of color. To many persons there is something fascinating in the idea of treading on Masulipatam, and Bhaugulpoor, and Ahloowalia, and other rugs, with the flavor of the far East in their orthography as well as in their texture.

MISCELLANY DEPARTMENT.

AMONG recent books from the press, that are attracting the attention of thinkers, is "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George, being "An Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depressions and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth," with an exposition of the remedy. Whatever may be the judgment of the public as to some of the theories in this book, none will deny that Mr. George has presented his case with great clearness and force, and, by the directness and vigor of his style, rendered his theme of profound interest. A very exhaustive review in the New York "Sun" says of it: "Let us say, at the outset, that this is not a work to be brushed aside with lofty indifference or cool disdain. It is not the production of a visionary or a sciolist, of a meagerly-equipped and ill-regulated mind. The writer has brought to his undertaking a comprehensive knowledge of the data and principles of science, and his skill in exposition and illustration attests a broad acquaintance with history and literature. His book must be accounted the first adequate presentation in the English language of that new economy which has found powerful champions in the German universities, and which aims at a radical transformation of the science formulated by Adam Smith, Ricardo, and J. S. Mill. . . . Few books have, in recent years, proceeded from any American pen which have more plainly borne the marks of wide learning and strenuous thought, or which have brought to the expounding of a serious theme a happier faculty of elucidation. A large class of readers, who are too often repelled from the study of social questions by an abstract and technical mode of treatment, will be attracted to this volume by the brisk, transparent style, by the author's command of fresh metaphor and simile, by the affluence of concrete facts and homely illustrations." Published by D. Appleton & Co.

D. APPLETON & CO. have published, in pamphlet form, the "Addresses at the De Lesseps Banquet given at Delmonico's, March 1, 1880." Nearly all the addresses have been revised by their authors, and the work, therefore, is a trustworthy record of the speeches made on that interesting occasion.

THE new cheap edition of Dr. Geikie's "Life of Christ" is one of the successes of the day. This edition contains all the copious notes of the author, the marginal references, and an index. It is printed from the same stereotype plates as the large first edition, and is contained in one large octavo volume of some twelve hundred and fifty pages, bound in cloth, and published at the remarkably low price of a dollar and a half. The volume is a marvel of cheapness, and brings Dr. Geikie's famous work, in excellent form, within the reach of every Christian family in the land.

A NEW Southern novel, by Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, bearing the title of "Manch," is considered by many critics as one of the strongest and most noteworthy of recent works of fiction. The New York "Evening Post" pronounces it "sensational," but thinks it "has a natural and artistic right to be so." The story is, it affirms, "strongly dramatic, and is told with great vigor and skill; its dramatic characters are presented dramatically, the characters of the personages are clearly discriminated; the workmanship is remarkably good; the handling of the difficult and complicated plot is extraordinarily clever." The "Chicago Tribune" thinks that, as a novel, it is difficult to assign it a proper classification, but, as drama, it would be classed as an emotional drama. "It is exciting, working ever to effective climaxes, thrilling in many portions, arousing the sympathies of the reader and holding his attention to the end." The work is published by D. Appleton & Co., in a 12mo volume.

EARLY issues in "Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series" will be "A Short Life of Charles Dickens, with Selections from his Letters," and "Stray Moments with Thackeray: his Humor, Satire, and Characters; with Biographical Notes." "Carlyle" and "Macaulay" have been among the more successful books of this popular series, and it is probable that other monographs, on distinguished men of letters, will follow those on Dickens and Thackeray.

A NEW novel, by Rhoda Broughton, entitled "Second Thoughts," will be published by D. Appleton & Co. from advance sheets. The same firm will also publish, from advance sheets, a translation of Edmond About's novel, "The Story of an Honest Man," soon to appear in Paris.

THE second of Dr. B. W. Richardson's series of articles, "Health at Home," the first of which appeared in "Appletons' Journal" for April, will appear in the June number.

"The Recollections and Opinions of an Old Pioneer," by Mr. Peter H. Burnett, the first Governor of California, published by the Appletons, "is," says the "New York World," "a delightfully readable book, full of hearty talk and sturdy opinions about men, manners, and measures of old and later times in the West."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Ceremonial Institutions: being Part IV. of the Principles of Sociology. (The First Portion of Vol. II.) By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 237.

International Scientific Series. Vol. XXVIII. The Crayfish. An Introduction to the Study of Zoölogy. By T. H. Huxley, F. R. S. With Eighty-two Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 371.

Elihu Burritt: a Memorial Volume containing a Sketch of his Life and Labors, with Selections from his Writings and Lectures, and Extracts from his Private Journals in Europe and America. Edited by Charles Northend, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 478.

Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 339.

Classical Writers. Edited by J. R. Green. Vergil. By H. Nettleship. Sophocles. By Professor Lewis Campbell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 108, 157.

Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802–1808. With a Preface and Notes by her Grandson, Paul de Rémusat. Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and John Lillie. In Three Volumes. Vol. III. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, paper, pp. 270.

Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. No. 49. A Stroke of Diplomacy, from the French of Victor Cherbuliez. No. 51. The Return of the Princess, from the French of Jacques Vincent. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, paper, pp. 119, 168.

Sporting Adventures in the Far West. By John Mortimer Murphy. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, cloth.

English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Bunyan. By James Anthony Froude. Chaucer. By

Adolphus William Ward. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, cloth, pp. 178, 198.

Harper's Half-Hour Series. A Primer of American Literature. By Eugene Lawrence. New York: Harper & Brothers. 24mo, paper, pp. 136.

A Forbidden Land: Voyages to the Corea. With an Account of its Geography, History, Productions, and Commercial Capabilities, etc., etc. By Ernest Oppert. With Two Charts and Twenty-one Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, cloth, pp. 353.

Lamartine and his Friends. By Henri de Lacretelle. Translated from the French by Maria E. Odell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, cloth, pp. 329.

The Maid of Northumberland. A Dramatic Poem. By Daniel Bedinger Lucas. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 184.

Knickerbocker Novels. The Heart of It: A Romance of East and West. By William Osborn Stoddard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, paper, pp. 438.

Tales of the Chesapeake. By George Alfred Townsend ("Gath"). New York: The American News Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 285.

A Practical Treatise on Nervous Exhaustion: Its Symptoms, Nature, Sequences, Treatment. By George M. Beard, A. M., M. D. New York: William Wood & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 198.

The Little Countess. From the French of Octave Feuillet. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. 16mo, paper, pp. 194.

Captain Fracasse. By Théophile Gautier. Translated by Ellen Murray Beam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Son's. 16mo, cloth, pp. 532.

Captain Fracasse. From the French of Théophile Gautier. By M. M. Ripley. With Illustrations by Gustave Doré. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 411.

Health and Health Resorts. By John Wilson, M. D. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 16mo, cloth, pp. 288.

Recollections and Opinions of an Old Pioneer. By Peter H. Burnett, First Governor of the State of California. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 448.

Fifteen Sermons by William Rollinson Whittingham, Fourth Bishop of Maryland. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 312.

ANTI-MOTH PAPER.—The superior powers of carbolic acid, not only as an antiseptic and disinfectant, but as an insect-destroyer, have been demonstrated by an experience of over twenty years. The pure carbolic acid is not only fragrant but healthful. This carbolized paper is perfectly clean—the very best disinfectant known—and will not injure the finest fabrics. A few sheets of this paper placed among clothing, furs, or feathers, positively protects them against the ravages of moths. In use by Quartermaster's Department of United States Government.

OUR readers will do well to notice the advertisement of Hermon W. Ladd, in this number of the "Journal." A good bed is there offered for a little money, and that it is appreciated the numerous sales of the past year fully prove.

From the New York Tribune.

A SERIES of highly interesting experiments with dogs has been lately made by Professor Mott, and in the "Scientific American" of February 7th a detailed account is given. The disclosures are so unpleasant and startling, coming home, as they do, to every one, that we believe they should be given the greatest publicity. The effort Dr. Mott is making to purify our articles of kitchen use should receive the support of every thinking man and woman. There has been too much indifference on this subject—an indifference that has resulted in Americans earning the title of "a race of dyspeptics." Poison, year after year, is introduced into the stomach with a criminal disregard to consequences that is appalling. If every purveyor of domestic supplies will carefully consider the result of Dr. Mott's experiments, as detailed in the "Scientific American," one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of these evils will be corrected.

Dr. Mott says: "The introduction of alum in flour, for various purposes, has been a trick of the baker for the past one hundred years. Fortunately for society, its introduction is limited now to a few unscrupulous bakers."

The Royal Baking Powder Company, of this city, a long-established corporation, celebrated for the absolute purity of their goods, some time ago commenced a vigorous warfare against many of their competitors who were indulging in hurtful adulterations. The contest excited great interest in scientific circles, in which Professor Angell, Dr. Mott, and other leading lights took a very prominent part. The experiments of Dr. Mott are a result of this discussion, and go to prove conclusively that the most dangerous adulteration that a community has to guard against is alum in baking powder.

Dr. Mott then gives in full the manner and results of his experiments with sixteen selected dogs, continued for three months, from September 9th to December 3d, a full account of which may be found in the "Scientific American."

Dr. Mott's conclusions, after making these experiments, are of vital interest to every one who either makes or eats bread, and therefore concerns all.

"These experiments," said he recently, while speaking before the American Chemical Society, "clearly demonstrate that the salts left in the biscuit when a cream-of-tartar baking powder is used are perfectly harmless, but when an alum baking powder is used are very dangerous, for, in every case where dogs were fed on biscuits made with such powders, the dogs were made very sick, causing them to vomit profusely, lose all energy, and show weakness in their limbs."

It is a clear and triumphant corroboration of the assertions of the Royal Baking Powder Company, and entitles them to the gratitude and support of the community they are endeavoring to protect.

A. T. STEWART & Co. have just now a more than ordinary fine display of every variety of carpets, particularly of those manufactured at the firm's own mills after designs drawn by its own artists. In ingrains, tapestry Brussels, English and domestic body Brussels, Wiltons, French moquettes, and Scotch Axminsters, there is an almost endless variety. Small patterns and subdued colors prevail. Some very pretty mathematical and arabesque designs are shown in ingrains, and one Japanese design in scarlet and drab is worthy of notice. The prettiest thing shown in tapestry Brussels is a unique Japanese design, in which the chief effect is given by a wide border. Some exceedingly rich Wiltons of the firm's own make are displayed in both light and dark colors. Wiltons have only recently been made in this country, but they are already taking the place of imported goods. There is a rich display of rugs made by the firm in imitation of imported goods, with the additional advantage of being reversible. They have also many novel and exclusive designs exhibited in the upholstery department in satin damasks, all-silk tapestries, tinsel tapestries, etc., selected with a view to matching the firm's carpets. In Smyrna, momie-cloth, and jute portiers, they have made a striking exhibit. One novelty is the tinsel momie-cloth for curtains or furniture-covering, of which the firm are the only manufacturers.

MISCELLANY DEPARTMENT.

STEEL PENS—ESTERBROOK'S.—Among the inventions that have characterized the century there are few, perhaps, that have come under the universal notice so tangibly and acceptably as that of steel-pen making.

Every day the history of the world is written up by editors, authors, and correspondents. Every hour the ledger-keeper and entry-clerk are making additions to the many-leaved tomes of manufacturers, merchants, and bankers, and in railroad, express, and telegraph offices, and the pen is the *sine qua non* in all. Perhaps of all manufactured in this country and Europe, "the Esterbrook" pens can be found more generally than any others all over the land.

The uniformity and excellence of their quality, their adaptation to the especial needs of different classes of writers, and the reasonable rate at which they are offered to the public, have combined to render these the most popular pens in use. Nor are these goods such as in some branches of manufacture can be turned out at a moment's notice, but the series of processes, in all about twenty-five, by which a blank piece of steel is transformed into a perfect pen, takes weeks to complete.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Company have recently published an eighteen-page catalogue, with cuts and descriptions of about seventy of their leading styles, which they will have pleasure in mailing to any address, and will cheerfully forward samples of any pen on application.

The works of the Esterbrook Steel Pen Company are in Camden, N. J., and their office and warehouse at No. 26 John Street, New York.

"MESSRS. APPLETON," says the New York "World," "have done a timely and enterprising stroke of publishing by bringing out a new edition of the memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes, so soon after the publication of Madame de Rémusat's memoirs. There had been no previous edition of the present work in English for many years, and besides its intrinsic merit the new vogue which Madame de Rémusat has given Napoleon makes this republication really more interesting and likely to be more successful than the first publication would have been if the first publication had been made a year or more ago. . . . It is interesting, however, to see from how different a point of view she approaches her subject than that of Madame de Rémusat, and yet how consistent the two books are—not that many specific contradictions were to be expected. The writers seem scarcely to have known each other, and they were tangent to very different points of the great circle. Madame Junot was a lady-in-waiting; at first in the household of Letitia Bonaparte, the Emperor's mother, and it was from Junot that she derived not only her knowledge but her opinion of most of the great actions which she records. . . . The difference between the court-lady and the soldier's wife really explains the difference between the two books, and each becomes more interesting in the light shed upon it by the other."

CHERBULIEZ'S "A Stroke of Diplomacy" (published in "Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series) is considered by the London "Saturday Review" as "specially remarkable as an instance of how much can be done by a master of the art of fiction with what seem scanty materials, and it contains some characters which are hit off in M. Cherbuliez's best manner." The title in the French of this story is "Le Roi Apépi."

A NEW edition of "Appletons' General Guide to the United States and Canada," revised and corrected to date, is nearly ready. A new edition also of "Appletons' Hand-Book of Summer Resorts," prepared for the present season, will be issued in time for the summer exodus.

VICK'S beautiful floral monthly, with its striking full-page colored carnations and its abundant delicate pictorial illustrations, is out for March. It is as attractive and crowded with tasteful and useful horticultural miscellany as ever. $1.25 a year. Published by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

THE "Popular Science Monthly" for June will open with an able article in a lively vein by Mr. Paul R. Shipman, urging, in opposition to Mr. W. T. Harris, the great superiority of English to Latin and Greek as a means of liberal culture. The discussion of "Hysteria and Demonism," by Dr. Charles Richet, is continued, and among the twelve other articles in the number there is one by Quatrefages on "The Crossing of the Human Races," and one by Tyndall on "Goethe's Theory of Colors."

THEODORE MARTIN, author of the "Life of the Prince Consort," who has recently been knighted, was born in Edinburgh in 1816. He was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh, of which he is LL.D., and he is a magistrate for the county of Denbigh. Sir Theodore Martin commenced life as a solicitor at Edinburgh, where he practiced for many years. He removed to London in 1846, and soon became well known as a Parliamentary agent and as a Scotch solicitor. Of late years, however, he has been better known as an author. His first literary efforts were contributions to various periodicals, which appeared under the name of "Bon Gaultier"; and, in conjunction with Professor Aytoun, he produced the "Book of Ballads" which bears that name. Sir Theodore is married to the distinguished actress, Helen Faucit.

AMONG the early issues in "Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series" will be a story by Edward Bellamy, entitled "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process." Mr. Bellamy's stories in the magazines have been noted for their unique and fresh character, and "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," which is a New England story, has marked elements of originality. "Strange Stories," by Erckmann-Chatrian, will also form an early volume in the "Handy-Volume Series." These stories are a collection of weird fancies, mostly turning upon strange psychological phenomena.

D. APPLETON & CO. will shortly publish a work entitled "The Watering-Places and Mineral Springs of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, with Notes on Climatic Resorts and Consumptive Sanitariums, Peat, Mud, and Sand Baths, Whey and Grape Cures," etc., being a popular medical guide, by Edward Gutman, M. D. The author, who is a physician of New York, has for the last ten years frequented all the important watering-places of the countries named above, partly as a patient and partly for the purpose of obtaining a thorough knowledge of the springs; and has consequently prepared this volume as a popular medical guide, and for the purpose of making those consulting it familiar with the arrangements, manners, and customs of living at them.

THE New York "Evening Post," reviewing Miss Woolson's "Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches," says: "Each of the sketches has that breath of life in it which belongs alone to what is called human interest. In each the sympathy is awakened and takes hold upon the life of some human being with vital intensity. In each a human life passes through its ordeal, and, if the endings of the tales are for the most part unconventional, they are not the less true, not the less artistic, not the less dramatic on that account. . . . Miss Woolson's art is superb, and she is lovingly faithful to it."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Memoirs of Napoleon, his Court and Family. By the Duchess d'Abrantes (Madame Junot). New edition. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 588, 548.

A Short Life of Charles Dickens. With Selections from his Letters. By Charles H. Jones. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, paper and cloth, pp. 260.

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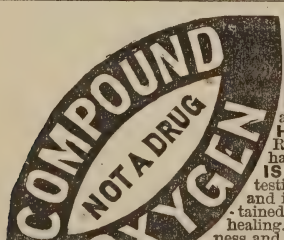
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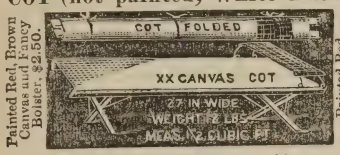
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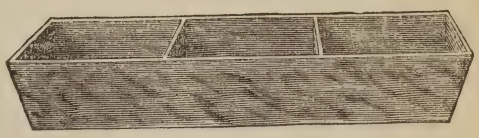
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Amount of Net Cash Assets, January 1, 1879		**$36,213,457.61**
Less deduction to cover decrease in value of U. S. Bonds and other assets		$135,966.93
REVENUE ACCOUNT.		**$36,077,490.68**
Premiums	$6,382,875.25	
Less deferred premiums January 1, 1879	379,839.09—$6,003,036.16	
Interest and rents	2,339,675.93	
Less interest accrued January 1, 1879	306,225.93—$2,033,650.00—$8,036,686.16	
DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.		**$44,114,176.84**
Losses by death, including Reversionary additions to same	$1,569,854.22	
Endowments matured and discounted, including Reversionary additions to same	1,015,256.22	
Annuities, dividends, and returned premiums on canceled policies	2,236,379.97	
Taxes and reinsurances	173,608.64	
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees	626,253.30	
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc	307,392.81—$5,928,745.16	
ASSETS.		**$38,185,431.68**
Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received)	$1,961,701.48	
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value $14,356,192.94)	13,544,671.96	
Real estate	4,974,573.68	
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for $14,287,000.00, and the policies assigned to the company as additional collateral security)	15,313,278.95	
Temporary loans (secured by stocks, market value $1,300,000)	850,000.00	
* Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the company on these policies amounts to $3,160,000)	621,403.02	
* Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1880	367,989.02	
* Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, $330,000, included in liabilities)	211,625.23	
Agents' balances	22,199.23	
Accrued interest on investments January 1, 1880	317,989.11—$38,185,431.68	
* *A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.*		
Excess of market value of securities over cost		811,520.98
CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1880		**$38,996,952.66**
Appropriated as follows:		
Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1880	$225,662 64	
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc	213,271.31	
Matured endowments, due and unpaid	32,780.98	
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per ct., Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per ct. Carlisle net premium	34,016,840.82	
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class	1,371,482.18	
Reserved for premiums paid in advance	16,543.25—$35,876,581.18	
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent	3,120,371.48	
		$ 8,996,952 66
Surplus, estimated by the New York State Standard at 4 1-2 per cent.. over		**$7,000 000.00**

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During the year 5,524 policies have been issued, insuring $17,098,173.

Number of policies in force January 1, 1876, 44,661.
Number of policies in force January 1, 1877, 45,421.
Number of policies in force January 1, 1878, 45,605.
Number of policies in force January 1, 1879, 45,005.
Number of policies in force January 1, 1880, 45,705.

Amount at risk, 1876, $126,132,119.
Amount at risk, 1877, 127,748,473.
Amount at risk, 1878, 127,501,887.
Amount at risk, 1879, 125,232,144.
Amount at risk, 1880, 127,417,763.

Death-claims paid 1875, $1,524,815.
Death-claims paid 1876, 1,547,648.
Death-claims paid 1877, 1,638,188.
Death-claims paid 1878, 1,687,676.
Death-claims paid 1879, 1,569,854.

Income from Interest, 1875, $1,870,658.
Income from Interest, 1876, 1,906,950.
Income from Interest, 1877, 1,867,457.
Income from Interest, 1878, 1,948,665.
Income from Interest, 1879, 2,033,650.

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1876, $2,499,654
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1877. 2,626,818
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1878, $2,664,144
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1879, 2,811,436
Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. Jan. 1, 1880, $3,120,371.

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